POEMS,
BY
ROBERT M. CHARLTON,
AND
THOMAS J. CHARLTON, M. D.
WITH AN
APPENDIX,
CONTAINING THE
EULOGY ON DOCTOR CUMMING,
AND A
HISTORICAL LECTURE ON SERGEANT JASPER.
BY ROBERT M. CHARLTON.
"Semel insanivimus omnes."
SECOND EDITION, WITH ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS.

BOSTON:
OTIS, BROADERS & COMPANY.
1842.
Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1842, by Otis, Broaders & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.
PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

If I had only published in this volume my own effusions, I would have been content to have let them go for what they were worth, with no other excuse than that which I have adopted for my motto,—"Semel insanivmus omnes." I am quite sure that I might have relied on the silence or charity of the critics, who would scarcely have gone out of their way to assail one who makes but little claim to the title of a poet, and who has collected hastily, and published rashly, a few random memorials of his poetical phrensy.

But, as I have added some specimens of my brother's poetry, it would be doing his memory and talents an injustice, were I to preserve a total silence. He possessed a mind and a genius that would have done credit to any profession; and, in a few more years, he would have won for himself a name, both as a physician and a poet, that would have descended as a lasting inheritance to his children. This may be strong language, coming from one connected with him so closely; but, alas, when those we love are taken from us, when death has destroyed the hopes, and affections, and happiness of years, we may be pardoned for transgressing the cold and formal rules of conventional life, and speaking of those who are lost to us forever, with the feelings which the heart doth dictate.
Doctor Charlton died, in September, 1835, a victim to his pro-
fessional zeal, at the age of twenty-nine.

I have not been able to procure the poems which his friends
believed to be his best efforts. They were published in some of the
journals of the day, and no record of them was preserved by him-
self. I have been obliged therefore to take the few I could obtain,
and to publish them under all the disadvantages attendant on such
a course, as specimens of his poetical talent. I do so with the hope
that their merit will be appreciated by his kindred spirits; and I
submit them, and my own, with these explanations, beseeching the
kind reader to charge all errors of omission and commission to that
unfortunate scape-goat, "the printer's devil," who has exercised
his vocation, in reference to this book, "without let, suit, trouble,
hinderance, molestation, or supervision" of the author thereof.

ROBERT M. CHARLTON.

Savannah, Georgia, June, 1839.
CONTENTS.

POEMS BY ROBERT M. CHARLTON.

Poem delivered before "the South Carolina Academy of Art and Design," at the Anniversary Celebration of the Society, on the 5th day of April, 1838, .................................................. 13
Autumn, ................................................................. 30
Contentment, ............................................................ 31
To ——, ................................................................. 33
"I love the Gloom of Nature," ........................................... 35
To Margaret, ............................................................ 37
Life and Death, ........................................................ 38
To a Lady on her Wedding-day, ........................................ 40
To my First-born, ....................................................... 42
Centennial Ode, ....................................................... 43
Lines written at the Falls of Niagara, ................................. 47
To Margaret, ............................................................ 49
Ode delivered on board the Ship Constitution, .......................... 50
Ode written for the Fourth of July, .................................... 53
Woman's Love, ......................................................... 59
The Judgment of the Dead, ............................................ 61
The Wish, ............................................................. 66
Our Country's Flag, .................................................. 68
To Melancholy, ....................................................... 69
Ruth to Naomi, ....................................................... 71
To the River Ogeechee, ............................................... 72
The Rose of the Tomb, ............................................... 74
Life's last Hour, ...................................................... 76
“Why Fades the Flower?” ........................................... 79
John of Luxemburgh, ................................................... 80
The State vs. Henry Day, ............................................. 82
“We Weep above the Dead,” ....................................... 89
The rejected Lover, .................................................... 93
Lay of the Madman, ................................................... 95
“A weary Time is ours, my Love,” ................................. 100
The Oak by the Way-side, to “Ione,” ............................ 102
“Only one Night at Sea,” ............................................ 105
“They are passing away,” ........................................... 108
To the coming Years, ................................................ 110
The Blessings of Life, ................................................ 119
Georgia, ................................................................... 114
The Moral of Winter, (a prize poem,) ............................. 117
The Playmates of Childhood, ....................................... 119
“Don’t give up the Ship,” ............................................ 121
Life’s Emblem, .......................................................... 123
Woman, .................................................................... 125
Life’s Journey, ........................................................... 128
The Mourner’s Lament, ................................................ 132
The Bachelor rebuked, ................................................ 134
Love’s Blessing, .......................................................... 136
Henry J. Finn, ............................................................. 137
The World, ............................................................... 140
The Riddle, .................................................................. 142
Lucy, ......................................................................... 144
Woman, .................................................................... 146
The Death of Jasper, .................................................... 148
The Days of Yore, ....................................................... 151
Let the Banner-men advance, ....................................... 153
A Midnight Thought, ................................................... 155
To Margaret, .............................................................. 157
The Shadows of the Past, ............................................. 159
The Murderer’s Death-bed, ......................................... 161

POEMS BY THOMAS J. CHARLTON.

Lines on the Grave of a Stranger, .................................. 167
“It is Decreed,” ............................................................ 169
The human Heart, ........................................................ 170
APPENDIX.

Eulogy on the late Doctor John Cumming, (who was lost in the Steamer Pulaski,) delivered before the Hibernian Society, on the Festival of St. Patrick, March 17, 1839, ................................................. 195

"Sergeant Jasper." A Historical Lecture, delivered before the Georgia Historical Society, February 23, 1841, ................................................................. 213
POEMS

BY

ROBERT M. CHARLTON.
POEMS.

POEM:

Delivered before "The South Carolina Academy of Art and Design," at the anniversary celebration of the society, on the 5th day of April, 1838.

We meet, kind friends, on this auspicious day,  
At learning's shrine our choicest gifts to lay;  
Not with war's trumpet, nor with beat of drum,  
Nor yet with shout, or martial strains, we come:  
Ah, not for us the warrior's crown is wreathed,  
Nor yet for us hath valor's praise been breathed;  
Ours the meek step that marks the gentle mind,  
By science softened, and by arts refined;  
Ours the soft spell that comes to bless and cheer  
The weary moments of life's brief career—  
To add a smile to joy, and take from grief a tear.

Not vain our task. We hold the trump of fame,  
And give to lofty deeds a deathless name;
We nerve his arm who strikes in Freedom's cause,
And give to wisdom wisdom's best applause;
When genius droops, or modest worth retires,
Still ours the spell that rouses and inspires;
The statesman, struggling for his country's good,
The lonely dweller by the lake or wood,
The peerless beauty in her matchless bower,
The watchful gazer, in his star-lit tower—
All own our sway, and all confess our power.

And strong indeed must be the mental chain
That links young beauty to our lengthening train;
She at whose shrine the haughty monarch kneels,
Whose darling charm the lowly peasant feels,
Whose smile can win a guerdon from despair,
And smooth the haggard brow of wrinkled care,
Whose tear can melt the adamantine heart,
And bid revenge and all his train depart—
She comes, with willing steps, a captive to our art.

Ah, well the serpent knew in that sad hour
When Eve he tempted in fair Eden's bower,
Ah, well he knew the charm to win her heart,
And make her steps from virtue's paths depart;
For thus he whispered: "Eat, and thou shalt know
All things in realms above and earth below;
Eat, and then thine will be the noble mind,
No more by earth or worldly things confined;
Eat!" And she ate; and Eden's bowers were lost,
And man hath since by sorrow's waves been tost;
Yet vainly still, our numbers seek to chide
The erring saint that pleadeth by our side.

Nor only beauty seeks our sacred bower;
O'er other hearts we claim a kindred power.
The haughty chieftain doffs his lofty crest,
Stills the fierce passions of his throbbing breast,
Divests his form of battle's proud array,
And hither comes, his classic vows to pay.
Behold the hero in his altered mood,
His foes all conquered, and himself subdued:
No blood-stained trophies mark his conquests here,
Nor widow's shriek, nor hapless orphan's tear:
His battles over, and his perils done,
No more he seeks our flowery paths to shun:
A purer fame he hath—a nobler trophy won.

And see by valor's side, at learning's shrine,
The rev'rend reader of the text divine;
God's sacred messenger! man's earthly guide,
Whose own pure life like crystal stream doth glide;
E'en he disdains not at our school to learn
The arts that gladden, and the "words that burn."
'Tis well he comes; 'tis proper he should know
The wond'rous joys that from his Maker flow,
That he may teach the flock he comes to guide,
Why shines yon planet, and why flows yon tide;
Why falls the leaf, and why descends the rain,
What made the mountain, and what formed the plain;
That he may show God's mercy, and his care
For every thing in earth, and sea, and air,
So every humble dweller on this sod
Might "look through nature up to nature's God."
Has it not vexed thee, when thy feet have trod
The holy temple of the living God,
When, sad in spirit, and perplexed in mind,
Thou thither went'st, religious hope to find—
Has it not vexed thee, in that sacred place
To hear some preacher, void of sense or grace,
Expound some thrilling text with thread-bare stuff,
Till wounded patience longs to cry "enough?"
Hast thou not felt, within thy inmost heart,
That none like this could holy truths impart?
But ah, what change when thou hast sought the shrine
Where stood the polished and the skilled divine,
Whose burning eloquence and chaste discourse
Have cheered thy spirit with their thrilling force,
Have cleared thy pathway of all doubt and fear,
And made thy vision clear and still more clear,
Till heaven hath burst upon thy longing sight,
And virtue blessed thee with her cheering light!

I know some men, (I ne'er saw woman so,)
Within whose veins life's current flows so slow,
Who have so sadly in their frames combined
The vis inertia and the stagnant mind,
That, e'en from infancy to hoary age,
In vain for them hath Nature oped her page;
No noble impulse marks their drone career,
No gentle smile, no sympathizing tear;
Just like the snail through life’s dull path they creep,
Their whole existence but a waking sleep;
And, when away life’s sluggish stream shall glide,
This their true epitaph—“they lived and died.”

Now tell me, gentle hearer, if you can,
How would you class these specimens of man?
I own it beats my philosophic ken,
Unless I call them vegetable men;
Plants that have action—locomotive weeds;
And, all unknown life’s nobler aims and deeds,
They sleep, and drink, and eat, just as the oyster feeds.
Can this be man, in God’s own image made,
By feelings governed, and by reason swayed!
Ay, it is man; but, like the rugged stone,
Which never yet the sculptor’s art has known—
Unwrought, unpolished; this much you must own:
All you can say is, that it is a stone.
So he that labors under folly’s ban
Can ask no higher praise than “he’s a man.”

Yet take this man; let science teach her lore;
Let learning polish his rough surface o’er;
Let sweet religion write upon his heart
The kindest lessons of her heavenly art;
Let wisdom point him to her glowing page,
His doubts diminish, and his fears assuage;
And lo! the change that meets your wondering sight!
His mind now sparkles like the diamond bright;
He feels the spirit that within him burns;
From sordid deeds and low delights he turns;
And virtue leads, and glowing thoughts inspire
The noble image of his heavenly Sire!

And yet some fool, who ne'er their paths hath won,
Asks, "But what good have arts and science done?"
What have they done? thou dolt! what have they not?
Say, who to thee thy being's self hath taught?
Who showed thee, sir, to navigate the wave,
And read the mysteries of yon "bright concave?"
When burning fevers scorch thy aching frame,
Whose skill assuages and subdues the flame?
Who aids thy vision, when thy sight grows dim,
And lends new vigor to thy palsied limb?
Who forms the statues that around thee stand,
And with God's temples beautifies the land?
Whose power hath broken down the bounds of space,
And outstripped time, in the unequal race,
And snatched the thunderbolt from Jove's own hand,
And conquered nature, by her stern command?
Ask, then, no more, what blessings they have done;
These are the trophies that their skill hath won.

Let PAINTING now our noble theme inspire,
And "fan the embers of poetic fire."
Child of the senses! daughter of the heart!
We own thy magic, and we love thy art.
'T was thou that shon'st upon the classic Greek,
That mak'st the glowing canvass breathe and speak,
That bring'st to view the forms we hold most dear,
(Ah, long since borne upon their honored bier,)
That tell'st us of the old, the mossy tree,
Where first we wandered in our youthful glee,
Or mind'st us of the soft and rural shade,
Where, with the hearts we loved, we fondly strayed;
'Tis thy kind power that teaches us to trace
The forms and features of another race,
Who, when "red battle" held his wild career,
Stood in his throng, and led the vanguard here.
O, if some master of thy graceful art
Would seize thy pencil, and its hues impart
To the broad canvass, where his skill might trace
The future prospects of fair freedom's race,
And picture discord in his fiendlike form,
His food our hopes, his dwelling-place the storm,
With strife and carnage striding in his train,
Their floating garments crimsoned with the stain
That brother gathered from his brother's vein,
With desolation bringing up the rear,
And famine mocking at the widow's tear—
O, if some hand would thus depict the wretch,
And all his evils, all his terrors sketch,
Then might thy power his murderous arm arrest,
And thy sweet skill beyond all arts be blest;
Roused from his sleep, each patriot would dare
To front the traitor in his mad career;
And this loud shout should rise from freedom's band,—
"God save our country, bless our native land!"

They're fading, they're fading,
The mem'ries of that hour,
When gallant spirits proudly stood,
And dared the foeman's power;
The bloody stream, the battle-plain,
Where freedom was enshrined;
They're fading, they're fading,
Forever from our mind.

They're passing, they're passing,
Those bold and aged men,
Who scorned the proud invader's threat,
And hurled it back again;
Who braved the perils of that day,
The terrors of that night—
They're passing, they're passing,
Forever from our sight.

And must they, and shall they,
Thus droop and die away,
Nor leave a single vestige here
Of all that bloody fray?
The glory that their battles won,
The blessings that they gave,
O, ever, forever
Be buried in their grave!
O, fling, then, around us
   Affection's holy chain,
And let the ties that bound us
   Encircle us again;
And through the wide-spread valley,
   O'er mountain and o'er moor,
The story of glory
   Shall live forevermore.

Daughter of memory! lo, to thee,
An humble votary at thy shrine,
With willing heart and bended knee,
I offer up these gifts of mine;
Sweet Poesy! ah, could I flee
From earth and all its cares away,
And find a home and rest with thee,
Where beameth hope's refulgent day,—
There, in thy soft, sequestered bower,
Where flows the stream, and buds the flower,
How calmly could I sink to rest,
Thus pillowed on thy gentle breast.
Nymph of the broad and classic brow,
Too much like Eve's fair daughters thou!
When trembling suitor comes to woo,
Thou turnest from his shy embrace,
Yet smilest with thy sweetest grace
On him who doth thy steps pursue.
O, if thou fleest from me now,
No more for me thou'llt deck thy brow,
Nor raise again thy syren song,
The heights of Helicon along.

Strike the loud music! let the notes inspire
The patriot's bosom with its wonted fire;
Strike it again! and let the softer strain
Enwreath his senses with its magic chain.
Thou sweet enchantress of the hill and grove,
Child of Mnemosyne and Cretan Jove!
Ah, well we know that thy celestial art
Can mould the passions, and control the heart;
Can rouse the tempest of the human breast,
Then still its wrath, and lull it into rest.
Here on this happy, this auspicious day,
Ere silence follows on my humble lay,
This passing tribute to thy skill I pay.

Another theme my muse would fain impart;
'Tis not a science, though no doubt an art.
It flourished some half century ago;
Meanwhile its progress has been rather slow;
But now so wonderful its powers are shown,
It has its influence even on a stone!
O, mighty talisman! magnetic power!
Would I were favored with thy clairvoyance,
That I might boldly enter wisdom's bower,
And learn her secrets at a single glance;
Or read the meaning of sweet beauty's smile,
Or view the workings of the human heart,
(Both undiscoverable as the Nile, 
Unless to those who profit by thy art,) 
Or cross the heaving ocean in a trice, 
The price of cotton by the pound inquire, 
Learn all the mysteries of stocks and rice, 
And fill my pockets to my heart's desire. 
O, ye who sway this "magic rapport," 
Forgive, I pray ye, this poetic sport; 
Continue still your evidence to give, 
That folks may wonder, and yourselves may—live. 
So shall ye rank among the new mythology, 
Passed by no gods, unless by thine, phrenology!

I like not this phrenology,—
This system of unfolding 
The secret of a man's desires 
To every one's beholding. 
Who likes to have his bumps disclosed, 
His secret thoughts discovered, 
And sins, that ever have reposed, 
To each one's gaze uncovered?

Good deeds are nothing to good bumps 
But satyr to Hyperion; 
The deed was accidental quite, 
The bump is the criterion. 
Should sorrow e'er o'ertake our path, 
Alas, who now will harbor us? 
This holding up to mortal wrath, 
I think, is truly barbarous.
What need of juror now, I ask—
Of sage and hoary judges?
Why put their wisdom to such task,
When all their skill but fudge is?
Should fifty thousand men declare
They saw the crime committed,
If the destructive bump's not there,
Would sentence be permitted?

We read in travels of a bird,
In deserts wide a ranger,
Who, when pursued, but hides its head,
And heeds not of the danger.
We all may learn, though we deride,
A lesson by attending;
What need we fear, if we can hide
The head of our offending?

Thou bony mirror of the mind,
Its virtues and its vices,
I own, in thy reflective power,
There's something that entices;
The world may now no longer dread
Each knave that strives to trick it,
Since we may read on every head
Dame Nature's moral ticket.

But wherefore should I name each gentle art
That wakes the fancy, or that cheers the heart?
Each all, some blessing to our lot can bring,
Or take from care its sharp and venomed sting.
Can we not win from toil and strife some hours,
And pass them, gladly, in our classic bowers?
Ah, what is life, that we should waste its prime
In senseless pleasures, or in burning crime,
Nor cast one thought upon those purer joys,
Worth tens of thousands of such gilded toys?
We sell our hopes, our happiness, our health,
To gather treasures, and to hoard up wealth;
The livelong day and half the night we toil
In mammon's temples, for their golden spoil;
The more we gain, the more our spirits crave,
And lucre's worship ends but with the grave!
Why should this be? why should we turn away
From learning's altars and from reason's ray?
Why should we strive a fleeting shade to hold,
Or barter wisdom for that idol — gold?
O, let such blot no more upon us fall!
Let such vile chains no more our minds enthrall!
Now that our day of lethargy hath past,
And we have roused us from our sloth at last,
With heart and hand together let us strive
To keep the spirit of this hour alive.
Henceforth, let Science claim her proper due,
And let our steps her pleasant paths pursue;
The humblest mind may yet some lesson learn;
The wisest brain need not her wisdom spurn.
Thus let us live, and when life's closing day
Shall cast its shadows o'er our feeble way,
Still shall we leave a bright and honored name,
Unstained by follies, and unmarked by shame!

What nobler impulse could our hearts inspire?
What prouder epitaph could man desire?
Who has not felt, who has not wept, to feel
The sudden changes of life's rapid wheel?

To-day, young Joy entwines us with his spell,
And "blue-eyed Hope" and Pleasure with us dwell:
No cloud obscures the brightness of our sky;
No moody phantom flits our vision by;
No care intrudes upon our sunny path;
No passion stirs us up to crime or wrath;
But onward still we hold our proud career,
Our page of life unblotted by a tear;
While, linked together by affection's chain,
Our hearts in love and happiness remain.

A few more moments scarce have passed away,
A few more hours been added to our day,
And all so lately beautiful and bright,
At sorrow's touch, hath faded into night;
Link after link is broken from our chain;
Joy after joy is from our bosoms ta'en;
And as we view them one by one depart,
And own the chasm in our bleeding heart,
And as we feel the deep, corroding sin,
The crimes, the burning crimes, that lurk within,
Who to his heart will thus refuse to say,
While sadly turning from the scene away:
"Ah, well for him who leaves an honored name,
Unstained by follies, and unmarked by shame."

*Life!* O, what thoughts within our troubled brain
That word can conjure up, for joy or pain!
Behold the dew-drop glittering on the leaf,
Bright with the kisses of a thousand rays,
Nature's sweet tear! and, even in her grief,
Some joys she scatters o'er earth's checkered ways.
No painter's canvass can that drop portray;
Art strives in vain such colors to infuse
As nature pictures, with her own bright ray,
Upon the freshness of her morning dews.
A summer cloud hath passed across the sun;
Zephyr hath breathed above that flowery plain;
And when we turn to gaze once more upon
That beauteous dew-drop, all our search is vain!
See, stretched in slumber on the verdant lawn,
The graceful figure of the gentle fawn—
A pure and guileless being; one whose life
Hath never known of bloodshed or of strife:
Surely, no fear could make this fond one stray
From this clear stream and verdant lawn away!
A pebble's weight hath dropped upon the tide;
A leaf hath fallen rustling by its side;
See, they have scared the slumbers of that fawn!
That sound — that leaf has roused it; it is gone!
Alas! alas! man is that verdant lawn,
And life that dew-drop — life that timid fawn!

My verse is finished, and my task is o'er;
I may not trespass on your patience more.
Thanks for the courtesy whose kind command
Hath brought a stranger to your favored land:
Ah, not a stranger; for, in other years,
My own loved parents here have wept their tears:
One narrow stream divides our sister lands;
In battle's hour, one spirit nerved our bands;
We light our torches at one common flame;
Our laws alike, and all our hopes the same.
Can we be strangers? — shall Savannah's tide
As well our feelings as our lands divide?
Have we no ties as strong as those of blood,
That scorn the boundaries of that narrow flood?
Ay, but we have; and if the storm that lowers
Shall burst around us in ensanguined showers;
If the fair temple that our fathers reared
By fierce fanatic shall be spoiled and seared,
Still, like the far-famed Nazarite of old,
We to the pillars of the fane will hold;
And the same crash that ruin round us throws,
Shall deal destruction to our common foes.
Shall this e'er be? Arise, ye mighty dead!
Tell of the battles where your blood was shed;
Point to the wounds that made your country free;
Then ask your children, "Shall this ever be?"
Answer, ye freemen! let your voices say,
"Not till the mem'ries of those scenes decay,
Not whilst we yet upon each battle-plain
Can mark the relics of our gallant slain,
Not till a later and a darker day,
Shall Freedom see her proudest dome decay,
And, gazing on the sad and blighted view,
Breathe her last sigh, 'and weep her last adieu.'"

