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LYRICS

—OF THE—

LICKING VALLEY,

—BY—

T. M. BARTON,

"



1885:

THE GUIDE BOOK AND JOB PRINT,
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T. M. BARTON.
1885.

PREFACE.

THE following poems, written mainly in youth, have been published in book form, more to please my family and friends, than from any expectation of public appreciation. If they contain nothing new or brilliant, they contain nothing to deprave either the taste or morals of any one. The present book contains many imperfections which may be corrected in another edition.

THE AUTHOR.

POEMS.

A VOID.—1857.

There is a void, a wasting void now,
 Within my heart;
There is a gloom, aye on my youthful brow,
 That baffles art.

Yes, nature too, ye winds that pass me by,
 Soft as spirits wooing,
Do but add a longer, deeper sigh
 To my undoing.

Ye snowy clouds, slow floating far away,
 In the starry blue
All illumed by Cynthia's silvery ray.
 Adieu! Adieu!

Ye seem like childhood's slow-receding years,
 So pure, so bright!
With which my early hopes and fears
 Have taken flight.

O golden days and hopes and childish fears,
 Ye all have fled.
And naught but the rosy twilight of those years
 Around me now is shed.

TO CARRIE—1860.

Carrie I thought that when we met,
 It should, at least, in friendship be;
 So long we've been apart, and yet,
 How coldly beams that light-blue e'e,
 That light-blue e'e,
 So full of glee,
 When last we met, how changed to me.

No more your smile is like the dawn
 Of early springtime's blushing day;
 Alas, those sunny smiles are gone;
 Some cloud has chased them all away.
 And O, that e'e,
 So full of glee
 When last we met, is changed to me.

Yes, colder than the glimmering ray
 Of Cynthia, from a wintry sky,
 Art thou to me; O, turn away!
 Too coldly beams that light-blue e'e.
 That light-blue e'e,
 So full of glee,
 When last we met, is changed to me.

Fain, fain would I forget the past,
 Each hour spent in thy company;
 For since our friendship can not last,
 To think of thee is agony.
 No more that e'e,
 Is bright to me,
 Adieu, adieu, you've changed to me.

WHEN WE WERE YOUNG, JOHN.

O, those were joyful times, John,
How happy then were we;
We sparked the girls in rhyme, John,
And they sparked you and me.

Though that they would deny, John,—
We understood them then—
They'd court us on the sly, John,
And not speak out like men,

They cooked the cakes and pies, John.
The tinware all did shine;
And love lit all their eyes, John,
When with them we did dine.

They loved us then, they did, John,
And we them, full as well;
They could not keep it hid, John,
Their tattling eyes would tell.

We wandered o'er the lea, John,
And by the river's side;
No thought of care had we, John,
The world was bright and wide.

O, those memories they are glad, John,
I love to think them o'er;
And yet, they make me sad, John,
That they can come no more.

But backward with regret, John,
Too oft we must not turn;
There's joy before us yet, John,
If we, God's will do learn.

TO MATTIE W——.

We have been friends, but to be more,
 Were not the best, perhaps; for me
 The envious fates may have in store
 A fortune all too hard for thee.

And though the future yet may brighten,
 Until it does, let passion die;
 For the heart, I can not lighten,
 Will surely dim with tears the eye.

This savage war, with blood-red eye,
 Is bearing down on all the brave;
 It may be I must fight and die,
 And fill a soldier's unknown grave.

 TO SISTER.

Alone, dear Belle, yes all alone,
 Within this wild-wood's shady bower;
 Yet none, I hope, will dare intrude
 Upon this sad, sweet, pensive hour.

Above me now the branches wave,
 As blows a melancholy blast,
 That calls, from its oblivious grave,
 A mournful memory of the past.

Yes, of the past, with all its bloom
 Of purest bliss, in childhood's hour:
 Ah! ere the heart was known to gloom,
 Or youth's bright sky began to lower.

Of many a cloudless day of youth,
Full many a festal, joyous scene ;
Before we knew aught else but truth,
Or of this false world aught had seen.

Yes, of the blissful hours, Belle,
Ere riper years sad change had brought ;
When linked with those we loved so well,
All lived and played in sportive thought.

TO KATE.

Long days ago I met a girl,
I've met her too of late ;
Her hair hangs thick with many a curl,
They call her lovely Kate.

Her eyes are bright, but just the hue,
Or blue, or gray, or jetty,
I can not tell, but this is true
We know that she is pretty.

She is a lovely laughing lass,
So sprightly and light-hearted ;
I wish we ne'er had met, alas !
Or else had never parted.

O cruel, cruel, was the hour,
When the rude hand of fate
Snatched from my gaze, my pretty flower,
My darling little Kate.

TO CARRIE.

I've traveled some, and not a few
 Fair ladies I have seen;
 And frankly own, dear friend, to you,
 In love with some, have been;
 But few have hurled so barbed a dart,
 As you, friend Carrie, through my heart.

O, Carrie, as you love my weal,
 Or otherwise my woe;
 I'm sure this bleeding wound you'll heal,
 Or soon more arrows throw;
 O! not an other must you fling,
 My heart feels keenly now the sting.

A FRAGMENT TO——.

There is no bliss,
 Can equal a kiss,
 From the lovely lips before me.
 Pray give me but one,
 And your wooing is done,
 For I never will cease to adore you.

TO SAME.

Why do you wonder that Wheeler should know
 The secrets, which you to another impart?
 I'm sure if he did not he'd be very slow,
 In learning, since he so long had your heart.

TO A CORPSE.

Ah! cold and lifeless now that clay,
• All motionless, each vital part;
So late all life, all beauty, gay,
And bounding, that cold, pulseless heart.

Now, death has dim'd those lustrous eyes,
So late the spirit's light illumed;
And all, once beauteous, now there lies,
Soon, soon, alas! to be entombed.

How pale those cheeks, once rosy, now;
And cherry lips so oft caressed.
How cold and marble-like, that brow,
Alas, on death's cold pillow pressed.

How heedless all this moving mass,
Unanchored spirit, of thy fate;
Though certain this dread cup can't pass,
But all must drink, or soon or late.

TO MISS BEECH.

Your robe was of the azure skies,
And you a bright star shining through;
Whose radiant lustre never dies,
But glows with beauties ever new.

A face so fair, such soul-ful eyes,
Such arched brows and lips of roses,
Such beauty ne'er from memory dies,
Not e'en when death upon us closes.

TO HELEN—A DREAM.

O! would that I could dream again,
Each night, this dearest dream all o'er;
Could see the vision, hear the strain,
That moved my heart so, ne'er before.

I wandered o'er a verdant lawn,
Which spread away smooth as a lake,
When Phœbus with his car is gone,
And winds no more its bosom brake.

Save here and there a shady grove,
Like umbrellas o'er the plain;
Where fairy beings, when they rove,
Might shelter from the sun and rain.

And all this plain was one vast sea
Of flowers, save those distant trees;
Of every die, of every hue,
That could the nicest fancy please.

And ever were the elves of air,
Sweet-scented from their beds of flowers,
Swinging in my flowing hair,
And dancing in the leafy bowers.

While beauteous birds of every hue,
Rising from the flowery plain,
Would soar into the upper blue,
Then shower on the flowers again.

Enraptured with the lovely scene,
In pensive mood I slowly strayed—
When, hark! a strain which I did ween,
Must be by heavenly minstrels played.

Was this the birds? Was this the breeze?
Or music from Æolian lyre?
It could not be; 'twas none of these.
It surely came from minstrels higher.

The strain was old, it first was sung
Some eighty years ago, or nearly;
First through Scotia's highlands rung;
It was dear Burns' Highland Mary.

Do angels sing this song of earth,
From memory not yet departed?
It surely is of heavenly birth,
But they are never broken-hearted.

O! now I see the fairy band
Of minstrels, leaving yonder bowers;
They come! they come! all hand in hand,
Lightly dancing o'er the flowers.

Upon the wings of light I flew,
And quickly 'mid the minstrels stood.
They were of earth, and one I knew
Among that lovely sisterhood.

Yes, one bright eye, one smiling face,
Than others more beguiled my view;
I caught her in a warm embrace,
And to my heart sweet Helen drew.

