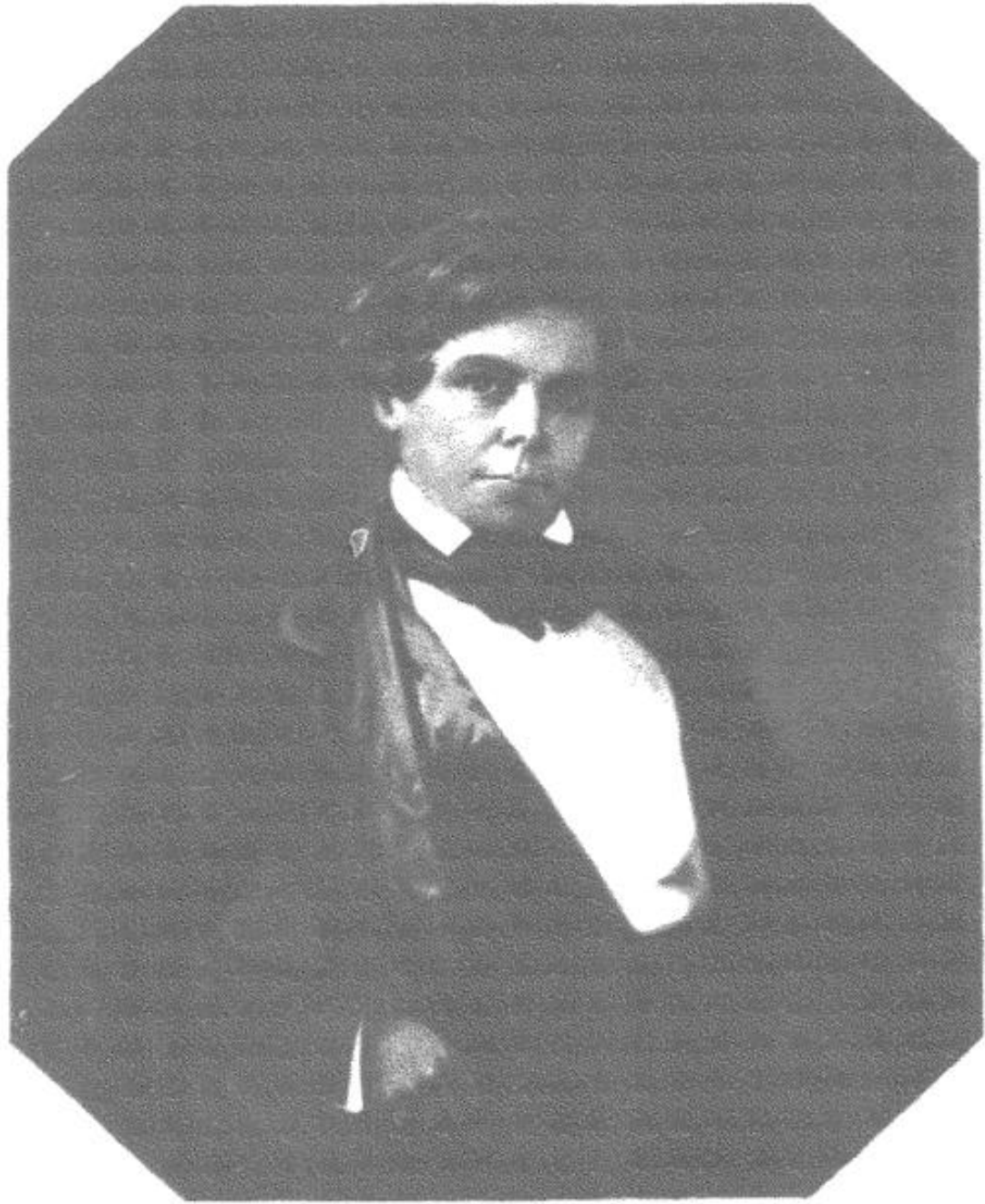


CUTTER'S POEMS.

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Respectfully
G. H. Cullen

B U E N A V I S T A :

AND

O T H E R P O E M S .

BY G. W. CUTTER.

“ The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils—
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted.”—

SHAKSPEARE.

CINCINNATI:

MORGAN & OVEREND, PRINTERS.

1848.

Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1847,

BY G. W. CUTTER,

In the Clerk's office of the District Court for the District of Kentucky.

in contrast with any effort I have made they will ever shine "like a bright jewel in an Ethiop's ear," yet so intimate is the connection between his "Remonstrance" and my reply, that the interest of the latter would be totally lost if it were not accompanied by the pleasure which the former must always inspire. This poem of Mr. Mackay, it will be recollected, appeared in this country when a very different state of feeling pervaded the public mind towards our mother country than that which we contemplate with so much pleasure now; it came to us during the agitation of the Oregon question, at a time when the bullying and overbearing tone of the English press left us no other prospect of settling this question but by the last resort of nations, and the threat of Mr. Mackay to

——"teach us such a lesson
As should sicken us of war,"

must be my apology for the manner in which I felt disposed to answer his beautiful and philanthropic "Remonstrance with the Americans."

It may be necessary further to add that the ode to the Honorable Henry Clay was written and published immediately after the close of the last Presidential election, under the influence of those strong and abiding emotions that moment was so well calculated to inspire. With these statements and explanations I shall ever humbly bow to the final award of that public before whom I stand now fairly committed.

G. W. CUTTER.

COVINGTON, Kentucky, Dec., 1847.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Buena Vista	13
The Song of Steam	24
The Burning Boat	28
The Death of Osceola	33
E Pluribus Unum	38
La Belle Riviere	41
Ode to the Grande Prairie	44
The Fireman	47
The Miser	51
God and Liberty	55
Love's Remonstrance	60
The Creation of Woman	63
"Voices from the Crowd:—By Charles Mackay, Esq."	73
An Answer to a "Remonstrance with the Americans"	77
Elegy—Written in a City Church Yard	81
Wilt thou roam with me?—A Ballad	88
The Press	91
The White Chief	96
The Land of the West	113
To ———	118
Listen!	121
Ode to the Deity	125
To Mr. Atwood, on his Portrait of General Taylor	129
Henry Clay	133
To the Portrait of Washington	136
The Star of the Legion of Honor	139
An Impromptu	143
I do not know Thee	144
A Letter to My Little Step-daughter	147
Despair	150
Stanzas	154
Napoleon's Request	156
Written for an Album	158
The Request	160
To ———	162
"In Cælo Quies"	164
Farewell	166

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B U E N A V I S T A .

Buena Vista! thou hast smil'd
Like the shores of orient waves,
But now thou art a dreary wild—
A fearful waste of graves.
All blackened is the verdure there,
Where fell the purple rain;
The vulture sniffs the tainted air—
The wolf howls o'er the slain.

And where thy hacienda rose,
Amidst the linden leaves,
The weary pilgrim sought repose
Beneath its friendly eaves;
Where the aloe and the orange bloom
With fragrance fill'd the air,
The willow and the cypress gloom
Now wave in silence there.

No more that hospitable grove —
 In all thy vale—is found;
No voice, but of the mourning dove,
 Now breaks the silence round.
The very roof-tree of the hall
 Is level with the hearth;
The fragments of thy chapel wall
 Are strewed upon the earth.

We saw thee when the morning spread
 Her purple wings on high —
Beheld, at dawn, thy mountains dread,
 Like clouds against the sky;
And we mark'd thy fairy meadows,
 And thy streamlet's silver sheen,
Beneath their lofty shadows,
 Along the dark ravine.

But ah! we saw another hue
 Spread o'er thy lordly dell,
When cannon shook thy sky of blue,
 And war's dread lightning fell;
When darkness clothed the morning ray,
 And dimm'd thy mountains high —
When the fire that kindled up the day
 Went out upon the sky.

Upon their arms that weary night
 Our soldiery had lain,
 And many dream'd those visions bright
 They ne'er shall dream again:
 Of maidens of the snowy brow,—
 Of sisters, pale with care,—
 Of wives, who for our safety bow
 Their loveliness in prayer,—

Of venerable sires, who stand
 Beneath the cares of state,—
 The mothers of our native land,
 Our children's artless prate:
 Of quiet vales, of sacred domes,
 Far o'er the heaving sea;
 The cheerful hearts, the happy homes,
 Our own proud land, of thee!

But sudden on each drowsy ear,
 O'er thy dark caverns roll'd
 The notes of death to craven fear—
 The music of the bold.
 The foe! the foe! along thy pass,
 His locust horde appears;
 We saw the sheen of his cuirass—
 The glitter of his spears.

As stars that stud the milky way,
 His glittering lances shine;
 And the banners of his long array
 Were as the sun's decline.
 The sky grew darker o'er them,
 And murmured low and dread;
 And the solid earth before them,
 Was clouds beneath their tread.

We gazed upon the Iris streams,
 The stars, whose diamond ray
 Upon our union banner beams—
 Shall they come down to-day?
 No! by our country's sacred call—
 No! by thy graceful waves—
 No! no! thy stars shall never fall
 But on our shroudless graves!

Then with one fearful wild hurrah,
 The solemn hills rang out;
 And Echo, from her caves afar,
 Sent back the startling shout:
 The foe recoiled, his glittering ranks
 O'er all that vale were bright,
 Like a stream that floods its lofty banks
 Beneath the starry night.

They halt, and forth on foaming steeds,
 And banners flowing white;
 St. Anna's herald forward speeds
 A parley to invite :

“ Our General, in his meekness
 And mercy, hath designed,
 In pity of your weakness,
 To treat you very kind.

“ He knows how feeble is your strength —
 How poorly arm'd ye are;
 'Tis certain ye must yield at length,
 Or madly perish there !
 To end at once your foolish hopes,
 To make this statement clear,
 Know that three thousand chosen troops
 Are posted in your rear.

“ He hath four and twenty cannon here,
 And twenty thousand men,
 To pour the lava tide of war
 Along this narrow glen:
 Then yield ye, prisoners of his grace,
 And spare the loss of blood,
 Or he 'll sweep you from before his face,
 As foam before the flood.”

“Here, May, go thou invite him,
 Ye need not tarry long;
 Tell him that I would fight him
 Were he fifty times as strong.”
 Thus answered Rough and Ready—
 One hurrah rent the sky—
 And our ranks grew firm and steady,
 Beneath his eagle eye.

Then came their cymbal's ringing clash—
 Shrill fife and rolling drum—
 The opening cannon's thunder-crash,
 The wildly rending bomb;
 Up rose their sable flag, and cast
 Its stain upon the breeze,
 Like that which from the rover's mast
 Sheds terror o'er the seas.

We saw it, and we inly swore
 By Him in whom we trust,
 Tho' red with our last drop of gore,
 To trail it in the dust.
 How well that promise has been kept,
 Ye—who would seek to know—
 Go ask the kindred who have wept
 O'er trampled Mexico.

The trumpet sounds, the foe moves on
 Along the mountain crag,
 Then burst thy earthquake, Washington,
 And roar'd thy thunder, Bragg;
 Then swift thy wheels, O'Brien, came
 Along the deep defile—
 And soon before their lightning flame
 Lay many a ghastly pile.

Then Lincoln, of the fiery glance,
 Bestrode his matchless steed—
 And May, who ever fells a lance
 As lightning fells a reed;
 And veteran Wool, the heady fight
 As nobly did sustain,
 As if the glow of Queenstown height
 Had fired his soul again.

There Marshall urged his foaming steeds,
 With spur and flowing rein—
 And many a lancer flying bleeds,
 And many bite the plain;
 And there brave Mississippi stands
 Amidst the sheeted flame,
 And rapid fall their ruthless bands,
 Before her deadly aim.

The cloud, that threatened in the sky,
 Has burst upon the plain —
 And channels, that so late were dry,
 Are swollen, but not with rain;
 Young Indiana holds the height,
 Brave Illinois has charged,
 And Arkansas within the fight
 Her glory has enlarged.

Still downward from the dizzy height,
 Their gleaming masses reel,
 A Niagara in resistless might —
 An avalanche of steel;
 Still on, their mighty columns move,
 The plain is covered o'er —
 The sky is black with clouds above,
 The earth is red with gore.

Then gleam'd aloft thy polished brand,
 Oh, loved and lost McKee! —
 And we heard thy steady clear command
 "Kentucky, charge with me!"
 As o'er the crackling forest spread
 Volcanic fires of old,
 With flaming steel and bounding tread,
 Our ranks upon them roll'd.

Then deeper still the cannon peal'd,
 And flamed the musketry;
 And redder blushed the crimson field,
 And darker grew the day;
 But soon before our fiery check,
 The iron storm roll'd back—
 And left, Oh God! a mournful wreck
 Along its fearful track!

With brows in death more gloomy,
 Amidst the sanguine dews,
 Lay the guards of Montezuma,
 And the knight's of Vera Cruz;
 And many a cloven helmet,
 And shattered spear around—
 And drum and crimson bayonet,
 And banner strew'd the ground.

Still our standard in its glory
 Waved o'er the sulphur storm,
 But 'neath it, stiff and gory,
 Lay many a noble form.
 Mingled in death's cold embrace;
 There friend and foe appears,
 While o'er them bends full many a face
 That streams with burning tears.

Oh, God! who could but weep to see,
 On the red and trampled lawn,
 Thy form, impetuous brave McKee,
 And thine heroic Vaughn—
 As gathered up our little bands,
 Their comrades where they fell,
 And bore along, with gory hands,
 A Lincoln, Harden, Yell!

And, oh! what language can impart
 The sorrow of that day —
 The grief that wrung each manly heart,
 For thee, young Henry Clay;
 The memory of that glorious strife
 Will live in future years,
 To us the darkest page of life —
 The deepest source of tears.

We saw thee, when the countless horde
 Closed round thee from afar,
 And through the smoke thy gleaming sword
 Became our guiding star;
 We followed till before their might
 Our feeble ranks were riven,
 Even then thy face was beaming bright
 As if 't were lit from heaven.