And now the word our lips regret to tell—
"The sound that bids us linger yet—Farewell!"
AUTUMN.

I love thee, Autumn! though thy breath
Brings with it misery and pain,
And fell disease and tyrant death
Are found forever in thy train:
Though nature mourns her faded hue,
Though droops each flower o'er hill and plain,
And hopes our youthful spirits knew
Have ceased within our hearts to reign,—
Yet much I love thy placid ray,
The twilight of thy closing day,
Whose beam a soft enchantment throws,
Like smiling infancy's repose.

I love thee, Autumn! spring's fair flowers
And summer's hues may charm the heart;
But rainbow hues and sunny hours,
Alas, like fleeting dreams depart.
So mildly comes thy slow decay,
As if thou mourn'dst the dire command,
Which bids thee mar and bear away
The pride and beauty of the land,
That I must love thee, though thy breath
Brings with it misery and pain,
And fell disease and tyrant death,
Are found forever in thy train.
CONTENTMENT.

'T was morn, and sweet nature looked bright through the tears
That night, in her moments of darkness, had shed,
Like beauty, that loveliest ever appears
In the smile that comes on ere the tear-drop be fled.
And this, I exclaimed, is a picture of life;
These hours are but types of man's earlier day,
Ere care with its venom, the world with its strife,
Have sullied the brightness of purity's ray.

'T was noon, and the dew-drop had fled from the flower,
And nature looked joyful, and lovely, and bright,
Like the young, smiling bride, in that happiest hour,
When she comes all her dearest affections to plight.
O, this, I exclaimed, shall be ever my lot;
No more for the pleasures of childhood I'll sigh;
Henceforth, let those hours of the past be forgot;
In life's noon would I live—in its brightness to die.

But noon passed away, and the twilight of eve
Gave sign of the closing of kind nature's day,
So slowly and sweetly, one scarcely could grieve
For the brightness its shadows had banished away.
O, this is the season of joy, then I cried;
Let me dwell in the shadows of life's closing day,
When the moments so calmly and tranquilly glide,
Ere they vanish forever and ever away.

Each hour hath its pleasures, each moment its cares,
In childhood, and manhood, and tottering age,
Where Folly her symbols of ignorance rears,
Where Wisdom unfoldeth her loftiest page:
'Tis contentment that hallows the heart with its boon,
And cheereth it on, in its perilous way,
In life's happy morning, its gay, sunny noon,
Or the shadows that dwell with the close of its day.
TO ——.

Banish care and grief away;
This, love, is our wedding-day:
Fate may have much ill in store,
Grief may cloud our pleasures o'er,
Yet to-day must no alloy
Mingle with our mirth and joy.
Banish care and grief away;
This, love, is our wedding-day.

Think, love, of each happy hour
We have passed 'neath shady bower;
Think of every dear caress—
Smiles that used our hearts to bless;
Hopes that shone through sorrow's night,
Like the beam of morning's light.
Banish care and grief away;
This, love, is our wedding-day.

Soon, before th' assembled band
We must plight both heart and hand;
Then each ill that may befall,
Comes to one, and comes to all;
Then the mystic web is spun,
That unites us both in one:
Mingling in one common tide,
Must our hearts' affections glide.

Let no troubled dream of ill
Come to change your purposed will:
Fate may have much care in store,
Grief may cloud our pleasures o'er,
Yet to-day must no alloy
Mingle with our mirth and joy.
Banish care and grief away;
This, love, is our wedding-day.
I LOVE THE GLOOM OF NATURE.

I love the gloom of nature;
I love to see decay
Come with its stealthy pace, to bear
The charms of youth away;
The midnight hour,
The sacred bower,
The storm that glitters through the sky,
The flower that opes its sickly bloom
Amid the silence of the tomb,
The thunder of the whirlwind's breath,
The still and solemn hour of death —
All these love I.

I love the smile of beauty;
I love the glance she flings,
The spell she twines around her,
Beyond all earthly things;
The sunny hour,
The fairy bower,
The azure of a cloudless sky,
The flower that sheds its rich perfume
Mid lovely buds of kindred bloom,
The murmur of the zephyr's wing,
The mild and balmy air of spring —
All these love I.
I love each work of nature,
Its blossom and decay,
The darkness of its midnight hour,
The brightness of its day;
For light and shade,
Alike were made,
By Him who reigns through earth and sky;
'Tis He that bids the flow'ret bloom,
Round pleasure's path, o'er beauty's tomb;
'Tis He that gives us life and breath;
'Tis He that shrouds the heart in death;
And Him love I.
TO MARGARET.

As you journey through life, may your pathway be strewed
   With its sweetest, and brightest, and loveliest flowers,
Nor the keen thorns of sorrow e’er dare to intrude,
   As you rest in the midst of love’s happiest bowers.
   May your dreams be as light
      As the breath of the air,
   And your young spirit’s flight
      Be untrammeled by care.
But O, midst the joys that encompass thy lot,
Let him who has cheered it be never forgot.

When the days of your beauty, your youth, and your pride,
   Have passed like a vision, no more to return,
And, down with the current of life’s ebbing tide,
   You haste to your home in eternity’s bourne,
   May hope’s cheering ray
      And affection’s warm smile
Still beam on your way,
      And your anguish beguile,
Till your bark’s safely moored in that haven of rest,
Where cares may not linger, nor sorrows infest.
LIFE AND DEATH.

"What is life, and what is death?
Have you seen the morning's ray
Drive the mists of night away?
Have you seen the flow'ret bloom
O'er the lone and silent tomb?
Have you seen the moon arise,
Shedding lustre through the skies?
Have you marked affection's smile
All the cares of earth beguile?
Have you seen that ray o'ershaded?
Have you marked that flow'ret faded?
Bright Diana's orb grow pale?
Loved affection's favors fail?
Such is mortal's fleeting breath;
Such is life, and such is death!

"What is life, and what is death?"
Life is like that morning ray,
Chasing doubt and gloom away;
Life is like that flow'ret's bloom,
Springing o'er misfortune's tomb;
Life is like that brilliant light,
Shining through affliction's night,
Soothing, like affection's power,
All the pangs of sorrow's hour.
Death's the cloud that comes to shade—
Comes that blooming flower to fade;
Comes to change that scene of light
Into sorrow's darkest night;
Comes, o'er human hopes to lower,
Blighting dear affection's power.
Such is mortal's fleeting breath;
Such is life, and such is death!

"What is life, and what is death?"
Can you seize the fleeting shade?
Can you win the fickle maid?
Can you, for a single hour,
Hold old Time within your power?
Can you grasp the phantom's form?
Can you quell the raging storm?
Life is like that fleeting shade,
Phantom form, and fickle maid;
Like the hour that glideth by,
When the friends we love are nigh.
Death is like that raging storm,
Blasting hope and beauty's form.
Such is mortal's fleeting breath;
Such is life, and such is death!
TO A LADY

ON HER WEDDING-DAY, WITH A PEARL AND DIAMOND RING.

Dear Mary, in this happy hour,
Ere cares can vex, or sorrows lower
Upon the bright and sunny ray
That ushers in thy bridal-day,
O, take the wishes of a friend,
That hope and joy their charms may blend,
To keep thee from the pangs of strife,
And crown with love thy wedded life.

Accept this gift, and may it be
The type of future life to thee;
May pleasure o'er thy pathway fling
Its joyous spell — its magic ring,
Within whose circle pain and care,
And wizard sorrow, may not dare;
And like the pearl, whose peerless white
Is circled round the diamond bright,
So may thy life be checkered here
With all that's bright, and all that's fair.
In youth's gay hour, and when decay
Hath come to bear that youth
Mid spring-tide flowers, and when the blast
Of winter o'er their bloom hath past—
In every age and every hour,
May love and virtue be thy dower,
And life its choicest blessings pour:
Dear Mary, can I wish thee more?
TO MY FIRST-BORN.

My bright little one! who, that looks at thy form,
   So radiant with beauty, so beaming with joy,
Would think that the wrath of the pitiless storm
   So soon would come o'er thee, thy hopes to destroy?
Thy hours are a round of enjoyment and glee,
   A circle of pleasure, and laughter, and joy;
But soon with the wings of life's morning they'll flee,
   And leave thee deserted yet, Peter, my boy!

The world's like a cloud that the sun shines upon,
   That's clad in each brilliant and beautiful hue;
And ere yet the ray that has decked it is gone,
   'Tis bright as a vision of hope to the view;
But, soon as that orb has sunk down in the west,
   No more does that cloud wear the symbol of joy.
So fade all the pleasures of life from the breast,
   And leave us in darkness then, Peter, my boy!

The joys that delight thee, the friends of thy heart,
   The playmates that round thee their gambols display,
Like the bright hues of summer, will quickly depart,
   And vanish forever and ever away.
But long may thy heart be a stranger to care,
   To gloomy affliction and sorrow's alloy,
And thy days be as cloudless, and merry, and fair,
   As thy father could wish them, O Peter, my boy!
ODE,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE CITIZENS OF SAVANNAH, ON THE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE LANDING OF OGLETHORPE ON THE SHORE OF GEORGIA, 12TH FEBRUARY, 1833.

Why meet we here to-day?
Why float our banners free?
Why beams forth beauty's brightest ray,
To greet the soldier on his way,
On this our jubilee?
Why have the gallant and the fair
Convened with joyous feelings here?
O, is it not that they may raise
An altar of eternal praise?
O, is it not that they may trace
The footsteps of time's rapid race,
And soar on fancy's airy flight,
Back to those scenes of moral night,
When savage strife and fell despair
Upreared their crimson signals here?

Hushed is that strife; that sign no more
Is seen on this our happy shore.
Here, where the heathen built his home,
Now swells religion's ample dome;
And here, where they were wout to rear
The marks of superstitious fear,
And crouch beneath an idol's rod,
Now stand the temples of our God!

How changed the scene! the wand of time
Hath touched with light this sunny clime:
Where frowned the lofty forest pine,
The social ties of life entwine;
Where folly held her idle sway,
Now wisdom sheds her kindest ray;
Where stood the wild, uncultured spot,
Now by the hand of Labor wrought,
Where once were seen the council fires,
A city lifts her lofty spires;
In place of desolation's reign,
We see a fair and verdant plain;
And 'stead of folly’s vacant stare,
The sparkling eyes that greet us here.

Is there a heart so dead to pride,
That swells not with affection's tide,
That owns not honest feeling's sway.
On this our own centennial day?
Is not each spot, each object here,
To every thought to mem'ry dear?
Have we not lingered by the side
Of fair Savannah's rolling tide,
When pleasure glittered o'er our way,
In merry childhood's holyday?
Where yonder monuments appear,
Sleep not our fathers' spirits there?
O, if there be on earth a spot
That ne’er by us should be forgot,
’Tis where our river’s waters lave
Our childhood’s home — our future grave.

O God! shall ruin’s hand again
Despoil the city and the plain?
Shall time convert this scene of light
To desolation’s darkest night?
The hearts that now with hope beat high,
The smiles that reign in beauty’s eye,
The hours that now so gently glide,
Be lost in dark oblivion’s tide?
Since such is fate’s unmoved decree,
And such our changeless lot must be,
Teach us to pass through sorrow’s night,
With virtue for our beacon-light;
To ’scape from guilt’s enticing snare;
To shun the shoals of grief and care;
From all temptation’s wiles to flee;
And live for home, for hope, for Thee!

Freemen! our ranks have met to-day,
With martial pomp and war’s array;
Yet peace and plenty o’er our plain
Together hold their joyous reign;
But, should war’s clarion resound,
And here, on this our cherished ground,
Should hostile footsteps dare invade,
Let every freeman bare his blade,
His shout of bold defiance cast,
Unfurl his banner to the blast,
   And let it proudly wave;
"For home!" be our avenging cry—
Home, where our cherished feelings lie,
Where pleasure rocked our lullaby,
   Where fate hath made our grave!
LINES

WRITTEN AT THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

River! whose varied scenes display
All that is dark, with all that's gay,
Where, mingled with thy water's foam,
The brilliant rainbows make their home,
And lovely flow'rets lend their bloom
To cheer thy wild and solemn gloom;
Whose changing aspect doth unite
With pleasure, care— with fear, delight;
O, is not all thy peace and strife
But typical of human life?

And, first, thy happy waters glide,
With current smooth, and gentle tide;
And so doth man's, ere sorrows lower
Upon the calm of childhood's hour;
But soon thou goest on thy course,
With headlong speed and rapid force;
And thus do youthful feelings bound,
While pleasure lights the way around;
Then, madly rushing o'er the steep,
Thy waters mingle with the deep,
Till, meeting with the verdant plain,
They flow with gentle tide again;
And thus, when youthful hours have past,
And manhood's passions come at last,
So 't is they hold their mad career
O'er the wild rocks of guilt and care,
Till age comes creeping through each vein,
And gently flows life's tide again.

River of strife! where foams thy wave,
I'd gladly make my early grave.
Ere fade my brightest joys away,
Ere friends grow false, and hopes decay,
I'd gladly yield my fleeting life
Amid thy angry waters' strife;
So linked my name thenceforth should be
With immortality and thee!
O, who would wish to let the worm
Batten upon his living form,
When he might cast his cares away
Beneath thy everlasting spray!

It may not be; the hand of God
Wields both the blessing and the rod;
And he, in his good time, will still
The raging storms of grief and ill.

Then take, whilst I can break thy spell,
My first, my last, my lingering, sad farewell!

1833.
TO MARGARET.

(Let me live in thy thoughts—let me ever be there,
Amid darkness and brightness, in pleasure and care;
When Spring doth her loveliest blossoms unfold,
When Summer is bright with his colors of gold,
When autumn is fading, and winter is near,
Let me live in thy thoughts—let me ever be there.

Let me live in thy thoughts—let me ever be there,
Mid the smiles of delight, or the frowns of despair;
When Love sheds around thee his happiest spell,
When with thee the shadows of misery dwell,
When danger spreads o’er thee its deadliest snare,
Let me live in thy thoughts—let me ever be there.

Let me live in thy thoughts—let me ever be there,
And with thee thy grief and thy happiness share;
When youth’s bounding current flows on through each vein,
When age all the charms of thy beauty hath ta’en,
Till death from thy heart doth my memory tear,
Let me live in thy thoughts—let me ever be there.)

1833.
ODE,

Delivered on board the ship Constitution, in the port of Savannah, to the "Union and State Rights Association of the County of Chatham," on the 11th of October, 1834.

What means this gay assemblage here? —
These joyous shouts, this cheering sound?
Why do the happy feelings bound,
Unshackled by the grasp of care?
Why come the "imbecile and gray,"
To mingle in these scenes to-day?
Is it the birth-day of our land?
Is it the hour when Freedom's hand
Tore down the standard of despair,
And reared her own bright banner here?

No! that hath past: but here, to-day,
We come a sacred debt to pay;
We come with cheerful hearts to greet
The patriot souls that here we meet;
To speak of dangers haply past;
To raise our heartfelt thanks again,
That still o'er Georgia's hill and plain
Yet floateth proudly to the blast
Our country's flag, as bright and fair,
As when dear Freedom placed it here.
We come, with holy zeal, to swear
That no rude hand shall ever tear
A single star that shineth there;
But we the treasure will defend,
Whilst strength shall last, till life shall end.

What better altar could we rear,
Than that which greets our vision here?
What more befitting spot to pay
Our thanks, than where we meet to-day?
The Constitution of the land
Is still the rock on which we stand;
But yet, with unchanged faith, may we
Rest on (with conscience pure and free)
The Constitution of the sea.

We float not with uncertain tide,
Nor yet on angry billows ride:
No stormy winds are here to force
Our vessel on her devious course;
But safely moored in our dear home,
Though winds may howl, and billows foam,
Still shall the anchor of our faith
Protect us from their direst wrath.
Our pilot — he whose steady hand
Hath saved our vessel from the strand,
From all consolidation's rocks,
And angry nullifying shocks —
Our flag — the emblem of our land;
Our crew — the Union's chosen band;
With these we will all power defy;
With these we'll conquer, or we'll die.

Our hearts are glad, but yet doth care
Commingle with our gladness here:
We would that we could stand again,
O'er hill and mountain, moor and plain,
Without this curse of bitter strife,
To vex the current of our life;
We would that all this toil should cease,
This wasting war be changed to peace;
Then might affection's holy band
Clasp round the chosen of our land.
"The battle is over, over, over! —
The battle is over — the victory's won!
There are tears for the fallen, fallen, fallen —
But glory to those who their duty have done!"

And now, ere yet we say farewell,
Once more our ardent vows we'll tell:
We swear, that, till our life shall end,
While one remains of all our band,
With utmost vigor we'll defend
Our flag, our Union, and our land!
May He, to whom all spirits bow,
Record and bless the holy vow!
ODE,

WRITTEN FOR THE 4TH OF JULY, 1835.

Is this not Freedom's brightest day?
O, is it not the day and hour,
When, bursting from despotic power,
Our fathers signed the bold decree,
That said, "Our native land is free?"
Then thousands echoed back the strain,
From hill and valley, moor and plain;
Then up our country's banners rose,
In proud defiance of her foes;
Then gathered there that gallant band,
To guard with love their "father land;"
Then came the young, the aged, all,
For it to stand — for it to fall;
And this the watch-word of the free —
"Our God — our home — our liberty!"

Behold that field of strife; 'tis there
That freemen war for all that's dear;
See how Columbia's sons advance!
No gorgeous panoply is here;
Unbought by gold, unawed by fear,
They come their lives and hopes to chance;

5*
They come their native land to save,
Or find a freeman's honored grave;
To guard it from the foeman's spoil,
Or leave their heart's blood on its soil.

See, how they mingle in the fight,
   With furious zeal, yet feeble power:
God of our fathers, shield the right,
   And keep them in this awful hour!
They strike that they may worship thee
   With hearts unbound, and spirits free:
O, let not tyranny's dark chain
   Be wound around their hearts again!

In vain the prayer — no zeal may stand
   'Gainst the wild fury of that band!
Once more the tyrant's yoke shall bind,
   In servile bonds, the gallant mind,
And Liberty, in mute despair,
   Sit mourning o'er her children there!
They fail, they fall, they sink, they yield;
   God! in thy mercy, cast thy shield;
Not yet too late may come the blow,
   That frees them from the invading foe!
That blow is struck, the deed is done,
   The fight is o'er, the victory won.
No longer there our heroes stoop,
   No more our country's banners droop,
They stand, like Moses' brazen rod,
   Uplifted by the hand of God,
That he who gazes on their stars
May prove unmindful of his scars;
They stand, by heaven’s own breezes fanned;
O, may they thus forever stand,
The pride and glory of our land!

And who is he, that, midst the strife,
Hath periled his most valued life?
Who, where the battle fiercest raged,
And foe with foe the conflict waged,
   Was foremost in the throng?
   To him let praise belong;
To him, who, when the battle tide
Was ebbing from the righteous side,
Thus made his war-cry reach the skies:
“Shame on the traitor soul that flies;
’Tis glory, ’tis your country calls,
And God shall honor him that falls:
Come on; ’tis better here to die,
Than basely from such death to fly:”
To him, the leader of that band,
The saviour of this happy land,
To him, Columbia’s noblest son—
The great, the glorious Washington!

The trump of war hath ceased to sound;
No more on freedom’s hallowed ground
    The foemen’s feet invade:
Now let the clarion-tongue of fame
Reëcho every gallant name,
That in the hour of danger came,  
    Their country's cause to aid:  
Let honor, glory, praise, be theirs,  
A nation's thanks, a nation's prayers.

This for the living — but the dead,  
Who for their native country bled,  
    Who for fair freedom fell!  
What monument shall freemen raise,  
To speak their warm, their boundless praise,  
    Their heartfelt thanks to tell?  
What voice shall reach "death's dull cold ear,"  
What sound shall wake the sleepers there,  
    Within its narrow cell?

The dead! ah, they can never die;  
The worm may banquet on the form  
That fell beneath the battle storm;  
And it may change, as all things must,  
"Earth unto earth, and dust to dust;"  
But neither worm nor dust control  
The flight of the immortal soul,  
Whose home is made on high.  
What monument! behold it here;  
A living monument we rear —  
A changing, though a changeless one,  
From father handed down to son —  
A tablet, nothing can efface,  
Till falls the last of freedom's race —  
    The tablet of the heart!
Once more upon our happy shore
Was heard the cannon's angry roar;
Once more the invader's footsteps came;
Once more is kindled up the flame,
The patriot flame, that ne'er may cease
Till come the halcyon days of peace.
Again the war's impetuous flood
Hath stained our country's soil with blood;
Once more, upon the land and sea,
Floats high the signal of the free—
   The banner of the brave!
Wo to the traitor knave,
Columbia's base degen'rate son,
That yields the boon his fathers won.
Ill fate the foemen's ranks betide,
Who gather in their pomp of pride,
Where flows the Mississippi's tide,
Where its wild waters swiftly glide;
For pain, and death, and dark despair,
Sit hov'ring o'er their legions there.
Another chieftain leads our band,
Another hero guards our land,
   Like him of old,
   Intrepid, bold,
Whose "lion heart and eagle eye"
May well the hostile hosts defy.
What different motives urge the foes!
For "booty," these—"our country," those.
O, heard ye not the foeman's vow?
"Ere yet hath passed another sun,
The battle shall be fought and won:
Beauty her blessings shall bestow;
For us the streams of joy shall flow;
And ours shall be the fate to live
With all the charms that life can give."

Another day hath winged its flight
To regions of eternal night:
Where are those foemen now?
Vain boaster! what is now thy doom?
A bloody death, a shroudless tomb,
A captive's weary lot!
The storm of war did o'er thee lower,
And fallen is thy pride of power,
Thy former fame forgot!
The hour thou gav'st to joy hath past,
And 't was thy darkest, and thy last.

Father of life! 't was thine, the power
That kept us in the battle hour:
Once more thy love bestow;
Preserve this great, this happy land,
From discord's ills and faction's band,
From famine, war, and wo,
And let its sons forever be
United, glorious, and free:
And thus shall grateful freemen raise
The anthem of eternal praise.
WOMAN'S LOVE.