Then quick as thought there came a change
O'er all the scenery of my dream;
We wandered through a valley strange,
Beside a clear, smooth-flowing stream.

A little in the distance yet,
Both bordered by a beauteous wood,
This stream another like it met,
And mingled in one greater flood.

O, happy hour! one moment more,
And you and I, dear girl were one,
Like those rivers, which before
Through different channels long had run.

Then gathered round the festive board,
One moment mirth was silent there;
While every soul unto the Lord,
Was giving thanks in fervent prayer.

And then each cup was filled with wine,
With generous wine was running o'er;
Was emptied to your health and mine,
Some dozen times, perhaps, or more.

But just where day and night were blended,
There my happy dream all ended;
Say, sweet Helen, shall it be
Unfolded in reality?

BLUE-EYED MARY—A SONG.

I know a bonnie, blue-eyed lass,
In years she's nearly twenty;
She's a smiling face and a laughing eye,
And sweethearts more than plenty.

CHORUS.

Her hair is brown and her eyes are blue,
Her lips are of a rosy hue,
And among the fair, there are but few
As fair as blue-eyed Mary.

In love and friendship she is true,
As ever was a lady;
And her true lovers are not few,
Who think to win her, maybe.

She sings as early as the lark,
Her songs are quite as merry;
And of all the pretty girls I spark,
There are none I'd rather marry.

I know full many a dark-eyed lass,
With rich and raven tresses;
But blue-eyed Mary now, alas!
Alone my heart possesses.

O! happy will the lover be,
Who wins thee, blue-eyed Mary;
With one so fair for company.
His life can not be dreary.

TO CARRIE.

1857.

Friend Carrie, you know, in the past what is written,
 What there is recorded, 'an all-pleasing story,
 To you of your conquests, of those you have smitten,
 When a coquette you reigned all alone in your glory.

How long and how loudly you laughed at your lovers,
 When for a few moments the fond fools could
 leave you;

Each deeming himself the most loved of all others,
 Which fond, false impression must, yet, surely
 grieve you.

Yet you could not help it; 'tis true you were pretty,
 And so are the birds, the fields, and the flowers;
 And they who walked out to see these, only met thee,
 Like them, flower-queen, in your own native bowers.

Met thee, fair lily, as fair as e'er grew in
 The field, and as chaste as the violet blue;
 As sweet as the rose—oh! how could such ruin
 The hopes of the young hearts that loved her so true?

Ruin! O, Muses, why are you so harsh all?
 The loved little lassie quite rightly has done;
 Not finding it then in her heart to be partial,
 She could not wed all, and she would not wed one.

And for her sweet smiles, and her soft words of kindness
 Her caresses and tresses and gentle blue eyes;
 For these could you blame her? O! Muses, such blind-
 ness,
 Such folly, becomes not the good and the wise.

Then let each lorn lover return to his reason,
And reason the reason he reasoned no more;
Let oblivious shades settle o'er that sad season
Of sorrow, that followed, when hope was all o'er.

That dark, dismal season, when sorrow broods o'er us,
Like night brooding over a deep, woody vale:
With despair's black distortions out-standing before us
In readiness, ever our ruin to hail.

But Carrie, my darling, no doubt you will wonder
That I should address you, in strains such as these
Or address you at all, I fear it's a blunder—
Perhaps it may wound, yet I hope it may please.

For to please you, dear Carrie, was once very pleasant
To many young fellows who followed the art;
And be you assured, the ambition, at present
Is greater than ever, to win love, your heart.

For there's luckless Lukins who loved you so dearly,
Yet had not the power his passion to tell;
And Silas and Sammy, both crazy or nearly,
From loving a lassie less wisely than well.

And there's Thomas Wheeler, as ardent as ever,
The flat-headed Dutchman (I would not deride),
And a numerous host of others, quite clever,
Who wish in their hearts, they could make you a
bride.

The good "English Poet" who sung once so sadly,
Who mingled no mirth in his sorrowful strain,
He, too, would welcome your presence most gladly,
(I love a coquette) and embrace you again.

TO CARRIE.

O! Carrie, in the sunny gleam
Of pleasure, with the thoughtless throng,
A down life's rough and rapid stream,
A bubble, I have floated long.

I've sought the pleasures of the gay,
To fill a void within this heart;
Or drive a sullen gloom away,
But not one shadow will depart.

And now, the young, the proud, the vain,
May whirl in giddy raptures by;
I vow I'll leave their idle train,
In solitude, I'd sooner sigh.

'T was vain, the hope, in you to find,
The echo of my spirit's strain;
Too cold the heart, too gay the mind,
To be what once you were again.

It matters not, I will not bow,
Your sympathy was all I asked;
My feelings, friendship's tender glow,
Seemed much like love to you unmasked.

Now, fare thee well, though false thou art,
I still must wish thee constant weal;
Yet never can this fervent heart
Love one so cold, she can not feel.

TO MOLLIE DOAN.

O ! deem me not a love-sick fool,
Nor full of fulsome flattery ;
For 'tis with every passion cool,
That I admire thy beauty.

Yes, really, lady, I must own,—
Now do not think me stupid—
Your name, instead of Mollie Doan,
Ought to have been Cupid.

TO SAME.

I oft have watched the little bee
Kissing every flower,
And wondered at the mystery
Of its enchanting power.
I've loved the sweetness of the lay
He seemed to sing, as, far away,
He bore the sweets of greeting.

I've marked the fairy humming-bird,
How sprightly and light-hearted,
How much to music it was stirred
By every kiss imparted.
I've much admired his buzzing song,
As fast, the flowery fields along,
Anon he now was fleeting.

And greater bards have sweetly sung,
 How "every flower in the vale,
 When soft, by breezy fingers wrung,
 Leaves its fragrance on the gale."
 Fair lady, thou my flower hast been,
 To bee and bird my heart's akin,
 And so, like them, I'm singing.

I envy not the bird nor bee,
 Nor yet the fragrant gale,
 That kisses ever playfully,
 The flowers of the vale.
 For, lady, those sweet lips of thine,
 Can give a nectar more divine,
 Than all May's flowers springing.

TO ANNA MANN.

Written in a copy of Burn's poems and presented to her.

Accept this book ; 't is friendship's gift ;
 We have been friends, we may be more ;
 And yet my youthful hours drift,
 As wrecks upon the vasty shore
 Of the sad, sad past ; I fear I see
 Shadows o'er futurity.

It may be but a moment's gloom
 O'er the heart, by fancy thrown ;
 Perhaps a foretaste of a gloom,
 Whose darkest hour is yet unknown.
 Yet hope still smiles in the face of sorrow,
 This gloom will all be gone tomorrow.

ON THE DEATH OF CLARENCE COWLES.

Our friend is dead!

And lowly lies in death's dark bed.

O! let us weep,

That his young life so soon is sped.

We'll meet no more,

Unless upon the shining shore,

Where he may wait,

To welcome us when we go o'er.

'Tis thus we part,

And thus from time's lone shore we start,

Across the tide;

But Christ's his compass and his chart.

O! he can guide

Our ship across the unknown tide,

Of death's dark gulf,

Into a haven safe and wide.

TO ELLA SAYER.—1857.

“Have you forgotten me?”

O! never, while the mind retains

One image of the shadowy past,

Thine own, which still so bright remains,

Shall be retained until the last.

For could I e'er forget the face,

Which flattery said resembled mine?

So bright, so sweet, with smiling grace!

O! Ella dear, 'tis only thine.

• Yes only thine that beauteous mold,
 Yet, you those features do impart,
 By leaving there for time untold,
 Your image on the waxen heart.

O ! ever when I turn from care,
 To muse upon my younger day,
 I'll think of thee, sweet Ella Sayer,
 And all my bliss at old Greenway.

TO MR. NATE CROSS AND WIFE.

Dear sister Lou, and brother, Nate,
 Your letter came a little late ;
 A fact you don't forget to state,
 Though plainly witnessed by the date.

But then there is an ancient saying,
 Applies, you know, to all delaying ;
 To saint and sinner long astraying,
 Who late return and fall to praying.

For in a sacred song, we learn,
 While yet the lamp holds out to burn,
 The chief of sinners may return,
 If for the truth he do but yearn.

And thus we say of all good things,
 Done by common men or kings ;
 'T is better now, and better ever,
 They do them late, than do them never.