We saw their steel, above thy head,
 Flash like a radiant crown,
 And, like a bolt by lightning sped,
 Thy sabre cleave them down;
 And where the fiery tempest pour'd,
 Thy hand still waved us on;
 There still thy trumpet voice was heard—
 There still thy sword was drawn.

And when the shout of victory
 Rang in thy warrior ears,
 'T was a triumph to the foe to see
 Thy blood upon their spears;
 But a mournful shade came back again
 Upon their features wild—
 To see the gory heaps of slain
 Thy single arm had piled.

Buena Vista! when the sun
 Set o'er the battle cloud,
 The sulphur vapors, dark and dun,
 Lay o'er thee like a shroud;
 And the wounded and the dying
 O'er all thy hills were strewn,
 And the red path of the flying
 Was lighted by the moon.

THE SONG OF STEAM.

Harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight,
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I marked the peasant faintly reel
With the toil which he daily bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar; —

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
 The flight of the courier dove—
 As they bore the law a king decreed,
 Or the lines of impatient love—
 I could not but think how the world would feel,
 As these were outstripp'd afar,
 When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
 Or chained to the flying car.

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last,
 They invited me forth at length,
 And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast,
 And laughed in my iron strength.
 Oh! then ye saw a wondrous change
 On the earth and the ocean wide,
 Where now my fiery armies range,
 Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,
 The mountains steep decline,
 Time—space—have yielded to my power—
 The world! the world is mine!
 The rivers, the sun hath earliest blest,
 Or those where his beams decline;
 The giant streams of the queenly west,
 Or the orient floods divine:

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
 To hear my strength rejoice,
And the monsters of the briny deep
 Cower, trembling, at my voice.
I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
 The thoughts of his god-like mind,
The wind lags after my flying forth,
 The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine,
 My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,
 Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
 From the hidden cave below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
 With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
 In all the shops of trade ;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel,
 Where my arms of strength are made ;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint ;
 I carry, I spin, I weave ;
And all my doings I put into print,
 On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage this world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.

THE BURNING BOAT.

At midnight, o'er the lonely stream
Came a sound of rushing keels;
The rapid shocks of exploding steam,
And the storm of the paddle wheels,
As two huge boats o'er the waters rave,
'Mid their furnaces' ruddy glare—
Like island cities o'er the wave,
Or castles in the air.

And swift as the comet's fiery track
O'er the shadowy realms of space,
They hurled the eddy currents back,
In their mighty and fearful race;
On, on, like the lightning's glare, they sweep,
While each grand and gorgeous form
Is imaged on the affrighted deep,
Like the clouds of the sunset storm.

The steed, who at morn the air outflies,
 E'er night becomes oppress'd ;
 And the eagle from the upper skies
 Stoops down to the earth for rest.
 But what is a thousand miles in length?—
 Think ye that space can tire
 Their thundering engine's iron strength—
 Their breath of crackling fire ?

On, on, with the nameless speed of light,
 And a voice like a mighty wind—
 The path, before them calm and bright,
 Is crushed to foam behind ;
 The wild-fowl, startled from the shore,
 Flew screaming through the sky ;
 And the woodman sprang to his cabin door,
 As they swept like a tempest by.

Heaven guard them in their fearful strife,
 For their's is a priceless freight ;
 A thousand forms of human life—
 The humble and the great ;
 There, angel beauty, rock'd to rest,
 Is slumbering in her berth,
 As calm as if her fair limbs press'd
 The couch by her father's hearth.

The mother, won from her fond alarms,
Her vigil has ceased to keep—
With her infant nestling in her arms,
Is smiling in her sleep;
Stern manhood, too, with cares oppress'd—
An exile doom'd to roam—
Is bless'd in this balmy hour of rest,
For he dreams of his distant home.

There wealth, at ease on heaps of down,
In sheets of lawn is roll'd—
In visions of state and high renown—
And piles of sparkling gold;
And there the trader's wasted frame
On the dank cold deck is lain,
As home with joy, through storm and flame,
He hastes with his scanty gain.

He's dreaming perchance of his peaceful cot,
And his fields beside the burn—
Where the partner of his humble lot
Will smile at his return.
On—swift as the dusky condor's flight—
Those barks like meteors flew;
While echoed the vault of the starless night,
With the cheers of each rival crew.

By heaven! there's not a sight more fair,
 Than they thus careering on;
 But ah! what means that awful glare?—
 It cannot be the dawn;
 The vesper's sable wings are furl'd
 O'er the day-god's fiery car;
 The orient smiles not on the world—
 'Tis night, without a star.

But list! a wild explosion loud—
 And flames on flames are driven
 High as the mountain's lava shroud,
 When it fires the clouds of heaven;
 A cry through the sable welkin floats,
 Of death and anguish dire,
 And the proudest of those gallant boats,
 Is a floating funeral pyre!

Like a war steed in the battle flame,
 She paws the hissing tide;
 No reins her frantic course to tame,
 No living hand to guide;
 But who shall paint the effort made—
 The distant shore to gain?
 How gentle woman shriek'd for aid?
 And shriek'd, oh God! in vain!

How infancy and helpless years
Leap'd from the glowing deck?
While fainting crowds o'ercome with fears,
Go down with the burning wreck;
How, when the morning's ray of gold
Illum'd that mighty river,
It o'er their shroudless corpses roll'd—
As it shall roll for ever!

THE DEATH OF OSCEOLA.

'T is winter—but a southern sky
 A southern sun illumes,
 Where soft the tropic zephyrs sigh,
 And bright the orange blooms;
 The city's joyous shade is given
 Back from the glossy stream,
 As gorgeous as the clouds of heaven,
 And tranquil as a dream.

But, list! from out yon distant tower,
 Like night-winds fitful flow—
 Within some lone and leafless bower,
 The captives wail of wo!
 Ay! from those dark embattled cells,
 O'er the water's sunny sweep,
 Ev'n now the voice of sorrow swells
 From those who rarely weep.

Yes, from a wild and eagle race,
 Free as the ocean's foam;
 The wilderness their dwelling place—
 The mountains are their home.
 With souls that torture may not move,
 With lips that smile at fate,
 Undying is their changeless love,
 And quenchless is their hate.

The 've gathered 'round a warrior's bier,
 Those forest children now,
 And gently put the raven hair
 From off his marble brow.
 Ah! fondly do they hope to trace
 Some memory lingering there—
 Some line upon that glorious face,
 That death still deigns to spare.

Oh God! how beautiful is death,
 With features of such mould;
 To those who watch the fleeting breath,
 How fair, but oh, how cold!
 Is this the lip, whose lightest word
 Roused like the bugle's cry?
 Is this the eye, whose glance hath fir'd
 The ranks of victory?

Is this the same, this gentle form,
 That late so glorious tower'd;
 The giant of the battle storm,
 That o'er his country lower'd;
 The hand that, in the red array,
 So fearfully hath dealt
 The lightning of the battle fray,
 That shiver'd armies felt?

No solemn notes of martial wo—
 No forming army's hum—
 No half-furl'd banner's weeping flow—
 No roll of muffled drum—
 No minute gun's lone sobbing tone—
 O'er tower and bastion hurl'd,
 As erst when to the sky hath flown
 The war-gods of the world.

'T is well—for what hath pomp, or power,
 War's crimson panoply,
 Or science, earth's almighty dower,
 Wherewith to honor thee?
 Give these to men of christian birth,
 Who, for such hollow things,
 With christian blood deluge the earth,—
 To kings and slaves of kings.

'T is well—for in his glorious name,
 All other names grow dim;
 Then what is form or trophied fame—
 Oh, what are they to him?
 Enough—to know at freedom's call
 He bled at every vein—
 Then pined within a prison wall,
 And shrank beneath a chain.

But listen to a people's cry,
 You've wrong'd for many a year;
 No more let interest shroud your eye,
 Or avarice close your ear.
 From many a mountain altar,
 It swells on every breeze;
 Oh! let your steel'd hearts falter
 To accents such as these.

“Did we not own this glorious land,
 Each mountain, lake, and river?
 Were they not from thy sacred hand,
 Our heritage forever?
 Where tombs arise, and harvest waves,
 Our childhood used to stray;
 We scarce can find our fathers' graves—
 Our fathers—where are they?”

Like snow beneath thy fiery glance—

Like dew in thy garment's ray—

Like bubbles that o'er the ocean dance—

Our tribes are swept away!

Father of Heaven! We faint—we fall,

Like leaves on some lonely flood;

And the earth beneath our conquerors' hall

Still reeks with thy children's blood!

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

Tho' many and bright are the stars that appear
 In that flag, by our country unfurl'd—
 And the stripes that are swelling in majesty there,
 Like a rainbow adorning the world,—
 Their light is unsullied, as those in the sky,
 By a deed that our fathers have done—
 And they're leagued in as true and as holy a tie
 In their motto of "MANY IN ONE."

From the hour when those patriots fearlessly flung
 That banner of star-light abroad,
 Ever true to themselves, to that motto they clung—
 As they clung to the promise of God;
 By the bayonet trac'd at the midnight of war,
 On the fields where our glory was won;
 Oh! perish the heart or the hand that would mar
 Our motto of "MANY IN ONE."

Mid the smoke of the contest—the cannon's deep roar,
 How oft it has gathered renown;
 While those stars were reflected in rivers of gore,
 Where the cross and the lion went down;
 And tho' few were their lights in the gloom of that hour,
 Yet the hearts that were striking below
 Had God for their bulwark, and truth for their power,
 And they stopp'd not to number the foe.

From where our green mountain tops blend with the sky,
 And the giant St. Lawrence is rolled,
 To the waves where the balmy Hesperides lie,
 Like the dream of some prophet of old:
 They conquered—and dying bequeathed to our care—
 Not this boundless dominion alone—
 But that banner, whose loveliness hallows the air,
 And their motto of "MANY IN ONE."

We are many in one while there glitters a star
 In the blue of the heavens above;
 And tyrants shall quail, 'mid their dungeons afar,
 When they gaze on that motto of love.
 It shall gleam o'er the sea, 'mid the bolts of the storm—
 Over tempest, and battle, and wreck;
 And flame where our guns with their thunder grow warm,
 'Neath the blood on the slippery deck.

The oppress'd of the earth, to that standard shall fly,
 Wherever its folds shall be spread—
 And the exile shall feel 't is his own native sky,
 Where its stars shall float over his head:
 And those stars shall increase till the fulness of time
 Its millions of cycles has run—
 Till the world shall have welcom'd its mission sublime,
 And the nations of earth shall be one.

Tho' the old Alleghany may tower to heaven,
 And the Father of Waters divide—
 The links of our destiny cannot be riven
 While the truth of those words shall abide.
 Then, oh! let them glow on each helmet and brand—
 Tho' our blood, like our rivers, should run;
 Divide as we may in our own native land—
 To the rest of the world we are one.

Then up with our flag—let it stream on the air—
 Tho' our fathers are cold in their graves;
 They had hands that could strike—they had souls that
 could dare,
 And their sons were not born to be slaves.
 Up, up with that banner—where'er it may call,
 Our millions shall rally around;
 And a nation of freemen that moment shall fall,
 When its stars shall be trailed on the ground.

LA BELLE RIVIERE.

Oh, name not the Elbe or the lordly Rhine—
 The rivers of eastern lands,
 That roll 'neath the shade of the purple vine,
 Or ripple o'er diamond sands:

Where the Talipat tree and the Banyans grow,
 By the Ganges' fiery swell—
 The Pagoda shores of the Hohongho—
 Or the "banks of the blue Moselle."

Tho' sacred the waves of the ancient Nile—
 The breast of the dreamy Po;
 Where the skies ever wear the loveliest smile—
 The earth the sunniest glow.

Tho' grand and solemn their regal pace—
 They are not half so dear
 To this heart, as the sweet and modest grace
 Of our own La Belle Riviere.

How peaceful it flows in its lovely strength—
 Imbosoming fairy isles;
 That each, like a paradise, studs its length
 For more than a thousand miles.

And, oh, how silent its queenly tide,
 Fades by its pictured shore—
 Save where its playful wavelets glide
 O'er the feet of the sycamore:

And when the steamboat's wondrous form,
 Like a god on his high behest—
 With the hues of the rainbow—the wings of the storm—
 Evanishes over its breast.

When touched by the moon's pale silver light,
 Its beauty can ne'er be told—
 Or when, like a mirror, it dazzles the sight,
 All burnished with solar gold.

Stout hearts—strong hands—our river hath—
 Our own—our country's pride;

And merry as its joyous path
Are the noble barks they guide.

In the homes that rise o'er its sunny slopes,
Or peep from its quiet dells,
Are forms that would rival the antelope's—
Are eyes like the dear gazelle's.

The Scheldt, the Thames, the gushing Rhone—
The Seine, the Guadalquiver—
And Tagus, are all very well, I own—
But not La Belle Riviere.

ODE TO THE GRAND PRAIRIE.

I've stray'd on the ocean's shore alone,
 When the sun was faint and low;
I've sat on Jura's awful throne,
 And gazed o'er the world below.

In the voiceless halls of other lands,
 My pilgrim feet I've placed;
And with our own red, tameless bands,
 Our pathless forests trac'd.

And oft, amidst a living space,
 A stranger I have stood,
And sighed for one familiar face,
 In a countless multitude.

I've watched Niagara's crystal foam,
At the solemn hush of even';
And gazed upon sepulchred Rome,
When the stars were high in heaven.

But oh, until this lonely hour,
Whate'er my spirit's mood,
I ne'er have felt such sadd'ning power—
Such boundless solitude.

There's life in ocean's heaving breast,
And music in the roar,
Where waves receding leave their crest
Of foam upon the shore.

There's language in the forest leaves,
And many a gilded plume,
And sprightly form of life, relieves
Its silence and its gloom.

And when the thoughtful pilgrim strays
Through mouldering piles of art,
The shadowy forms of other days
Will throng around his heart.

There's music in the desert wide,
And in the mountain air;
There's rapture in the rushing tide;
For God himself is there.

But thou art ever calm and bright,
Tho' tempests o'er thee rave:
A broad expanse of bloom and light—
A sea without a wave.