I love the stream that floweth
  Amid the desert waste,
Where the dark pilgrim goeth,
  With joyous, eager haste:
It flows to tell the trav'ler there,
Of other climes, more bright and fair,
Where glide those gentle streams above—
The fountains of eternal love.

And like that stream is woman's charm:
  It cheers the desert waste of life,
It soothes the bosom's wild alarm,
  And calms the burning brow of strife:
It flows when man each blessing knows,
And still mid life's dark ills it flows.

I love the smile that beameth
  In sad affliction's hour,
When life a desert seemeth,
  And sorrows darkly lower:
It beams to cheer the weary heart,
To bid the shades of care depart,
And, like the rainbow in the sky,
To tell that brighter hours are nigh.
And like that smile is woman's form,
   In pain and danger ever near;
And, through the sunshine and the storm,
   Its presence can forever cheer:
It cheers when joy's bright beams are shed,
It cheers when hope itself is dead.

I love the flower that bloometh
   Above the silent tomb,
Where death's cold worm consumeth
   Man's beauty and his bloom:
It blooms to keep the mourner there,
From all the pangs of deep despair;
To tell that man's best hopes are given
To bud on earth, and bloom in heaven.

And like that flower is woman's love:
   No sorrow can its freshness blight;
It blooms e'en death's cold form above,
   In misery's deepest, darkest night;
It blooms when joys the bosom fill;
Mid care's worst pang it blossoms still.
  1835.
THE JUDGMENT OF THE DEAD.

"And we found a tradition among them, that, after death, the body was judged by the dead, and that, if its evil deeds preponderated over its good actions, the soul was condemned to wander eternally, and the body to have no rest within its grave."

TRAVELS IN THE WEST.

I.
'Tis the midnight hour,
And the lonely flower
Opens and blooms in its silent bower;
And the cares of life,
And its pains and strife,
Have ceased o'er the human heart to lower;
And slumber hath given the passions rest,
And hushed are the griefs of the human breast.

II.
'Tis the midnight's gloom,
And from grave and tomb
The spirits have rushed to the fearful doom;
A voice hath gone o'er the bounding waves,
And wakened the dead in their hidden caves;
A sound hath past o'er the wide-spread land,
And its bosom hath op'd at the dire command;
For a soul from its body hath ta'en its flight,
And it comes to be judged by the dead to-night.
III.
The maiden hath come from her early tomb,
With the worm that battened upon her bloom —
And the babe that died on its mother's breast,
When her arms of love were round it press'd —
And the matron, over whose honored pall
The tears of a grateful offspring fall —
And he, who, in manhood's vigorous prime,
Fell 'neath the withering blow of crime —
And the aged father, whose hoary locks
Grew thinner beneath time's blighting shocks,
Till the angel of death cut the feeble thread,
And they drooped in the grave, with the countless dead.

IV.
The felon hath come from his bed of shame,
With him who hath boasted a spotless name;
And the spirit that fled from the dungeon cell,
With him who in battle's wild clamor fell;
And the wanderer hies from his distant grave,
And clad in his fetters, oppression's slave —
Those fetters that still to the body clung,
Though the soul far away had their bondage flung;
And the beggar hath come from his shroudless tomb,
And the king from the depth of his gorgeous cell;
And together they stand in that fearful gloom,
Upreared by the sound of that warning knell;
And from sea and land, and far and near,
See how they hasten in numbers there!
From the depth of the lofty forest's gloom,
Where the sweet rose is shedding its rich perfume;
From the barren sands of the ocean's shore,
Where the wild waves are dashing with angry roar;
From the midst of the city's busy hum—
In countless numbers, they come, they come.
Linked hand in hand
Is that ghostly band,
And o'er the new-made grave they stand:
Not a sign of life is there,
Not a breath disturbs the air.
The cricket hath hushed its chirping sound,
And the toad hath hied from the haunted ground;
The bird of night
Hath ceased its flight,
And hurried away in its wild affright;
The bat on the wings of haste hath sped,
And none are there but the countless dead.
Over the grave
Where the flowerets wave,
The spirits are holding their dark conclave;
The earth hath op'd, and the buried dead
Stands in the midst of their circle dread;
For he may not rest in the peaceful tomb,
Till the spirits have uttered his final doom.

Hath he ta'en from the widow's scanty store;
Hath he spurned from his dwelling the humble poor;
Hath he turned from the faith of his sires of old,
Or bowed at the shrine of the idol, gold;
Do his hands bear the mark of the crimson stain,
That hath flowed from the stream of his brother’s vein;
Hath he broken the hope of the trusting maid,
Hath his heart from the vow it hath plighted strayed;
Hath he blackened the snow of his neighbor’s fame,
Or covered his grave with the felon’s shame?
Wo to him now, if such deadly sin
Be found to have lurked in his breast within!
His spirit shall howl o’er the boundless wave,
With the frightful fiends of the midnight storm;
And his body shall toss in its sleepless grave,
And the worm shall shrink from his wasted form;
And legions of devils shall nightly tread
O’er the hated grave of the sinful dead.

VII.
The spirit hath heard its final doom,
And its body may rest in its peaceful tomb;
Away, away, through the mists of night,
The spectres are taking their airy flight;
Down, and down, through the opening wave,
The body hath gone to its slimy grave,
And the fiends of the deep for its form make room,
As it sinks to the depths of the cavern’s gloom;
And away hath hurried the cold death-worm,
That hath made its home in the maiden’s form;
And the babe hath gone to its rest once more,
And the wanderer fled to the distant shore,
To sleep again in the lonely grave,
Mid the lullaby of the dashing wave;
And the beggar hath hied to his shroudless tomb,
And the king hath gone to his gorgeous cell;
And hushed is the sound of that awful knell,
That had summoned them up to that midnight doom.

VIII.

And the moonlit ray
That had shrunk away,
In the fearful gloom of that wild dismay,
Glistens again
O'er the tranquil plain,
Sweeter by far than the glare of day;
And the cricket uplifteth his cheerful voice,
And the bats at the merry sound rejoice;
And the bird of night,
In the pale moonlight,
Flutters again in its circling flight;
And the toad hath stole
From its rocky hole;
For vanished and gone are that spectral train,
And nature looks lovely and bright again.

1835.
"What would'st thou have thy heart like, sirrah?"

"Marry, good mistress, not like thine; like a tablet, that thou might'st write thy will upon it; like a garden, where the flowers might bloom, and the weeds perish; like a stream, a woodland mirror, that thou might'st see thyself, and be more merciful."

O, I would that my heart were a tablet fair,
Where beauty her lines of love might trace,
And all that was written in sorrow there,
The hand of pleasure should soon efface;
Where joy might pencil his own bright form,
By virtue governed, by wisdom taught;
And vain were the work of the canker-worm,
O'er the brilliant hues that their skill had wrought.

O, I would that my heart were a garden wild,
Where life's sweet flow'rets might blossom fair,
By the weeds of misfortune undefiled,
Unchilled by the blighting frosts of care;
Where pity her gentle dew might shed,
To sparkle 'neath hope's enchanting ray,
And grief's rude footstep should lightly tread
O'er the blooming path of affection's way.
O, I would that my heart were a limpid stream,
   That floweth its verdant banks between,
That wooeth the kiss of the sun's warm beam,
   And wantons awhile in the chaste moon's sheen;
That she for whom my bosom sighs,
   Might learn the cause of its deep despair,
As she caught the gleam of those brilliant eyes,
   And gazed on her own bright image there.
1835.
OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

Let our flag be flung to the wild wind free,
    Let it float o'er our "father land,"
And the guards of its spotless fame shall be
    Columbia's chosen band.
It has waved o'er the field of blood and strife,
    It has stood through the battle storm,
It has been to the living a sign of life,
    And a shroud to the hero's form;
And where'er is seen its spangled wreath,
    There are freemen's hearts that throb beneath.

Let its folds be flung to the wild wind free,
    And untouched by dishonor's stain;
It shall wave in pride o'er the briny sea,
    O'er each hill, and moor, and plain.
Shall a star from its azure field grow dim,
    Shall a single glory fade,
Nor bring the traitor's doom to him
    Who the change of ill hath made?
Honor to those who its fame would save;
    To its foemen's ranks, the felon's grave.
1835.
TO MELANCHOLY.

I love thee, Melancholy! not for me
Shall pleasure deck her shrine, and mirth's loud note
Shall fall unheeded on my listless ear,
And joy in vain shall wear his witching smile,
Nor hope's bright beacon, nor affection's charm,
Shall lure me from thy fane.

Can mirthful sound
Awake the dead? Can pleasure's hand restore
The lost, the loved, the much lamented one?
Can joy give back the pleasures of the past?
Can hope, that shines deceitful, e'er beguile
The heart, whose treasure in the grave lies hid?
And even thou, affection! thou whose tear
Is dearer than Arabia's healing balm
To the sick spirit, canst thou cheer the heart
Of him who mourneth thee?

Alas for man!
How quickly comes the mildew of despair,
To blight the freshness of his early youth,
When, trampled 'neath the heavy tread of grief,
His joys lie prostrate, and the beam of hope
That gilds the future with deceptive hues,
Can cast no brightness o'er the dreary waste
Of by-gone time: the past is memory's own,
And when it tells of ties now snapped in twain,
Of happy moments clouded now by death,
Hope, love, and pleasure, all alike are vain.

I love thee, Melancholy! let the heart
That ne'er hath answered at affliction's call,
Despise thy solemn garb; thou com'st to me
When all the other passions of the soul
Have fled forever; thou, and thou alone,
Now cleavest to the ruin of my name;
And, though thou bringest sorrow, not in vain
Dost thou inflict it: like the faithful nurse,
Who hovers round the sick bed of her hope,
And gives the nauseous draught, the hateful drug,
To him her soul adoreth, so that health
May renovate once more his drooping frame,—
Even thus, the pain thy hand inflicteth; that
The stricken soul new vigor may imbibe,
To cast away this world's enfeebling ills,
Ere yet it comes, (its latest pilgrimage,) —
With trembling steps, before the living God.

1835.
RUTH TO NAOMI.

O tell me not to leave thee,
   Ask me not here to stay;
When dire misfortunes grieve thee,
   I would not be away;
Where'er thy footstep goeth,
   That path shall too be mine,
And He thy spirit knoweth,
   Shall bind me to his shrine.

The storms that gather round thee
   Shall hurt not thee alone,
And when pale care hath found thee,
   That care shall be mine own:
Thy people shall become my race;
   My fate is linked with thine;
Thy home shall be my dwelling-place,
   And e'en thy grave be mine.

1835.
TO THE RIVER OGGEECHEE.

O WAVE, that glidest swiftly
On thy bright and happy way,
From the morning until evening,
And from twilight until day,
Why leapest thou so joyously
Whilst coldly on thy shore,
Sleeps the noble and the gallant heart,
For aye and evermore?

Or dost thou weep, O river,
And is this bounding wave,
But the tear thy bosom sheddeth
As a tribute o’er his grave?
And when, in midnight’s darkness,
The winds above thee moan,
Are they mourning for our sorrows,
Do they sigh for him that’s gone?

Keep back thy tears, then, river,
Or, if they must be shed,
Let them flow but for the living:
They are needless for the dead.
His soul shall dwell in glory,
    Where bounds a brighter wave,
But our pleasures, with his troubles,
    Are buried in the grave.

1835.
THE ROSE OF THE TOMB.

"I remember to have heard of a Hanoverian Chorister, who, having lost by an early death the young village girl to whom he was betrothed, carved upon her tomb a rose-bud broken on its stem, with the words beneath, 'C'est ainsi qu'elle, fût.'"

MISS LANDON.

EMBLEM of her whose bloom,
   Like thine, hath past away,
By fate's unchanging doom,
   Condemned to swift decay,
What hand hath carved thee here,
To wake the fiend, despair?

Art thou the type of life?
   Is beauty but the flower
That fades 'neath passion's strife,
   And droops when sorrows lower?
Is this her bridal bed,
O flow'ret of the dead?

Thy broken stem doth say,
   Thy withered leaf replies, —
"Thus man's best joys decay,
   Thus hope's enchantment dies;"
And beauty's richest dower
But passeth like the flower."

O thou who rul'st on high,
Be mine the path that guides
To joys that never die,
Where holy peace presides;
And welcome be the hour
Thy emblem marks, O flower!

1835.
LIFE'S LAST HOUR.

Hast thou ever watched, at the "noon of night,"
   By the death-bed side of one most dear,
Ere the struggling spirit hath ta'en its flight
   To a land more bright and fair?
Hast thou felt the fond hand clasped in thine,
   Answer thy grasp with a feebler power,
And the eye, that was wont in joy to shine,
   Grow dim with the passing hour? —
Hast thou known all this, nor felt how vain
Was this fleeting life of pain?

If it has been thy lot to mark
   That hour of change, from life to death;
To watch the fading, dying spark;
   To catch the fleeting breath;
To see the shadows of the grave
   Circle the noble and the brave;
The life-blood to the heart retreat;
   The throbbing artery cease to beat;
The eye, that love doth still upraise
To meet thy wild, despairing gaze,
Glance like the meteor-light, then die,
As fades that brightness from the sky;
And, ere the lip in silence fell,
Hast bent to catch the whispered word,
And fondly hoped that you have heard
The last adieu, the fond farewell,
Ere yet the spirit fled from him
Whose pallid hue and stiff'ning limb
Now warn you that that hour hath past,
*That hour*, the darkest and the last,
Of mortal agony and strife,
Of pain, of sorrow, and of life;
If this has been thy lot to bear,
Then hast thou learnt to know despair.

O, is there power in pleasure's stream
To drown the thought of that sad dream?
Shall time bring healing on his wing;
Shall kind oblivion ever fling
Its shadow that dark moment o'er,
And bid thee feel its pang no more?
Poor mortal! let not hope beguile
Thy fond heart with her witching smile,
When love his bright throne doth uprear,
And joy unfurls his banner fair,
And jocund glee and sportive mirth
Are heard around the social hearth:
Amid the glittering show of wealth,
The buoyant step of ruddy health,
In mad ambition's wild career,
When honors wait thy coming there —
That bitter thought will o'er thee steal,
The fountains of delight to seal,
And mem'ry's cloud still darkly lower,
Till comes thy own, thy life's last hour.

1836.
WHY FADES THE FLOWER?

Why fades the flower,
The beauteous flower, that morning's beam
Called forth to deck the verdant bower,
And blossom for its little hour,
O'er rock and stream?
O, man, it fades that thou may'st see
That even nature's charms must flee;
That though thy hopes awhile may bloom,
Yet soon the coffin and the tomb
Shall end thy dream.

Why falls the star,
The beaming star that greets thy sight,
That God's own hand hath placed afar,
To point to joys time cannot mar,
In realms of light?
O man, it falls that thou may'st know
That heaven and earth must perish so;
That only virtue has the germ
That neither time, nor death, nor worm
Can ever blight.

1836.
JOHN OF LUXEMBURGH.

'Twas on the field of Cressy,
Where many a gallant knight
Of France's boldest chivalry
Had fallen in the fight,
Bohemia's blind and aged king
Had wandered from afar,
Once more to hear the trumpets sound,
The stirring notes of war.

Bohemia's knights and stalwart men
Had mingled in the fray;
But England's prince and English arms
Had vanquished them that day;
And banner trodden in the dust,
And friends and kinsmen dead,
Did Charles of Luxemburgh behold,
Ere on that day he fled.

They bore the tidings to his sire—
That blind and aged man—
And bade him seek, by hasty flight,
The wrath of England's clan;
But "Never," was his bold response,
"Have I from foeman fled;
And where my friends and honor are,
My life-blood shall be shed.

"And ye, who would your native land
From vile disgrace reclaim,
Come with me to that hostile band,
And wash away the stain:
O, gird me with mine ancient sword,
And bear me to my foe,
And let Bohemia's stricken king
But strike another blow."

They linked their bridles, rein to rein,
And onwards swept that band,
O, never on this earth again
To view their native land;
And, in the foremost of the throng
In honor and renown,
By overpow'ring numbers pressed,
Bohemia's flag went down.

The sun hath dawned in glory
Above that field of blood,
And silence reigns unbroken,
Where once those foemen stood;
And there, in danger's foremost place,
In death, and sword in hand,
They found Bohemia's aged king,
And all his gallant band.

1837.
THE STATE vs. HENRY DAY.

Superior Court.  Indictment:—Assault, with intent to murder.

Marginal Abstract.

Seemle, that if A. kill his bride,
Such killing is not suicide.

If any ill the wife hath done,
Baron and Feme are only one;
If any harm the man doth do,
Baron and Feme are clearly two;
In either case—or one or two—
The Baron must the penance do.

I.

’Tis the hour of ten,
And a crowd of men
Wait at the door of the justice-hall,—
Bailiffs, and suitors, and jurors, and all;
And a murmur loud
Runs through that crowd,
And every man gives his neighbor a nudge,
And the whole of them mutter, “Here comes the judge!”

II.

The passage is cleared,
And the judge hath appeared—
A mild-looking man with a youthful face:
He strides up the hall, and he takes his place:
With "Silence"* the crowded room resounds,
And not another sound the curious list'ner wounds.

III.
The sheriff "O yes! O yes!" † hath bawled,
The witnesses come, and the jurors are called:
   "Let the pris'ner be brought!"
   'Tis done quick as thought:
A pale little man, with a twinkling eye,
And an Amazon standing his shoulder by:
   "Let the charge now be read!"
   'Tis done quick as said:
   "The jurors for this county town,
Do, through their foreman, Moses Brown,
Charge and accuse, that Henry Day
Did, on the seventh of this May,

* "With 'Silence' the crowded room resounds."

One of our national writers says: "A terrible noise stunned us; then we heard a pause," &c. Another, giving a description of a mountain scene, writes: "Here we looked for the far-famed echo." I suppose there is as much Irishism in hearing a pause, or in looking for an echo, as in declaring that a crowded room resounds with silence. Any one who has heard the "silence" of our "piny-woods" sheriffs, will readily agree that there is no Irishism in the expression.

† "The sheriff 'O yes! O yes!' hath bawled."

In ancient times, courts were opened with a proclamation commencing "Oyez," (hear ye.) Our ministerial officers have changed the prologue into "O yes," with a terrible emphasis upon the word yes. O no (know) would be a much more literal translation of the ancient French.
(Not having law before his eyes,  
But urged on to the crying evil  
By sore seduction of the devil,  
That hoary father of all lies,)  
Both bruise, and wound, and badly beat,  
His present wife, late Julia Sweet,  
With other wrongs to his said mate,  
Done contra pacem of the State:  
This is the charge against you brought:  
Day, is it true, or is it not?"

IV.
The pris’ner spake: “I own the strife;  
I do n’t deny I beat my wife;  
And for that part where you aver  
That Satan did my spirit stir—  
’T is true; for I was moved by her.  
The dying sinner’s wildest groans  
Are music to her gentlest tones;  
And for her blows! alas, my bones!  
Well, let it pass; perhaps ’t was wrong;  
But I had borne her curses long,  
And I am weak, and she is strong;  
Let that, too, pass. I ’ve done my best;  
My counsel there must say the rest.”

V.
The pris’ner ceased; his counsel rose;  
He smoothed his hair, he blew his nose,  
Then spake he: “If your honor please,  
The points that mark this case are these:
This man has been, from the beginning,
Rather 'more sinned against than sinning.'
'Tis hard to bear a woman's strife,
E'en if that woman be your wife;
('T is hard to have a wife at all;
Yet not for this, your grace, I call.)
If we admit the deed was done,
Still, man and wife are only one;
And, though we've read of many a fool,
Trained up in superstition's school,
Who penance for his errors found
In many a self-inflicted wound,
Yet, in no court beneath the sun,
Hath he for that more penance done;
Though we despise the stupid elf,
He has a right to whip himself.'
He ceased: ('t is far the safest way,
When one has nothing left to say.)

VI.
Up rose the counsel for the State,
And thus kept up the wise debate:
"My learned brother's legal ground
Is far more specious, sir, than sound.
I own, so doth the proverb run,
That 'man and wife are only one;'
Yet 't is a fiction of the law,
Not meant to cover husband's flaw.
Suppose, in matrimonial strife,
That A. should stab and slay his wife;
My learned brother must agree
That 'twould not be *felo de se*:
The facts are owned, the law is clear,
And he his punishment must bear."

**VII.**
Now speaks the judge in accents clear,
Whilst not a sound disturbs the ear:
"I 'll not detain the jury long.
The counsel is both right and wrong:
If any ill the *wife* hath done,
The *man* is fined; for they are *one*:
If any crime the *man* doth do,
Still *he* is fined; for they are *two*.
The rule is hard, it is confessed:
It can't be helped, *lex ita est."

**VIII.**
"Let the passage be cleared!"
The crowd disappeared.
"Now call me the head of the bailiffs here.
Sheriff, let it be thy care,
That this jury do not see
Food or drink 'till they agree.
Wo to thee, if but one word
From other lips by them is heard.
Be it thy especial charge,
That they go no more at large
Till they notify to thee
In this matter they agree."
Go! if you abuse your power,
Your doom is fixed this very hour."

IX.
Again,
'T is ten.

Once more I sought that hall:
The judge looked cross, the sheriff crabbed,
The clerk and bailiffs almost rabid;
For why, they had not slept at all;
And he, the head of the bailiffs there,
Who had taken that jury under his care,
Looked chafed and vexed as a wounded bear.
O, if the mother that man that bore
Had seen him there, at that jury-door,
She never had known her offspring more.

X.
A sound comes forth from the jury-room:
Is it a curse,
Or something worse,
Of some poor fellow bewailing his doom?
Or can it be the fearful cry
Of thirsty juror's agony?
'T is muttered around,
That no verdict is found—
That the jury in vain have sought to agree—
That they think her as much to blame as he,
And both to blame exceedingly!
XI.
And where is he — that pale little man,
The source of this tumult, the cause of this ban?
There he sits, with his twinkling eye,
And the Amazon standing his shoulder by:
One hand hangs over his spouse's neck,
And the other encircles the leg of a fowl;
And he takes deep draughts from a large red bowl,
Heedless alike of frown or beck.