TO MISS MOORE, OF OHIO.

Miss Moore, if I must write a verse
 To you, and you alone ;
 I must conclude, you 'd have it terse,
 And sweet as e'er was known.
 But should I do the best I can,
 You know I am not just the man.

For how can I, at this late hour,
 Begin love's songs anew ?
 I can not feel love's thrilling power
 Awake, at thought of you.
 Then pray excuse me from the task
 And sonnets of your lover ask.

 GEN. BARTON'S SWORD.

Say, where has it hung, while the tocsin of war
 Has sounded again and again through the land?
 Has it flashed through the battle's dark night a
 star,
 Still wielded as then, by a patriot's hand ?

Like that bright blade of Bingen, on Germany's
 Rhine,
 Does it hang in the halls of father and son ?
 If not, let me have it, and hang it with mine,
 Which shall catch the bright gleams of the
 glory it won.

TWO LADIES.

Two ladies stood beside me,
They were young and pretty too ;
Their eyes—now do not chide me—
Were of heaven's brightest blue,
And the mellow light of love lit
Each orb of beauty too.

Two ladies stood beside me,
In a church, not long ago,
And their sweetness sorely tried me,
For there is no man, I know,
Who could stand by two such beauties,
And not feel his heart to glow.

Two ladies stood beside me,
And their words like music fell,
With a witchery that tried me,
How, or why, I can not tell ;
Yet 'tis ever thus with beauty ;
Who can resist its spell ?

Two ladies stood beside me,
Ah ! their smiles I can't forget ;
And whatever may betide me,
In my heart shall linger yet,
All the sweetness of their presence
Like a dream in memory set.

KENTUCKY AND OHIO.

Read at Felicity, Ohio.

Hail noble State, we stretch the hand
Across the tide, from land to land,
And hold in one fraternal band
Kentucky and Ohio.

The beauteous wave, whose silvery tide,
Rolls us between, through channel wide,
Laves lovingly as loyal bride,
Kentucky and Ohio.

Its dancing billows, neath the sun,
To either shore, in gladness run,
As lovingly, as were but one,
Kentucky and Ohio.

It lives alike, from either shore,
Ten thousand streams together pour
Their waters here, which first ran o'er
Kentucky and Ohio.

Then, as those streams, let us unite
Hand, head, and heart in moral fight,
While gleam and glow in mental light
Kentucky and Ohio.

In former days, when darksome wood,
And savage war seemed nature's mood
This valley in, like brothers stood
Kentucky and Ohio.

At River Raisin, side by side,
 By Maumee's limpid, lake-ward tide
 Stood firm and true, in martial pride,
 Kentucky and Ohio.

In these and many a battle more,
 Fought in the trying days of yore,
 Were found, their patriot blood to pour,
 Kentucky and Ohio.

In later war, when rebels fell
 On loyal lines, with awful yell,
 Then answered with a grander swell,
 Kentucky and Ohio.

On Chaplain Hills, at Richmond too
 Where charged the lines of gray and blue,
 Stood side by side, to union true,
 Kentucky and Ohio.

Then let us ever stretch the hand
 Across the tide, from land to land,
 And hold in one fraternal band,
 Kentucky and Ohio.

TO——.

Fair maid, thou art most wily,
 And think and act most slyly,
 Yet sometimes rashly.

Once I loved thee dearly,
 Yes, fancied most sincerely,
 But you first acted falsely.

In the face of heaven rashly,
 You vowed you loved most fondly—
 Yet how falsely!

And since I've often caressed thee,
 Yes, in my arms have pressed thee;
 Yet not warmly, truly.

Nay not truly, warmly, fondly,
 Yet always very blandly,
 Aye, ever falsely.

A DREAM.

Just before South Carolina seceded.—1861.

Is this a wild dream of the night,—and no more ;
 Or a vision, which shadows the things that
 shall be ?

“Do coming events cast their shadows before ?”
 Then woe to the homes of the brave and the free

I stood, in my dream, where the young and the brave
 Learn the wild art of war and its armaments
 keep ;

Stood by the staff where our banner should wave,
 As the winds of the morning awake from their
 sleep.

O ! God, be our guide, on that banner was hung,
 A dark pall of mourning, no star could I see ;
 And the Goddess of Liberty bitterly wrung
 Her hands, as she turned from the veiled thirty-
 three.

A gloom gathered over the earth and the sky,
 Ohio's broad wave seemed a dark gulf of death;
 But the revel of traitors and tyrants rose high,
 As they witnessed the Goddess give up her last
 breath.

The minions of hell, ever quick to conspire,
 With tyrants, assassins, and traitors, were then
 Sweeping madly around me on pinions of fire,
 And laughed at the woe and the wailing of men

On the morrow, the sighs of the great and the free
 Were borne on the breeze, as it mourned
 through the vale,
 For the lightning, fast-flying o'er land and the sea
 Had startled the earth with Carolina's sad tale.

GOLD VS. VIRTUE.

Dear friend, I know, from what you've told,
 I've but to see, to love the maiden;
 But then her heart is set on gold
 And all her thoughts are with it laden.

Then vain's the hope, I can not fill
 The maiden's eye, nor win her hand;
 No yellow ore is in my till,
 No deed have I to house or land.

But I have health and two strong arms,
 A heart to love, and nerve to dare;
 And these can not be bought like farms,
 No gold with these, can she compare.

I have a name untarnished yet,
 By aught that drags bright honor down ;
 I love it more than jewels set
 In any royal wreath or crown.

Then let the maiden have her will,
 Yes, give her gold whoever can ;
 There are no sovereigns in my till,
 I can not be her coming man.

TO WIFE AND CHILDREN.—LEXINGTON, KY.

In passing through as rich a land,
 As e'er was warmed by southern sun ;
 Fair mansions rise on every hand,
 And art and nature, here are one.

And yet, my thoughts are flying still
 Far, far behind, where humbly dwell
 My wife and children, on the hill ;
 O ! holy Angels, guard them well.

The sun is setting in the west,
 His golden light illumines the sky ;
 His regal splendors round us rest,
 And hill and dale in beauty lie.

And yet, my thoughts are flying still
 Far, far behind, where humbly dwell
 My wife and children, on the hill.
 O ! holy angels, guard them well.

And now, no more, his latest beam
 Is seen on highest hill or spire ;
 But myriad stars above us gleam,
 New love and wonder, to inspire.
 And yet, my thoughts are flying still,
 Far, far behind, where humbly dwell,
 My wife and children, on the hill,
 O ! holy angels, guard them well.

TO ———

Cupid shoots his arrows through
 Lovely ladies' eyes ;
 And he, who dares to face your two,
 By Cupid's arrows dies.
 But who, O ! who could turn away,
 Though every glance were death ?
 I never could, no—never—nay,
 Though dying every breath.

PRAYER.

He who supplicates a throne of grace
 In long, and loud and flowery prayer,
 For man, not God to hear, is base,
 And mocks his Almighty Maker there.

Let him who prays, pray as our Savior said,
 In few, short words, yet comprehensive still ;
 Pray in the name of Him who for us bled,
 And God will hear us and uphold us still.

GOOD-BYE.

TO WIFE AND CHILDREN.

The noon is past—the moments fly,
'Tis now almost the hour of three ;
Stern duty calls me now and I
Must turn my face from home and thee.
Good-bye, and may our God above
Still keep you and the ones we love.

Good-bye, dear children, all good-bye,
And pretty babe, one sweet kiss more ;
Ah ! now I see each loving eye,
With swelling tear-drops running o'er.
O, Father, dwelling high above !
Pray keep these little ones, we love.

O ! when from those so loved, we turn
To tread alone life's weary way,
Not knowing when we may return,
Nor what may happen in a day,
O ! how the heart's deep fountains well,
With more than human tongue can tell.

O ! duty, 'tis thy bugle call,
And all who follow after thee,
Must waver not, though death-shots fall
Across the path of destiny ;
For faithful to the end, there'll be
A crown for all who follow thee.

TO ———

Sweet lady, but one fleeting eye,
In converse held with only thee,
Would more my heavy heart relieve,
Than months of rarest revelry.

The love in those large lustrous eyes
Those eyes of darkest, deepest blue,
More fit the children of the skies
Than mortal child, dear girl, like you.