THE FIREMAN.

There is stern pleasure in the shock of war—
The wheeling squadron and the bayonet's jar;
When martial lines their gleaming fronts enlarge,
And the earth reels beneath their fiery charge—
When battle smoke lowers darkly o'er the land,
Where bleeding freedom makes her firmest stand.
Our flag of heaven, with burning bars shall glow,
And flash its starry terrors on the foe;
The glittering sabre and the dancing plume,
Shall charm the icy terrors of the tomb—
The musket's flame—the rocket's lurid glare,
And culv'rin bursting on the midnight air—
The trumpet's clangor, and the drum's deep roll,
And booming cannons fire the warrior's soul;
To know he struggles in a holy cause—
For God—his country—liberty and laws;

To see the foe's thinn'd ranks in terror fly—
 To hear from gory lips, the shout of victory;
 For freedom's realm—the freest 'neath the sky—
 Our own dear native land—oh! it were joy to die!

But the poor fireman, in the direst hour,
 Is doomed to combat a more fearful power,
 Without the inspiration he would feel
 'Midst banner'd hosts and gleaming ranks of steel;
 When fiery columns o'er our homes arise,
 With their red horror streaming in the skies—
 Too oft, alas, he sinks amidst the flame!
 Unmarked by history and unknown to fame;
 For the dire foe with whom he battles there—
 A fallen hero ne'er was known to spare;
 His tameless warfare will no pris'ners save—
 And to the vanquished e'en denies a grave.

Oh, blessed hour—oh, precious time of rest—
 Dear to the weary and the mourning breast;
 The winds are hushed—the city hath no sound
 Save the lone clock, measuring life's speedy round—
 Or the blithe cricket singing in the dark,
 Where the swept hearth emits no cheering spark.
 The fireman sleeps. And in his sunny dream,
 A cottage stands beside a purling stream—

A group of pleasure and becoming mirth;
 His babes—his partner—cheer its social hearth—
 While trees of glowing fruit, all fenced about,
 And fields of ripening corn, are seen without;
 His horse—his dog—sleep 'neath the sunny wall,
 And a blue sky is bending o'er them all.

But hark! There bursts upon his startled ear
 A cry that fills the very soul with fear—
 Swelling each instant louder, clearer, higher,
 Till earth and heaven reverberate—fire! fire!
 He wakes to see the cinders pour on high
 Like a volcano bursting in the sky—
 While ringing bells confirm his waking fear,
 And the hoarse trumpet thunders in his ear.
 No time has he for parley or delay—
 His hat—his ready coat—away, away,
 Springs from the threshold of his quiet home—
 Mounts o'er the ladder to the blazing dome,
 Where soon he stands upon the dizzy height,
 And wields the torrent with a giant's might—
 Or works the engine in the icy street,
 Amidst the rushing storm, the driving sleet;
 Till the sharp frost unnerves his willing hands,
 Or piercing winds have frozen him where he stands.

A cry within those fiery walls is heard!
What aid, alas, can human strength afford?
Flames are devouring each devoted room,
Fierce as the living Hindoo's burning tomb.
A suffocating darkness loads the air—
The ceiling glows, and crackling flames the stair!
No time for thought! Amidst the fire he leaps!
His daring feet have pass'd the scorching steps—
And, blind and breathless, bursts the yielding door—
Springs to his prize o'er the consuming floor;
Then turning finds, too late! oh God! too late!
He has but come to share the sufferer's fate!
One hideous glare that instant shoots around—
And the whole pile lies smouldering on the ground!
They sink together in one common grave—
The feeble there, and he who came to save.

THE MISER.

An old man sat by a fireless hearth,
 Though the night was cold and chill,
And mournfully over the frozen earth
 The wind sobbed low and shrill.
His locks were gray, and his eyes were gray
 And dim, but not with years,
And his skeleton form had wasted away
 With penury more than years.

A rushlight was casting its fitful glare
 O'er the damp and dingy walls—
Where the lizard hath made his slimy lair,
 And the venomous spider crawls;
But the meanest thing in this loathsome room
 Was the miser, all worn and bare—
Where he sat like a ghost in an empty tomb,
 On his broken and only chair.

He had bolted the window and barred the door,
 And every nook he had scanned—
 And felt their fastenings o'er and o'er
 With his cold and skinny hand.
 And yet he sat gazing intently around,
 And trembled with silent fear,
 And startled and shuddered at every sound
 That fell on on his coward ear.

“Ha! ha! laughed the miser—I'm safe at last,
 From this night so cold and drear—
 From the drenching rain and driving blast—
 With my gold and treasures here.
 I'm cold and wet with the icy rain,
 And my health is bad, 't is true;
 Yet, if I should light that fire again,
 It would cost me a cent or two.

But I'll take a sip of that precious wine,
 It will banish my cold and fears—
 It was given long since by a friend of mine—
 I have kept it for many years:
 So he drew a flask from a mouldy nook
 And drank of its ruby tide—
 And his eye grew bright with each draught he took,
 And his bosom swelled with pride.

“Let me see—let me see,” said the miser, then,
 “’Tis some sixty years or more,
 Since the happy hour when I began
 To heap up my glittering store—
 And well have I sped with my anxious toil,
 As my crowded chests will show;
 I have more than would ransom a kingdom’s spoil—
 Or an emperor could bestow.

“From the orient-realms I have rubies bright,
 And gold from the famed Peru;
 I’ve diamonds would shame the stars of night,
 And pearls like the morning dew;
 And more I’ll have e’er the morrow’s sun
 His rays from the west shall fling—
 That widow, to free her prison’d son,
 Shall bring me her bridal ring.”

He turned to an old worm-eaten chest,
 And cautiously raised the lid—
 And then it shone like the clouds of the west,
 With the sun in their splendor hid;
 And gem after gem, in its precious store,
 Are raised with exulting smile—
 And counted, and recounted, o’er and o’er,
 In many a glittering pile.

Why comes the flush to his pallid brow?
While his eyes like his diamonds shine;
Why writhes he thus, in torture now—
What was there in the wine?
His lonely seat he strove to regain—
To crawl to his nest he tried—
But finding his efforts were all in vain,
He clasped his gold, and—died!

GOD AND LIBERTY.

In the beginning—ere the dawn of time,
Ere chaos woke from an eternal sleep,
When all was shoreless, silent and sublime,
And God alone was on the mighty deep,
No planet burned upon the sable sky,
No boreal flame or comet's daring flight,
The earth was void and formless to the eye,
A dreamless nothing in the womb of night;
God said "let there be light and there was light."

Then order rose—then time began his march—
Then earth was roll'd from out Jehovah's hand,
Flung to its circle in the mighty arch,
To fill the purpose of his high command.
The sun arose and gave the morning birth,
The moon came forth upon the azure even,
Bright Orion shouted o'er the infant earth,
The angels leaned them from the courts of heaven,
And with their choral hymns the starry sky was riven.

On sped the earth upon its endless round,
 O'er the blue infinite of starry spheres,
 And yet "there was no man to till the ground,"
 Or trace the awful history of years.
 But God created from the senseless dust;
 An image from his own perfection stole,
 Pure, bright and holy, beautiful and just,
 And man from God's own breath "became a living
 soul,"

Sovereign of earth, and free beyond control.

And woman too, the dearest and the last.
 Whose peerless beauty through creation shone,
 Till angels saw their radiant forms surpassed,
 And bought her love with many a starry throne.
 What more could God himself on man bestow,
 Than this bright earth with all its wealth of flowers—
 The sunny hills, the ocean's emerald flow,
 The balmy zephyrs and the gentle showers,
 And woman's glorious love to crown the rosy hours.

On sped the earth—and time began to write,
 Ah! what a record on his page appears!
 Ambition's curse—of pride the baleful blight,
 The withering stain of sin, the agony of tears;

The loss of Eden and the dread decree,
 O'er which, too late, the homeless wanderers mourn—
 "Henceforth to labor thou a slave shalt be,
 Thy toil alone thy very life shall earn,
 From dust thou wast and shalt to dust return."

On sped the earth—and dark the pages grew
 That swelled the volume of recording time,
 Till God, incensed, his latest smiles withdrew
 From earth's black, damning catalogue of crime.
 Then burst the seals that bound the mighty waves,
 And o'er that scene of infamy they roll;
 The chainless sea has formed their shroudless graves,
 In its grim majesty without or bound or goal,
 Deep o'er the mountain tops it foams from pole to pole,

One bark alone was on that mighty sea,
 One little fragment of man's lost estate,
 One heart alone, oh God! that worshipped thee,
 And trusted to thy word his priceless freight—
 Again the earth arose from out the deep,
 And gleamed the bow of promise on the air,
 And man has vowed thy sacred laws to keep,
 To shun the curse of sin's most hideous lair,—
 To love thy holy name and reverence thee in prayer.

Then teemed the earth with every blossom fair,
 And tree, and shrub, and fields of golden grain,
 Beasts in the groves, and birds upon the air,
 And finny tribes within the heaving main.
 The spring returned, the summer smiled around,
 And autumn swelled with every gift divine,
 With fruit low bending to the russet ground,
 And sheaves that o'er the harvest fields recline,
 And arbors bending low beneath the purple vine.

On sped the world—but it were long to tell,
 How fared the race that God did thus restore,
 How forth the empires of his seed did swell,
 Countless as sands upon the ocean shore;
 How Asia, Afric, Europe, all were stored
 With lord and peasant, conqueror and slave;
 How blood, like water, o'er the world was poured,
 How shrank the coward, and how fell the brave,
 E're sacred truth was lost or freedom found a grave.

The last asylum heaven had kept in store,
 Another world, Columbia, then was given;
 Religion sought a refuge on its shore,
 And hailed its hills, the legacy of heaven;
 And many barks, with speeding pinions spread,

Again were on the dark and troubled sea,
Stout hearts they bore who from oppression fled,
And to a mortal throne had scorned to bend the knee,
But sought to rear a shrine to God and Liberty.

And God was with them on full many a field,
As tyrants will remember evermore,
When kingly power was taught at length to yield
On many a hill that ran with human gore,
Beneath that flag our fathers flung on high,
Fore'er to wave above the sea and land,
Emblem of union, fragment of the sky,
God keep thee "in the hollow of his hand,"
Till millions yet unborn beneath thy folds shall stand.

LOVE'S REMONSTRANCE.

“The ladies won't be looked at.”—KENTUCKY INTELLIGENCER.

“Young ladies at school are not to be courted; they, therefore, **expect no particular** attention from gentlemen.” SELVICA SCRIVENER, Sec'y.

Go, prate to the waters that mirror the moon,
 In loveliness beaming on high—
 Or the sun-flower, ardently turning at noon,
 To worship the God of the sky;

Go, chide the lone needle that silently dwells,
 Like a deathless desire of the soul;
 On the love that it constantly, tremblingly, tells,
 As it timidly points to the pole;

Go, frown at the stars and forbid them to beam
 On the earth in her lovely repose;
 Go, lecture the zephyr that comes like a dream
 To toy with the folds of the rose;

But do not complain if my eyes should reveal,
 By an impulse more truly divine,
 The conquerless passion—the worship I feel
 For that spirit-like beauty of thine,

'Tis said when the rays of the morning were warm
 On the statue of Memnon, my dear,
 Soft notes o'er the pillar of marble would swarm,
 Like an anthem of God on the ear.

And thus, in the night of your absence, my heart,
 Like the stone of that statue, is cold,
 But the spell of your presence can ever impart
 A rapture that cannot be told.

Oh! name not, my dearest, your formal decree,
 Against courting “young ladies at school;”
 Ah! what is your pedagogue proser to me,
 With his science, his birch, and his rule?

The fusty old despot may frown, if he will,
And talk of his lore and his books;
There is room in thy lattice in spite of his skill,
For my ladder to fasten its hooks.

Oh! lovely the light of those delicate feet,
On its soft silken cords will appear;
And thy form, like an angel's, descending to meet
Some languishing worshipper here.

Then preach to the bird that will soar to the sun,
Till dazzled and blind with its rays;
Or the insect that flies round thy candle, dear one,
Till its life is consumed in the blaze.

Like them, oh! perchance, all my love is in vain,
Yet tho' death winged his dart from thine eye;
He could not my bosom's devotion restrain,
I would gaze on thy beauty and die.

THE CREATION OF WOMAN.

When first the green earth in her primal grace,
Leap'd out of chaos to the skies embrace—
When first the sun, through dark'ning space was roll'd,
And tinged its vapors with his blaze of gold;
Creation's God upon the world descends,
While Heaven's pure hosts in crowd on crowd attends—
A flood of incense hovers o'er his way,
And flowers profusely spring where'er his footsteps stray.
He breath'd upon the earth—and instant upwards rose
Each shrub, plant, tree, and every flower that blows—
He waves his hand—and every living thing,
In earth, sea, air, at once to being spring.
Let's now make man, the sire of nature said,
And on the dust his plastic finger laid:
The dust, instinctive to his touch grew warm,
And fashioned like the glory of his form—

Then breathed upon him, to complete the whole—
 That instant man “became a living soul.”
 Then in a cloud of more than crystal light—
 With flashing plumes and robes of dazzling white—
 Slow o’er the yielding space the hosts of Heaven arise,
 While softest music fills the ambient skies;
 The ocean heaves upon the vernal shores—
 The fragrant earth a flood of incense pours;
 While every living thing their vocal powers employ—
 The air is fill’d with praise, the planets leap with joy.

Farther and fainter died that melody away,
 Till God was lost within the blaze of day;
 The mortal could not speak, so great the bliss he felt—
 But long in praise and adoration knelt,
 And upward strained his streaming eyes,
 Until that throng were blended with the skies;
 And then, delighted, o’er the world he strays—
 Upon the mammoth rides, or with the panther plays—
 From the warm earth obtains the luscious roots,
 And from the fragrant trees their glowing fruits—
 Sips honey wild, that from the granite flows—
 And binds his forehead with the blushing rose;
 Bathed in the streams or on their margin strayed—
 Basked in the genial air, or slumbered in the shade;

Made every gift of paradise his own—

And yet he was not bless'd—because he was alone:

Alone he wandered on the pebbled shore—

Alone he saw the silvery torrents pour—

Alone he strayed through bowers of bloom—

Alone inhaled their odorous perfume;

Alone he gazed upon the evening star—

Alone he knelt in solitary prayer—

Alone in joy he smiled—in sorrow wept—

And on this boundless world—alone he slept.