XII.
I came away,
Through that justice-door:
I've never seen Day,
From that time more.
I would not be willing to say or swear
That those jurors and bailiffs are not still there;
But this I can tell,
For I know it full well,
That when last through that justice-door I passed,
The jury their food and drink were missing,
Whilst the made-up pair were feasting and kissing.

MORAL AND SEQUEL.

Jove laughs at lovers' vows and shame,
And men had better do the same.*

1837.

* "Jove laughs at lovers' vows and shame,
And men had better do the same."

A friend of mine has recently returned from an excursion into
the —— circuit of this State. He tells me that, whilst in the
"WE WEEP ABOVE THE DEAD."

We weep above the dead:
Why should we weep?
Why mourn them in their quiet bed—
Their dreamless sleep?
Better the coffin and the worm,
Than sorrow's blight, and passion's storm.

county of ———, he strayed into the court-house, and was present at the arraignment of a man, by the name of Henry Day, who was charged with attempting to kill his wife. Day was a pale little man; and the wife, who was present, was a perfect behemoth. The indictment being read, the prisoner was asked to say whether he was "guilty, or not guilty." He answered, "There's a mighty chance of lawyers' lies in the papers; but some part is true. I did strike the old lady; but she fit me powerfully first. She can swear equal to a little of any thing, and her kicks are awful. I reckon what you say about the devil moving me is pretty tolerably correct, seeing as how she moved me. I have told you all I know 'bout the circumstance, mister. I gin 'Squire Jones there a five dollar bill, and I allow he'll talk it out for me." 'Squire Jones thereupon rose, and said he had a law point to raise in this case, which he thought conclusive. It was an established rule of law, that man and wife were but one; and he should like to know how a man could be punished for whipping himself; he should be glad to hear what the solicitor-general could say to that. The solicitor-general answered, that he thought his brother Jones had carried the maxim a trifle too far: men had often been punished for beating their wives. If a man should kill his wife, it would not be
We mourn o'er long-lost years:
    Why should we mourn?
Why sigh again for griefs and cares
    Already borne?
Better to meet life's coming wrath,
    Than tread again its thorny path.

suicide. Here 'Squire Jones interposed, and defied the solicitor-general to produce an authority to that effect. The solicitor-general looked over Greene and Lumpkin's Georgia Justice for some minutes, and then observed, that he could not find the authority just then, but he was sure he had seen the principle somewhere; and he called on the judge to sustain him. In the enthusiasm of counsel on this point, they forgot to offer any evidence as to the guilt or innocence of Day in the premises. The judge, being likewise oblivious of this fact, proceeded to charge the jury. He told them that man and wife were one and were two. If the wife ran in debt, or abused a neighbor, or knocked down and dragged out a fellow-citizen, the man and wife were one. If the husband did any of these things, then man and wife were two. He remarked that, in either event, the man was legally bound to suffer; and, therefore, come at it as they would, Day was undoubtedly guilty. He said he would not decide the question, whether, if a man kill his wife, it was murder or suicide. He was not prepared to express an opinion upon that point; it was a very delicate one, and he had no idea of committing himself. (Some one in the room here observed that he was mighty fond of committing others.) He then called up the bailiff, a tremendous-looking cracker, wearing a broad-brim white hat with crape, (I never saw a man south of latitude 33, that did not wear a white hat with crape,) and proceeded to admonish him that the jury were very much in the habit of coming in drunk with their verdicts, and that, if it happened in this case, he would discharge the prisoner, and put his punishment upon him, (the bailiff.) The bailiff, giving a significant glance at
We fear the grasp of death:
Why should we fear?
Why cling we to the fleeting breath
That keeps us here?
Better to feel the tyrant’s dart,
Than withered hope and broken heart.

the judge, replied, that other people beside the jury came into court drunk; that some people thought other people drunk, when some people were drunk themselves. The jury then retired, and so did my friend. The next day, he returned, and found matters in status quo, except that Day and his wife had made up, and were discussing together the merits of a cold fowl and a quart of beer, and now and then interchanging kisses, despite of the frowns and beck of the officers. The judge, clerk, and sheriff had been up all night, and looked wolfish; and the bailiff was seated on his white hat at the door of the jury-room, and his countenance expressed that he had swallowed the concentrated venom of a thousand wildcats. The most awful curses, oaths, and sounds proceeded from the jury-room; some were roaring like lions, some crying like children, mewing like cats, neighing like horses, &c. At last, a short consultation was held at the door of the jury-room, between the foreman and the bailiff; whereupon, the latter, putting his white hat one-sided on his head, came into the court-room, and addressed the judge thus: “Mister, Tom Jakes says the jury can’t agree about this here man; and if you keep him (that is, Tom Jakes) without grog any more, he’ll lick you on sight.” The judge appealed to the bar if this was not a contempt of court; and “Greene and Lumpkin’s Georgia Justice” having been consulted, it was finally decided that, as it was a threat addressed to the judge as a private individual, and was, to whip him “on sight,” and not on the bench, it was not, under the free, enlightened, and democratic principles of Georgia legislation, a contempt of court. This being settled, the judge directed the bailiff to say to Tom Jakes,
92

If virtue be our guide
   Through life's career,
If neither guilt nor stubborn pride
   Hath marked us here,
Better for us the future life,
   Than fleeting joys and wasting strife.

1837.

the foreman, that the jury should agree, if they stayed there through eternity. The bailiff retired, and so did my friend; but he gives it as his opinion, from the frame of mind in which he left all parties, that the jurors and bailiff are still there.

NOTE TO THE NOTE.

As the prose note to this poetical report has gone the rounds of the papers, headed, "The way they do things in Georgia," perhaps it would be as well for the author to acknowledge that it is a highly-exaggerated statement of the existing state of affairs in Georgia, and ought not to be received as evidence against the firmness and wisdom of the bench and bar of this State. The author was a member of the judiciary of Georgia at the time "the State vs. Henry Day" was composed; and, therefore, very little inclined to attack that branch of the government. But he had no such scruples in reference to the legislative functionaries; at all events, so far as concerned their mode of organizing, paying, and working their judicial officers.

But the true object of the piece (if, indeed, there was any object other than getting clear of some stray moments of that caitiff, Time) was, to place in a prominent view the dangers and inconveniences that are the reward and fate of those who interfere with jars domestic or fights connubial,—dangers and inconveniences that even wise judges, chivalric jurors, and intrepid bailiffs, are not exempt from, and which bear the author out in the "moral and sequel" which he has attached to the case.

Savannah, Ga.
THE REJECTED LOVER.

Quis clarior luce?
Echo. Lucy.

Thou dost remember yet, Lucy,
Whate'er thy lips may say,
The hour when first we met, Lucy,
'Neath joy's unbounded sway;
When first we told our tale of bliss,
Gave smile for smile, and kiss for kiss:
Ah, thou canst ne'er forget, Lucy,
The raptures of that day.

Thou 'rt grown somewhat older, Lucy,
Since love our hearts entwined,
And perter, too, and bolder, Lucy,
And scarcely so refined.
I miss the locks that clustered o'er
Thy brow, my girl, in days of yore:
Ah, time's a sad unfold, Lucy,
And hate, like love, is blind.

Thy face now wears a sneer, Lucy,
Whene'er thou look'st at me;
Yet still there lurks a tear, Lucy,
As all the world may see.
If true thy scorn, we still agree;
I'd rather have thy sneer than thee:
I own thou once wast dear, Lucy;
But now my heart is free.

1837.
LAY OF THE MADMAN.

"This is the foul fiend! He begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creatures of earth. Beware of the foul fiend!"

Shakespeare.

Many a year hath passed away,
Many a dark and dismal year,
Since last I roamed in the light of day,
Or mingled my own with another's tear:
Wo to the daughters and sons of men—
Wo to them all, when I roam again!

Here have I watched, in this dungeon cell,
Longer than memory's tongue can tell;
Here have I shrieked, in my wild despair,
When the damned fiends from their prison came,
Sported, and gamboled, and mocked me here,
With their eyes of fire, and their tongues of flame,
Shouting forever and aye my name!

And I strove in vain
To burst my chain,
And longed to be free as the winds again,
That I might spring
In the wizard ring,
And scatter them back to their hellish den!
Wo to the daughters and sons of men—
Wo to them all, when I roam again!

How long I have been in this dungeon here,
Little I know, and nothing I care:
What to me is the day or night,
Summer's heat, or autumn sere,
Spring-tide flowers, or winter's blight,
Pleasure's smile, or sorrow's tear?
Time! what care I for thy flight?
Joy! I spurn thee with disdain:
Nothing love I but this clanking chain.
Once I broke from its iron hold:
Nothing I said, but, silent and bold,
Like the shepherd that watches his gentle fold,
Like the tiger that crouches in mountain lair,
Hours upon hours, so watched I here;
Till one of the fiends, that had come to bring
Herbs from the valley, and drink from the spring,
Stalked through my dungeon entrance in!
Ha! how he shrieked to see me free!
Ho! how he trembled and knelt to me—
He who had mocked me many a day,
And barred me out from its cheerful ray!
O! how I shouted to see him pray!
I wreathed my hand in the demon's hair,
And choked his breath in its muttered prayer,
And danced I then in wild delight,
To see the trembling wretch's fright.
O! how I crushed his hated bones
'Gainst the jagged wall and the dungeon stones!
And plunged my arm adown his throat,
And dragged to life his beating heart,
And held it up, that I might gloat,
To see its quiv'ring fibres start!
Ho! how I drank of the purple flood—
Quaffed and quaffed again of blood,
Till my brain grew dark, and I knew no more
Till I found myself on this dungeon-floor,
Fettered and held by this iron chain!
Ho! when I break its links again,
Ha! when I break its links again,
Wo to the daughters and sons of men!

My frame is shrunk, and my soul is sad,
And devils mock, and call me mad;
Many a dark and fearful sight
Haunts me here, in the gloom of night;
Mortal smile or human tear
Never cheers or soothes me here;
The spider shrinks from my grasp away,
Though he's known my form for many a day;
The slimy toad, with his diamond eye,
Watches afar, but comes not nigh;
The craven rat, with her filthy brood,
Pilfers and gnaws my scanty food,
But, when I strive to make her play,
Snaps at my hands, and flees away;
Light of day or ray of sun,
Friend or hope, I've none — I've none!

Yet 'tis not always thus: sweet slumber steals
Across my haggard mind, my weary sight;
No more my brain the iron pressure feels,
Nor frightful devils howl the livelong night;
Visions of hope and beauty seem
To mingle with my darker dream;
They bear me back to a long-lost day,
To the hours and joys of my boyhood's play,
To the merry green,
And the sportive scene,
And the valley the verdant hills between;
And a lovely form with a beaming look,
Sits by the side of the babbling brook,
A tear starts up to my withered eye —
Ah! how I love to feel that tear
Trickle my haggard visage o'er!
The beauty of manhood is not yet sere,
The fountain of hope is not yet dry;
I feel as I felt in days of yore,
When I roamed at large in my native glen,
Honored and loved by the sons of men,
Till, maddened to find my home defiled,
I grasped the knife, in my frenzy wild,
And plunged the blade in my sleeping child!
They called me mad! they left me here,  
To my burning thoughts, and the fiend’s despair,  
Never, ah, never to see again  
Earth or sky, or sea or plain;  
Never to hear soft pity’s sigh,  
Never to gaze on mortal eye;  
Doomed through life, if life it be,  
To helpless, hopeless misery;  
O, if a single ray of light  
Had pierced the gloom of this endless night,  
If the cheerful tones of a single voice  
Had made the depths of my heart rejoice,  
If a single thing had loved me here,  
I ne’er had crouched to these fiends’ despair!

They come again!  
They tear my brain!  
They tumble and dart through my every vein!  
Ho! could I burst this clanking chain,  
Then might I spring  
In the hellish ring,  
And scatter them back to their den again!  
* * * * *

They seize my heart! they choke my breath!  
Death? — death! ah, welcome death!

1837
A WEARY TIME IS OURS, MY LOVE.

A weary time is ours, my love,
   A weary time is ours;
For lost to us are pleasure's smiles,
   And withered are its flowers:
The ray that cheered our youthful hearts
   Hath vanished from our sight,
And hope's refulgent, beaming day
   Hath faded into night.

How joyous, in our early youth,
   Did all these scenes appear!
And what hath called to manhood's eye
   The bright, yet mournful tear?
Ah, what hath called? go ask the heart,
   Which, torn by grief and shame,
Will answer, joy is but a spell
   That passeth as it came.

Well, let it pass: a few more suns
   Will change again the scene,
And we shall pass from earth's vile dross,
   To purer "ray serene:"


Awhile, our feeble, weary steps
O'er life's dull path may roam,
But "every night we pitch our tents
A day's march nearer home."

1838.
THE "OAK BY THE WAY-SIDE."

TO "ZONE." *

'T is true, that time hath stamped his mark upon my lofty brow,
And faded leaf and seamed trunk attest my sorrows now,
And all that once was beautiful hath past forevermore,
And merry birds within my boughs no more their music pour;
But should I mourn their absence? shall I regret the hour
That tore me from my native soil amid the forest bower,
And placed me here, a beacon tree, to shelter and to cheer
The sad and weary traveller amid the tempest drear?

'T is true that in my native bower my leaves might now be green,
And proudly might my branches wave above that sylvan scene;
But who would mark their beauty, and who would joy to see
The verdant leaf, the waving bough, the graceful sun-lit tree?

* The piece to which this is an answer was published in the January number, 1838, of the "Knickerbocker."
Here, near the throngèd way-side, beneath my ample shade,
Hath smiled the happy lover, and blushed the blooming maid;
And here, when from the heavens hath burst the raging storm,
The pilgrim from another land hath bent his weary form;
And happy shouts of childhood, and sounds of mirth and glee,
Have bade the passing stranger pause, and bless the aged tree.

Alas! alas! no heart e’er throbbed that earth hath ever known,
Round which the “venomed insect” care its web hath never thrown;
Not lover in his happiest hour, nor hermit in his cell,
Nor monarch on his golden throne, nor peasant in his dell:
The very ties that keep men here, that link them soul to soul,
Are but the chords that sorrow holds within his stern control;
And he around whose heart are thrown the strongest and the most,
Is nearer to the fiend despair, than if he none could boast.

Yet who would wish to pass through life, in dark seclusion thrown,
Unblest, and yet unblessing, unnoticed and unknown,
Without the dream of happiness that o'er our fate was cast,
That lingers round our mem'ry still, although its bloom be past!
No! let me live while I one boon to aught on earth can give,
And when my boughs no longer shade, then let me cease to live;
But still a beacon-tree of time, memorial of the past,
My lofty, yet my leafless form, shall shrink not from the blast,
And troops of children thus shall say, as by my trunk they glide,
"Our fathers loved this aged oak that stands by the way-side."
1838.
The advertisement which announced that the steamer Pulaski was ready to convey passengers to her destined port, a strong inducement held out was, that she would be “only one night at sea.” The terrible consequences of that “one night” we all know and shudder at. The words I have alluded to, were made the subject of a very forcible and eloquent commentary, by the Rev. Edward Neufville, of Christ Church, in a sermon delivered on the last Sabbath. An extract, from that discourse, was handed to me yesterday afternoon, with a request from a friend that I would give it a poetic form. I have complied under the pressure of sterner duties, and with many misgivings that I have but faintly imbodied the touching language of the reverend author.

“Thou destroyest the hope of man.” — Job xiv. 19.

“Only one night at sea” —
'T was thus the promise ran,
By frail, presumptuous mortal given,
To vain, confiding man —
“Only one night at sea,
And land shall bless thy sight,
When morning’s rays dispel
The shadows of that night.”

The pledge has been received,
The vessel leaves the shore,
Bearing the beautiful and brave,
   Who ne’er shall greet us more;
And every heart beats high,
   As bounding o’er the wave,
The gallant bark moves on
   To bear them to their grave.

The merry beams of day
   Before the darkness flee,
And gloomy night comes slowly on,
   That “only night at sea:”
The watch upon the deck,
   Their weary vigils keep,
And countless stars look down
   In beauty o’er the deep.

Within that stately boat
   The prattler’s voice is still,
And beauty’s lovely form is there,
   Unheeding of the ill;
And manhood’s vigorous mind
   Is wrapped in deep repose,
And sorrow’s victim lies
   Forgetful of his woes.

But hark! that fearful sound,
   That wild, appalling cry,
That wakes the sleepers from their dreams,
   And rouses them — to die;
Ah, who shall tell the hopes
That rose, so soon to flee;
The good resolves destroyed
By that "one night at sea?"

That hour hath passed away,
The morning's beams are bright,
As if they met no record there,
Of that all-fearful night;
But many souls have fled
To far eternity,
And many hearts been wrecked
In that "one night at sea."

Great God! whose hand hath launched
Our boat upon life's sea,
And given us as a pilot there,
A spirit bold and free —
So guide us with thy love,
That our frail bark may be,
Mid waves of doubt and fear,
"Only one night at sea."

1838.
"THEY ARE PASSING AWAY."

They are passing away,—the light that cheered us, the joys that blessed us, our hopes, our fears, our pleasures, our sorrows, our lives;—they are all passing away; but when their light and gloom have alike departed, an inheritance shall be given unto us, where our sorrows shall be forgotten, our pleasures redoubled, and where the immortal spirit shall cease to lament that it is passing away.

They are passing away, they are passing away—
The joy from our hearts, and the light from our day,
The hope that beguiled us when sorrow was near,
The loved one that dashed from our eye-lids the tear,
The friendships that held o'er our bosoms their sway;
They are passing away, they are passing away.

They are passing away, they are passing away—
The cares and the strifes of life's turbulent day,
The waves of despair that rolled over our soul,
The passions that bowed not to reason's control,
The dark clouds that shrouded religion's kind ray;
They are passing away, they are passing away.

Let them go, let them pass, both the sunshine and shower,
The joys that yet cheer us, the storms that yet lower:
When their gloom and their light have all faded and past,
There's a home that around us its blessing shall cast,
Where the heart-broken pilgrim no longer shall say,
"We are passing away, we are passing away."

- 1838.
TO THE COMING YEARS.

Children of time! ye coming years,
I call you from your hidden gloom:
Reveal to me the joys and cares
That soon shall be my earthly doom:
Tell me of smiles that yet may cheer
My pilgrimage o'er life's dull way,
Or griefs that shall my bosom tear,
Ere manhood moulders into clay.

Speak! let me lift at once the veil
That hides from me my future lot:
Unfold your bright or fearful tale,
With happiness or madness fraught:
Shall these dear prattlers by my side
Be with me to my latest breath?
And she, in youth, my cherished bride,
Still bless me on the couch of death?

Shall honors, wealth, or fame arise,
To greet me on my onward way,
To crown me with their envied prize,
Or rule me with their potent sway?
Shall these dear friends, the prized, the few,
   Who have been mine through weal and wo,
Be ever warm, and kind, and true,
   Till life’s red stream shall cease to flow?

Alas! alas! why seek to know
   The things the future doth o’er cast?
From whatsoever source they flow,
   They are but joys and cares at last:
What life hath been, so life shall be —
   An echo of the tone that’s gone,
A mirror where our eyes shall see
   The scenes already gazed upon.

Thrice happy he to whom they’re past,
   This life and all its gilded toys,
Its hollow hopes, its sickly blast,
   Its sorrows, miseries, and joys:
Who, every devious, narrow path,
   In honesty and truth hath trod,
And free from strife, or envy’s wrath,
   Reposes ‘neath the verdant sod.

1838.
THE BLESSINGS OF LIFE.

How oft have we heard, ay, and shuddered, to hear
The blessings of life made the theme of despair;
Its pleasures upheld as a source of alarm,
And its moments described as possessing no charm.

No charm! is there none in the beauties of spring?
Can the bright hours of summer no happiness bring?
Hath the mildness of autumn no joys for the heart?
Doth the fire-side of winter no pleasures impart?
Hath the wild laugh of childhood no charms for the ear?
Hath manhood no moments but those of despair?
Hath age, honored age, of the righteous and brave,
No thought but extinction, no hope but the grave?

Away with such whining, such imbecile fear;
Let the coward and madman go prate of despair:
There is not a moment that hath not its spell,
To make us delight in the earth where we dwell;
Not a flow’ret that opens its bloom o’er our way,
But should teach us the charm of life’s glorious day.

No charm! turn the pages of memory o’er,
And count up the blessings of life’s ample store:
Can you think of no smile that has cheered you along
Through the pangs of disease, or the tortures of wrong?
No tear that affection hath shed, as a balm,
The waves of despair in your bosom to calm?
No loved one, whose presence, like hope’s beaming ray,
Hath driven the clouds of affliction away?

We have mourned—who has not?—over forms that no more
Shall gladden our sight till existence is o’er;
We have wept—who has not?—over hopes that were bright,
Whose beams are now lost in the shadows of night:
Doth no ray reappear from the depths of that gloom?
No sweet consolation speak forth from that tomb?

God! make us content with thy day’s beaming light,
With the calm and the quiet repose of thy night,
With the pleasures that come from thy bountiful hand,
With the sorrows that flow at thy mighty command;
And teach us to see, mid its troubles and strife,
The great and the glorious blessings of life.

1838.
GEORGIA.

My native State! my cherished home!
Hallowed alike by smile and tear,
May glory o'er thee build her dome,
And fame her temples rear!
I love thee for the burning sky
'Neath which my feet have ever trod;
I love thee for the forms that lie,
Cold, cold beneath thy sod.

O, gladly do I see the light
That hovers round thy fortunes now:
The spirit that must soon unite
Thy sea and mountain's brow;
The iron ties that soon will bind,
In one indissoluble band,
Place unto place, and mind to mind,
Within thy wide-spread land.

In vain doth wild, fanatic zeal
Thy institutions all condemn:
On us be every wo or weal
That emanates from them.
To those who would thy ways molest,
Who'd gladly spoil thy verdant scene,
Be this response: "What GOD hath blessed,  
That call not ye unclean!

Art thou not blessed, my cherished home?  
Thy sons are true, thy daughters fair;  
From mountain's crest to ocean's foam,  
Thy land is free from care;  
Wealth glitters in thy golden mines;  
Health lives amid thy hills of blue;  
Religion's light above thee shines,  
And plenty smiles there, too.