The smiles that play upon thy face
Like sunshine on the morning dew
Gleam with something of that grace
That angels' smiles, I fancy, do.

And for one kiss from those sweet lips,
Though blest with showers of honey dew
The bee, the sweetest flower he sips,
Would leave and fly with me to you.

TO J. H. Fryer.—1856.

Dear friend, while now in pensive mood,
I turn to thee, congenial soul ;
For as life's shadows o'er us brood,
Our feelings warm beyond control.

Yes warm they much for those who know
The sorrows of the youthful heart ;
Who oft have hidden, long and low,
Some sorrow which will not depart.

High-soaring now, my friend, above
The trivial fends of former days ;
I stretch the hand of life-long love,
And hold you dear in these my lays.

O ! how I wish, young friend, that thou,
—As oft I do in saddest hour—
Wast with me here, that I might now
Enjoy thy sympathetic power.

Yes long, loved friend will I recall
A few brief hours, I've spent with thee ;
While months, with common minds are all
Unknown, long since to memory.

TO ISAAC ALLEN.

President of Farmer's College.

Dear friend, forgive, if from the heart,
A wayward impulse spring too free ;
'T will but express some little part
Of friendship, which I hold for thee.

Yes, ever held, since first I knew
Thou wast the friend of erring youth,
Thy warm heart beating firm and true
To all who walk the way of truth.

Yes ever deep the constant flow
Of friendly feelings from thy soul ;
Like rivers in a sun-lit glow,
As to the deep their waters roll.

And as the rivers deep and wide
 Into the seas of earth do pour,
 Their welcome flood of silvery tide,
 And mingle in the ceaseless roar ;

So do the tides of friendship flow ;
 And mingle in the human heart,
 With all its ceaseless gloom and glow,
 Forever still its purest part.

OUR FREDDIE.

One day as I passed very near to the door
 Of a low, little cottage, with vines creeping o'er,
 A mother came forth, and thus, did implore :

Our Freddie, who once was a school-boy with you,
 In his halcyon days, when no evil he knew,
 Took early the wine-cup, which you did eschew.

And now, oh my sorrow ! who, who can console ?
 He sinks deeper, and deeper in the depths of the
 bowl,

Till its hateful enchantment holds body and soul.

Long, long have I plead, in the most earnest strain
 And prayed till my tears fell like showers of rain ;
 He breaks every promise, my efforts are vain.

His dear little children—oh, Heaven's so high !
 Does the good Master hear, when with hunger
 they cry !

And his poor wife, in sorrow most wretched, must
 die.

O ! would that the angels, (ere thus he should rack
My poor soul with sorrow) on their high, shining
track

To Heaven, in childhood, had taken him back.

Then humbly in grief, neath the all-chastening rod
I'd have lain the poor body, low under the sod,
Well knowing, the spirit had gone up to God.

O ! come to the rescue, Good Templars, and save
My dear boy from filling a drunkard's dark grave;
His soul, from the depths of Lethe's dark wave.

Dear Madam, our brave little band's in the field,
We'll gather about him every possible shield.

O ! rally, Good Templars, charge the foe till he
yield.

A SONG FOR THE JOLLY.

O ! come let us sing
The joys that abound,
In life's happy spring,
As it circles around.
For youth's happy hours
Will soon pass away,
Like the fruits and the flowers
Of the year's merry May.
Let each heart be glad
And every eye bright,
As we all dance around
So airy and light.

Let music flow on,
 In harmony sweet,
While we chase the glad hours
 With flying feet.
O ! come fair youths
 And share these joys
While yet we all are girls and boys.
 Let music flow on,
In harmony sweet
 When youth and pleasure
So happily meet.
Drive dull care away,
 And grief from the heart,
Let smiles gently play
 On each face till we part.
Forget all the toils of life,
 But its joys,
Oh ! hail them
 While we're girls and boys.
Let each heart rejoice,
 In life's happy spring,
And every sweet voice
 All merrily ring.
Let music flow on
 In harmony sweet
While we chase the glad hours
 With flying feet.
O ! come glad youths
 And share these joys,
While yet we all
 Are girls and boys.

Let music flow on,
 In harmony sweet,
 When youth and pleasure
 So happily meet.
 We'll laugh and we'll love.
 We'll dance and we'll sing,
 But sorrow not now,
 In life's early spring,
 Forgetting the toils of life,
 All its joys,
 We'll gladly hail,
 While girls and boys.
 Each heart shall be glad
 And every eye bright
 As we all dance around
 So airy and light.
 Let music flow on
 In harmony sweet
 While we chase the glad hours
 With flying feet.

ANSWER TO "WHO AM I?"

That which murmurs, yet does not weep,
 Does down some lovely valley sweep ;
 That which never shuts its eye,
 Lies on a bed that's never dry ;
 That with mouth so wide and large,
 Floats many a pretty boat and barge ;
 That which runs, yet has no feet,
 And, as it falls, is still more fleet,
 Is surely, if I do not dream,
 Some ever-flowing, silvery stream.

USE SIMPLE WORDS.

Now, Willie, write your letter,
 In common words of talk ;
 You know their meaning better,
 And will likely make no balk,
 As you might in aping school-men,
 Who through Websters's wonders walk.

The little words are sweeter,
 —To prove it by a kiss—
 They are altogether neater
 —That above is for a Miss—
 And what now can any writer
 Ever want than that and this.

 TO MISS LINDA DISMUKES.

In the distance, I hear the sweet echoes of fame,
 Audibly whispering over her name ;
 And nearer they come with each stroke of her pen,
 Soon, soon they will ring in the ears of all men ;
 And she, whose bright dawn is now gleaming afar,
 Will light up our sky, like a luminous star.
 Long may she continue, all hearts to enthuse,
 With the light and the love of her heavenly muse ;
 Now flying from earth to the realms of light,
 As she does, in her song of the "Starry-crowned
 Night ;"
 Then leaving again in the very same hour,
 The *light* of the stars, for the *love* of the flower.

THE BLOOM OF MY BLOSSOM IS FADED.

I know a man—he is old and gray;
Some seventy summers have passed away,
Since brightly dawned his natal day;
And as youth and gayety meet his eye,
He says to himself, with a sorrowful sigh:
“The bloom of my blossom is faded.”

His memory lingers o'er his youth's glad day,
Ere the pride of his strength was wasted away;
When he was as fair and as happy as they.
Alas! that life's summer so soon goes by,
Then wailing winter comes on with a sigh,
And the bloom of life's blossom is faded.

As the withered leaves from the forest fall,
And spread o'er the earth a sombre pall,
So his youth's green leaves have withered—all;
The winter of age has made them die,
And the blasts through the leafless branches sigh
The bloom of life's blossom is faded.

But it is not age alone, we see,
In his many marks of infirmity;
Nor does age bring such poverty,
Nor should virtuous age, as if loth to die,
Repeat so oft with a sorrowful sigh,
The bloom of life's blossom is faded.

But joyous to leave this cumbrous clay,
 And flee from this wicked world away,
 To the pure, bright realms of eternal day,
 Like the swan, should sing, when his end is nigh,
 His sweetest song, nor heave one sigh,
 O'er the bloom of life's blossom faded.

No crimson crimes now make him bow,
 For honor was written upon his brow
 At birth, and is even brighter now.
 Yet ever, as pleasure's train go by,
 He says, with a tear in either eye,
 The bloom of my blossom is faded.

O ! why does the old man wish, again
 To join that youthful giddy train,
 He was with them once, his wish how vain !
 Let the eyes grow dim and, the blood more dry,
 We hasten to join a bright train on high,
 As the bloom of life's blossom is faded.

Nor in manhood's pride was he beaten down,
 By the gathered gloom of fortune's frown,
 For she smiled and crowned him with a golden crown
 But sad to say, now his end is nigh,
 She's left him alone, in sorrow to sigh
 The bloom of my blossom is faded.

O ! ye who trust to a god of gold,
 Remember 'tis said in that Book of old,
 That riches, like birds, their wings unfold ;
 And alas ! when you think all secure, they fly,
 Leaving age in lean poverty's arms to sigh
 The bloom of life's blossom is faded.