Why it should be, he knew not—could not tell,

But his lone heart would often aching swell—

His anxious thoughts in dreams would often stray

To some pure blissful being far away.

At length, at eve, beneath a primal rose,

His limbs reclin'd in feverish repose;

The cooling zephyrs o'er his bosom creep,

And soothe his throbbing pulse, and lull his eyes to sleep.

The mellow moonlight softly stream'd

Amidst a sky where countless planets beam'd;

Sleep bound each insect, reptile, beast and bird—

Nor silky leaf or blade of grass was stirred—

The forest's bosom not a zephyr heaves—

The dew-drops rest secure upon the aspen leaves;

And soft the shade the distant mountain flings,

As those that fall in Heaven from spirit wings;

Each torrent voiceless falls, each stream in silence flows,
Nought breaks the solemn hush of nature's huge repose.

He dreamed that in his arms an angel's image lay,
And o'er his kindling cheek her sunny ringlets stray—
He thought that melting eyes were gazing on his own,
And to his lips was pressed a rose-bud nearly blown.
He woke. It was no dream—and he indeed was bless'd;
'T was woman's eye that beam'd—'t was woman's lip
that press'd.

Oh, pure as the rose when it bursts to view,
E'er a zephyr hath rifled its virgin hue—
E'er the glowing lips of the morning's ray
Hath kissed its bloom, and its balm away—
While the air is rife with its fragrant sighs,
And the dew on its damask bosom lies,
As timid and blushing it peers o'er the lawn,
'Neath the chaste caress of the passionless dawn.
Thus woman's gentle form and mien,
Mid the silvery light of that tranquil scene—
And her beauty enhanced by her tender alarms,
As the moonlight betrayed her omnipotent charms;
Her delicate foot on the green earth fell,
Like an orient pearl on its own bright shell—

And you fear'd lest the light, or the zephyrs warm,
Should dissolve away its snowy form;
Her graceful limbs harmonious swell—
Go, paint a dream—you can as well;
Or grasp the rainbow, or enchain
The soul of music's dying strain,
Or hoard the moon's evanescent ray—
As woman's angel charms portray.

She was not tall. But there was given
To her fair brow so much of Heaven,
And her soft blue eyes were so divine—
You knelt as to some holy shrine;
Beneath her bright hair's sunny flow—
Her swan-like neck and breast of snow—
A thousand mantling blushes streak,
And upwards stray to her glowing cheek;
And gods in heaven might sigh to sip
The passion-dew from her balmy lip—
For oh! the spell of her melting kiss
Conveyed to the soul an eternal bliss;
And but for her hand's enslaving thrill,
And the passionate ray of her kindling eyes,
He well might have deemed her a vision still—
Which the mirror of sleep alone supplies.

Then music fell upon the ravished ear—
 The strain of spirit forms, invisible but near—
 Receding slowly, dying faint and far—
 While words like these float in the crystal air:—

Go, meet the dark ocean and compass the world,
 As far as its limits by man can be trod—
 Or mount where the bright wings of cherubs are furl'd
 O'er the fountains of bliss in the presence of God.

Go, delve the sea-cavern's unfathom'd abyss,
 Where mountains of coral and pearl are in store—
 Or stray where the bright floods of Havalah kiss
 The masses of gold that illumine their shore.

Go, bask in the shade of the orient isles,
 Where the citron and orange are ever in bloom—
 Where spring o'er their verdure eternally smiles,
 And the sea-foam is fraught with their breath of
 perfume.

Go, weigh every gem, and survey every flower,
 That illumines the sea or enamels the plain—
 In the darkest recess or the sunniest bower,
 That the earth can afford or the ocean retain:

And say if there's aught in this limitless range
 Like the idol that now for thy worship is given?
 Or price thy devotion could ever estrange,
 From the sister of angels, the daughter of Heaven?

Oh, woman—dear woman—tho' fragile thy frame,
 As the lily, thy sister, thou'rt born to control
 The impulse to glory—the fountain of fame:
 The heart is thy subject—thy throne is the soul.

Like the boughs of the lotus thy presence shall be—
 And the pilgrim or exile, while sadly they roam,
 Shall forget in their rapture, if smiled on by thee,
 The memory of childhood—the magic of home.

And gloomy the palace and lonely the bower—
 Tho' mammon may store them with all that is rare;
 The gem has no lustre—the lute has no power,
 Unless thy dominion of passion is there.

In thy glance the broad banner of empire shall wave,
 And the light of thy smile to defend or obtain—
 Proud monarchs shall hazard the dungeon or grave,
 And the blood of their armies be showered like rain.

And greener and brighter thy empire shall stray,
 And ever—forever—thy sway shall abide;
 Still hallowing ruin and cheering decay,
 While the sky has a star or the ocean a tide.

The music faded. And the air again
 Was hushed as marble in the mountain's breast;
 The dew still pearled the emerald plain—
 The moon still hallowed the ocean's rest—
 The vernal earth in that dawn of time,
 Undimm'd by decay and unsullied by crime—
 By angels guarded—by seraphs trod.
 The garden of heaven—the “footstool of God”—
 Had not in its boundless range of bliss
 A place so exquisitely formed as this;
 The tranquil lake—the bright cascade—
 The grot with sparkling gems arrayed—
 The fountain of fragrance—the crystal stream—
 Of whose beauty we now may only dream.
 The sloping hill—the rocky tower—
 The arbor of roses and jasmine bower—
 All that is lovely in form or in dye—
 All that can gladden the taste or the eye—
 All that is balmy, or gorgeous, or dear,
 In harmony met and mingled here.

The music was gone—but its spell serene,
 In soft enchantment still held the scene;
 While the sky was so lucid, so stainless, so free—
 Its beauty outrivalled the depths of the sea;
 The very beasts that were gathered around
 Seemed to share in the spell of that bliss profound,
 While pinions of gold and silvery plume,
 All motionless droop'd 'midst the groves of perfume;
 And something there was in earth and in air
 That whispered the presence of God was there.

But these were not felt—were not thought of—then,
 For woman had smiled on the sire of men;
 And her form's enchantment—her eye's control,
 Were the universe to his heart and soul.

Who hath not known a magic power—
 A spell which language scarce can name,
 Shed o'er his heart in such an hour,
 From eyes of light and lips of flame?

Who hath not knelt at beauty's feet,
 And felt the very air more mild—
 The sky more soft—the earth more sweet,
 When woman sigh'd—when woman smil'd?

Who hath not felt love's sway sublime,
Till joy could only speak in tears—
And tasted in a breath of time,
The rapture of a thousand years?

“VOICES FROM THE CROWD:

A REMONSTRANCE WITH THE AMERICANS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, ESQ.

“Brother, why this rage and scorn?
 Why these gibes and tauntings flung?
 Were your sires not English born?
 Speak you not with English tongue?
 Think ye not with English thought?
 Is not Shakspeare yours and ours?
 And the same religion taught
 In our cities and our bowers?
 Brothers, turn your thoughts to peace,
 And let all this discord cease.

“Why should war affright the earth?
 Were the lands you covet thus,
 Richer, larger, better worth,
 Wherefore should you fight with us?

'Twould be scandal to our kind,
 An approbrium to our creed,
 If through rage and malice blind,
 One American should bleed;
 Or if England's meanest son
 Lost his life for Oregon.

“If ye so desire the land
 'Bide your hour—'twill not be long,
 Clear it—plant it—send a band,
 Peaceful, enterprising, strong,
 Who will people all the clime,—
 Spreading commerce as they go,
 Free to answer in their time,
 When ye ask them, “Yes, or no!”
 But beware for freedom's sake—
 Oh, beware the part you take.

“It would be a dastard shame—
 Shame more deep than words can breathe.
 If for *this* we lit the flame,
 Or drew weapon from its sheath;
 Deeper guilt more heinous sin
 If the foolish quarrel grew;
 And the nations pressing in,
 Ranged themselves for us or you;

And the earth was filled with hate.
Because *you* were insatiate.

“Freedom’s prophet England taught,
And you learned what she instilled;
You the inspiration caught;
Be your prophecy fulfilled.
Show the world, that doubts the fact,
That of freedom is not born
Rabble passion, frenzied act,
Utter recklessness and scorn,—
If so once, they need not be;
Wisdom dwells with liberty.

“Let the bloody flag be furled,
Nobler is the task we’re set;
And ’tis treason to the world
To neglect it, or forget.
Science woos us to her arms;
New discovery waits our time;
Young invention spreads her charms;
Knowledge beckons us to climb,
Brothers, join us in the van,
And we’ll lead the march of man.

“But if madly bent on strife;
And all reason speaks in vain;
Be the guilt of every life,
In the unnatural contest slain,
On your heads,—and, ere 'tis o'er,
Such a lesson you shall learn,
As shall sicken you of war.
Brothers, for your hand we yearn!
Let us give our thoughts to peace;
Let this foolish discord cease.”

AN ANSWER

TO A "REMONSTRANCE WITH THE AMERICANS."

Oh yes! ye are our brothers!

While we love you for the tie;
Shall we yield ye what to others
We sternly would deny?

Oh yes! we know your Saxon words—
Your Norman blood is ours:
How often on your kindred swords
That blood has fell in showers!

Oh yes! we think with English thought,
When English thought is free;
But by a king we ne'er were taught
How we shall bend the knee.
Our fathers left their native shore
To worship God alone—
But blindly do ye still adore
A sceptre and a throne.

We do not seek with ye a strife—
 No bond of peace would break,—
 But careless do we hold each life
 When freedom is at stake.
 And every foot or inch of earth
 Our fathers won of yore,
 We deem of greater, dearer worth,
 Than seas of human gore.

Ye talk of freedom, while ye bow
 Around a human shrine!
 Like serfs, acknowledging, e'en now,
 Your monarch's "right divine!"
 And freely spend your dearest blood
 In conquering each domain,
 Where ye may send your kingly brood
 O're bleeding realms to reign.

Ye prate of peace, while o'er the world
 Your purple flag is spread,
 And dripping now with gore unfurl'd
 O'er India's martyr'd dead!
 On every sea—on every shore—
 Your conquests still go on—
 The feeble feel your grasping power
 From rise to set of sun!

Still with your proud ambitious sway
 We do not interfere;
 But, by that God to whom we pray,
 Ye must not meddle here!
 'Tis holy ground, this land of ours,
 And kingly power would feel
 A spell within its humblest bowers
 More dread than ranks of steel.

A charm within the very air
 Would warn each royal thing,
 The poorest man he meets with here
 Is "every inch a king;"
 As free of thought, as unrestrained
 By any human hand,
 As the veriest despot that hath reign'd
 O'er Europe's crimson land!

Ye speak of "lessons!" Have ye then
 So soon forgot the scenes
 Of Saratoga's gory fen—
 Lake Erie—New Orleans?
 We know that ye have giant power—
 We know that ye are brave—
 That ye are terrible upon the shore,
 And glorious on the wave.

But what hath this to do with men
Who battle for their own?
Who fight for e'en their poorest glen,
As ye fight for a throne?
Who do not come a hireling band
To obey a monarch's nod,
But strike for their own native land,
Their freedom, and their God?

Away! ye have our firm reply—
Touch not the humblest hill
That smiles beneath our native sky—
Stain not the feeblest rill!
For we hold ye, as ye'll find it there,
On the scroll our fathers penn'd—
Ye're still our enemies in war—
In peace ye are our friend.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN A CITY CHURCH YARD.

AFTER THE MANNER OF GRAY.

The clock's deep chime proclaims the matin hour,
 The sun is up and dawning gloriously—
 The weary watch resigns his jealous power,
 And leaves the streets to freedom and to me.

Now ope the crowded shops upon the sight,
 And all the air a business murmur holds;
 Save where some shutter bars the vulgar light,
 Or silken draperies shed their drowsy folds.

Save that from yonder iron-grated walls
 Some hapless wight does to the crowd complain
 Of cold, that through his naked prison crawls,
 And turns to ice his solitary chain.

Beneath these costly slabs, this great parade
 Of monumental marble—heap on heap—
 Each in his silver-mounted coffin laid,
 The spruce patricians of the city sleep.

The rattling car or cart of market morn—
 The busy crowds that o'er the pavement tread—
 The steam-boats thunder, or the shrill coach horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their costly bed—

For them no more shall cents to dollars turn,
 Where busy brokers ply their eager care;
 No bankers run to welcome their return,
 Or climb their desks the envied cash to share.

Oft did the honest to their swindling yield—
 Their grinding oft the widows heart has broke—
 How harden'd were their miser hearts—how steel'd;
 And yet what honey'd words they ever spoke.

Let not the famished mock their greedy toil—
 Their sordid schemes—their cent, per cent, deride,
 Nor virtue listen with a pitying smile,
 To gilded epitaphs, o'er rotting pride.

The boast of honesty—religion's sacred dower,
 And all that virtue—all that truth e'er gave,
 Are only beacons in death's stormy hour,
 That hail our spirits from beyond the grave.

And you, ye needy, think not their's the fault,
 If sculptured trophies o'er their tombs arise—
 If they could know the cost of every vault,
 It were to them the worm that never dies.

Could souls departed visit here below,
 And settle up their business e'er they went,
 Those marbles had been sold at auction long ago,
 Or duly scribbled on, "to rent," "to rent."

Perhaps in this embellished spot is laid,
 Some heart once taintless of this base desire—
 Hands that the blacking brushes might have swayed
 Or exquisitely stirr'd the blazing fire.

But speculation's ever dazzling page,
 Unrolled such prospect of a harvest here,
 As did their avaricious souls engage,
 And drew their talents from their wonted sphere.