Ay! there are hearts within thy land,  
As warm, and brave, and pure, and free,  
As throbbed among the Spartan band  
Of old Thermopylae;  
And, like that band, should foes invade,  
To seek thy rights from thee to tear,  
Thy sons will lift the sheathless blade,  
And bid them come who dare!

As clustered, in the days of yore,  
Thy heroes 'neath "the stripes and stars,"  
Unmindful of the sea of gore,  
And heedless of their scars;  
So evermore, that banner round,  
In hours of peace, or days of strife,  
Still be thy gallant children found,  
To guard it with their life.
O, may its stripes and spangled wreath
    Be ne'er disgraced by sons of thine!
Still may they cling its folds beneath,
    In one unbroken line!
And still, in ages yet untold,
   As brightly beam its glory's sheen
As when it waved, with scanty fold,
   Above the old THIRTEEN!

My native State! my cherished home!
    Hallowed alike by smile and tear,
May glory o'er thee build her dome,
    And fame her temples rear!
One hope is to my heart most dear;
   One boon at fortune's hand I crave:
Fate made me date my being here—
   Let fate make here my grave!
1838.
THE MORAL OF WINTER.

The last warm ray hath gone and past,
    The leaves have left the forest trees,
And winter's uncongenial blast
    Hath ta'en the place of summer's breeze:
Above, around, without, within,
    We miss the bright and cheerful beam,
And seek, in vain, delights to win,
    From hill and vale, and crystal stream.

The flowers that bloomed our path along,
    No more our weary eyes rejoice;
We miss the "feathered child of song;"
    We hear no more its cheerful voice:
Where'er we turn, we meet decay;
    Where'er we roam, we see its blight,
And joy is taken from the day,
    And gloom is added to the night.

Well, be it so; nor gloom nor grief,
    Can bring despair, if thou art kind;
Nor howling storm, nor faded leaf,
    Dispel the sunshine of my mind:
What ray so bright as beauty's beam!
    What bird so sweet as love's own voice!
And who can mourn for flower or stream,
    That in affection doth rejoice!

*Man!* thou that goest on thy way
    Unmindful of time's fleeting hours,
And deemest that thy life's whole day
    Will evermore be bright with flowers—
One moment pause in thy career;
    Behold the gloom around thee cast;
Let pale decay its moral bear,
    And view thy fate in winter's blast.

As fall the leaves, so, one by one,
    Thy sweetest joys shall drop away,
And hope shall from thy heart be wrung,
    And leave it dark, as did that ray:
Time's hand shall rob from life its zest,
    And feeble age and pale disease
Shall banish pleasure from thy breast,
    As winter drove that summer breeze!

But let thy faith this lesson teach:
    There is a clime that knows no blight;
A land despair can never reach,
    A day ne'er shadowed o'er by night:
And he who treadeth virtue's way
    Through summer's hours, and winter's gloom,
May smile to see the years decay,
    And scorn the terrors of the tomb.

1838.
I see them oft,—the youthful crew,
That met at morning's dawn,
When spire and tree their shadows threw
Across the dewy lawn;
And merry shout, and sportive yell
Sent forth their echoes there,
Till hated sound of school-house bell
Brought book-time and despair.

But years and years have fled away,
And of that youthful train,
The playmates of my childhood's day,
Alas, how few remain!
Some wander in a distant land,
Some rove above the sea,
And many, 'neath their native sand,
From all life's ills are free.

'T is true, that some still linger here;
But ah, their looks are cold;
I miss the welcome, warm and clear,
That greeted me of old.
Heart giveth back to heart no tone;
Hand claspeth hand no more;
And changed both form and mind have grown
From what they were of yore.

But still we meet, my comrades dear;
For mem’ry hath a spell
That bringeth back, distinct and clear,
The forms beloved so well;
And, though despair and sorrow lower
Upon life’s checkered scene,
Still fancy oft renews the hour
We met upon the green.

1839.
“DON’T GIVE UP THE SHIP.”

A hero on his vessel’s deck
Lay weeping in his gore,
And tattered sail, and shattered wreck,
Told that the fight was o’er:
But e’en when death had glazed his eye,
His feeble, quivering lip
Still uttered with life’s latest sigh,
“Don’t, don’t give up the ship.”

How often at the midnight hour,
When clouds of guilt and fear
Did e’en when death had glazed his eye,
To drive me to despair,
Those words have rushed upon my mind,
And mounted to my lip,
While whispered hope, in accents kind,
“Don’t, don’t give up the ship.”

O ye whose bark is rudely tossed
Upon life’s stormy sea,
When e’en hope’s beacon-light seems lost,
And danger’s on the lee,
Though howling storms of dark despair
Your luckless vessel strip,
Still lift to Heaven your ardent prayer,
And "Don't give up the ship."

And ye who sigh for beauty's smile,
Yet droop beneath her sneer,
Who'd deem all earth a desert isle,
If woman were not there —
If you would hope each honeyed sweet
From her dear lips to sip,
Though she may spurn, thy vows repeat,
And "Don't give up the ship."

O, let these words your motto be,
Whatever ills befall;
Though foes beset, and pleasures flee,
And passion's wiles enthrall,
Though danger spread her ready snare,
Your erring steps to trip,
Remember that dead hero's prayer,
And "Don't give up the ship."

1839.
LIFE'S EMBLEM.

What trifling causes will make the springs of the heart to well forth! How easily our sympathies and feelings are aroused! I saw a little child holding its mother with one hand, and, with the other, pointing upwards to a withered laurel-tree, whilst it uttered, in plaintive and musical accents, "Will it blossom no more, dear mother?"

Will it blossom no more, dear mother?
Are its leaves and its flow'rets dead?
Shall myself and my own dear brother
No more 'neath its branches tread?
The tree that our sports hath shaded,
That grew by our cottage door—
Have its leaves and its flow'rets faded?
Will they blossom for us no more?

Sweet child! in the scene before thee,
Thou may'st read of thy future doom—
Of the blight that is gathering o'er thee,
To wither thy youth and bloom:
Like the tree that thy sports hath shaded,
Joys blossom thy pathway o'er;
But once that their bloom hath faded,
They will gladden thy soul no more!
Will the heart that despair hath broken,
E'er throb with delight again?
Can he who hath worn Cain's token,
E'er wash from his hands the stain?
Can you gather from earth the water
You have spilled o'er its thirsty plain?
Or, after the blood-red slaughter,
Give life to the hapless slain?

'T is thus with the tree before thee;
'T is thus with the human heart;
Though bright be the sunshine o'er thee,
Its glory will soon depart;
The hopes that thy mind doth cherish,
The treasures of love's own store,
Like the tree that thou mourn'st, will perish,
And gladden thee nevermore!

1839.
WOMAN.

"Ah, for this,
We woo the life-long bridal kiss."

Angel of earth! O, what were life
Without thy form—without thy smile?
A circle of despair and strife,
Of toil, of misery, and guile;
Like mists before the morning's ray,
As from the snare, the timid dove,
So flee the cares of man away,
Beneath thy kind and gentle love.

Were honors lost because of thee?
Have heroes left a laurel crown,
That they might bend the willing knee,
At dearer shrine than man's renown?
O, who would sigh for all the pain,
That loss like this could e'er impart,
If he were only sure to gain,
The Eden of a woman's heart?

Mother! can mortal e'er repay
Thy all-devoted sacrifice;
Thy care, that lasts through night and day,
Thy love, that never, never dies?
In childhood’s hour, in manhood’s prime,
When age comes on with slow decay,
In joy, in sorrow, and in crime,
Still beams thy fond affection’s ray.

Daughter! The Roman girl of old,
Who from her maiden bosom nursed
The sire whom dungeons vile did hold,
Tortured by famine and by thirst,
Shall illustrate thy filial love,
Which can the drooping soul sustain,
Like manna showered from above
Upon Arabia’s arid plain.

Sister! The mate of childhood’s hour,
When life was young, and fresh, and green;
The comforter when cares did lower,
The sharer in each joyous scene;
What dearer tie, what purer love
Can we around our hearts entwine,
(Save that which beameth from above,)
Than this abiding love of thine!

Yes! there’s another form whose charm
Doth in itself completely blend
The kind affections, pure and warm,
Of Mother, Daughter, Sister, Friend!
Wife! O, the poet's task is vain
Thy spell, thy comfort to portray;
As well might painter strive to gain
The glory of the morning's ray!

Angel of Life! I would not give
This ever-faithful love of thine,
For all the joys that on earth live,
Or all the gems that in it shine;
Let others glory's chaplets twine,
Or court the fame that deeds impart,
I seek no dearer earthly shrine,
Than that which holds a woman's heart!

1839.
LIFE'S JOURNEY.

I.
O, blessings on thee, Caroline!
May kind affection's ray,
Forever over thy prospects shine,
Forever over thy way!
Not only in thy girlhood’s hour,
And in thy beauty’s prime,
But when the gloomy shadows lower,
Of age’s evening time.

II.
This world is not, ah, Caroline,
The Eden it appears;
Though brightly all its pleasures shine,
’Tis but a vale of tears:
For listen to the history,
The travel of a day,
It will unfold the mystery,
Of life’s uncertain way.

III.
We rise up in the glorious light,
Of spring’s enchanting dawn;
The sun is shining clear and bright,
The dew is on the lawn;
We see no cloud, we fear no storm,
   We think not of decay;
And, with affections pure and warm,
   We hasten on our way.

IV.
And, step by step, the prospect grows
   More beauteous to our sight,
And hour by hour the sunshine glows,
   More glorious, and more bright;
And though a few companions dear
   Have wandered from our side,
We shed for them a passing tear,
   And onwards still we glide.

V.
But suddenly another land
   Hath burst upon our sight,
The breeze that fans us is more bland,
   The sunshine is more bright;
We miss the friends that with us pressed
   Across that dewy plain,
For some have laid them down to rest,
   And others cold remain.

VI.
But other travellers join our band,
   And newer hopes are ours;
And still we travel in a land
   Of sunshine and of flowers;
Hope and ambition are before,
   But youth and love behind,
And ah, the freshness as of yore,
    We look in vain to find!

VII.
But still our steps are firm and free,
    Our spirits do not droop;
And filled with happiness and glee,
    Still onward moves our troop;
And still the horizon of fame
    Recedes, as we advance,
Nor yet is won the deathless name,
    By genius, or by lance.

VIII.
And now the orb that o'er us shone,
    Hath sunk down in the west,
And cold, and cheerless, and alone,
    We lie down to our rest;
No more we see hope's cheering light,
    Nor feel the zephyr's breath,
But onward come the shades of night,
    The midnight shades of death.

IX.
Thrice happy he, O, Caroline,
    Who, ere he thus lies down,
Hath won a heritage divine,
    An everlasting crown;
And happier still the forms that die,
    Ere childhood's hour is o'er;
But ah! the tear is in my eye,
    And I can write no more.
X.
But blessings on thee, Caroline!
   And may affection's ray,
Forever o'er thy prospects shine,
   Forever o'er thy way;
Not only in thy girlhood's hour,
   And in thy beauty's prime,
But when the gloomy shadows lower,
   Of age's evening time.
THE MOURNER'S LAMENT.

There is nothing more deeply affecting than the lamentation of one who has buried his dearest treasure, without the certainty of meeting with it again. It is a mixture of memory and sorrow, of hope and anguish. Let him rebuke it who has never had the poisoned chalice to his lips. Let him deride, who has never drunk at the black and bitter fountain of the heart's despair!

My lost one, my lost one, though over thy brow,
The damps of the cold grave are gathering now—
My lost one, my lost one! still dear to my heart,
As thou hast been always, still ever thou art,
As bright and as lively, and fresh in thy bloom,
As if thou hadst never known aught of the tomb.

I know that thy beauty hath long seen decay,
I know that thy freshness hath faded away,
I know that thy smile, and thy darling caress,
No longer on earth will my fond bosom bless,
But ah, though thy features may moulder to clay,
My love, like thy spirit, can never decay.

O life! all thy freshness and greenness are o'er,
Thy joys and thy pleasures will glad me no more;
My heart has a chasm that they cannot close,
My spirit is sad with its sorrows and woes;
My lost one, my lost one! I would I were free,
I would I were laid in earth's bosom with thee.

Alas! shall I ever behold thee again,
Shall I hope e'er to come where the pure spirits reign?
Shall I, who have plunged into guilt's inky tide,
E'er dare to approach where the bright waters glide?
Or 'scape from the bondage of Satan and sin,
A glorious home in thy heaven to win?

O, blessed Redeemer! thy hand struck the blow;
From out of the bitter make sweetness to flow,
Like a torrent of mercy, O God! let it roll,
Till it wash, and forever, the guilt from my soul!
Then welcome the moment that setteth me free,
And brings me, my darling, to glory and thee!

My lost one, my lost one! in morn's happy hour,
In the brightness of noon, and when eve's shadows lower,
Thy beauty shall live in this bosom of mine,
Thy memory round every fibre entwine,
Undying, unfading, thy image shall be,
Till my form, like my heart, shall be buried with thee!
THE BACHELOR REBUKED.

I ask thee not, O lady, I ask thee not to tell
The spot upon this sunny earth, wherein young love doth dwell;
I'd gladly, gentle maiden, most gladly I'd be taught
That Eden in life's wilderness in which young love was not.

I'm weary of the endless theme of "Cupid's smiles and sighs;"
I'm sick of reading rigmaroles about "my lady's eyes;"
I cannot move, I cannot look, around, about, above,
But men and women, birds and bees, are prating about love.

Then tell me, beauteous maiden, you have wit enough to tell;
O, point me to that blessed isle where love doth never dwell,
Where all the bright artillery of woman's smile and art,
Can never, never, never come, to vex the human heart.

With pleasure, sir, the maid replied, such learning I'll unfold;
The question that you now propound can easily be told:
There is such spot on life's dull waste, and if you list to me,
In very few and simple words I'll tell it unto thee.

Within a space some five feet, eight, you'll find your
"blessed isle,"
That ne'er has felt the influence of lovely woman's smile;
'T is ugly as a hornet's nest, and full of sin and care;
Please gaze into your mirror, sir, and you will find it there!
Away, and away! as the mists of the morning
That flee, when the day sheds its splendors around,
Or the fawn, when the step of the hunter gives warning,
That rusheth away with impetuous bound.

So, when round the heart ev'ry care of life presses,
If then, dear affection sheds o'er us its ray,
If love with his brightness our pilgrimage blesses,
Away flee our sorrows, away, and away!

Away, and away! as the winter, so hoary;
When spring, lovely spring, comes with blossom and green;
Or the clouds, when the sunlight streams forth in its glory,
And gladdens each bosom, and brightens each scene;
E'en so, when the frost of adversity blighteth,
Or the clouds of despair darken hope's beaming ray,
If then, love's dear smile our fond bosoms delighteth,
Away flee our sorrows, away, and away!
HENRY J. FINN.

"Tell me not, my brother, that there is no sympathy between the body and soul after death. What! shall they who have been joined together in life, and who will again be reunited at the general resurrection, have no sympathy with each other during the intermediate period? No, my brother, the body may be dead and lifeless, but it retains, in a certain degree, the impulses that characterized it through life, and between it and the soul there is still a connecting link."

LETTERS TO ADOLPHUS.

"Poor Finn! when I parted with him on board the Lexington, at the wharf in New York, he told me that he had travelled from Pittsburgh, through ice, and snow, and frost, over half-frozen rivers, and lofty mountains; and 'now,' said he, 'for home.' Poor fellow! that home, so dear in his affections, he never saw again; he perished in the terrible disaster that befell the Lexington, and whilst many bodies of the passengers floated to sea, and others were cast on shore at various places of the Long Island shore, his, true to the impulse that had urged it on in life, pressed on, through storm and spray, to Newport, and was taken up near home!"

NORTHERN PAPER.

Home, home, through ice, and snow, and frost,

The traveller bent his way,

And many rapid streams he crossed,

And oft by ocean's wave was tossed,

Regardless of its spray;

O'er mountain's top, through billow's foam,

His look, his thought, his cry, was "Home!"

12*
"Home, home!" he sees, with fancy's eye,
His own dear land again;
The cottage, with the mountain nigh,
The little brook that glideth by,
The often-trodden lane;
The lofty spire, the swelling dome,
That rise up near his peaceful home.

"Home, home!" he knows that many eyes
Are gazing for his form;
He almost hears the joyful cries,
The merry shouts of welcome rise,
The greetings pure and warm;
Ah, blest are they, where'er they roam,
Who thus can turn and look to home.

Alas, poor traveller! not by thee,
Shall e'er be heard such cries;
'Twas thy unhappy fate to see,
Amid the billows wild and free,
A direr foe arise;
Mid fiery flake and heaving spray,
Thy life and spirit passed away.

"Home, home!" what though the soul be fled,
Far from that lifeless form,
Still the same impulse moves the dead,
As when around its heart were shed
Affections pure and warm;
And onwards still, through storm and foam,
It seeks and finds its island home.

Ah, luckless traveller! well for thee,
   If, through life's lengthened day,
With firm resolve, and spirit free,
O'er care's high hills, and guilt's wild sea,
   Thy soul hath kept its way,
Ne'er tempted from the path to roam,
That led it to its happy home.
THE WORLD.

"Ah, they both pass, the brightness and the gloom."

The world, the world! how bright it gleams,
How dear its pleasures are,
When every joy a diamond seems,
And every hope, a star;
When mem'ry, with her fairy hours,
Comes thronging on the brain,
And fancy decks with golden towers,
The future's broad domain.

The world, the world! how dark and chill,
Its moments, hours, and days,
When pain, and misery, and ill,
Encompass all our ways;
When all the paths we've wandered through,
Are choked by griefs and cares,
And naught before us meets our view,
But agony and tears.

The world, the world! its dearest joys,
Like bubbles, fade away,
Its pleasure soon disgusts and cloys,
Its brightest hopes decay;
And he alone is truly wise,
   Who all its ills doth brave,
To gain an everlasting prize,
   In realms beyond the grave.
THE RIDDLE.

Come, solve me a riddle, good master!

On earth, there's a much-dreaded ban,
That moves, than the lightning, much faster,
   Not felt, but heard often by man;
Dear miss, have you no recollection,
   Of hearing such things said or sung?
Perchance, with a little reflection,
   It may be on the tip of your tongue!

If you check it, like some pent-up river,
   It floods the whole country around;
Or falls on the heart of each liver,
   With a stunning, and terrible sound;
If you give it full action and motion,
   If you leave it untrammeled and free,
The river becomes soon an ocean,
   A raging and turbulent sea.

O, wo to the venturous stranger,
   Who sails near its storm-beaten shore;
Encompassed by perils and danger,
   His wanderings soon will be o'er;
If to 'scape the wild blast that blows o'er him,
   He flies from the terrible strife,
He may find a rough harbor before him,
   But then he must anchor for life!

Good-by to his frolic and pleasure,
   Farewell to his fun and his hope;
He'll have misery dealt without measure,
   And care, "to the end of the rope;"
He may "run out" his cable of sorrow,
   And "furl in" his sails of delight,
Bid to trouble an anxious "good morrow;"
   And whisper to comfort, "good night!"

Can you solve me the riddle, good master?
   Dear miss, can your wit not unfold,
The clue to this fearful disaster,
   That's sought, in these rhymes, to be told?
Just think of some wo that belongs not,
   Yet is constantly added to man,
And I'm sure, if your memory wrongs not,
   You will find out the name of the ban.
LUCY.

The grave has closed above thee, Lucy,
The dark and silent grave,
Though dearly we did love thee, Lucy,
Alas, we could not save:
The tear-drop to our eye doth start,
Be still, be still, thou tell-tale heart!
Life's fairest, happiest ties must part,
Its lovely and its brave.

Yet memory bids us gaze, Lucy,
On youth's enraptured scene,
When in thy beauty's blaze, Lucy,
You looked and walked a queen:
Thy kind and sympathizing tear,
Thy smile, that did our bosoms cheer,
Thy presence, to our hearts most dear,
Though sorrow came between.

We miss thee at our home, Lucy,
We miss thee from our side,
And whereso'er we roam, Lucy,
Thy memory doth abide:
We know that death hath marred thy brow,
We know decay hath claimed thee now,
Yet fair to fancy's eye art thou,
As when thou wert a bride.

And through the clouds of care, Lucy,
That o'er our fortunes roll,
One ray our hearts doth cheer, Lucy,
One hope doth bless our soul;
We know that that Redeemer reigns,
Whose blood has washed away our stains,
And soon we'll meet in heaven's plains,
Released from sin's control.
WOMAN.

"Yet for this,
We woo the life-long bridal kiss."

If a history could be written,
Of the sorrows and the cares,
With which man had been smitten,
For the last six thousand years;
Of the famine, war and slaughter,
That had made his pleasures flee;
O, Eve's enchanting daughter!
They could all be traced to thee!

And could we read the story
Of his happiness and joy;
Of his greatness and his glory,
And his bliss without alloy;
Of each bright and lasting pleasure,
Of each hour from trouble free;
We would find, O countless treasure,
That they all had come from thee!

Thou medley of contraries,
Of pleasure, and of pain,
Thy hate our greatest fear is,
Thy love our greatest bane;
We trust thee, yet we doubt thee,
Our darkness, and our light:
Night would be day, without thee,
And day without thee, night.
THE DEATH OF JASPER.

A HISTORICAL BALLAD.

I.
'T was amidst a scene of blood,
On a bright autumnal day,
When misfortune like a flood,
Swept our fairest hopes away;
'T was on Savannah's plain,
On the spot we love so well,
Amid heaps of gallant slain,
That the daring JASPER fell!

II.
He had borne him in the fight,
Like a soldier in his prime,
Like a bold and stalwart knight,
Of the glorious olden time;
And unharmed by sabre-blow,
And untouch'd by leaden ball,
He had battled with the foe,
Till he heard the trumpet's call.

III.
But he turned him at the sound,
For he knew the strife was o'er,
That in vain on freedom's ground,
Had her children shed their gore;
So he slowly turned away,
    With the remnant of the band,
Who, amid the bloody fray,
    Had escaped the foeman’s hand.