O, grief ! that the false are ever fair,
Or that beauty should ever lay a snare,
To beguile young virtue unaware ;
Or when fond young hearts are united, why
Should they e'er be severed or made to sigh
The bloom of life's blossom is faded.

'Tis true, 'tis true, 'tis whispered so,
That he loved a lady, long days ago,
With a fervent feeling which few may know ;
And this deep sorrow may underlie
The sins that have led him in sorrow to sigh
The bloom of life's blossom is faded.

But alas ! oh, alas ! 'twas the tipping bowl
That maddened his passions beyond control,
That burned his body and embittered his soul.
Yes, this sure sire of sin is why
He is left now alone, in sorrow to sigh
The bloom of my blossom is faded.

Now, you that have heard this tale, beware
How you carelessly play with this cruel snare.
Less danger there is in the lion's lair.
Beware of the bowl or before you die,
You'll be left all alone, in sorrow to sigh
The bloom of life's blossom is faded.

TO THE SWISS COLONY OF KENTUCKY.

Hail, ye noble, free-born Swiss !
Thrice welcome to our sunny hills ;
Your own high homes the heavens kiss
And keep you from the lordly wills
—Together with stout hearts and hands—
Of kings who rule the lower lands.

Welcome from the land of Tell
To the land of Daniel Boone : .
The one may match the other well,
For brightly as the light of noon,
Both names—Tell's yet undimmed by age—
Illume their land's historic page.

No Austrian tyrant rules you now,
No foreign flag floats over Berne ;
The Swiss can die—they will not bow
To tyrants whom they proudly spurn.
Then welcome be the gallant Swiss,
Free in that land—and free in this.

Your Rhine and Rhone on either side,
That north—this south—run to the sea ;
Like Arnold's arms extended wide,
To make a way for liberty.
O ! welcome to our land, the seed
Of Tell and Arnold Winklereed.

Ye come where martial spirits proud
Rise quickly at their country's call ;
And glory's dangerous pathway crowd,
Though like the autumn leaves they fall.
Look ! where honor points the way
And duty calls, see ! they obey.

Ye come where shades of heroes keep
Their vigils o'er our country still ;
And when the blasts of battle sweep
The land we love, their voices thrill
—Their glorious deeds we can't forget—
The hearts of all the living yet.

Ye kindred spirits welcome, then,
Well worthy are ye to be free ;
We strike the hand with valliant men,
And sing the songs of liberty.
Welcome, welcome, gallant Swiss,
Free in that land, and free in this.

TO MISS THOMPSON,

Who requested me to burn her letter.

What ! shall the flashing flames destroy
This rich embodiment of thought,
Which wakened such uncommon joy,
Which so much pleasure lately brought ?

O ! let me keep each sacred page ;
 In future years they'll tell a part
 Of what we are, at this young age,
 Or feel a history of the heart.

And if you wish those lines of mine,
 To treasure up till future years
 Shall write your history, line on line,
 Your joys, your sorrows, and your tears ;
 Keep them, and perchance they'll light,
 With smiles, the sober brow of age ;
 And lend to fancy's backward flight,
 A lighter wing, each early page.

And yours, in future years, may start
 The swelling tear-drop, from my eye,
 Or press, from this warm-beating heart,
 For thee, dear girl, a useless sigh.

SKATING WITH MAGGIE.

O ! lucky lad, how very nice,
 To skate with Maggie on the ice ;
 Skating is the finest fun,
 Even though we skate alone.
 But to share it with the fair,
 Makes us gay as birds of air ;
 For our pleasures, then not few,
 Now are multiplied by two.
 And should it happen, as to all,
 That we fall, or nearly fall,
 —Here are doubled all the charms—
 'T is only to each other's arms.

TO EMMA.—1857.

Oft as these eyes, in other forms,
 Thy beauteous semblance trace,
 O ! how the swelling heart still scorns
 To give but thee a place.

Yes but the glance of one dark eye,
 Deep-loving, lustrous like thine own,
 Awakes a mournful memory
 Of happiness all gone.

Oh, by-gone days ! when oft we met,
 How sweet the joys with them departed ;
 I love to dream them over yet,
 And wish we were, as then, fond-hearted.

 A WAR SONG.

Rise up O ! comrades, now,
 March on with steady tread ;
 Let laurels wreath the brow,
 Or willows weep the dead.

Chorus.—O forward men, o'er the land and sea,
 Forward men, o'er the land and sea,
 Forward men, o'er the land and sea,
 Till the proud old flag floats far and free.

At Donalson, our braves
 Like leaves, in Autumn, fell,
 And Shiloh's crowded graves
 The same sad story tell.

Antitam's gory field
Is fertile with the dust,
Of those who would not yield,
But died as brave men must.

At Gettysburg our slain
Filled all the land with woe ;
But lying o'er the plain,
And flying were the foe.

Brave comrades, on the field,
We hear the long roll beat,
We hasten, do not yield,
We come with flying feet.

In God, now let us trust,
And hasten to the fight ;
Let dust go down to dust,
But live for aye the right.

TO HELLEN.

Hellen, let the eye of hate
Keep its jealous vigils o'er us ;
Let our foes our footsteps wait,
As our shadows, now before us,
Now behind us, if 't is sweet,
Like the shade, to kiss our feet.

I can stand their fiercest fire,
Let them blaze, themselves to burn ;
More in pity than in ire,
I can smile and proudly spurn.
But my Hellen, not on thee,
Must fall the blows, they mean for me.

TO LOVED ONES AT HOME.

Frankfort, Kentucky.—1873.

I see an infant at the breast,
His face is fair, his eyes are bright ;
He's pure as spirits of the blest,
Who dwell forever in the light
Of heavenly love, and never know
The darkness of our world below.

He brings to mind *my* pretty boy,
I left him in his mother's arms ;
The source of many a smile and joy,
The youngest of our household charms.
His noble brow is broad and bright,
His loving eyes are filled with light.

How rests he now ? how rest they all ?
The darling nestlings left so long ;
I can not hear their feeble call,
I can not hear their gladsome song ;
But He who sees each sparrow fall,
Will listen to their song and call.

TO MOLLIE.

Miss Mollie, let me tell you,
—Now no harm, I mean in this—
How very, very well you
Are looking, pretty Miss ;
O ! how your lucky lover,
Must prize each peerless kiss.

I love your face, Miss Mollie,
 Full of goodness and of truth ;
 The home of smiles that sally,
 In the gladness of your youth.
 Your sincere love of learning, too
 Commends you much, in sooth.

O ! ever in this valley,
 Let beauty's praises ring ;
 Like thine, at least, Miss Mollie,
 And pardon when I bring,
 This tribute to thy altar,
 This song of thee, I sing.

TO HELLEN,

Who sent me a boquet of flowers.

Now, Hellen, your heart is for union ;
 These flowers declare the great truth :
 With such, O ! how sweet is communion
 When attended by beauty and youth.
 Though age is not any dishonor,
 Nor ugliness any great crime :
 Yet, with the maid who has beauty upon her,
 I'd much rather pass off the time.
 Here's a kiss for the white hand that bound them,
 That wove in these colors so true ;
 O ! Heaven, with brave hearts surround them,
 Depend Thou, the *red*, *white*, and *blue*.

Yes, yes, 't is the union forever,
This trio of *red, white, and blue* ;
In beauty, its equal was never,
In that, it but represents you.
To the old flag my heart is still leaping,
Than life, it is dearer to me :
And morning, or night when I'm sleeping,
My mind is on it and thee.
Here's a kiss from the white hand that bound them,
That wove in these colors so true ;
O ! Heaven with brave hearts surround them,
Defend Thou, the *red, white, and blue.*

TO JANE AND MATE.

Dear Jane, dear Mate, you both are dear,
I can not tell which is the dearer :
I wish you both were with me here,
I wish a wish could bring you nearer.
Then how much wishing would I do,
Until I sat between the two.

Then what a contrast there would be,
As great, perhaps, as e'er was seen,
Two blushing roses there, but see,
That rough and ugly thorn between.
Yet while the contrast favored you,
You'd throw o'er me your rosy hue.

I say I wish you both were here,
 Now fondly leaning on my breast ;
 My bosom then would know no care,
 No weight save yours, so lightly pressed.
 O ! then an hour's sand would pass
 In one short moment, through the glass.