How many stained with every vice obscene—
 The whited sepulchre of fashion bears;
 How many wretches make their wealth a screen
 To keep the hands of justice from their ears.

Some nameless Rothchild, that with manly breast,
 The miser cravings of his soul withstood;
 Some poor and honest Swartwout, here may rest—
 Some Biddle—guiltless of the orphan's food.

The applause of Jews and brokers to command—
 The checks of truth and conscience to despise—
 To league with ruffians 'gainst their native land—
 Yet dare encounter with a freeman's eyes,—

Their lot forbade—and, let us truly thank
 That God, who all their farther fraud confined—
 Forbade to wade through plunder to a bank,
 Or ope a broker's office on mankind.

The struggling pangs of blackest guilt to hide,
 To quench the whisperings of conscious blame;
 Beneath the hollow show of pomp and pride,
 To seek a shield from public scorn and shame.

Far from the banks and brokers' shaving strife,
 Their humble avarice never learned to stray;
 Content to spend a most ignoble life,
 In saving something for "a rainy day."

Yet, e'en their worthless ashes to protect—
 Some marble monument erected nigh,
 With flaunting lines of fulsome flattery decked,
 Implores the passer to believe a lie.

The names of captain—colonel—general—here,
 O'er all the varied monuments are rife;
 And many a tomb these sounding titles bear,
 Whose owner never touched a trigger in his life.

And who, that on the follies of the day—
 His anxious thoughts a moment e'er confined?
 But knows this foolish passion for display
 Is of the strongest feelings of mankind.

On some fond name, the wealthy dunce relies—
 Some title does his arrogance require;
 And this, the sculptor on his tomb supplies—
 From judge, or general, even down to squire.

For me—who thus have artlessly unroll'd
 The worth, the virtues, of the mouldering great:
 If e'er the story of my life be told—
 And may just Heaven at least avert that fate,—

Haply for me—some orphan shall declare—
 Oft have we seen him on the bitterest day,
 Facing the storm, without a thought of care—
 To bring us food and wipe our tears away.

There, at the corner of yon busy street,
 He oft did stand. His kind fraternal eye
 Beaming with interest, we did often meet,
 Upon the faces that were passing by.

Oft by that bed, so all neglected now,
 Watching yon sufferer he would nightly stand;
 Now soothe the fever of his aching brow—
 Now whisper comforts in a brighter land.

One morn we missed him. At the accustomed time
 He came not to the afflicted and the poor.
 Another came. And yet the clock's deep chime
 Marked not his footsteps at our humble door.

The next—with mourning coach and hackney chaise
 We bore him slowly to his kindred dead:—
 Approach and read, for thou can'st read, his praise,
 Engraved upon yon humble pyramid.

EPITAPH.

Here rests within this cold and silent vault,
 A youth to avarice and to pride unknown;
 He was not perfect—but his greatest fault
 Was such as virtue need not blush to own.

This was his hatred—for the heartless throng
 Of fashion's minions, and of mammon's tools;
 He knew them well—for he had watched them long,
 And found them soulless hypocrites and fools.

Time, fortune, title, fame, distinction, breath—
 The form of beauty but a dream—a clod—
 Fore-doomed to crumble at the touch of death:
 This much he knew—the rest remains with God.

WILT THOU ROAM WITH ME?

A BALLAD.

Wilt thou roam with me, love—
 Wilt thou roam with me,
Beneath eve's dewy star, my love,
 That shines to welcome thee?
On the banks of Licking river,
 The red-bud is in bloom,
And the leaves of the aspen quiver,
 Like down on a warrior's plume.

The dogwood opes its snowy breast,
 To the soft and perfumed air,
And the freshest moss thy foot e'er press'd,
 Spreads its luxuriance there.
And pure as thy blush, my gentle love,
 Are the violets springing now;
And the winds grow incense as they rove,
 With the scent of the locust bough.

By that lone and lovely river,
 What tho' no costly shrine,
 Like those by the Guadalquiver—
 Or ever glorious Rhine;
 No ivied hall or ruined towers,
 Are imaged in its flood—
 Yet has it ran, in other hours,
 As red with heroes' blood.

Its shores have seen the dread array,
 Of many a plumed throng—
 Have echoed the shouts of the wild foray,
 The notes of the battle song:
 And on our memory they have claims
 That should not perish soon,
 For they are linked with deathless names
 Of Kenton and of Boone.

On the banks of this quiet river
 There is a lonely glen,
 Where the foot of man hath never,
 Or rarely ever, been;
 The wild rose purples all the shore—
 The spice-wood sheds perfume—
 The maple and the sycamore,
 Make ever twilight gloom.

There flowering creepers o'er thee meet,
 And vines are waving free,
 Like the cordage of a mighty fleet
 Upon a summer sea.
 The nimble squirrel seeks their boughs,
 And the wild and timid deer
 Beneath their lofty shadows browse,
 Or slumber without fear.

And here those gentle beings meet,
 That visit us in dreams—
 Who skim the air with pearly feet,
 Beneath the moon's pale beams—
 Who tread the ocean's snowy sands,
 Or trip upon the green,
 With their white and starry jewel'd wands,
 And their robes of silver sheen.

They've twined a bower for thee, love,
 In this realm so sweet and lone;
 A canopy of leaves above
 A soft and flowery throne:
 And thou, within this spicy grove,
 Their crowned queen shall be,
 If thou wilt roam with me, love,
 If thou wilt roam with me.

THE PRESS.

Soul of the world—the press, the press—
 What wonders hast thou wrought?
Thou rainbow realm of mental bliss—
 Thou starry sky of thought!
As dew unto the thirsty flowers—
 As the blessed light of heaven;
And widely as the summer showers,
 Thy silent aid is given.

Yet, canst thou flame upon the earth,
 Like the dread volcano's glow—
And tyrants trembled at thy birth,
 As at an earthquake's throe.
Hast thou not lit the darkest land,
 And broke the fellest chain—
The despot's red accursed hand
 Shall never forge again?

Another sun—thy brightness rose
 O'er the dark benighted world,
 And on thy panic-stricken foes,
 Thy lightning flashes hurled.
 Dark superstition crouched where'er
 Thy thunder scathing fell,
 And the murderous bigot quaked with fear,
 As at the flames of hell!

And priestly craft and kingly power
 Have striven to bind thee down—
 But ah, how low beneath thee cower,
 The mitre and the crown.
 Thy nod can lop the proudest head—
 The world thy sceptre owns;
 The path thou dost to glory tread—
 That path is paved with thrones.

Yet, art thou gentle as the breeze—
 The latest breath of day;
 But chainless as the mighty seas,
 In thy resistless sway.
 At thy command the seals were broke,
 That bound the mighty deep—
 And liberty and truth awoke
 From centuries of sleep.

When forth to every sinful shore,
 That man in darkness trod—
 Thy bright and speeding pinions bore
 The beacon words of God.
 The sage's lamp—the muse's lyre—
 Thou brought'st o'er ocean's foam;
 The stellar light of vestal fire—
 The eloquence of Rome.

Then music rose in Runic climes,
 And the isles of barbarous seas
 First heard Athenia's words sublime,
 Thy words—Demosthenes!
 And Plato's lore and Sappho's lay,
 O'er other lands were borne—
 Where late were heard the wild foray,
 And the hunter's winding horn.

Flag of truth! Thy folds have streamed
 O'er many a field of blood—
 And o'er the wreck of empires gleamed,
 Like the rainbow o'er the flood.
 The patriot's eye still turns to thee,
 And hails thee from afar—
 As the wanderer of the trackless sea,
 Hath hailed his guiding star.

Torch of hope! Thy blaze shall burn
O'er millions yet to be—
And flame above the funeral urn,
Of bonds and slavery.
The world already hails thy light,
As the Chaldean's of old,
When flashing o'er the clouds of night,
The star of Beth'lem roll'd

Like the letters on the Persian wall,
But plainer to be read,
Is thy ever bright and burning scroll,
That tyrants mark with dread.
O'er sceptre, throne and diadem,
Hang thy portentous glare—
Like the sword o'er lost Jerusalem,
Suspended in the air.

While to the hearth-stone of the hall,
And to the cottage hearth,
Thou bring'st a daily festival,
Of nameless—priceless worth;
Thou lightest up the pallid cheek
Of the deserted poor,
And to the captive, worn and weak,
Thou ope'st the prison door.

Oh, ever in thy banner bright,
Let truth and virtue blend—
Be ever—ever—in the right—
Be ever labor's friend:
His strong and honest arm shall be
Thy bulwark in distress;
God bless the land of liberty—
God save our country's press.

THE WHITE CHIEF.

Sublime as the sacred pillar of light,
That o'er the dark desert arose,
To guide the chosen of God, while his ire
Was a cloud o'er the path of their foes.
Thus towered a volume of glorious light,
Where the council fire was piled,
And backward roll'd the pall of night
From the depth of the forest wild.

A thousand columns in majesty rose—
The stars in silence crown'd them,
While sable night at distance throws
A wall of shadow around them.
The rustling leaves were waving free
In the bland and balmy air,
Or flashing their emerald heraldry
In that watch-fire's ruddy glare.

While gorgeous flowers of every hue
 Like orient censers bloom,
 And gemm'd with drops of sparkling dew
 Were breathing rich perfume;
 While o'er that sward the gods might tread,
 Fearless of mortal stain,
 And bear the light their sandals shed
 Undimm'd to heaven again.

For never since creation's birth,
 Did human foot impress
 Its form upon the virgin earth
 Of that pure wilderness.
 There softly the voice of the torrent's rush
 From distance greets the ear,
 And mingles with the cheering gush
 Of fountains gurgling near.

And sweeter than the mystic notes,
 Of Memnon's harp divine,
 Is the whispered note that ever floats
 O'er the boughs of the lofty pine.
 Such is the hall of freedom proud—
 The temple heaven supplies—
 Whose banner is the streaming cloud—
 Whose dome is the starry skies.

There swells no marble by his side,
 O'er heaps of crimson spoil—
 No monuments of human pride,
 Or marks of human toil—
 No fretted arch or tinsel'd wall,
 With tattered banners spread,—
 Those epitaphs that do recall,
 Nothing, but of the dead.

They 're needed not, those crumbling piles,
 With centuries grown dim;
 Let tyrants tread their pillar'd aisles—
 They were not made for him.
 The pale-face in his pride may prize
 These mockeries of art,—
 The hill, the stream, the starry skies,
 Are dearer to his heart.

The hand the costliest diamond fires—
 The haughtiest sceptre waves;
 The proudest dome, the loftiest spires,
 Were ever reared by slaves;
 The barren rock, the wild, wild glen—
 The isles of the dark blue sea,
 And the trackless desert have ever been
 The homes of the fearless free.

Like giant shades that swell on high
 At night's mysterious noon;
 The thunder clouds of all the sky,
 Pil'd up around the moon,
 Wild, dark and mute his warriors sit
 In that forest cinctured world,
 Like glacier waves the storm has met
 And frozen as they roll'd.

And in their midst, all voiceless there,
 Is one in childhood's bloom;
 There droops from out his raven hair
 Full many a radiant plume,
 And from his shoulder there descends
 A quiver and painted bow,
 Veiled by his robe whose colors blend
 Like roses wreathed with snow.

A crimson scarf is round his waist
 O'er his vesture's azure fold,
 And the dagger, there so careless plac'd,
 Is rich with gems and gold;
 His sandals are so richly wrought,
 You'd deem the sylvan fair
 The rainbow in its pride had caught,
 And wove its glory there.

His slender form—his maiden brow—
 His soft, dark flashing eyes,
 All fraught with hope and passion now,
 And thoughts of high emprise.
 I've stood where purest dreams were given—
 The pencil's breath of life,
 Till the canvass grew a spell from heaven,
 O'er my spirit's kindling strife.

I've worshipp'd the idols of other days,
 Till my heart hath gushed with joy,
 But their marble no image of beauty conveys,
 Like that wild Indian boy:
 He seemed the genius of freedom there,
 That tyrant ne'er hath bowed—
 A spirit of beauty whose home is the air,
 Whose path is the summer cloud.

Ah! deems he of a mother's smile?
 Of a father's fond caress?
 Of a cottage that was rear'd erewhile
 On the verge of a wilderness?
 Or how that mother's long dark hair
 Was torn from her snowy brow;
 And oft is wav'd on the forest air,
 A trophy of vengeance now.

For the red man in his frenzied ire,
 And injury and hate—
 At midnight came with steel and fire—
 His deep revenge to sate.
 And where secure at daylight's close
 That border village stood—
 Nought met the eye when morn arose,
 But ashes quenched in blood!

They saw its bright red ruins glare,
 Where their blazing arrows fell—
 And they shook the black and starless air
 With a wild and fearful yell!
 His father perished—knife in hand—
 'Mid that dread and hellish scene;
 And of that hamlet, not a brand
 Now breaks the level green.

And he alone survived the storm
 Of that fiendish border fray—
 Tho' a murderer seized his tender form,
 And bared his knife to slay!
 But even that murderer's heart could feel
 The beauty, he paused to trace—
 As that cherub grasped the glittering steel,
 And smiled in his demon face.

And ere he could his thoughts array,
 To dispel the unwelcome charm—
 That reeking knife was wrenched away
 With the force of a giant's arm!
 Like a tiger he sprang to the red embrace—
 In the strength of a warrior's pride—
 But a glance hath fix'd him to the place—
 His chief is by his side!

That chieftain's lip was wreathed in scorn—
 And from his dark eye broke
 A curse, that accent ne'er hath borne—
 That language ne'er hath spoke!
 "Away!" at length his lips found words
 His gathering rage to speak—
 While the fire that deathly passion hoards,
 Flashed o'er his swarthy cheek.

"Away!—nor linger on my path—
 Thou minister of hell!
 Ere leaps the adder of wrath—
 Off! wretch! thou knowest me well!
 Go from my sight! haste! get thee hence!
 Nay, speak not, but depart—
 Ere the steel thou aim'st at innocence
 Shall reach thy guilty heart!