IV.
But his banner caught his eye,
    As it trailed upon the dust,
And he saw his comrade die,
    Ere ye yielded up his trust,
“To the rescue!” loud he cried,
    “To the rescue, gallant men!”
And he dashed into the tide
    Of the battle-stream again.

V.
And then fierce the contest rose,
    O’er its field of broider’d gold,
And the blood of friends and foes,
    Stained alike its silken fold;
But unheeding wound and blow,
    He has snatched it midst the strife,
He has borne that flag away,
    But its ransom is his life!

VI.
“To my father take my sword,”
    Thus the dying hero said,
“Tell him that my latest word,
    Was a blessing on his head;
That when death had seized my frame,
    And uplifted was his dart,
That I ne'er forgot the name,
That was dearest to my heart.

VII.
"And tell her whose favor gave,
This fair banner to our band,
That I died its folds to save,
From the foe's polluting hand;
And let all my comrades hear,
When my form lies cold in death,
That their friend remained sincere,
To his last expiring breath."

VIII.
It was thus that Jasper fell,
'Neath that bright autumnal sky;
Has a stone been rear'd to tell
Where he laid him down to die?
To the rescue, spirits bold!
To the rescue, gallant men!
Let the marble page unfold
All his daring deeds again!
THE DAYS OF YORE.

I.
I love them not, I love them not,
Those dazzling days of yore,
When fame by blood and guilt was bought,
And power by golden store;
When tumult was the ceaseless lot
Of timid and of brave,
And man might choose, for resting-spot,
The dungeon and the grave.

II.
I love them not; I love much more,
The mild and tranquil ray,
Which shineth, like a blessing, o'er
Our own religious day;
When peace doth spread her mantle wide,
And war's red flag is furled,
And kindness, love, and worth preside,
The monarchs of the world.

III.
And onward yet, and onward still,
May light and truth advance,
Until, o'er every vale and hill,
Their beams of mercy glance;
Till all the tribes of earth's domain
    Shall come from east and west,
And, 'neath a Saviour's blissful reign,
    In peace and virtue rest.
"LET THE BANNER-MEN ADVANCE."

I.
"Let the banner-men advance!
Wave its silken folds on high;
Charge, despite of spear or lance,
And let him that falters, die;
Wheresoe’er the foe is found,
Where his swords like lightnings glance,
Though he scatters death around,
Let the banner-men advance!"

II.
It was thus that one of old,
Cheered his soldiers to the strife,
Till, beneath that silken fold,
He surrendered up his life;
But when death had glazed his eye,
And his senses felt its trance,
Still he raised his battle-cry,
"Let the banner-men advance!"

III.
Warrior of God’s own word,
Let that war-cry be thine own;
Gird thee with the gospel sword,
Be its shield before thee thrown;
Haste thee to sin’s battle-ground,
(God may bless your faith perchance,)
And wherever vice is found,
“Let the banner-men advance!”

IV.
Wo to him who falters now,
When the day is almost won,
Or no crown will deck his brow
When the strife of life is done;
Onward! onward, Christian knight,
Cast behind no fearful glance;
To the thickest of the fight,
“Let the banner-men advance!”

V.
Hie thee to the heathen land,
Where they wrapt in darkness lie;
Onward, with the martyr-band,
Lift thy Saviour’s cross on high;
Though they lead thee to the death,
Midst their wild and fiendish dance,
Still proclaim, with latest breath,
“Let the banner-men advance!”

VI.
Not in vain shall life be shed
On that dark, benighted ground;
God shall call thee from the dead,
When the angel’s trump shall sound;
And, when raised to realms on high,
And its joys thy soul entrance,
Christ shall echo back thy cry,
“Let the banner-men advance!”
A MIDNIGHT THOUGHT.

I.
The midnight rain comes pattering down,
    The winds are howling by,
And clouds of darkest hue and gloom,
    Enshroud the spangled sky;
Yet, careless, I pursue my way,
    Heedless of nature’s frown,
And all within is bright as day,
    Though the rain comes pattering down.

II.
He who has learned his Maker’s ways,
    His mercy and his love,
Can view them through the endless mist,
    That shroudeth all above;
Ay, though he sees the faded flower,
    The autumn’s russet brown,
Or hears at midnight’s lonely hour,
    The rain come pattering down.

III.
The flower he knows will bloom again,
    And sweet will be the scene,
When autumn’s russet brown shall change
    To spring’s enchanting green;
And bright will be the morning's light,
  Unclouded by a frown,
Though now, amid this howling night,
  The rain comes pattering down.

IV.
Thus let us feel thy presence, Lord,
  In darkness, and in light,
When blessings shed around their bloom,
  Or sorrows cast their blight;
And let us still thy ways pursue,
  So shall we win a crown,
When o'er our graves the midnight dew,
  Or the rain comes pattering down.
TO MARGARET.

I ask thee not, O love, to mourn,
   When death with visage stern,
Hath me to that far country borne,
   From whence no steps return;
I would not have a single tear,
   To dim thy beaming eye,
When madly o'er my early bier,
   The wild winds whistle by.

O, rather weep that I must live,
   Mid all the pangs of strife,
The fierce despair that care can give,
   The agonies of life;
Whilst passion weaves its loathsome spell,
   And waves of trouble roll,
And in my heart dark vices dwell,
   So hateful to my soul.

Weep not for me, O love, at all,
   While living, or when dead;
O, let no bitter tear-drop fall,
   No vain regret be shed;
I'd rather by thy smile be blessed,
    Whilst life doth hold me here;
And when death bears me to my rest,
    I shall not need thy tear.
THE SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

They crowd upon my memory,
   They linger round my heart,
The joys, the blissful hopes that once
   Their blessings did impart;
Each happy hour, each darling form,
   Each well-remembered scene,
When love was in his brightest day,
   And life was in its green.

They come! yet ah, but to depart;
   They bless the weary sight
With visions of a brighter day,
   To leave a darker night;
The hour that came at memory's call,
   Fades back into its gloom;
The form that gladdened us of yore,
   Returneth to its tomb.

O, life, you ne'er shall know again
   The freshness and the power,
The bounding step, the guileless thought,
   Of merry childhood's hour;
The dew hath vanished from the lawn,
   The rainbow from the cloud,
The breeze that whispered soft and low,
    Now murmurs hoarse and loud.

We miss the marks affection reared,
    To guide us on our way,
And, from the valley of delight,
    Our feeble footsteps stray;
Fast sinking is the orb that cheered
    And blessed us with its light,
And soon around our hearts will close
    The shadows of the night.

Come back! come back, ye memories
    Of life's enchanted hour,
And bring with you the beauty of
    The sunshine and the bower;
Of the forms that death hath withered,
    The blessings that have fled,
And when again ye leave our hearts,
    O, leave us with the dead!
THE MURDERER'S DEATH-BED.

'Twas a dark and drear autumnal night,
And the wind rushed by with such fearful moan
That the cheek of the timid grew pale with affright,
And many a spectre rose up to the sight,
As the lightning-flash through the darkness shone;
And the rain poured down in a ceaseless flood,
And the thunder was rolling loud and near;
'Twas a night and a time for a scene of blood,
With no eye to see, and no ear to hear.

In a chamber under an upper shed,
Was gathered a small and tearful band,
And one was stretched on a dying bed,
And many and fierce were the words he said,
As he wildly gazed on his wasted hand;
As if there he saw the fatal stain
That had flowed from the blood of a brother's vein.

"How long," he cried, with a frantic start,
"How long ere the life-blood shall leave my heart?"
This he said to one by his side,
Who kissed his forehead, and then replied:

14*
“Before the light of another day,
Thy soul and thy life will have passed away;
O! calm, I pray thee, this fierce despair,
And lift thy heart to thy God in prayer;
Though that heart were as black as this fearful night,
There’s a fount that can make it pure and bright.
It was for thee, it was for thee,
That the Saviour died on the accursed tree:
Only deeply repent of the deed thou hast done,
And ask in His name, and salvation is won!”

“Alas, alas!” said the dying man,
“No fount nor prayer can remove this ban;
Who was it said on the holy hill,
‘Thou shalt not kill! — thou shalt not kill!’
I heard those words in my childhood’s hour,
And they startled me then, when I thought of their power;
And those terrible words they haunt me still,
‘Thou shalt not kill — thou shalt not kill!’
But my hand with my brother’s blood is red,
And he sleeps, he sleeps, with the murder’d dead!
And whenever I turn me round to pray,
He bars the entrance to mercy’s way;
I hear his shriek in this raging storm,
And I see his bloody and wasted form:
He stands there now! Away, away!
I cannot, I will not, I dare not pray!”
'T was a fearful sight, I ween,
'T was a fearful sight,
At the dead of night,
To gaze on that sad scene!
The thunder rolled with a deaf'ning crash,
And bright as the day was the lightning's flash;
And fierce and fast fell the drifting rain,
'Gainst the shingle roof and the window pane;
And there the wretched murderer lay,
With the tide of life fast ebbing away,
With no hope for mercy, no thought to pray!

O, 't is a terrible thing to die!
Though the sun be bright, and blue the sky;
Though we think that the spirit will take its flight
To a fairer land and a region bright,
Yet 't is a terrible thing to leave
The hearts that for us will wildly grieve,
And to see no more around us press
The forms that delighted our lot to bless;
And be laid in that dark, remorseless grave,
With the wretched felon and guilt's vile slave,
And to rise no more from the loathsome sod,
Till we stand at the bar of a righteous God!

'T is a terrible thing e'en thus to fly
From the gladsome earth and the clear blue sky;
But when around the passing soul
The waves of eternal vengeance roll,
And the deadly gloom of unpardon'd sin
Brings fierce despair or fiercer doubt,
And the tempest of conscience howls within,
While the storm of the elements rages without;
O! stout and strong must the spirit be,
That can thus to its Maker's presence flee,
Nor leave behind with its latest breath,
Its frantic dread of such fearful death!

I may not wish and I dare not pray
For the manner my spirit shall pass away;
To Him, to him who my being gave,
I leave the choice of my death and grave;
And whatever may be my future lot,
It matters not—it matters not!
"For come he slow or come he fast,"
On battle-field, or tempest-blast,
"It is but Death that comes at last;"
So I meet my fate with unflinching eye,
So I look with faith to the cross on high,
It matters not how or when I die.
But I lift, O God! my humble prayer
That my hand from my brother's blood be clear;
Like the righteous man's let my spirit flee,
And like his, like his, let my last end be!
POEMS.

LINES
ON THE GRAVE OF A STRANGER.

Near yon bold river, clear and deep,
The stranger's relics lie;
The dews of heaven above him weep,
The winds above him sigh.

Near him the dead of days gone by,
The long-forgotten, sleep;
No record stands, erected nigh,
Their memories to keep.

Yet they have had the tribute love
Gives to the mourned-for dead,
And sorrow's tear been shed above
Each still, unconscious head.
But thou, poor stranger! not for thee
Hath friend or kindred wept;
And, with thy form, thy name shall be
Soon to oblivion swept.

Thy name, thy form,—but that is all
On which the grave can prey:
O may thy spirit, freed from thrall,
Dwell with eternal day!
"IT IS DECREED."

It is decreed;—I see, e'en now,
The grave impressed upon thy brow.
And must thou fade, O gentle flower,
In life's first dawning, opening hour?
Must I behold that eye grow dim,
And death distort each lovely limb?
O, hour of anguish! thought of wo!
Who can a mother's sorrows know!
Would that it were my lot with thee,
From this vain world of cares set free,
To yield this agonizing breath,
And with thee seek the realms of death!

The realms of death! O, deep despair
Could reason tell that thou wert there—
That that fair form, that spirit bright,
Had sought alike eternal night!
But no; hope's voice my bosom swells,
And sacred truth's blest record tells
Thou art not death's: the grave may keep
Thy relics in oblivion's sleep;
But thou shalt dwell an angel bright,
Where dwells eternal life and light.

169
THE HUMAN HEART.

The human heart! O, who can tell
The varying crowds that in it dwell!
Tumultuous passions, fiery hate,
That death alone has power to sate;
The thirst of gold, that strong desire
That bids all other thoughts expire;
And wild ambition's feverish hope
With time and Lethe's waves to cope.
O, what a chaos were our life,
If yielded to our passions' strife!
THE SYCOPHANT.

Of all the pests that hell to earth has sent,
Whose thoughts and hopes on evil most are bent,
Who knows no friend, whom love can never know,
Who never felt sweet mercy's genial glow—
Protect me from the sycophant who tells
That but on you his fond affection dwells;
Who, cringing to obtain or wealth or power,
Will change his worship in the changing hour;
Who pours his plaudits in your ready ear,
And for your slightest wo will drop the tear.

Such will he be in fortune's brighter hour,
When all her gifts their fickle favors shower:
But change the scene; let grief and sorrow crowd
To vex your life; let defamation loud
Pursue your name; — how soon the changeling flies
To other climes! how soon his ardor dies!
"YES, ALL MUST CHANGE."

Yes, all must change; the brow so bright,
The joyous heart, the smile so light—
All these must change: the brow grows dark,
And lines of care its arches mark;
The heart once glad, is glad no more,
And there are tears for smiles of yore.

And who can say, that when thus changed,
Our pleasures fled, our friends estranged,
That mem'ry still a charm retains,
A charm that soothes our cares and pains?
Vain hope! for though again are brought
Before our minds each blissful thought,
Each happier day the past possessed,
When life by youth and hope was blessed,
Yet can the contrast but disclose
Our vanished joys, our present woes,
Like one whom doomed the endless night,
Yet dreams with vain regret of light.
"O, WEEP NOT."

O, weep not, though thy fortunes still
Have been through life o’erwhelmed by ill:
Should grief have made thy breast her throne,
Should thy sad heart no bliss have known,
The pangs that rend that heart shall be,
With brief existence, passed from thee.

And be not joyous, although thou
Should have no cause to vex thy brow;
For life no changeless fortune bears,
Turning too oft our smiles to tears:
Thus, when our bliss doth seem most bright,
’Tis hovering on the verge of flight.
I honor him, who, through the strife,
The trials, and the cares of life,
Unswerved by hopes of wealth or fame,
Preserves unsullied still his name;
Looks with a calm, contented eye,
When others for distinctions sigh;
Nor lets the sordid thirst for gold
His spirit's best affections hold.

Hail, sacred virtue! at thy shrine
Let me a willing homage pay;
The only guide for life is thine,
Thy path the only way:
Who keeps that path, undaunted sees
Death in his thousand forms,
Nor trembles when, mid raging seas,
He hears him mid the storms.

But when he comes to him whose guise,
Assumed but to deceive the eyes,
To him who bears a specious face,
But in whose breast all crimes have place,
How shall the wretch the summons hear,
Nor sink, o'erwhelmed with trembling fear!
Yes, spring is beautiful and bright,
And fraught with all that glads the sight:
Tempests then cease their angry strife,
And nature fills with joy and life:
Pleasure holds now her genial throne,
Save in the breast of man alone:
But he, alas! hath that within,
That load of doubt, despair, and sin,
That makes the fairest scene look vile,
And "mars the season's brightest smile."

O, what to him are birds and flowers,
Or morning's soft and dewy hours!
O, what to him the sun of noon,
Or the soft splendor of the moon!
Alas! to sorrow's troubled eye,
In vain their glories deck the sky;
In vain the spring her sweets bestows
To hearts oppressed by cares and woes.
LINES ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

I saw her when her youthful bloom
Gave no foreboding of her doom;
When health and bliss to her did seem
No poet's vain, ideal dream:
Of every joy of earth possessed,
By every hope I deemed her blessed;
For fond affection's tender care
And kindred love were with her there.

I saw her when the cruel blight,
Disease, had dimmed her beauty's light;
But still she seemed, in sorrow's hour,
A lovely though a fragile flower:
From her no vain repinings came
At that insidious, deadly flame,
Which, wasting still her vital breath,
Slowly consigned her form to death.

I saw her in that final day,
When life was yielded to decay:
No lingering hope of earth was there,
No sigh of doubt, no trembling fear:
To her the grave did only seem
The end of life's delusive dream;
And gladly fled her soul to where
Comes not disease, nor pain, nor care.
FORGET ME NOT.

Forget me not: 't is all that cheers
My term of grief, my joyless years—
'T is all, amid the gloom of earth,
That gives one lingering joy its birth—
The cherished hope, so fondly sought,
That I by thee am ne'er forgot.

Forget me not: let mem'ry cling
To early life's enchanting spring,
When thou and I so often met,
Nor feared our sun of joy would set:
Though set that sun, though changed that thought,
Be thou unchanged:—forget me not!
"VAIN DREAM OF LIFE."

VAIN dream of life! if unto thee
   We turn with fond and hopeful hearts,
When all thy fond illusions flee,
   And every cherished joy departs,
How can our souls such anguish bear,
Nor feel the ban of dark despair!

Can we in age dream o'er again
   The visions of sweet fancy's reign?
Can we, when time has turned to dust
   The faithful hearts we used to trust,
Bring back the feeling that we knew
Of love unstained, and friendship true?
Vain hope! as well, when winter's breath
Hath blighted nature's sweets in death,
May withered leaves grow green again,
Or blooming flow'rets deck the plain.
"O, DO NOT BELIEVE."

O, do not believe, should it seem to thee so,
That I e’er can forget that last parting of wo:
I do not forget, though the mansions of death
Hold the one that I loved more than life’s fleeting breath,
One feature, one accent, one gesture; nor yet
Shall time’s fleeting years teach my soul to forget.

I do not forget: though ’tis vain to recall,
Yet I would not be freed from sad mem’ry’s thrall:
I still would remember, though never to meet
One who was so lovely, so guileless, and sweet.
O death! thou hast blighted a blossom whose bloom
Might have freed this brief life of its withering gloom.
LAND OF MY BIRTH.

Land of my birth, my hopes, my heart,
Are all thy glories to depart?
Shall that fair soil, where freedom's blood
Once poured—a rich and precious flood—
Be wet again, not with the gore
Of some bold foe who seeks thy shore,
Not from the mercenaries' veins,
Whom gold or urges or restrains,
But with the precious tide that fills
The dwellers of thy plains and hills—
Thy cherished children—they for whom,
Regardless of th' impending doom
That waited unsuccessful strife,
Thy earliest sons once lavished life,
That these their offspring might not know
The wrongs that from oppression flow?
LOVE.

Love that is false is like the meteor's ray,
Which dazzles, but illumines not its way;
That, shining for a moment's fickle space,
Runs out full soon its bright but transient race;
Which, having passed, leaves darkness more obscure,
And vain regrets, that joy could not endure.

Love that is true is like the constant light
That cheers the wanderer mid the shades of night;
Which shines a beacon o'er the pathless wild,
Not vainly bright, but pure and undefiled:
So love that's true preserves through life its flame,
And, unextinguished, glows through life the same.
"He's a man of the world." What is that?
Why, 'tis one who on all would grow fat;
Who knows when to whisper those words in the ear,
Of a kind to the hearer's fond vanity dear;
Who meets the whole world with a ready-made smile,
And when most dissembling, will rave most at guile.

He has friends; but his friends, like the garment he wears,
Just as long as they serve for his uses, he bears;
And with happy sang froid, when they've served out their day,
He can throw both the friend and the garment away.
He can love; but his love will grow warm or grow cold,
As varies the state of his mistress's gold.
THE DYING CHILD TO ITS MOTHER.

Mother! e'er my latest sigh,
E' er the lustre leaves my eye,
Or its throbs forsake my heart,
And my soul from earth shall part,
Let me hear thy voice so dear
Soothe again my dying ear:
Let me feel thy tender kiss;
'T is my last of earthly bliss.

But, dear mother, although now
Death is on my pallid brow,
Grieve not for my coming flight;
Think not an eternal night
Shall for aye thy daughter hold,
In yon grave so dark and cold:
Though this form, in death's decay
Mould'ring, soon shall pass away,
And my name be heard no more,
When this fleeting day is o'er,
In that world where grief and pain
Cannot vex thy child again,
Freed from human passion's strife,
She shall live eternal life.
"CONCEALED BENEATH A BROW."

Concealed beneath a brow, where care
Or guile would seem no part to bear,
Where all seems nature, nothing art—
There lies, full oft, an anguished heart,
And hopes and thoughts, whose darker guise
Are masked by smiles and laughing eyes.

Think not that bliss dwells in the throng
Where festive lays the hours prolong;
Think not that truth dwells on the tongue
On whose fond words thy soul hath hung;
For festive lays will turn to tears,
And fondest love will change with years.

All, after those bright, earlier days,
When hope ne’er hid her cheering rays—
All, after these, is false and feigned:
Our joys are fled, our thoughts restrained,
Our warmest feelings soon grow tame,
Our friendships light, our love a name.
DEATH.

There is a thought that steals among
The brightest joys of earth,
That chills the festive voice of song,
And blights the hours of mirth.

There is a thought, when wealth and fame
Sounds sweetest to the ear—
A bitter thought, a dreaded name,
We shun, but needs must hear.

There is a thought, when lovers' sighs
Breathe from the constant heart—
A rankling thought that never flies,
But says, "e'en love must part."

It changes ne'er through changing life;
It dwells with fleeting breath:
The end of love, of hate, of strife,
Fame, power, or wealth, is death!
HE WHO DECAYS IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

He who decays in youthful prime,
Dies like the rose of May;
E'er touched by fell, destroying time,
It withering fades away.
Not like the rose of autumn, chill,
Deserted, lone, and pale,
Which, clinging to existence still,
Droops in the cheerless vale.

Thus may it be my lot to part
From life, e'er cares and guile
Have changed the impulse of my heart,
And made me wear the smile,
Feigning a joy that is not felt,
And telling vows, forsooth,
That in the breast have never dwelt,
Beyond our happy youth.
THE EMBLEM OF CONSTANCY.

DEAR Sarah, I need not the myrtle to tell,
That when thou art absent, thy image shall dwell
With him who adores thee; for there it shall stay,
Mid the sunshine of joy, or adversity's day:
'Tis not when alone I am with thee, I feel
Thy charms o'er my soul their soft influence feel,
But oft, mid the dreams of the noontide of night,
I see those dear eyes in their softness of light.