Dear Mate, dear Jane, the greatest bliss,
 It e'er has been my lot to know,
 The sweetest cup, was love's warm kiss,
 Then most we feel love's tender glow.
 O ! what a holy thing is love !
 Bright sun-beam from the world above.

And as the deep, dark shades of night,
 That veil our eyes, away are driven,
 When rises Sol in splendor bright,
 Lighting up the eastern heaven ;
 So do the shades of sin depart,
 As love's pure light illumines the heart.

Then chide me not because I sing,
 Nor think me foolish when I love ;
 How sweetly sings, in early Spring,
 To woo his mate, the turtle dove ;
 How loving are the two, when seen,
 Wedded mid the branches green.

Dear Mate, dear Jane, you may think strange
 That I should sing unto so many ;
 Perhaps you think I love to range,
 And likely am not true to any.
 My heart, fair ladies, I'd divide
 With beauty, though I had a bride.

TO NORA.

My fair young friend, once more my muse
Takes up the harp and beckons me
To touch its chords. I can't refuse,
And now I'll sing a song to thee.

Yes, dear old harp, we'll sing again ;
Awake sweet echoes, sleep no more :
Come mingle in a glad refrain
Of nimble numbers as of yore.

We seldom sing together, now,
But, like my good neglected flute,
Thy voice is still a lover's vow
Whene'er it ceases to be mute.

Then let us sing our sweetest lays,
For youthful beauty is our theme ;
As oft it was in earlier days,
When love was still our dearest dream.

Now, hundreds in my path I pass,
As through this life I move along ;
Yet only now and then a lass
Can move my muse, like thee, to song.

There must be beauty in the face ;
There must be brightness in the eye ;
In form and motion, matchless grace,
In head and heart a purpose high.

There must be gems within the mind,
 That shine like beauteous stars of night ;
 There must be in the heart, refined
 And ardent love of good and right.

There must be music in the soul,
 —A heavenly gift, as I have heard—
 To hold the heart in soft control,
 To tremble on each loving word ;

To flow in numbers soft and low,
 To warble like the joyous bird,
 To tune the heart to other's woe,
 To let its joy and mirth be heard ;

To sing the praises of our God,
 To swell the anthems to His name,
 When stricken by His chastening rod,
 When blest with all His love, the same.

These gifts are thine and thus to thee,
 Fair friend, I touch the tuneful lyre ;
 They move my muse to minstrelsy,
 My highest, holiest thoughts inspire.

TO JENNIE.

There's a memory every stealing
 O'er my mind, I can't forget ;
 It awakens deepest feeling ;
 'T is of one that I have met
 Long days ago, in gladness,
 And I'm thinking of her yet.

CARRIE.—1859.

The soft, sunny hours of summer were gone,
The flowers were withered and dead ;
Old Autumn had strewn the leaves o'er the lawn,
And the silvery singers had fled ;
When Carrie departed, the lady I loved,
Whose absence all sadly deplore.
O ! Carrie, come back to your Highland home
To your Highland home once more.

The bloom of youth is on her cheek,
Its gladness in her eye ;
The wooing winds her tresses seek,
As they gently pass her by.
Her lips still wear the crimson hue,
The summer roses wore ;
O ! Carrie, come back to your Highland home,
To your Highland home once more.

And now the Autumn winds are gone,
And Winter's sullen roar ;
We gladly hail the early dawn,
Of flowery Spring once more ;
But Carrie comes not with the flowers,
As she has done before.
O ! Carrie, come back to your Highland home,
To your Highland home once more.

Her smile was like the rosy hours
 Of Spring-time's blushing pride,
 As through the woodland's shady bowers,
 I wandered by her side ;
 But now alas ! she's far away,
 Those happy dreams are o'er,
 O ! Carrie, come back to your Highland home,
 To your Highland home, once more.

The birds are singing in the trees,
 The flowers are springing too ;
 Their breath is floating on the breeze,
 Which whispers still of you.
 O ! will you come again, my love,
 My heart is sad and sore,
 O ! Carrie, come back to your Highland home,
 To your Highland home once more.

LIZZIE ADAIR.—1859.

The sun has gone down, the long day is o'er,
 The plow in the field, I leave as before ;
 I'll turn me from toil, from trouble and care,
 And recall a sweet image of beauty most rare.
 Yes, fly all ye shadows, give room for her there,
 In the halls of the heart, comes Lizzie Adair.

O Lizzie is lovely, yes Lizzie is fair,
 She's pretty blue eyes
 And bonnie brown hair.

O ! glad was the day, dear Lizzie, we met,
 And that it is past, I shall ever regret ;
 But as oft as the twilight of eve shall return,
 My bosom, for thee, dear Lizzie, will burn.
 Then fly, all ye shadows, give room for her there,
 In the halls of the heart comes Lizzie Adair.

CHORUS.

The shades of that grove, that pretty retreat,
 Where lovers oft rove, where lovers oft meet,
 Shall ever more sacred to memory be,
 Since, Lizzie, my love, it was there I met thee.
 Fly, fly all ye shadows, give room for her there,
 The halls of the heart are the home of the fair.

CHORUS.

But, Lizzie, adown that stream, as you know,
 Is a shade where the waters more musically flow.
 A shade all alone, where the soft zephyrs play,
 Where the birds sing the sweetest, and lingers
 each lay.

O ! vision of beauty ! thou art meeting me there,
 Where love lit the eyes of dear Lizzie Adair.

O ! Lizzie is lovely, yes Lizzie is fair,
 She's pretty blue eyes
 And bonnie brown hair.

TO LOTTIE.

Lottie, love, I'll set me down,
Ere the inspiration's flown,
And answer yours, which, be it known,
This day, to hand came duly.

Now, Lottie, love, I wish you knew,
How fast the fiery fluids flew,
All my veins and arteries through,
And heart, oh ! how unruly !

So long, my love, you did delay
To answer me, (forgive me pray,)
I thought you false ; but O ! to-day,
I'm thinking much more fairly.

And yet, loved Lottie, in the place
Of letters, could I see your face,
And hold you in my warm embrace,
As oft I've done so dearly ;

'T would fill me with a living joy,
And cares no more could me annoy,
Than when I was an artless boy,
Running round so rudely.

But then, I can not hope to be,
In time, always, my love, with thee ;
Such happy hours ever flee,
Alas ! alas ! too quickly.

I'LL COME TO THEE.

Written for a comrade to send to his wife.

Quickly, quickly I'll come to thee,
 Come with the light upon my brow ;
 With the sunny smiles you used to see,
 But patience, love, I can 't come now.

Quickly, quickly I'll come to thee,
 The war, as the winter, can not last long ;
 Cherish this hope and let it be
 Ever thy morn and evening song.

Quickly, quickly I'll come to thee,
 Drive all care from thy snowy brow ;
 Smile, my love, when you think of me,
 Let no gloom thy spirit bow.

Quickly, quickly I'll come to thee,
 Come with the smiles of former years ;
 The bloom on thy cheek, oh ! let me see,
 The light of thine eyes undimmed by tears.

 TO ELLA SAYER.—1857.

Since now thy lips have touched my flute,
 O sweet impression of the twain !
 Its mellow notes shall not be mute,
 But sweeter, with that kiss, each strain.

How oft my lips shall press it now,
 To taste the sweetness left by thee ;
 And love it, lady, I must vow,
 As honey 's loved by honey bee.

TO CARRIE.

Carrie, I dreamed again of thee,
But all unlike my dreams before,
You frowned like fury down on me ;
We parted and to meet no more,
Unless by chance, for pride did vow
Never, never more to bow.

Your very smile was full of scorn ;
Your look was like the lightnings flash ;
Your speech was of the tempest born,
And smote the ear with thunder crash.
Glad was I, when morning's beam,
Woke me from that ugly dream.

TO SOME LADIES OF CALIFORNIA, KY.,

Who sent many luxuries to us at Camp King in 1861, with toasts and letters.

Ladies, those fowls were very fine,
Those cakes and pies were better ;
But finer than fowl, or cake or wine
Were the lines in that fine letter.

A happy new year to all of you,
And many more hereafter ;
May sorrow and age keep out of view,
But follow you joy and laughter.