“A warrior thou—and such the foes,
 Thou seekest in the strife;
 The tide that in thy bosom flows
 Must shield thy guilty life!
 By heaven! thy head should instant roll!
 On the earth thy murder stains—
 But that I know a Shawnee’s soul
 Is red within thy veins.

“The glorious name our fathers’ won—
 The fame of other years;—
 Think you ’t was bought with woman’s groan,
 Or helpless infant’s tears?
 Off! slave! The braves Tecumseh leads,
 Are led to war with men;
 But woman and her children bleed
 To night where they have been!

“Who bid thee seek this friendly cot?
 Ah, well thy knife hath sped!
 How!—traitor!—hast thou thus forgot
 The hand that gave thee bread?
 Thou know’st thy victim was our friend—
 The firm—the tried—the true;
 Thy chief had perished to defend,
 These whom thy treachery slew!

“Hast thou so soon forgot the hour?
 Hast thou forgot the day—
 When in the battle’s leaden shower
 Our braves were swept away?
 Our women to the hills had fled—
 Our homes were all on flame;
 And blood, and death, and terror spread
 Where’er a pale-face came!

“Hast thou forgot, how, on that night—
 When all was hushed in sleep,
 Save where, around some funeral light,
 The soldier watched to weep?
 I sought Kiskara ’mid the slain—
 I thought that brave had died;
 For he, when death-shot pour’d like rain,
 Fell bleeding by my side.

“I went to where a rocky bank,
 O’er the dim deep waters rose—
 Whose trampled shores, in torrents drank
 The blood of invading foes!
 I felt a strange and awful dread,
 As I strode o’er that fatal hill;
 Like a spirit amidst the ranks of dead—
 They were all so cold and still!

“The moon was pil’d like a broken wreath
Of snow on an Alp of cloud;
And mournfully over the starless heath,
The wolf howl’d long and loud.
I felt the dew-damps on my feet,
And paused and looked around;
And listened to hear my pulses beat,
The silence was so profound.

“And then I heard a sigh—a groan—
Ah, once that voice was strong;
Again—that faint expiring moan—
I hastened to the throng.
For I knew among that dread array,
Kiskara fell the first—
But he, it seems, had crawl’d away
To quench his dying thirst.

“I found him on the cold white sands—
He had not reach’d the wave—
I bent me down, and with my hands
I scooped for him a grave!
Then heap’d it rudely o’er with stone,
And long ere morning’s smile
Upon those peaceful waters shone—
I finished there my pile.

“Where oft will rest the fisher’s prow,
From those waters cold and dim;
And the hunter pause, as I do now—
And breathe a prayer for him.
And kindly offerings will be brought
By many a pilgrim band,
To tell him he is ne’er forgot
In his far off spirit land.

“And when my mournful task was done—
With weary limbs and aching heart,
I turn’d me, ere the morning’s sun
Should rise and warn me to depart.
But on my path there lurk’d the foe,
For they had traced me to that shore—
I saw a flash—I felt a blow!
And then I knew no more!

“And when I woke from out that sleep,
I lay upon the damp cold ground—
I felt a shudder o’er me creep,
To know that I was weak and bound!
A captive there—I knew not why;
The blood was frozen in my veins—
Thou know’st I do not fear to die,
And yet I trembled in my chains.

- “I’d rather bare me to the gash
 Of blazing shaft or glittering steel,
 Where muskets ring and sabers flash,
 And round the mingling squadrons reel,
 And thickly strew the earth with dead,
 As branches from the forest riven,
 When tempests shake the hills with dread,
 And lightning fires the scowling heaven,
- “Than live that moment o’er again—
 A waking corse my blood had soiled,
 And stained the earth where I had lain—
 And oh! those chains like serpents coiled
 Around my heart—I feel them yet,
 And oft in sleep my vision swims,
 Of couches with my life-blood wet,
 And fetters on my quivering limbs.
- “Till I have sprung from my unrest,
 And joyed to see the morning beam;
 ’Tis childish, but I have been blest
 To wake and find I did but dream;
 But then, ’t was true, the gray cold light
 Of dawn was spread on high,
 And one by one the stars of night
 Went out in the illumined sky.

“And many a pale and vermeil freak,
 Like rose leaves in the air,
 Or hues upon young beauty’s cheek,
 That will not linger there;
 And then an amber ocean roll’d
 O’er the dim and lofty brows
 Of the distant hills, and tipp’d with gold
 Their unawaken’d boughs.

“I heard the distant waters roar
 As they swept toward the sea;
 I saw the dark rock eagle soar—
 He never seemed so free—
 As when I could not even rise
 From off the chilly ground—
 From weakness and the gory ties,
 With which my limbs were bound.

And then I thought I heard a step—
 And then again ’twas gone—
 Then nearer to my side it crept,
 Light as the trembling fawn;
 I turned and saw what then I deem’d
 An angel by me there,
 So bright, so beautiful, she seem’d
 A spirit from the world of air.

“Or one of fancy’s Iris daughters,
 An image by the sunbeam wrought,
 Or from Walculla’s sacred waters,
 Embodied music—thing of thought,
 All goddess—like the fabled birth
 Of Pallas from the brain—
 Fair creature, that I knew on earth
 Might meet me ne’er again.

“Not that her garb was so divine—
 Tho’ that was sweet to trace—
 The silken web, the glittering mine—
 What add they to such grace?
 The blazing gem, the Tyrian dye—
 The varied pomp of dress—
 The stars, that seek the western sky,
 Obscure their loveliness.

“’Tis only in the depths of blue,
 When night has quenched the rays
 Of eve, with every gorgeous hue,
 We see their beauty blaze—
 When twilight o’er the earth is spread,
 Or morning’s opal swells—
 Such are the hours these wonders shed
 Their softest, holiest spells.

“And woman’s form, and woman’s glance,
 And woman’s fond caress—
 Oh! what can woman’s love enhance?
 Or what can make it less?
 Hath she not cast a spell sublime
 O’er the hapless fate of man;
 In every age, in every clime,
 Since being first began?

“Hath she not cheer’d the darkest doom,
 And dried the bitterest tear—
 The scaffold and the dungeon’s gloom,
 The death-couch and the bier?
 The peasant in his humblest cot,
 The conqueror in his fame—
 Have they not sigh’d where she was not,
 And smiled where’er she came?

“The bard within his rosy bowers,
 The monarch on his throne;
 ’Mid softest isles of opening flowers,
 And music’s sweetest tone;
 Where piles of gems and marble rose
 O’er shrines and altars round,
 And waters lulled them to repose
 With their sweet and murmuring sound.

“Have we not heard e’en these deplore
 The fate of those who live,
 And vainly sigh for something more
 Than wealth alone can give?
 Then, yield the pride and pomp to those
 Whom luxury hath nurs’d—
 Be mine to gaze, at day-light’s close,
 As heaven beheld her first,

“On woman’s soft and dreamy brow,
 Her form’s immortal mould;
 Her canopy the fragrant bough,
 Her dress the simple fold—
 Of those, by ancient sculptors given,
 To clothe, but not conceal,—
 Those beauties of the gods in heaven,
 They could not all reveal.

“And such were her’s—for careless furl’d
 Her morning robe of white,
 As those that in the spirit world
 Are worn by forms of light;
 Or like glittering foam above
 The billows, wild and free,
 When softly rose the queen of love,
 All glowing from the sea.

“She paused, in pity of my pain—
 It seem’d an age to me—
 While, trembling, that accursed chain
 She loos’d—and I was free!
 ‘Haste!’ said she, ‘haste thee!—that canoe!—
 While yet thy foemen sleep—
 Fly! get thee o’er yon waters blue—
 Thou’rt safe upon the deep!

“‘And when some captive sues to thee,
 ’Mid the battle’s crimson strife—
 Then, warrior, then, oh think of me—
 And yield the boon of life.’
 Oh, God! how is thy love repaid—
 Thou well remembered one!
 Would that my heart had sheathed the blade
 This hellish deed hath done!—

“Too late! But this, thy own fair child,
 Shall safely live to be
 The ruler of this boundless wild,
 That now is ruled by me.”
 He said—and clasped him to his breast,
 And soothed his infant moan:
 And bore him to the far off west
 To heir his forest throne.

THE LAND OF THE WEST.

Where waves the forest forever green,
 And flowers in bloom are always seen—
 Where farther, far, than the eye can behold,
 An ocean of crimson, purple, and gold—
 Like a carpet from paradise just unroll'd,—
 The prairie appears with bower and grove,
 Through which the elk and buffalo rove;
 And the graceful deer bounds lightly o'er—
 Or swims the bright waters from shore to shore;
 Where the sun never scorches, the frost never chills—
 Where Flora presides o'er the meadows and hills,
 Unblasted by winter, unshrouded by snow,
 The wild rose, and lily, and hare-bell grow;
 Where the fragrant grass, when waved by the breeze,
 Like the sun-lit billows of eastern seas:
 All radiantly sparkles with every dye
 That glows on the earth or blends in the sky;

Where the oak is oppressed by the towering vine—
 And the earth is illum'd by the glittering mine:
 Where fountains of pearl have eternally gushed,
 And the voice of the mocking-bird never is hushed.
 Where lakes, like the ocean, in grandeur are spread,
 And the rainbow is flashing its emeralds on high,
 O'er cataracts, whose thunders might waken the dead,
 And forests that steep their dark boughs in the sky.
 'T is the land of the west—'t is the beautiful clime
 Where freedom hath kindled her altars sublime—
 Where the banner of stars in its majesty swells,
 And where liberty—glorious liberty—dwells.

This land still blooms in the sun's bright ray,
 But the race who most lov'd it—oh, where are they?
 Gone from the prairie, the forest, the stream,
 Like the bodiless phantoms that people a dream:
 Like the sparkles that round the cataract play—
 Like the mists of the mountain, they've passed away.
 Their humble homes to the flames were given,
 The plough their very hearths hath riven,
 Where stood their temples, their altars, their graves,
 The tomb is rear'd, or the harvest waves.

And did they yield without a strife,
 Of blood for blood, of life for life?

Oh! were there none who dared to stand
 Or fall to guard this glorious land?
 Or did their breasts a rampart swell
 To shield the homes they loved so well?
 Unwavering still, tho' often broke
 By the pale warrior's lightning stroke;
 And tho' their veins had dyed the field—
 Too weak to strive, too proud to yield—
 With breast to breast, and steel to steel,
 Still feebly through the conflict reel—
 Still grapple with their vengeful foe,
 And scorn to shun his latest blow!

Oh, yes, they did what man may do,
 Where carnage rolls and steel is riven,
 To show how courage tried and true,
 May struggle with the doom of Heaven!
 Nor yielded as the craven yields,
 Beneath the fell decrees of fate,—
 Nor quenched a thousand gory fields
 Their deathless and eternal hate.

The warrior's heart may not despair,
 No tear may dim an Indian's eye;
 His joy is battle's front to dare—
 To taste of deep revenge—and die!

'Tis rapture to his parting soul,
 As dim his eagle vision grows;
 Amidst the crimson ranks to roll,
 And die amidst his dying foes.

With helmless brows and bosoms bare,
 Those fearless forest warriors came—
 And faced the sabre's awful glare—
 The cannon's crash—the musket's flame,
 Their sacred heritage to shield;
 They mingled in the carnage red,
 Till bulwarks o'er the crimson field
 Were reared with heaps of gory dead!

Unlettered—they at science spurn'd,
 And mock'd the proud tactician's arts,
 While deathless zeal and valor burn'd
 Unquenchable within their hearts.
 From Labrador's eternal snows,
 To Patagonia's farthest strand—
 From where the blue Atlantic flows,
 To where the Rocky Mountains stand.

Of stream or forest—field or flood,
 There's not a foot their conqueror owns,
 But has been colored with their blood,
 Or whiten'd with their bleaching bones;

And when the latest trump of God—
Dissolving death's mysterious chain—
Shall rend the marble and the sod,
To give each form its soul again:

There's not within this broad domain,
A single rood of sea or earth—
But, dyed with many a murderer's stain,
Will give a slaughtered Indian birth!

T O ———

Oh, thou should'st have dwelt in a sunny land
Far over the eastern seas;
Where the blue wave ripples o'er diamond sand,
And musk perfumes the breeze.

Thou should'st have tuned thy light guitar
'Mid Andalusian bowers,
Ere time had stained, or the torch of war,
Alhambra's jeweled towers.

Thou should'st have liv'd in days that are gone,
Ere wealth had become a charm;
When the smiles of the lovely were only won
By the deeds of a daring arm;

When knighthood mounted the gallant steed,
And couched the glittering lance,
And deemed it cheap for their hearts to bleed,
As the price of a sunny glance.

Who would not have dared the flashing brand,
Or descended the lion's den;
To win a scarf from a snowy hand,
Or bring back thy glove again?

Who would not have scaled the banner'd height,
And felt it a joy to dare
The chain, the dungeon, the recreant knight,
If thou wert captive there?

Ah! knewest thou the worship I cherish for thee,
Thou fairer than earth's fairest daughter:
Thy presence is ever like sun-light to me—
Thy voice as a lute o'er the water.

Thine eye hath a spell, like the star of my birth,
When it shines o'er the flow'ry lea;
Thy delicate foot falls as mute on the earth,
As the down of a dove on the sea.

The bloom of thy cheek and the hue of thy brow,
Are as colors that meet in the sky;
And I feel 't were no sin, were I near thee, to bow,
As we kneel to the spirits on high;

For thy mind and thy bearing so lofty and pure,
A charm to thy being have given—
That could not be brighter or holier, I'm sure,
If thou had'st descended from heaven.

The tresses that fall on thy shoulders of snow,
Are as plumes of a cherub's wing;
Thy lips are as roses beginning to blow,
On the balmiest morning of spring.

Thy form—oh! that language could ever control,
Or the talisman empire of sleep,
Thy image that brightens the depths of my soul,
As a diamond illumines the deep.

LISTEN!

Listen, and there shall be given
Thee each bliss that life affords,
And the nameless joys of heaven,
If thou'lt listen to my words.