Should the hand of disease rend the heart which is thine,
Remember that still, ere this life I resign,
Whate'er were the faults of thy lover, that he
Was never unkind or inconstant to thee:
Then wear thou the myrtle, until thou canst find
One more constant and true; until then, let it bind
Our hearts in a union which earth cannot sever;
But love me, dear maid, and I'll love thee forever!
"TREAD AT THE SOLEMN HOUR OF NIGHT."

Tread at the solemn hour of night,
When folly's visions take their flight,
   The silence of the grave;
Go where, among the reckless dead,
The weeds grow o'er each silent head,
   And the wild grass doth wave.

'T will tell thee more than wisdom's store
Of present days, or days of yore,
   Could ever here impart:
It is a stillness that doth speak
A tale that oft will blanch the cheek,
   And strike with dread the heart.

Do fortune's gifts thy mind employ
With transient hopes of fleeting joy?
   Dost thou in beauty bloom?
Then look upon this prostrate dust:
'T is what thou wert, and what thou must
   Return to in the tomb.
THE VOICE OF THE GALE.

'T is the voice of the gale: I heard it, at night,
Sweep the depths of the sea with its terrible might;
And the sound of its wailing seemed fraught with the cry
Of thousands who sank mid the waters to die.

'T is the voice of the gale: I have heard its deep moan
Through the desolate halls of some fabric o'erthrown;
And the accents of those who once gladdened its hearth
Seemed again to return to the place of their birth.

'T is the voice of the gale: mid the desolate plain,
In the forest's dark gloom, I have heard it complain,
Like the tones of some spirit that hovered in air,
And mourned for the children of sorrow and care.

'T is the voice of the gale, which, to fancy's fond ear,
Seems filled with the accents of those ever dear—
My friends, my companions, my kindred—all those
Who have sunk to the sleep of a lasting repose.

Yes; oft, mid its moanings, we dream they are nigh,
And fancy we hear their soft voices reply:
'T is a vision of bliss, till, by reason o'erthrown,
We hear the rude breath of the tempest alone.
EULOGY

ON THE LATE

DOCTOR JOHN CUMMING,

(Who was lost in the steamer Pulaski.)

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE HIBERNIAN SOCIETY,

ON THE

FESTIVAL OF ST. PATRICK, MARCH 17, 1839.

BY ROBERT M. CHARLTON.

SECOND EDITION.

PUBLISHED ORIGINALLY AT THE REQUEST OF THE SOCIETY.
EULOGY.

We meet not now, as we have met;
No joyful footsteps hither wend;
We come to mourn with vain regret,
To linger o'er the memory yet,
Of our departed friend!
We come to mourn the stern decree,
That 'whelmed him 'neath an angry sea.

Such, indeed, gentlemen of the Hibernian Society, are the feelings and the occasion which bring us together this day. We are wont to come, on this anniversary, unto this holy temple, to mingle our sympathies, and to express our congratulations; to listen, indeed, to a tale of by-gone sorrow, and of present suffering, but, also, to look forward to the dawn of a glorious morrow, whose light is already breaking upon our rejoiced and expectant vision. In a word, we have been accustomed to assemble, on the anniversary of St. Patrick, each year with increased hope, and well-founded prospects of happiness for the future. Alas! it is not so to-day. We come, indeed, but it is with sorrow. We meet, but not in joy:

17*
the tear is in our eye, and the anguish at our heart, and
the bright day of pleasure, and the sweet hours of social
intercourse, are clouded and blackened by the recollec-
tions of a grievous calamity. In that terrible disaster,
our society, few as its members are, did not escape; and
the duty now devolves upon me to speak of the virtues
and services of one who, in life, held a prominent posi-
tion in our ranks.

Dr. John Cumming was an Irishman. He was born
on the townland of Rathkenny, in the county of Antrim,
and in the province of Ulster, on the 24th of December,
1768. The early education of Dr. Cumming was super-
intended by his uncle, the Rev. Dr. James Cumming, of
Broughshane. This gentleman, I am informed, was an
eminent divine of the Presbyterian Church, a ripe scholar,
and an influential man. Under such tutelage, the mind
of Dr. Cumming became well-disciplined, and his ac-
cquirements varied and extensive. Having laid the foun-
dation of his education in a thorough mastery of the
Greek and Latin classics, at the tender age of sixteen,
Dr. Cumming emigrated to the United States, and fixed
his residence in the city of Baltimore. There he com-
menced the study of medicine, under the instruction of
his cousin, the late Dr. George Brown, who ranked in
the highest orders of the profession. His course of study
in Baltimore having been completed, Dr. Cumming re-
paired to Edinburgh, entered that celebrated university,
and, in due time, received his degree of Doctor of Medi-
cine. A short visit to his friends in Ireland terminated
his sojourn in Europe. He returned to the United States, and immediately commenced the practice of physic in the city of Philadelphia. The science of medicine offered higher attractions to the doctor’s mind, and corresponded more felicitously with his tastes, than its practice, and had his pecuniary condition permitted the employment of his time only in literary researches into its depths, those who know him well, confidently believe that he would have become a conspicuous contributor to the medical library. His repugnance to the practice of physic was augmented by his efforts to overcome it, and, in a few years, he relinquished it totally and finally. The country, at this period, was just emerging from the distresses into which it had been plunged by the glorious war of its independence. The dawn of its commercial greatness began to appear. The doctor’s prospective glance gave him assurance that the road to competence was through the expanse of commerce, and he became a merchant. In this character, he was first known in Georgia. He came to Augusta, in the year 1797, and there opened, with the assistance of friends in Baltimore and Philadelphia, a general importing dry goods establishment. During his residence there, he so won upon the esteem and confidence of his acquaintance, that, upon the retirement from business of an eminent and extensive factor in Savannah, he was solicited to fill the vacancy thus created, and thereupon closed his business connection in Augusta, removed to Savannah in the year
1800, and established himself as a factor. His subsequent business career is well known to all our citizens.

The period at which Dr. Cumming emigrated to this country was not one adapted to invite men of intelligence and refinement to its shores; for although its prowess had been demonstrated in the signal victory it had just achieved over its oppressor, the elements of discord were distracting and absorbing the public mind, and the votaries of free government trembled, lest the assertion, boldly made by the supporters of despotism, that self-government was an insolvable problem, should be proved to be correct. But the spirit of liberty burned in the breast of the youthful emigrant too intensely to be quenched by the despondency of the doubting patriot, or the sarcastic jeers of the vassal of power. He beheld his own, his beloved Ireland, crushed under the weight of British tyranny. He saw events hurrying her to the last extremity of her degradation, the annihilation of her parliament, and in it, the total extinction of her independence; and believing that if the arm of persecution could be arrested at all, it could only be by the force of public opinion in another and free hemisphere, he cheerfully sacrificed the comforts and the joys of home, with all its sacred recollections, hastened to this land of liberty, and with untiring zeal addressed himself to the work of enlisting the sympathies of the free in behalf of the oppressed. With what success the efforts of himself and co-patriots were crowned, let the addresses which poured
forth from the associations of the friends of Ireland in this land, in behalf of Catholic emancipation, speak!

As a citizen, Dr. Cumming discharged his duties with the most scrupulous fidelity and exact punctuality. He shrank from no responsibility involved in their proper performance, nor did he assume upon himself doubtful powers, to attract attention to the boldness with which they were executed. His course was quiet and unobtrusive, as it was firm and decided; and whilst he held a proper respect for public opinion, he scorned every species of flattery, as a mean of securing its favor.

His political principles were strictly republican. A citizen of the State of Maryland, before the adoption of the Federal Constitution, he gave his support to the party in the majority in the convention which framed it, who resisted every effort that was made to introduce into that instrument any trace of monarchy. Hence, in the subsequent operations of the government under it, he was always found associated in sentiment with those who contended for strict construction, and for withholding the exercise of every power not expressly granted. His devotion to the republican system was not only theoretical, but it was practically illustrated. His cousin, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Cumming, of Armagh, was the intimate companion and bosom friend of Robert Stewart, commonly called Lord Viscount Castlereagh; when this notorious Lord Castlereagh was called to the ministry of Great Britain, Dr. Cumming, of Armagh, wrote to his relative, for permission to nominate him to his friend, for
the office of vice-consul of Savannah, assuring him that the appointment would follow with unerring certainty, and pointing to the immense benefits that would accrue to his commercial schemes. Dr. John Cumming indignantly rejected the overture, considering it, under the circumstances, as an assault upon his honesty, particularly, as, of all other monarchs, he especially loathed the king of Great Britain. So uncompromising was Dr. Cumming, in his hostility to the British monarchy, that when, after solicited by his friends to re-visit his native isle, he constantly affirmed his determination never more to look upon her green fields, whilst polluted by the footsteps of her oppressors.

In the magistracy of your county, Dr. Cumming served for a long series of years. Although, as we have seen, not educated for the legal profession, he nevertheless was found well qualified for the bench to which he was elevated by the suffrages of the people. He acquired, as the result of persevering study, an extensive acquaintance with the statutes of this State, and this knowledge, and integrity and intelligence, constitute the chief qualifications for usefulness on that bench. His vigilant care of the funds of the county is attested by that capacious and beautiful hall of justice, which was projected and reared under the direction of the justices of the Inferior Court, during the joint administration of himself and his associates.

But it was not only in a civil capacity, that Dr. Cumming's services were conspicuous. He was a mili-
tary man of high order, and had he been disposed, might have had elevated rank in the army of the United States. He was opposed to standing armies as dangerous to the liberties of the people. He preferred a well-organized volunteer militia for the main arm of defence. Soon after his removal to Savannah, he gave proof of this preference, by raising and disciplining a volunteer corps, whose presence, on this occasion, prevents me from speaking of it in proper and well-deserved terms of praise. He continued in the command of this corps till translated to the first majority of the regiment. On the declaration of war against Great Britain in 1812, at the urgent solicitation of friends who were desirous of enrolling themselves in the ranks of their country, and who, to render their services the more effective, were anxious to secure the advantage of his instruction in tactics, he accepted the command of the volunteer corps then known as the "Savannah Fencibles," and still extant as the "Phœnix Riflemen." His retirement from the command of this corps terminated his military career, but down to the latest period of his life, he cherished the proudest regard for the volunteer associations with which he had been connected.

On this day, twenty-seven years ago, this society was formed, and your journal reads thus: "The members met, and having organized themselves, appointed John Cumming, president." He occupied the chair for three successive terms, and thereafter continued a private and an active member, down to the moment of his decease.
I am indebted for this history of Dr. Cumming, to a mutual friend, in whose correctness and accuracy I place so much reliance, that I have adopted almost the identical words of the statement drawn up by him.

Such, then, were the prominent traits and leading incidents in the life of our esteemed friend and fellow-member; and, thus honored and respected, he left our city, and our shore, on the morning of the 13th of June last. He was one of those who embarked for eternity in the steamer Pulaski. Ah, little did the happy hearts and joyful countenances that thronged that bark, dream of the devastating destruction that was even then gathering around them. Death was unthought of; pain, (save the temporary pang of parting with friends,) was unknown; the tear that sparkled in the eye of the lover was mingled with the smile of affection and happiness; and the agony of separation was forgotten, amid the hopes of a joyous summer, and a speedy re-union. The mooring is unloosed; the anchor upraised; the banner unfurled; the last word of farewell has been spoken; the last kiss given; the last pressure of the hand exchanged. She is off. She has gone; and the light that beams from those countenances shall gladden our hearts no more, forever. She has gone; and, like the pleasures and enchantment of childhood, never to return.

But no one dreamed of danger then. Life, and not death, was before the eyes of that beloved crew. Pleasure, and not misery, was displayed to their prospective vision; the hopes, and the happiness, and the health of
a northern summer,—not the agonizing shriek of despair, and the overwhelming billows of a merciless ocean. Right proudly she dashes through the stream. Onwards and onwards she goes to her destined port; and the first haven has been won in safety. Some have left her, having reached their destination, and others have abandoned her, through some mysterious and undefined warning of danger; but their places are filled up from our sister city, and again the elements are braved and conquered by the power of art and man. The day has passed away. The stars, those diamonds of the heavens, are shining brightly upon the waste of waters, and still that bark moves on in beauty and in safety; the child nestles in its mother's bosom, unconscious of danger; the strong man walks the deck, and the weary and invalid have sought forgetfulness in repose. The ambitious are dreaming of fame; the avaricious, of wealth; the soldier, of glory; the fancy of the lover is conjuring up the smile of his adored in all its loveliness; and the bright eyes of beauty have turned away from the admiring gaze of her betrothed, and her pure spirit is mingling in scenes of a shadowy and never-to-be realized future. Life is there; with its thousand impulses, its sickening self-interest, its insatiate thirst for gold and glory, its heedlessness of the future, its forgetfulness of the past, its affection, its beauty, its manliness; life was there, and, in the instant, in the tenth millionth part of a moment, death was also there; eternity's gates were thrown open, and the soul, half unconscious of the awful
change, stood trembling, with the lusts of the flesh still clinging around it, at the footstool of the Almighty one of Israel. Great God! what heart does not shudder, whose spirit does not shrink in within itself, at the dreadful recollection. There was the vain man who had never thought of his Creator, nor called upon him, save to blaspheme; the foolish man, who had raised up a golden idol, before whose shrine he worshipped; the ambitious man, whose God was of this world, and whose hoped-for heaven consisted in the flattery and applause of his fellow-worms,—in the midst of their sin, with the half-formed thought of gain, or evil, or glory, or blasphemy, still lingering in the mind, summoned up to the unspeakable terrors of a righteous Judge, to the awful realities of a terrific eternity. Can the heart conceive, can the mind realize the horrors of that change?

But the change was not one of unalterable dismay only; to many it was an opening of inconceivable happiness and glory. In that same instant, the good man passed from corruption to incorruption, from life to eternity, from pain and anguish, and affliction and distress, to joy, and love, and health, and happiness for evermore. The aged servant of his Lord put on the raiment of immortality, and entered into the reward of his stewardship; and the little babe that had never yet awakened to the sorrows or joys of this world, and who had scarcely seemed to be a conscious being, took its place at the right hand of God, a bright and glorious spirit amongst the angelic hosts of heaven.
But wherefore should I pursue the subject further. However befitting the occasion, it belongs not to the speaker to admonish you of the uncertainty of human life. Ah, it needs no monitor to instruct you in that sad and fearful lesson. We read it in the withered hopes, the drooping forms, the broken hearts, that we see daily and hourly before us. The glorious sun-beam that comes to us from the boundless realms of space, to cheer and gladden our hearts and irradiate our earth, has death within its brightness; the sweet zephyr that fans our fevered brow and renovates our drooping spirits, brings desolation and despair with its breathings; the forms that bloom around us, the flowers that deck our pathway, the affections and sympathies that bind heart to heart, and mind to mind, all are but the vassals of the unconquerable tyrant. Mortal glory and mortal infamy, human joy and human anguish, man's affections and man's afflictions, have all one common termination. The lisping babe and the tottering sire, the proud man and the humble spirit, the scholar and the ignorant, the robust and the afflicted, the blooming maiden and the desolate widow, have all one common conqueror;

"And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death that comes at last."

The tide rolls on — the tide rolls on —
The never-ceasing tide
That sweeps the pleasures from our hearts,
The loved ones from our side;
That brings afflictions to our lot,
And anguish and despair,
And bears from youth's unruffled brow,
The charms that lingered there.

The tide rolls on — wave after wave
Its swelling waters flow,
Before it, all is bright and fair,
Behind it, all is wo;
The infant from its mother's breast,
The gay and blooming bride,
Are swept away and borne along,
By that resistless tide.

The tide rolls on — the soldier's eye
Grows dim beneath its swell,
The scholar shuns the mystic lore
That he hath loved so well;
The monarch puts the crown aside,
And labor's weary slave
Rejoices, that his limbs will know
The quiet of the grave.

The tide rolls on — a summer brook,
It glideth to the sad,
But like dark winter's angry tide,
It rusheth to the glad;
From kingly hall, and lowly cot,
From battle-field and hearth,
It sweeps unto oblivion's sea,
The dwellers on the earth.

Roll on thou dark and turbid wave,
Thou can'st not bear away
The record of the good and brave,
That knoweth not decay;
Though fierce may rush thy billow's strife,
Though deep thy current be,
Still faith shall lift her beacon high,
And guide us through thy sea.

How truly does the journey of a single day, its changes and its hours, exhibit the history of human life. We rise up in the glorious freshness of a spring morning; the dews of night, those sweet tears of nature, are hanging from each bough and leaf, and reflecting the bright and myriad hues of the morning; our hearts are beating with hope, our frames buoyant with health; we see no cloud, we fear no storm; and, with our chosen and beloved companions clustering around us, we commence our journey. Step by step, the scene becomes more lovely; hour by hour our hopes become brighter; a few of our companions have dropped away, but in the multitude remaining, and the beauty of the scenery, their loss is unfelt. Suddenly we have entered upon a new country. The dews of the morning are exhaled by the fervor of the noonday sun; the friends that started with us are disappearing; some remain, but their looks are cold and estranged; others have become weary, and have laid down to their rest; but new faces are smiling upon us, and new hopes beckoning us on; ambition and fame are before us, but youth and affection are behind us; the scene is more glorious and brilliant, but the beauty and freshness of the morning have faded, and forever. But still our steps fail not, our spirits droop not; onwards and onwards we go; the horizon of happiness and fame re-
cedes as we advance to it; the shadows begin to lengthen, and the chilly airs of evening are usurping the fervor of the noonday. Still we press onwards; the goal is not yet won, the haven not yet reached; the bright orb of hope that had cheered us on is sinking in the west; our limbs begin to grow faint, our hearts to grow sad; we turn to gaze upon the scenes that we have past, but the shadows of twilight have interposed their veil between us; we look around for the old and familiar faces, the companions of our travel, but we gaze in vain to find them; we have outstripped them all in our race after pleasure, and the phantom yet uncaught, in a land of strangers, in a sterile and inhospitable country, the night-time overtakes us,—the dark and terrible night-time of death,—and, weary and heavy-laden, we lie down to rest, in the bed of the grave. Happy, thrice happy is he who hath laid up treasures for himself for the distant and unknown to-morrow. And such duty, we fondly hope, our aged and revered companion had accomplished; and with regret for his fate, sorrow for our loss, sympathy for his relatives, and respect for his memory, we drop the curtain over his mortal career, and leave him with his Father and his God.

Fellow-members of the Hibernian Society, my duty is performed. The task you have assigned to me has been accomplished. We have spoken of one who was dear to us in life, and whose memory is fondly cherished by us. We have dwelt, for a while, upon his virtues and his afflictions, and the recollection of them has brought the
tear to our eye, and the sorrow to our hearts, but it is not thus that we must part. We must give one smile and one thought to that far distant land, where many of us passed the bright hours of life's morning, the brilliant moments of life's noon. Come, let me raise the veil that hides that verdant island from your sight. Nay, look not yet. Behold her, not as she is, but, with the telescope of hope, look down the vista of futurity! Look! and let joy reanimate your hearts. Behold! and let sorrow and affliction be forgotten. See Erin, beautiful, blooming, adored Erin, the land of the free; her own, her verdant banner streaming o'er the hills and plains; paying no tribute but valor, owning no monarch but beauty, submitting to no government but that of the people; a place where freedom delights to dwell, and oppression dare not intrude. Irishmen! throb not your hearts at the glorious spectacle? Gaze on it, and gaze at it, with the assurance, that black and terrible as is the night, such morrow is most assuredly at hand, when more bright shall be the halo, and more glorious the wreath, than ever yet encircled the brow and the name of an Irishman!
"SERGEANT JASPER."

A

HISTORICAL LECTURE,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

GEORGIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

FEBRUARY 23, 1841.

BY ROBERT M. CHARLTON,
A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY.
LECTURE.

The Past — the Present — the Future.

SERGEANT JASPER.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY:

Next to the delight which we experience from the anticipations of the future, is the pleasure that we derive from the reminiscences of the past. We look with an anxious and an eager view, to catch a glimpse of forthcoming scenes and events; and we turn with a longing and a lingering gaze to the persons and the deeds of bygone time. Hope spreads her golden pinions, and bears us on her untiring wing to the far-off future; and memory with her gentle smile, all her harshness subdued, and all her beauty more attractive from the distance we are removed from her, sits upon the ruin of some air-built castle, some well-remembered palace of the past, and woos us back to the scene where valor cheered us, or where beauty blessed. Ah, how dear to our hearts, are the recollections which come thronging
on the brain, of well-beloved companions, of the joyful scenes of home and childhood, of the hours when that arch deceiver, love, first cast his spell around us; and, even of the sorrows, which now, that they have been softened down by time, no longer seem to us like the dark sky and the howling storm, but rather like the fleecy cloud, which shadows, but does not conceal the brightness of the sun. The grave, over which we hung, with intense and bitter lamentation, gives up its dead, and again, in all their beauty and loveliness, the forms and features of our loved ones present themselves before us; the smile we delighted in, beams once more upon us; the hand, now cold in death, grasps us with its wonted warmth and affection; the voice, whose melody made our hearts to leap within us, again salutes us with its gentlest accents. The spell is upon us; the darling spell of memory, and, entranced and overjoyed, we sit and gaze, until some passing sound has aroused us from our golden dream, and memory, with her phantom train, her treasured visions, her fairy palaces, fades from our sight, leaving us to the stern realities of the present, or the happier anticipations of the future.

I remember, I remember,
When my life was in its prime,
Yet untouched and uncorrupted,
By the blighting hand of time;
When the flow'ret and the sunshine,
Were companions of each scene,
And hope was in its vigor, then,
And pleasure in its green.
I remember, I remember,
When the storm of sorrow came,
And extinguished, and forever,
All the glory of life's flame;
When one by one the blossoms
Of affection dropped away,
And despair came with the darkness,
And affliction with the day.

I remember, I remember,
But ah, 'tis vain to mourn,
For the bright hours, and the loved ones,
That will never more return;
Let the present have its torture,
And the past its store of ill,
To the future, to the future,
We will look with gladness still!