Adieu dear girls, a long adieu,
May angels keep you ever ;
Our hearts and homes will be with you,
Though we should meet you never.

FRIENDSHIP.

To Wm. Skinner.

Friendship ! O ! how lovely !
When two young and bounding hearts
Like ours, are linked together,
Ere the bloom of life departs.

While the pulses beat so wildly
In the ardency of youth,
And heart to heart throbs warmly,
While they glow with love and truth.

While the bright eye neath its lashes,
Like lightning from the cloud,
Glances, gleams, and flashes
From its arches high and proud.

While the quick red glow of passion,
Mounting to the cheek and brow,
Show the spirit of a fashion,
That is neither cold nor low.

Shows the heart is full of feeling
For a fellow, when we know,
Misfortune's hand is dealing
On his head a heavy blow.

Full of firm and fiery courage
While battling for the right
On the bloody field of carnage,
Or in a moral fight.

TO ———, OF FALMOUTH, KY.

Fair friend, how can it be,
That you come with smiles to me ?
Let me sing one song to thee.

Thou art lovely as the morn,
When the day's glad hopes are born ;
As the stars, that heaven adorn.

Thou art fair as fairest flower,
Born in summer's sunny hour,
In parterre or lady's bower.

Thy smile is like the light,
Beaming gently, beaming bright,
Driving out our sorrow's night.

Thy laughter, like a rill
Leaping from a sun-lit hill,
Does my soul with music fill.

'Tis friendship pure and true,
Cherished only by the few,
That thou wouldst now renew.

Then like a jewel set
In the soul's bright coronet,
Let its luster linger yet.

And as the years go by,
And their shadows on us lie,
May our friendship never die.

TO DAISIE.

Dear Daisie, I dreamed, last night, of thee,
And the sweet words you spoke, in my heart
linger yet,
As in ocean shells linger, the sounds of the sea,
Though never again by its salt waters wet.

O ! Daisie, dear Daisie, wherever I stray,
Or by the dread fiat of fate I may go ;
You'll live in my heart, dear lady, for aye,
Though fortune may smile, or frown on me woe.

YOU'RE GETTING OLD, TOM.—*Fannie.*

When I run no longer with roving young men,
Will you tell me, friend Fannie, where you will be then?
Ah ! sick in the sadness of one score and ten !
In sadness as surely
As single till then.

When I can not pass for a gallant young beau,
And maidens look mad when I breathe to them low,
Pray tell me, will Fannie be fair as the snow ?
I would that she could,
But nature says no.

When care is beginning his furrows to plow,
O'er the unruffled fields of this ardent young brow,
Can Fannie say then, 'Tom's too old for us now ?
I'm sorry you'll fade,
But all mortals must bow.

When I have grown old and these locks have turned
 gray,
 Which now are the sport of the winds as they play,
 Will Fannie be blooming as fair as to day ?
 I would that she could,
 But nature says nay.

And oh ! when I learn how the hopes of to-morrow,
 Delude me with lights, which from fancy they borrow,
 Say can you then tell me, you never knew sorrow ?
 I would that you could,
 But all feel her arrow.

When I have grown old and dream long of the past,
 When feeling was young, and when fancy flew fast,
 Can Fannie then tell me, her beauties still last ?
 I would that she could,
 But they surely will blast.

A HYMN.

O ! come, come with me to the house of the Lord,
 Dear comrades, meet me there.
 We shall hear with delight, our Lord's holy word
 And mingle our voices in prayer.

Chorus.—O ! turn you from death's dark valley, dear
 friends,
 Where you wander in darkness alone,
 To the realms of light, on Zion's high hill,
 And live in the light of the throne.

O ! do n't you remember who suffered and died,
Dear comrades for you and me ?
Who wept o'er the world in agony deep,
And perished on Calvary's tree ?

Our Savior has gone to the mansions of rest,
Dear comrades, a home to prepare ;
And all who will love and obey his kind word,
Shall meet him in glory there.

O ! open the heart to the heavenly flame,
To the rapture of heavenly love ;
This low earth is lost to our mind as we move
On home to the mansions above.

TO UNCLE NED.

My dear old Uncle Ned,
We suspect that you are dead,
And no more the prairie tread,
Nor plow, nor reap, nor sow.
No more in honest pride,
On your ready reaper ride,
Cutting rapid, cutting wide,
As you reap or as you mow.

In grief, alas ! we bow,
For no more on Sulky plow,
Ride you like a nabob now,
O'er the wide and fertile plain.
But we justly may suppose,
In your land are living those,
Or some one, at least, who knows
Where your ashes now remain.

Some one who knew you well,
Better than he'd like to tell,
Save in confidence it fell,
And no busy breezes near.
To such, we may appeal,
—If no more *you* move or feel—
This letter to unseal,
And reply to people here.

Fun is free with Uncle Ned,
Whether living still or dead ;
And we honor his gray head,
As his neighbors do, we know.
And if, where the sun does set,
You are living, moving yet,
You're the same good Ned I'll bet,
That we knew you long ago.



TO LUCY YELTON.

Lucy, love, this little ring
I wear upon my finger yet ;
And though it is a trifling thing,
I look on it and oft forget
The world, and all therein, save thee,
Fair lady, in my revelry.

I look on it, yet do not see
The golden thing I seem to view,
For mirrored there will ever be,
As in a glass, my dearest Lou !
As in a glass, the smile, the eye,
The form, the face of beauty nigh.

I look on it, and, as I look,
Recall the pictures of the past,
I view them o'er as in a book,
Where every shape and shade are cast,
And the pictures of the prettiest hue,
Are those in which I'm nearest you.

TO JENNIE.

O ! Jennie, in those deep blue eyes,
Love in tranquil beauty lies,
Like luna in the waters ;
And though their glances I may meet
No more, their memory still is sweet,
Thou pride of Erin's daughters.

A PRAYER FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Our Father in Heaven, we pray Thee to spare
 The dear little children at home ;
 They twitter and play like the birds of the air,
 Unconscious of sorrow and trouble and care,
 The glad little children at home.

Not a poor little sparrow shall flutter and fall
 Unheeded, our Father, by Thee ;
 The winds and the wave come and go at Thy call,
 Vast worlds blaze is glory, or to nothingness fall,
 As fixed as Thy faultless decree.

Then in peace may they rest, we pray in the name
 Of Jesus, our glorified Lord ;
 May the furious fiends of flood and of flame,
 And tropical storm and plagues of all name,
 Be kept far away by Thy word.

 TO CARRIE.

Carrie, I know the child of song,
 Alive to love, alive to wrong,
 Is borne on fancy's wings along,
 Much like an airy vapor.

His soul is an embodied sigh
 Or glow of love, or in his eye
 Glad Mirth, but see, ah see her fly !
 Ere Sorrow's pall may drape her.

His life is like an April day,
 Sun and shade alternate play ;
 As quickly does it pass away,
 The few and feverish hours.

Like the winged winds that blow
Loud and shrill, or soft and low,
In sweet whispers, as they grow
Balmy with the flowers.

Like the ocean's restless wave
When breezes blow, when tempests rave,
His only calm is in the grave
Where tempest never lowers.

The poet's life, his hopes and fears,
His joys, his sorrows and his tears,
Are crowded in one half the years
To other mortals given.

But better that they are but few
And full of life, than live to rue
Three score and ten, as many do,
Outside the pale of Heaven.

Then chide me not, because I sing,
When joys elate, or sorrows wring
The heart, or when on fancy's wing
I fly unto thy bosom.

TO MISS HAMILTON.

Ah ! gentle maid, methinks I trace
The sorrows of a broken vow,
In those eyes and o'er that face,
Though veiled by smiles so gaily now.

Yes, deep within the silent cell
Of thy sad soul some sorrow lies :
An echo of hope's last farewell,
That's sometimes faint, yet never dies.

And shall this mournful echo fill
 Forever memory's spacious hall ?
 Shall death, at last, this discord still ?
 O ! from us, then, may sorrow fall.

SIGHING FOR HOME.

How slowly time flies,
 When the heart's full of sighs,
 In remembrance of friends and of home ;
 Each wearisome day,
 Seems a week to delay,
 When sadly we're sighing for home.