Listen, when the morn is breaking
Softly o'er the flowery lea,
From each hill and grove awaking
Nature's cheering minstrelsy.

Listen, when the evening shade
Calmly gathers o'er the sky,
And each sound doth calmly fade,
As a mother's lullaby.

Listen, to the cataract pouring
 From the mountain wild and high—
 Listen, to the tempest roaring,
 Where the lightning burns the sky!

Listen, to the night wind stealing—
 Listen to the ocean's surge;
 To thy inmost soul appealing,
 Mournful as a funeral dirge.

Listen, to the bugle screaming,
 Where the ranks of freedom are!
 And thy country's banner streaming
 Proudly o'er the shock of war!

Listen, when the strife is ended,
 And the invader trampled low,
 Sues to thee to be defended—
 Listen, tho' he be thy foe.

Listen, when pale lips address thee,
 From a lone deserted bed ;
 When a feeble voice shall press thee—
 When the famished ask for bread!

Listen, when a sigh shall reach thee
 From the prison's lonesome cell,
 And its inmate doth beseech thee
 For the light beloved so well.

Listen, when above the bier,
 Comes a shriek that makes thee start,
 Falling on death's frozen ear
 From a widowed broken heart.

Listen, when the orphan's cry,
 Wails o'er those forever gone,
 And his swollen tearful eye,
 Brings a moisture to thine own.

Listen, to the exile's story—
 Listen to the stranger's care,
 Thou may'st meet a child of glory—
 Serve an angel unaware.

Listen, when the form thou'st loved,
 By the sable pall is hid,
 And the clods again removed,
 Fall upon the coffin lid.

Listen, when the warning bell
Lingers on the Sabbath air—
Listen, when the organ's swell
Calls thy sinful lips to prayer.

Listen, child of want and grief,
Who the paths of guilt have trod?
Would'st thou find a sweet relief—
Listen to the word of God.

ODE TO THE DEITY.

Spirit of Truth! whose temples rise
 Wherever dwells thy creature, man;
 For ever hid from mortal eyes,
 In mysteries they cannot scan—
 Soul of power! whose breath uprears
 Immeasurable space of worlds on high,
 And rollest their stupendous spheres
 In light and glory through the sky.

Omniscience! who alone beholds
 An hundred years the comet swim—
 Nor reach the shore that still enfolds
 Unnumbered suns, by distance dim;
 Omnipresence! thou that fillest all
 The meteless empires of the air—
 Yet hear'st the humblest creature's call,
 Whose weakness claims thy gracious ear.

Father of light and life and form!

Who dwelt before the birth of time,
 When chaos, like a mighty storm,
 Starless and boundless, roll'd sublime—
 Who spoke and from the dark abyss
 Of nothing at thy mandate came
 Earth in her primal loveliness—
 The crystal moon—the sun's red flame.

'Mid sculptured aisles in porphyry halls—

What tho' these knees have never bowed,
 Where crime upon thy goodness calls,
 And creeds are taught the cringing crowd;
 Where incense pours its rich perfume
 O'er golden fount and marble shrine,
 And glittering scarf, and waving plume,
 Pay homage to thy name divine.

Have I not trod the mountain height

When darkness, storm and fire have striven—
 And down the ebon plumes of night,
 The lava of the sky was driven—
 Have I not wandered o'er the tide;
 Have I not knelt upon the shore
 Of ocean, where his tameless pride
 The seamew dared not venture o'er.

Have I not mark'd earth's mightiest river,
 Through clouds of spray that wreaked on high,
 Fall foaming to the depths for ever,
 As if it poured from out the sky.
 Beholding these and all above,
 Below, around, for all are thine—
 The emblems of thy power and love,
 What need have I of holier shrine?

Father! when o'er the horizon's verge
 The lingering sun his glory flings,
 In many a gold and opal surge,
 Bright as thine own ambrosial wings;
 When morning's silver portals rise,
 Or twilight's roof of pearl is strown
 With sparkling stars that light the skies,
 Like diamonds scattered from thy throne;

When Iris, o'er the dying storm,
 Hath bent her many-colored bow,
 And spanned within its wondrous form
 The thunder-clouds that sleep below;
 'Tis then my soul hath burn'd to soar—
 'Tis then I've sighed to be with thee;
 Where earthly sorrow comes no more,
 Beyond the grave's dark mystery.

Father! since life is but a boon
Which thou do'st give and take away;
And since my soul, alas, how soon,
To other unknown worlds must stray;
Oh, hear my poor, and humble prayer,
Where pride and mammon ne'er intrude—
My lamp, some lone and lovely star,
In thine own temple's solitude.

TO MR. ATWOOD,

ON HIS PORTRAIT OF GENERAL TAYLOR.

I've seen that face of matchless worth
Which thou hast traced so truly there,
Where cannon shook the crimson earth,
And lit the battle-blackened air.

I've seen that high and thoughtful brow,
Wreathed by a thousand muskets' flame,
As calm, as ye behold it now,
Within the artist's golden frame.

That courteous lip was scarce less bland,
Tho' energy compress'd its shape
The moment when it gave command
To Captain Bragg, for "*Grape, MORE grape!*"

That eye—but no, 'twas brighter then;
 'Twas beaming with a prophet's glow,
 That cheered our few and weary men
 To battle with a countless foe.

Yes, artist, I will thank thee here,
 And bless thee for thy wondrous power;
 To me that face is doubly dear,
 When seen in its most tranquil hour.

Look on that faithful picture, ye
 Whom party spirit cannot blind,
 And say if aught but truth can be
 With lineaments like these combined.

Look on it well; ye cannot trace
 One doubtful or suspicious line—
 It is no smooth and cringing face
 Where self and party scheming shine.

No: open as fresh breaking day,
 Free as our Union banner beams,
 When o'er the battle's red array
 Death flashes from its starry gleams!

Yet calm and thoughtful as the sage,
 Tho' years their channels there have worn,
 T'is still a clear and cloudless page,
 Recording suffering nobly borne.

Such was the face of him whose shade,
 We now may only look upon,
 Whose hand this starry Union made—
 Our earthly father, Washington.

Old eagle, long thy breast hath flown,
 To guard the banner of thy land;
 And victory yet was never known
 To leave that flag while in thy hand.

And oh! there is no spot or stain
 Upon thy pure, unsullied fame;
 Thy veriest foe would seek in vain
 A speck upon thy glorious name.

Artless, ingenuous as a child,
 Thou'st sought to serve thy country well,
 How God upon thy efforts smiled,
 Thy country's history joys to tell.

One triumph more remains for thee,
It is to make all discord cease—
Bid party from our country flee,
And over faction “conquer peace.”

HENRY CLAY.

Thou art not fallen, Eagle One!
As cloudless and as bright
Thy starry name still glitters on
In glory's solar height;
As when above the din of arms,
Thy trumpet accents rose—
A tocsin at whose wild alarms,
Thy countrymen arose;
And rallying to each hill and plain,
To every sea and shore—
They won those victories o'er again,
Their fathers won of yore.

Or when from out the Senate hall—
Thy name—a spell—went forth
To bid the Southern banners fall,
To calm the raging North;

When gathered up thy mighty hand,
 The fragments of that chain—
 The union of this glorious land,
 And bound its links again.

Thou art not fallen, faithful one,
 Thy name is still sublime—
 Not in thy native land alone,
 But many a distant clime;
 Where freedom struggles with her chains,
 In southern lands afar—
 A halo round thy memory reigns
 That rivals Bolivar.

And in those memorable isles
 Where liberty had birth—
 Where still a sky of glory smiles,
 O'er ever classic earth.
 Upon the breeze thy name hath flown,
 A talisman of bliss,
 And mingles there with Marathon,
 Thermop'læ, Salamis.
 Dear as the flag our sires unfurled,
 To wave o'er land and sea,
 Thy name is hailed throughout the world,
 Thou guardian of the free!

Thou art not fallen, glorious one—
 And now the struggle's o'er;
 Kentucky hails her noble son
 As proudly as before:
 And joys to know, that even now,
 When slander's worst is done—
 They could not tear from off thy brow,
 The wreaths already won.

The petty power, by party lent,
 A nameless nominee—
 The empty title—President,—
 What could they add to thee?
 Go, place new colors in the skies—
 Give each star another ray,—
 Add to the rainbow fresher dyes—
 More light to the god of day:
 But deem not ye can ever mar,
 Or decorate a name,
 So long the bright and polar star
 Upon the sky of fame.

TO THE PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON,

OVER THE PROSCENIUM OF THE NATIONAL THEATRE, CINCINNATI.

Father! when from this mimic scene
My eyes are turn'd to gaze on thee,
I fancy accents, calm, serene,
Proclaiming "Be ye ever free."

Like the still voice, the prophet heard
Within the whirlwind's angry roar—
So here thy lips, without a word,
Thunder of freedom evermore.

As o'er full many a closing eye,
The patriarch rear'd the healing sign—
So has the artist, rear'd on high
That placid god-like brow of thine.

Where those who doubt of freedom's reign,
 And dream of bonds and felon sway—
 May kindle up their hopes again,
 Beneath thine eye's immortal ray.

Nor here alone. That face divine,
 'Tis on the humblest cabin wall—
 It floats above the foaming brine—
 'Tis blazoned in the Capitol.

'Tis mingled with the glorious dyes,
 That form'd the standard of our sires;
 And, with that fragment of the skies,
 Shall stream aloft till time expires.

The first that to our eye displays,
 In infancy the power of art—
 The last on which we wish to gaze
 When hope and vision's self depart.

Art thou not, from the heaven above,
 O'er us, thy children, gazing down?—
 As here we see thy face of love,
 Without a cloud—without a frown.

Shade of the mightiest and the best,
Thou model and thou god of men—
Say, can the race thy presence bless'd—
Oh, can they e'er be slaves again?

No, Father! no! Thy name shall shield—
On mountain pass, or ocean wave,—
On smoking wreck, or gory field—
That freedom which thy valor gave.

THE STAR OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

“Bonaparte used to say this star made its appearance at the hour of his birth, and that by consulting it he could always tell when good fortune awaited him; for, that, then, it glowed with unusual brightness; but grew pallid and hueless when defeat or disaster were about to befall him.”

BOTTA.

“O'er Ajaccio's spires, Corsica's isle,
 And ocean's breast, that foamed the while,
 That star arose to hail my birth,
 And guide me to the haughtiest throne
 That any save the gods have known—
 At least that e'er was bought with blood,
 From Indus to the Volga's flood.
 In halcyon peace or battle fray
 I've read my fortune in its ray—
 When midst night's gorgeous coronal
 Of millions, it outshone them all,

Or tempest rob'd, its cheering beam
 Blazed where no other dared to gleam.
 My midnight vigils to beguile,
 I've watched its image in the Nile,—
 And where the Magi used to gaze,
 To form the horoscope of kings,
 I've joy'd to see its silver blaze
 Fall on my eagle's folded wings.

“ O'er Mount St. Bernard's awful height,
 All redly on the brow of night—
 What time my meteor banners rose
 O'er avalanch and alpine snows,
 And gathered up those mighty crowds
 Around my standard in the clouds.
 And still more brilliant did it rise
 Above the smoke-enveloped skies
 Of Mincio—Wagram—Marengo—
 And Hohenlinden's blushing snow,
 When drooped my standard o'er the field
 Where empires had been taught to yield;
 And brighter still, and brighter glow'd,
 As on the mighty empire flow'd
 That to my very feet swept down
 The Bourbon and the iron crown.

And redder still, and redder beamed,
 Till Venice—Naples—Rome were mine;
 My banners o'er the Tagus stream'd,
 And flamed along the Rhine.

“And yet, thou bright and glorious star,
 Thou 'st tempted even me too far—
 I trembled as thy light grew tame
 O'er Moscow's rolling sea of flame,
 And saw an hundred thousand lay
 In death beneath thy frozen ray.
 That instant from my grasp was hurl'd
 The Ægis of a crouching world;
 And o'er the retrospect of blood,
 A musing, powerless man I stood,
 Till round my throbbing brow accurst,
 The crumbling Kremlin's cinders burst—
 I did not weep, I did not pray:
 I wished not to survive that day;
 And I had perished with a smile,
 Beneath so grand a funeral pile:
 But Beauharnois and Murat bore
 Me struggling in their arms away,
 Where hilt and rowel red with gore,
 My famished ranks had won that day.

“Once more, from Elba’s pictured plain,
I saw thee o’er the stormy main
So fiercely glow, so redly shine,
I thought the world again was mine,
And springing to my glorious France
I bared my bosom to her lance,
And wept, tho’ fallen, still to see,
Of all my veteran soldiery,
Not one but still, to shield my life,
Would venture still the deadliest strife,
And freely e’er my blood had flown,
A nation would have poured its own—
But, treacherous star! what boots to tell,
The grief—the agony—the hell!
That wrung my heart, as pallid grew
Thy blaze o’er damning Waterloo;
When urged my bugle’s wild alarms
The few against the world in arms!

While yet the iron storm was driven,
And gushed the war-cloud’s crimson rain,
I saw thy light retreat from heaven,
And set—to rise—no! ne’er again!”

AN IMPROMPTU.

TO ———

Oh, thou art beautiful! Thine eye's dark glance
 Stirs like the thrill by music given,
 When the listener, wrapt in its golden trance,
 Is dreaming delusions of hope and heaven.

Balmy and bright as the blush of spring,
 Thy young lip would spurn an angel's vow;
 And dark as the gloss of the raven's wing
 Are the tresses that cluster thy moon-lit brow.

Could the Parian mould of the Cyprian queen—
 Like Pygmalion's statue of ivory—grow warm,
 And from her pedestal step forth: I ween
 Thou would'st rival the charms of her faultless **form**.

Yet, the votaries of love need have no alarms,
 Tho' their idol at length has been rival'd by you;
 For tho' thou hast more than her sculptured charms,
 Thou hast all of her marble coldness too.

I DO NOT KNOW THEE.

I do not know thee, gentle one,
But they tell me thou art fair—
With a brow as pure as Parian stone,
And clouds of sunny hair.