It is a striking characteristic in the constitution of the human mind, that it holds, as worthless, the things within its grasp, and yearns after, and longs for those objects, which it is impracticable for it to obtain. Bachelor philosophers have declared, that this is peculiarly the case in reference to the female heart; but I do not believe they have evidenced either gallantry or sense in their distinction. The great poet of the Romans made no such discrimination, and our own experience would reverse the rule. We see the physician, envying the heavy fees, and the sudden wealth of the member of the bar; and the latter, mourning over some detected flaw in his declaration, or some discovered slip in his pleadings, and casting a look of discontent at the superior
fortune of the disciple of Esculapius, whose flaws and slips are concealed and covered over by the common mother of us all; whilst the honest mechanic, who is compelled to make his way, inch by inch, and to earn his money, dollar by dollar, stands scowling at both the learned professions, and regretting that the high places and eligible niches of fame are the rewards of what he considers learned quackery, or unmeaning technicality. In truth, discontent with our lot, is the common error of mankind. How often do we read and hear of the delights of childhood, of the merry hours of boyhood; how often does the tear come to the eye, when we think of the truant hours when we fled to the green and to the wood, and basked in the sunshine by the stream, or destroyed the life of any vagrant bird that crossed our destructive path. We call this happiness, now; we make rhymes to it, we sigh for it, we long for it again; but then, when it was the present, and not the past, we considered it the stormiest season of life: to us, there was no rod of affliction like the birchen wand; no despot greater than the ruler of our academy; no tyrant more cruel than our now much-loved schoolmistress. We ardently desired that time would fly with the wings of the whirlwind, and bring us to the summer day of manhood. O, for the hour, thought we, when beauty shall smile upon us, when wealth shall pour upon us, when glory shall be our profession, and fame our reward; when we shall escape from mother's frown, and father's whipping, and float down life's tide, with our sails un-
furled, and our colors flying to the breeze of prosperity
and happiness! Is it not so, gentlemen, or am I drawing
but the picture of my own heart, and my own feelings?

But this feeling may be still further illustrated by the
comparative contempt in which we hold the opinions of
our contemporaries, and the longing desire which we
manifest for the good estimation of posterity. Let the
question be propounded to any one — nay, gentlemen,
ask your own hearts — which of these alternatives would
you prefer, — to have a bright and glorious reputation
amongst your peers; to be the observed of all observers;
to have your brows entwined with the laurel-wreath; to
have your name sounded, and reëchoed, and lauded
throughout the civilized earth, to be the bright and par-
ticular star of the present generation; and then, when
the sure and steady flight of time had brought you to the
grave, to go down to the darkness of oblivion, never
more to rise upon the future in the brightness of fame,
or be recorded in the annals of posterity, as a giant of
the past! Would you not rather endure present con-
tempt, ignominy, torture, disgrace, death, so that, when
the trials of your lot should be passed, your fame should
become bright, and brighter, and brightest, until your
history and your deeds should be recorded in the hearts
of each liver among the myriad and successive genera-
tions of coming time, and the whole earth should be a
monument of your genius and your glory?

And what is this feeling, but a proof of my assertion,
that the present is but a blank in our existence; that we
gaze back upon the past, or look forward to the future, that we toil and struggle through the fleeting moments, to reach a goal before us, which, when reached, we again leave behind us, with the same indifference and contempt, to attain a more distant hope, and a still further destination!

How different and gloomy would be our feelings if we were to be judged by the generations of the past, instead of the myriads of the future. Upon those who have preceded us, we have no claims; on those who are to come after us, each and all of us have some reason to give why we should be judged with leniency. If we have not discovered new planets, or upturned new mines in the soil of intellect, or mowed down, in a wholesale murder, an innumerable host of our fellow-beings, we have, at least, aided to make straight the paths of civilization, or, by the sweat of our brow, caused the barren places of the earth to become profitable and useful. I hold, as my doctrine, that no man has ever lived without leaving to posterity some legacy, either of good or evil,—some example, for which he will be entitled to the thanks or the condemnation of his successors in this world. He might stand before them, if they were to be his judges, and, pointing them to what he had done for them, and reminding them of their own imperfections and misdeeds, ask, at their hands, a favorable decision on his conduct. But what favor could we expect from those who had descended to the grave before we were? The ancient heathen, and the Grecian sage, the warrior of Ther-
mopylæ, the stern and unyielding stoic, the aborigines of our own continent, the heroic martyrs who had poured their blood like water upon the earth,—what a dread assize would this be to us, in comparison with the judgment of the future inheritors of the world! It would indeed be a terrific judgment, second only to that, which shall come like the thief in the night, when the earth shall be withered, and the elements melted, and the heavens rolled up like a scroll; when the licentious shall be caught in his snare, and the robber with his spoil, and the drunkard with his accursed cup, and the murderer with the red blood of his victim dripping from his fingers' ends, and each and all the living and the dead shall be summoned up, to receive the approval or condemnation of the Saviour of the world.

If we could carry out the beautiful principle of the Roman orator, that "we ought to do nothing that is avaricious, nothing that is dishonest, nothing that is lascivious, even though we could escape the observation of gods and men," we might indeed face, as well the judgment of the buried dead, as of posterity, and defy, at once, the envy of the present and the malice of the future.

When from the heart the vital spark has fled,
When the form slumbers in the silent grave,
Who shall go whisper then, unto the dead,
The plaudits that ensue the wise and brave?
What are the best rewards of human fame,
What mortal judgment, or what man's applause?

19*
Reason should point us to a higher aim,
And virtue urge us in a better cause.
Glory! a wreath that withers whilst 'tis made!
Fame! but a sound that soon must die away!
How can these bless us when the heart's decayed,
Or the frame moulders 'neath the senseless clay?
Better for us the rich rewards of worth,
Which cannot wither, and which will not die,
Though the last sound should ring throughout the earth,
And the last trump should echo through the sky!

I would ask your indulgence for this apparent digres-
sion, if I did not feel that it is more appropriate to our
association, and to the occasion which assembles us to-
night, than a hasty view of it would lead us to conjec-
ture. If it be true, that, as individuals, we have so
many more ties, and sympathies, and feelings, for the
past and the future, than the present; as a society, our
hold upon the moments that are passing before us are as
cobweb ligaments, in comparison with the iron chain
that binds us to the past, or the golden cord that links us
to the future. We are workmen, who have taken up the
axe and the spade of antiquity, that we may dig, from
the caverns of the past, the gems and diamonds that are
buried within their bosom, in order that they may flash
upon and illumine the generations of the future; we prop
up the tottering finger-posts that point to the names, the
deeds, the paths of by-gone times, not that we may know
the way, but that posterity may also stand super antiquas
vias; we erect the fallen column, we search out the
ancient scroll, that we may benefit those who are to
come after us; we are the rivet that shall unite that which has gone, and that which is to come, and preserve in one unbroken series the annals of our country’s glory.

I pass, at once, to the special subject of this evening’s lecture, — to the dauntless patriot, to the youthful hero, to the Christian warrior, who died in defence of our rights and of our honor; whose expiring sigh was wafted from the suburbs of our own city, and who has left a name and a character that can never be effaced from the history of Georgia,— from the affections of her children.

WILLIAM JASPER was a native of that nursery of stout hearts and strong hands, that garden-spot of beauty, and chivalry, and valor, — Ireland! From thence he emigrated, at an early age, and settled, and married in one of the interior districts of South Carolina, anterior to the time when the spark of discord was fanned by the wings of tyranny, until it burst out into a flame, and swept before it all the holds and bulwarks of despotism.

The first notice we have of him, is connected with the memorable defence of Fort Moultrie, in the harbor of Charleston, on the 28th of June, 1776. With the history of that battle, with the many glorious feats, with the gallant defence of that day and that place, I have not to do on the present occasion. It is enough to say, that it is associated with Bunker Hill and with Lexington in the history of our Revolution, as among the daring and chivalrous achievements of that era. It is to Jasper’s agency in that conflict, in that success, that I must now call your attention.
When the battle waged the hottest, when broadside after broadside was poured against and upon the palmetto logs of Fort Moultrie,—at a time, when the least panic, the slightest dismay, would have been fatal to the safety of the fort, and the fortune of the day, a cannon-ball struck the flag-staff and bore to the earth the banner, the signal of liberty, the emblem of defiance, that waved above it. As it disappeared, a shout of triumph arose from the ships of the invaders; they thought that the battle was over, the victory won; that the eagle had drooped her pinions, and would become an easy prey to the lion of the sea! Ah, they knew but little of the bold hearts, and the daring spirits that battled with them that day; they had not heard the solemn oath, spoken on earth, but registered in heaven, that had bound the besieged in a solemn compact, never to yield their country's honor, their own soil, to the fierce invader. Scarcely had the shout of the foe reached the ears of the Americans, scarcely had the glorious flag of liberty touched the earth, already crimsoned by the best blood of the land, when Jasper, with a bound, cleared the ramparts, and seizing the standard, fixed it on his spontoone, and kissing it in the face of the enemy, exclaimed, "Heaven save liberty and my country!" Then rose the counter-shout from the ranks of the brave Carolinians, and louder and louder it echoed, distinctly heard amid the roar of the cannonry, as Jasper replaced the colors on the mutilated flag-staff, he standing uncovered and unmoved amid the iron hail that was falling around him, until he
had accomplished his gallant purpose; which having done, he again took his station at the guns.

Ah, my friends, you may point me to deeds as chivalrous in the olden time, when valor and courage were interwoven with the fibres of the heart; you may tell me of actions as bold, of sacrifices as great, but can you show me one deed, one action, one sacrifice, more chivalrous, more bold, more great? Rather than let the foemen believe, even for a moment, that they had subdued the spirit of liberty, he dashed into the foremost ranks of danger, and offered his life a willing sacrifice to the honor of his adopted country!

"O, for the swords of former time,
O, for the men that bore them,
When armed in right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouched before them."

A deed so heroic and so conspicuous as this was, could not fail to attract the attention of the bystanders; the name of Jasper became, at once, a familiar theme with the bold and beautiful of Carolina. Applause was heaped upon him, rewards were offered him; but with that characteristic modesty that belongs always to worth, he declined the one, and shunned the other. Governor Rutledge visited Fort Moultrie, and offered him a commission. "You have won a sword, sir, and you must wear it," said the governor. "Nay, sir," answered our friend, "I am not worthy of the trust; adversity has been my only schoolmaster—liberty my only school-
mistress. I cannot mingle with those who are superior to me in education and manners, without exposing myself to deserved contempt. Let me alone; let me serve my country in the way that suits me best, as an humble and devoted laborer in the cause of freedom!"

Governor Rutledge acquiesced in the determination of Jasper, but compelled him to accept of the sword which the governor wore about his own person. Our hero took it with a proud heart, and a tearful eye, and the blood of many foemen subsequently dimmed the lustre of its blade.

I might occupy your time to weariness to-night, were I to recount one half of the daring deeds, which tradition has assigned to Sergeant Jasper. By giving a little latitude to my imagination, I might make your hearts throb with excitement, as I carried you through the hair-breadth 'scapes, and the imminent and deadly encounters of the gallant sergeant. But I would not be properly discharging the duty of a historian, if I suffered fancy to flap her wings over the records of antiquity, and blind your vision with the dust that would arise therefrom. There are only three classes of mankind that are permitted to draw upon their imagination for their facts; namely, the lawyers, the lovers, and another class, beginning with the same initial, but which I decline naming to-night. The lawyers! that virtuous and much-abused fraternity; poor fellows! it is lucky that they have something on which they can draw with safety, for their drafts are but rarely honored by any one
else, except imagination. The lovers! ah, they are the privileged class of the world; they live in an atmosphere of pleasure; they study nature in her most beautiful aspect;

"Their only books
Are woman's looks;"

and if a fact is wanted to attest their devotion to their lady-loves, it is at once extracted from the exchequer of the brain, from the till of their fancy.

If it were not my business, to-night, to show a love of history, instead of a history of love, I would be tempted to furnish you, by way of digression, with the very piquant and quaint description which an old author gives of the history of la belle passion. As it is, I must content myself by giving you my own warning, in my own words:

Maiden of the blooming age,
O'er whose path the sunlight lingers,
O'er whose brow, despair and rage
Ne'er have swept with loathsome fingers;
Virgin! pure in heart and mind,
Shun the spot where Love reposes;
O, beware, or you will find
Sharpest thorns amongst his roses.

Damsel! thou whom time hath kissed
Slightly, on thy lips of coral,
By the charms that thou hast missed,
Learn, O, learn my simple moral:
Time may seem to thee unkind;
Love a brighter fate discloses;
O, beware, or you will find
Sharpest thorns amongst his roses.

Warrior from the battle-field,
With thy laurel-wreath around thee,
Arm thyself with sword and shield,—
Fly, ere yet the foe hath bound thee!
Love for thee a spell hath twined,
Where the eye of beauty closes;
O, beware, or you will find
Sharpest thorns amongst his roses.

Father! thou, whose tottering gait
Tells of lengthened years and sorrows,
Tells what soon will be thy fate,
Ere the sun brings many morrows,
Love will seek e’en thee to bind,
Ere death’s portal o’er thee closes;
O, beware, or you will find
Sharpest thorns amongst his roses.

Maiden, Damsel, Warrior, Sire,
Shun the wand of Ibis enchanter;
Come not near his hidden fire,
Heed ye not his idle banter;
He is faithless, fickle, blind,
He the source of all our woes is,
And beware, or you will find
Sharpest thorns amongst his roses.

Extracting myself, as well as I can, from this most extraordinary digression, I proceed to observe, that, as I
belong to neither of the three privileged classes, to-night, I must deal with my subject as befits the grave and scrupulous historian. I may not follow my hero through the almost fabulous traditionary accounts of his daring and his chivalry, but I will pass on to one of his achievements, which was enacted almost in sight of the spot upon which I stand.

Jasper, having ascertained by the most indisputable testimony, his eye-sight, that a number of American prisoners were to be conveyed from Ebenezer, a British garrison about twenty-five miles distant, to Savannah, formed the desperate attempt of rescuing them from their perilous condition. He confided his determination to his friend, Sergeant Newton, another of the bold spirits of the Revolution, and the latter agreed with him, that they would either succeed, or die in the attempt. Having plighted their faith to each other, they set off in pursuit of the prisoners, who numbered about a dozen, and who were handcuffed, and guarded by a sergeant, a corporal, and eight soldiers of the British army. We can form some little idea of the apparent madness of the attempt, or, rather, of their strong and invincible dependence on the arm of a wise, a merciful and beneficent Providence, when we remember that these two men, so resolutely following in the footsteps of ten armed soldiers, with the determination to conquer them or die, were themselves unarmed. All their plans and stratagems during the way proved unsuccessful, however, until they reached a spring, then famous, but now deserted.
about two miles from this city. Jasper and Newton having concealed themselves amid the thick foliage that surrounded the "Spa," awaited, in silence and resolution, the arrival of the prisoners and their guard. Presently they came. The prisoners were marched to the water, and were allowed to rest themselves on the earth. The sergeant and four of the soldiers, constituting the rear-guard, apprehending no danger, grounded their muskets near the Augusta road, which is within a few yards of the spring. Two other of the soldiers were placed as sentinels, and the remaining two were ordered to give drink to the prisoners, out of their canteens. They approached the fountain, and rested their arms against a large tree that overshadows it. They filled their canteens with the water, and turned to administer it to the captives. O, how the hearts of Jasper and Newton must have throbbed at that moment. They had sworn to conquer or to die, and a few more seconds would determine whether their efforts would lead them to glory or the grave; to a name high, and bright, and illustrious, or to a cold and shroudless grave, their fate unknown, their names forgotten. The decisive moment had arrived, and they fainted not. "Now, Newton," exclaimed Jasper; and they sprang forth upon the astonished foe, and seizing the muskets that were resting against the tree, shot down the two sentinels. Darting instantly forward, our heroes attempted to snatch the loaded muskets that had dropped from the hands of the dead men. They were too late! Fortune, who had been so far
propitious, now seemed to turn against them. The ser-
geant and the corporal of the British troops, who had too
much of the indomitable courage of England’s sons to
yield without a conflict, had immediately thrown them-
selves in advance, and seizing the fallen guns, were
bringing them up for a fatal aim, when Jasper and
Newton, turning the but-end of their muskets, with a
strength redoubled by their danger, felled them to the
earth, quivering in the agonies of death. Having now
possessed themselves of the muskets, they placed them-
selves in a position to prevent the remaining six soldiers
from procuring their arms, and threatened them with
instant death if they did not yield. The complete sur-
prise that had befallen them, and the bleeding bodies of
four of their comrades, which lay quivering before them,
so depressed the British soldiers, that they at once yield-
ed. To break the handcuffs of the prisoners, and to
furnish them with the arms of the enemy, was the work
of a moment; which being done, our two sergeants, with
their redeemed friends, and their captive foes, crossed
the Savannah river, and joined our army at Purysburgh.

And now, let me pause and ask, whose eye has not
glistened as his fancy carried him back to that day and to
that scene? Whose heart has not throbbed at the peril
of the brave men who accomplished this daring feat?
Who is there here so cold, so senseless, so selfish, as
not to feel the glow of patriotism, and the pride of coun-
try, at a deed so heroic, so gallant, so successful? “If
any, speak, for him have I offended.” But I will do you
no injustice. There is not one; no, not one. Ah, when in my boyhood's days I stood above that spring, and saw the tree inscribed with the name of hundreds who had come as pilgrims to the place, and marked the spots which tradition had declared to be the blood of the victims; as I called up to my youthful vision the conflict in all its freshness, the hardihood of the attempt, the joy of the ransomed, the tears and thankful prayers of the wife of one of the prisoners, and the bleeding corpses of the gallant fallen, O, how I revered the name of Jasper! O, how I thought that his memory would never perish from my feelings and my heart! Alas! I knew nothing then of the stern realities and bitterness of life, which blot out the sympathies and affections of early years; I knew not then, (ah, who amongst us knows not now!) that the enthusiasm of boyhood would be swept away by the afflictions of manhood, and the recollections of the past be forgotten amid the sorrows of the present. I little thought that years and years would elapse without a single visit to the shrine of Jasper's valor, to which I paid my weekly visits. And yet so it is; the golden bowl of youth is broken; the silver chord of pleasure is loosed; the pitcher is broken at the fountain, the water poured upon the ground, and it cannot be gathered up again.

Confessing the self-reproach to be merited, I must not bear it alone. The last time I stood upon the memorable spot, I sought in vain to recognize the bubbling spring in the muddy pool, the green bank in the miry ground, the
well-trodden path in the overgrown and tangled underbrush; the place that hundreds of freemen, and ranks of beauty once frequented, is a deserted morass, an untrodden quagmire! But if liberty ever visits the scenes where her name has been honored, and her cause supported, it is there, there, amid the solitude, the dampness, the dreariness of the scene, that fancy’s eye might see her, weeping like Marius over the ruins of Carthage, at a wreck memorable alike for a deed of valor, and for the ingratitude of Georgia. It was not so always. Your elderly citizens will tell you, that before most of us here present became dwellers upon this earth, the Spa was the daily resort of hundreds, who came to the stone fount, as well to renew their patriotism, as to abate their thirst.

Let us all ask ourselves the question, why should it not be so again? Next to the temples of religion, our attention should be turned to the altars of liberty, and gratitude should hold a second place, but only a second place, to piety and holiness.

I have trespassed so long upon your kindness, my countrymen, that I must wind up my attenuated lecture with the closing act in the drama of Jasper’s life,—his death! On the 9th of October, 1779, the ill-conceived and ill-fated attack upon the British lines at Savannah, took place; a day that should be marked with a black stone, if for no other cause than for the exit of such a gallant soul as Jasper. With the details of that disastrous scene, I will not intermeddle. Our noble sergeant bore his usual part in the engagement, and, towards the close
of it, and just as the retreat was sounded, he rushed to bear off the colors of his regiment, that he might redeem his promise. You, who are familiar with his history, will remember that they had been confided to him by Mrs. Elliott, with the question, "until what time will you guard them?" "Until," was the characteristic answer, "until eternity!" In sincerity was the pledge given—in honor was it redeemed. The colors had been successively borne upon that day by Lieutenants Bushe and Hume, both of whom were killed, the latter at the close of the action; it was from his dying grasp that Jasper snatched the blood-stained banner, and as he bore it off, he received the wound that added another to liberty's dead, and, we humbly trust, to heaven's legions.

"Take my sword to my father," said he, to a companion in arms, "and tell him it was never dishonored; tell the poor old man, that his son forgot neither his country nor his sire, when the grasp of death was upon him; tell him, above all, that he died in peace with all mankind, and with the darling hope of a glorious resurrection. Bear my respect to the giver of this flag, and tell her that I died to preserve it; tell all my friends who shall remember to ask for me, that their poor friend has fought his last fight, has struck his last blow, and may the blessings of Providence rest upon my country and her cause."

So fell Sergeant Jasper! his last blow, struck in the cause of America; his last shout, a gathering cry for the defence of her honor; his last wish, a prayer for her
prosperity! So fell Sergeant Jasper! The sand of our streets has drunk up his blood, and the soil of our city has encompassed his bones! Who has written his epitaph? Who has built up his monument? Shame, shame upon us, that we are compelled to exclaim, in the language of the poet,

"We have carved not a line, we have raised not a stone,
We have left him alone in his glory!"

"Green be the turf above thee,
   Hero of other days,
   None knew thee but to love thee,
   Or named thee but to praise!"

Once more, let me ask the question, how long shall we suffer his name to be unrecorded in our midst? Why may we not erect a tablet to his memory in the spot consecrated by his valor? Why can we not repair, as our fathers before us, to the cool shades of the now neglected Spa, and, through the long hour of the summer twilight, refresh our sight and our memory with the associations of that scene? It belongs to us, gentlemen of the society, if all others fail, to accomplish this sacred undertaking; we have planted ourselves as sentinels to give notice of the inroads of those formidable foes, time and oblivion. It is our duty to erect the historical milestones along the almost forgotten road of Georgia’s danger, and Georgia’s glory! Shall we be faithless to the trust! Or, shall we, with combined hands and unshrinking hearts, press on to the accomplishment of our
high endeavor, so that generations in ages to come, though they forget our names, shall remember and bless our enterprise and patriotism.

"In that far day, O, what shall be,
In this dominion of the free,
When we and ours have rendered up our trust,
And men unborn shall trample on our dust?
O, what shall be? He, he alone,
The dread response can make,
That sitteth on the only throne
That time can never shake!"