Teeth that would rival orient pearl;
And lips the coral mine;
An eye like a dewy star, fair girl,
And a Psyche's form, are thine.

They say thy voice is like the tone
Of zephyrs stealing o'er
Æolian harp-strings, placed alone
In some Arcadian bower.

With a step elastic as a bird
 Upon a yielding bough—
 So bright, so beautiful, I've heard—
 Dear unknown one, art thou.

And oh, they say, that while thy form
 Is the home of every grace;
 That mind is breathing bright and warm,
 Like music from thy face.

And better far than this—than all—
 They say thy heart is given
 To him who perished to recall
 The bright, the pure, to Heaven.

I do not know thee, gentle one—
 But if this all should be:
 Whene'er you kneel at mercy's throne—
 Oh, breathe one prayer for me,—

And I will hope there is a clime,
 Where thou wilt be a radiant thing—
 A being of the sky—
 With a halo on thy rustling wing,
 And a love-spell in thine eye.

Till then, adieu—'t is fate's decree,
And I may not control—
That wills dear woman's smile to me,
What the sun is to the pole.

My name: yes, I will trace it here,
Like a line upon a tomb;
Where sweet and glowing flowers appear,
O'er the mouldering urn of gloom.

A LETTER

TO MY LITTLE STEP-DAUGHTER.

Fair Rosalie! "I wonder if you ever,"

Or any of you, since you have departed,
Within your floating palace down the river,

Once thought how lone *I* am, how broken-hearted
And desolate, as any thing can be.

I did not think, dear Julia, when you started,
That I should feel so dreadfully, you see,

But, somehow, ever since—your room
Has been to me as lonesome as a tomb.

How is your health, my dearest daughter?

And of your dear mother—will you write?
I hope no accident befel you on the water—

But cannot rest until I know you're quite
Safe, and well, and happy—and so forth.

It rains so terribly here every night,
And day, that no one can go forth

Without a wetting—so I keep at home,

And this, when you're away, is adding to my gloom.

Heaven knows I have enough to grieve me,
 The fellest of the fates most dark decree,
 Those whom I love are sure to leave me;
 Hopes that are dearest are the first to flee;
 "But there are words and tones," that can control:
 Thy voice, dear girl—thy looks of melody
 And seraph accents, sink into the soul,
 And there abide, "it were vain to tell"
 How memory loves upon these things to dwell.

Sometimes I fancy that I hear thee singing,
 But wake, and find my hearth is desolate,
 My feeble lamp, its latest ray is flinging,
 My room is chill, "my dog howls at the gate,"
 And I must to my lonely bed repair;
 I wish in your next letter, you would state
 Something about the good, the bright, the fair
 Miss B—er, and your mother may nought distress her
 Again, while on the earth, God bless her.

How heartily I wish your name was Fanny,
 Now that the buskin clothes your little feet,
 Not but that Julia is about as good as any,
 Only you know, so oft, that name we meet
 In play-bills, that in the modern drama
 It has become synonymous with many
 To Melpomene—but this unto your dearest mamma,

Here let me say, I know 't will be no news,
For she is oft mistaken for that muse.

And yet, fair Rosalie, if names can give
To immortality the slightest claim,
Thine fixed already, shall forever live

And “glow eternal on the rolls of fame:”
Bear you not still the name your father bore?
Embalmed, in his high genius it shall flame
Till stars shall set, and suns shall be no more;
Unless, indeed, you change it for another—
In such a case, you should consult your mother.

D E S P A I R .

The grave! the grave! how can it be,
My soul, that thou should'st e'er forget
How bright life's sun arose for thee—
How soon within the grave 't will set!
On every hill, on every plain,
There's not a place thy foot can tread,
Innumerable as the drops of rain,
Where moulder not the countless dead!
Along the Tiber and the Nile—
Where Tigris and the Ganges flow,
What mighty cities rose erewhile—
How voiceless were they long ago!
And yet their mighty crowds are there,
In field and flood, and ocean wave;
Around they slumber every where,
The sage, the conqueror, and the slave.

O'er Tadmor rolls the desert sand,
 O'er Sidon swells the briny deep—
 Above them take thy lonely stand,
 And think what millions near thee sleep!
 Palmyra, Carthage, Carnac, Rome,
 Deep buried thousand years beneath,
 Of silent, hopeless, rayless gloom—
 How endless is the sleep of death!
 But what of these—oh, what of all
 The ancient wasted haunts of men,
 By which we trace a nation's fall,
 Or say where empire once hath been?
 Ask ye of those who reared that dome—
 These pillars—with long years of toil?
 They're mingled with the lifeless loam,
 Where peasants reap the burdened soil.

They're dust that's gathered not again,
 Where victors forth their armies led—
 They're sand within the foaming main—
 They're ashes 'neath the pyramid!
 But why these fields and cities trace
 To see the dead? We cannot err;
 The earth is but a burial place—
 The ocean but a sepulchre!

The bright, the pure, the brave, are gone
 Where all beneath a blended sky,
 With arrowy speed are hurtling on;
 We only live that we may die!
 Then think, my soul, how soon the dream,—
 The sunny dream of life will fade,
 And thou wilt be, ah, what?—no gleam
 Of knowledge yet hath e'er betrayed.

And what hath been thy portion here?
 What shall it be in future years?
 Where love's bright rose but decks his bier,
 And hope is quenched in useless tears—
 Yes, death is slumber,—sound, sound deep,—
 Life but the fitful dream of men
 'Mid tombs where thought must ever keep
 Lone vigils over what hath been.
 A wild and fearful dream is thine,
 More dread at every change of form;
 The stars thou 'st worshipped all decline,
 And leave thee in the night and storm!
 But ah! a night without a morn
 Full soon shall shade these aching eyes,
 No star upon that sky shall burn
 To light earth's dazzling mockeries.

Away! ye heart-consuming throng
Of thoughts that rack this throbbing brow;
I have not borne life's ills so long,
That I should shrink beneath them now.
What though upon time's rugged shore
My pilgrim feet are still confined,
No rainbow on the clouds before;
Extinguished every star behind—
I've known full many as dark an hour,
Nor yielded to the fiend, despair,
For mine has been affliction's dower,
And pain has taught me how to bear.
Away! I reckon not what shall be
The end of all this coil at last;
'Tis welcome, so it bring to me
A deep oblivion of the past.

STANZAS.

The rosy clouds of even—
The colors of the dawn—
Blush instant o'er the heaven—
We gaze, and they are gone;
And yet the transient prospect,
Will leave a thought behind,
That oft shall beam in retrospect,
Refulgent o'er the mind.

And tho' love is from heaven,
Nor can on earth be stayed,
And hope is only given,
To glitter and to fade;
Yet boyhood's dreams of gladness,
Will never all depart,
But oft in hours of sadness,
They gleam upon the heart.

So bright, so pure the flowers,
In summer greet our eyes,
We deem from heavenly bowers,
Their perfumes and their dyes;
But dearer is the autumn one,
We plucked with eager haste,
That blooms when all the rest are gone,
And smiles amidst the waste.

So when the hopes of early years
No more our hearts illumine,
Ambition's fires are quenched in tears—
And love is in the tomb,
Still there are other visions bright
That can our hearts beguile—
Religion's pure and holy light,
And friendship's cheering smile.

NAPOLÉON'S REQUEST.

Bonaparte desired that no inscription should appear on his tomb, save only the letter "N."

When life's Promethean fires decay,
 As soon or late I know they must;
 And earth shall fold her frozen clay
 Forever o'er my shrouded dust—
 I would no hollow pomp of words,
 Above my humble grave were seen;
 The world, alas! too well affords
 What I am now—what I have been!

Then leave me like the countless world,
 Who to uphold my purple throne
 Have fallen where'er my flag unfurl'd—
 Where'er my star of terror shone.
 Aye! leave me to an humble grave,
 Beneath yon willow's mournful bough;
 My dirge the ocean's cavern'd wave—
 I would not be remembered now.

“A pile like Cheops, o'er my manes,
Or dark Cholula, would ye rear?
The Simplon still a trace retains
Of what I was—go read it there!
My name is on St. Bernard's height,
And on the Splugen's cloud-swept dome;
And, plain as conquering steel may write,
'Tis graven on the gates of Rome!”

WRITTEN FOR AN ALBUM.

I would not thou should'st think of me,
 When nature all is bright,
When every bower is filled with glee,
 When every heart is light;
But when the hollow tempest grieves
 Along the naked lea,
And round thee fall the yellow leaves,
 Oh! then, remember me.

I would not thou shouldst think of me,
 When round the social hearth
Are met the friends beloved by thee,
 Above all friends of earth.
But when each happy form has fled,
 And thy home shall silent be
Save the echoes of thy lonely tread,
 Oh! then, remember me.

And, oh! should sorrow ever cloud
 Thy fair and sunny brow,
And thy young heart become the shroud
 Of hopes that cheer thee now—
Then, when at morn or silent even,
 The crowd you anxious flee,
To pour your gentle prayers to Heaven,
 Oh! then, remember me.

THE REQUEST.

“ Let me die with the deep and sublime emotions inspired by strength
and beauty in ruin.”

WALTER COLTON.

Oh, bear me where the withered flowers
Of autumn strew the ground,
And the rustling leaves of serried bowers
Wave mournfully around—
When the gentle shades of twilight veil
The chill and sombre sky;
And the night wind breathes its mystic wail
O'er my couch, as it passes by.

For, I would no pageantry of earth
Should greet my closing eye,
Nor star that glittered o'er my birth,
When I am call'd to die;
But, be the links that love hath cast,
Around my soul unriven—
Without the memory of the past,
I scarce could wish for heaven.

Or let my wasted form recline
 'Midst the wreck of olden days,
 Where the palm root or clustered vine,
 O'er sculptured marble strays—
 Within some lone and voiceless hall,
 That dim with age appears—
 Whose columns totter to their fall,
 Beneath a thousand years.

Where the dreamy Guadalquiver flows,
 By moorish tower and dome—
 Or the grey obelisk its shadow throws
 O'er the crumbling fanes of Rome—
 Where the bright Cephisus ripples on
 O'er many a fallen shrine;
 Where the pillars of the Parthenon
 Are still indeed divine.

These may invoke the perished dreams,
 Entombed with brighter years,
 E'er my cheek had felt in lava streams
 The bitterness of tears;
 And my soul would easier burst the chain
 Of earth as it flits away—
 Inspired by strength upon the wane,
 And beauty in decay.

T O ———

The charm has fled—the dream is o'er—
The last fond tie is riven:
And we shall part to meet no more,
Unless, perchance, in heaven!

A few brief days and I shall be
In that bright, sunny clime,
Where waves the golden orange tree,
And blooms the fragrant lime.

Where Zephyr from the tropic isles
Is fraught with rich perfume;
Where heaven bestows its warmest smiles
And earth its rarest bloom.

Oh, many a radiant form is there,
With coral lips and snowy brow;
And eye of soul, and step of air,
Like those that haunt me now.

But these no link of thought endears
Like those from which I part—
They cannot soothe my burning tears,
Or cheer my broken heart.

Adieu, and if I e'er should kneel,
My varied wants to tell,
I'll pray that thou may'st never feel
This anguish—fare thee well!

“IN CÆLO QUIES.”

Have hopes forever fled—
 Once fondly cherished?
 Are tears of anguish shed
 O'er feeling perished?
 This truth alone can cheer,
 The heart by sorrow riven—
 And dry the burning tear:
 There's rest in Heaven.

Those orbs that nightly burn
 Like beacons for the bless'd,
 Making the bosom yearn
 To fly and be at rest.
 This message to impart—
 Oh, they were surely given—
 To tell the aching heart
 There's rest in Heaven.

O'er the forgotten tomb,
 The softest dews are shed;
And flowers will brightest bloom
 Above the nameless dead;
Even the funeral toll,
 That tells of friends beriven,
Whispers the troubled soul—
 There 's rest in Heaven.

The tempest's hollow moan,
 The murmurs of the sea—
The thunder's solemn tone,
 The echoes of the lea:
Say there is one can save
 The pure and the forgiven—
There 's quiet in the grave—
 There 's rest in Heaven,

FAREWELL.

TO ———

Farewell! farewell! The waves beneath me foam—
The steam is up—the signal flag unfurl'd;
'Tis something left, to have the power to roam
When the soul's ark is wrecked before the world.

Soon shall I flit along the pictured shore,
And mark each scene of beauty as we glide—
But not with feelings I have known of yore,
When thou and love were standing by my side.

The sire of waters I shall soon behold—
'Twill soothe to see his eddies boil and flow;
But tho' his waves o'er half the world are roll'd,
He reaches not so far as I must go!

Light bounds our bark impatient to be gone,
 And curls her vapour breath into the sky;
 A moment more and she will hurry on,
 As clouds that speed with tempest wings on high.

Brief days shall pass or ere her homeward prow
 Again these waves unweariedly shall spurn;
 But ye, fair shores, I hail so fondly now,
 When shall my footsteps to your shades return.

Ask the torn branch upon this current driven—
 Ask the frail leaf upon the winter wind—
 Ask the lone bird that wings a frowning heaven—
 In these, alas! ye shall an answer find.

Not till these eyes in wonder have beheld,
 Full many a sun upon the ocean rise,
 And sit o'er mystic monuments of eld,
 That crumble 'neath the oriental skies.

And yet I care not for that ancient shore,
 For all the world is now alike to me—
 Alike the coast of frozen Labrador,
 Or sunny islands of the Carirbee.

Farewell! Farewell! 'tis time I should depart
 From scenes where we perchance should meet again;
 And thou should prove the weakness of a heart,
 To which thou canst not be, oh God! what thou hast
 been!

To meet thy glance as if we ne'er had met—
 To coldly gaze upon thy worshipp'd brow—
 This, this were pain beyond the wild regret
 That rankles in this aching bosom now.

Farewell! farewell! the waves beneath me foam—
 The steam is up, the signal flag unfurl'd—
 'Tis something left to have the power to roam,
 When the soul's ark is wrecked upon the world.

THE END.