The stranger's cold smile
 May a moment beguile,
 And novelty cheer as we roam ;
 But all is a cheat,
 For time's never fleet,
 When sadly we're sighing for home.

Oft, oft mid the gay,
 Though from home far away,
 The morrow is speedy to come ;
 A week is away
 In the space of a day,
 But then we're not sighing for home.

Time only is fleet,
 When fair maidens I meet,
 Then most I would have it a drone ;
 But slow are the hours
 Away from love's bowers,
 When sadly I'm sighing for home.

TO LIZZIE.

Lizzie, from those eyes of blue,
Beams a soul so pure and true,
I can not help but love thee ;
And though my heart is all a glow
Of love, 'tis vain, too well I know,
Too far thou art above me.

Serenely fair that smiling face,
Such beauty and such queenly grace,
I've found in few before thee ;
But lone bosom, cease to swell,
I love not wisely, but too well,
I do almost adore thee.

Thy mind, fair lady, soars above
The things that pride and folly love,
Gay tinselries of fashion.
Above the noisy revelry,
The lust and sensuality,
Of pleasure and of passion.

But tranquil as a summer's day,
Youth's happy hours pass away,
No clouds of sorrow driven
Across thy bosom's azure sky,
Thy heart's too pure, thy hopes too high,
Too long, too firm in Heaven.

DUTY OF AMERICAN TEACHERS.

Read at the 'Teachers' Institute at Covington, Kentucky.

In addition to the duties common to teachers everywhere, there are others growing out of the genius of our republican institutions, which are as distinctively our own as our political duties, as good citizens of the great republic, are distinctively American.

These duties, patriotic in nature, may be considered firstly in reference to our profession; secondly, in reference to our pupils; thirdly, in reference to the public.

That our profession, in a land where the general intelligence is synonymous with the general good, should be held in the highest esteem by all classes, and that our pecuniary reward and social position should be equal to those of the most favored professions, would seem but a reasonable conclusion.

The facts do not sustain the hypothesis. In his report for 1876-7, the U. S. Commissioner of Education, in reference to the public economist who insists on cutting down teachers' wages, observed that "a large majority of the teachers are receiving a salary not large enough to attract him (the economist) from the arena of absolute idleness, for which they are spending their time, energies and sympathies in a work most clearly detrimental to health, as the new-made graves of many of our best teachers will sadly attest."

We have read of a French cook in an Eastern city, who received a higher salary than the learned President of Yale college.

As further evidence that our labors are not appreciated by the public, we may add, that too many journals of to-day, pandering to a popular taste for athletic sports, instead of leading the people to the higher and more

excellent plains of mental activity, publish all the details of a base ball contest, while they consign to the waste basket, as being too long for publication, the essays of genius and learning, sparkling with gems of thought, and replete with words of wisdom, set "like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

But let us not waste precious time in unavailing complaints against the public, while so many faults are found in our own ranks. To these, at least, we may apply a remedy, and to these we turn our attention, remembering that "God helps those who help themselves."

There are many persons engaged in teaching, whose entire stock of learning consists of a very limited acquaintance with those branches required by law, to be taught in the common schools. Knowing nothing of science, literature, or general history, how can they hope to command either a respectable salary or an enviable position in society.

Nay, setting themselves up as teachers, and claiming to be educated, how can their presumption escape the merited contempt of the educated classes?

Thus encumbered with pretenders within and apathy without, the profession which should be, in all respects, the brightest and the best, has fallen so sadly into disfavor, that aspiring talent turns quickly away from a prospect, at once, so full of arduous labor, and so destitute of both fame and fortune.

What is the remedy? What can be done to place our profession, where all acknowledge it ought to be, in the front rank of human energies: to make it, if not the high road to fortune, at least a title of honor, so much courted and coveted by discerning genius, as it is now discarded by ambitious talent.

Where there is a will, there is a way. Let every teacher, filled with the ambition of noble minds, resolve

to do his whole duty. Let every light lance be lifted in the charge and every bright blade flash in the contest until victory is ours. If we are too numerous, let our ranks be decimated by a higher standard of qualifications necessary to teach. Let a longer apprenticeship be served by those entering the profession, before its highest honors and emoluments can be obtained. As another incentive to greater exertions, we might institute degrees, each embracing a certain number of equivalent branches and having some pretty badge or jewel, as a visible exponent. For example, a silver star might mark the first degree, two stars the second, a golden star the third, and thus on through as many degrees as might be established.

Thus graded, with boards of examiners elected, and times appointed for examinations, by which the higher honors might be successively reached, who can doubt that great good would soon result to the profession in this way.

Again; those country teachers, who condescend to sweep school-houses and to build fires for the districts in which they are employed, should be reminded that the duties of janitor and teacher are incompatible, and can not be performed by the latter, without a great sacrifice of professional dignity.

There are also some defects in the Kentucky school laws, which should receive our early attention.

First, our salaries ought to be paid monthly. Secondly, the law allowing the County Commissioner to exact of each teacher two dollars annually, as Institute Fund, to be expended by him at his discretion in providing instruction for the teachers, thus ignoring our manhood and intelligence, is a humiliation not to tamely be endured. As if to make this law still more odious,

the act further provides that the County Board of Examiners shall be paid from this money, after which the remainder, if any, shall be distributed among those districts having libraries. The navigation laws and Stamp Act imposed by England upon the Colonies, while more oppressive only because more universal, were not more unjust or odious.

We pay the Examiners for our certificates, why should we pay them for their attendance at the Institute? and why are we taxed to build up libraries in which we have no direct or negotiable interest?

We are supposed to be an intelligent body, and as such we ought to know, as well as any County Commissioner, what instruction we need, how much we will pay for it, and when and how long we will hold our Institutes.

We ought to elect our own officers, fix our own fees, and, in short, attend to our own business as other intelligent bodies do.

But we read, "Who would be free, himself must strike the blow." Then let the indignant voice of every teacher in the State be heard against these humiliating provisions until they shall be struck from the statutes.

These are a few of the duties to our profession which suggest themselves to me, but the assembled wisdom here to-day, and that of similar bodies, will suggest many other, and doubtless much better things to be done, by the teachers in a collective capacity, for the good and honor of our noble cause.

But while our public meetings are interesting, instructive and indispensable, we conceive that the most important work necessary to be done in placing our profession upon a higher basis, must be done by each individual teacher, in, upon and for himself.

No teacher should rest satisfied with any ordinary degree of scholarship; but, remembering that "A little

learning is a dangerous thing," and adopting *excelsior* as his motto, he should press nobly forward and strive to overcome every obstacle in his pathway to high and honorable attainments, and thus drink deep of the Pierian Spring.

Holding the appetites under control by a severe and noble self-denial, and making a long and an heroic effort to rise, he may

"Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep
And drag up crowned honor by the locks."

Inordinate love of glory is not to be commended or encouraged, but the modest sentiment of the "Flower, born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air," has no action, no energy, no glory in it. We should make a most diligent use of the talents given us, that in their highest and brightest development, one may the more glorify the great and good Author of our existence.

We will now consider the second division of our subject. The American teacher should enable his pupils to form clear conceptions of the nature of our free institutions, and fully comprehend the great truth affirmed by the founders of our government, that the permanency of republican institutions depends upon the virtue and intelligence of the people. Not only should their minds be thus enlightened, but their hearts should be filled with boundless and enthusiastic love of our glorious land, "of every land the pride."

Contrast the unlimited liberties, the great prosperity, the general intelligence and home-happiness of our people, with the subordination, the ignorance, the poverty and hard lot of the masses of the old world. Let them be taught that the map of Europe, so often changed by the red hand of war between the petty and jealous

States, presents few of those great elements of progress, peace and grandeur that so eminently mark the map of America, which is changed in outline, only to be enlarged, and, in internal feature, only to mark the birth of States, the founding of cities, and the rapid progress of a Christian civilization, whose wealth, power and promise fill our own hearts with gratitude, pride and exultation, and challenge the admiration of the entire world.

Let our pupils be taught that the great American idea and realization of liberty are not the growth of a day, but that the infant colonies left to take care of themselves, soon learned a self reliance, which never deserted them, and that the love of liberty grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength until the sentiment, "Give me liberty or give me death," was well-nigh universal when uttered by the immortal Henry.

Again, liberty, baptized in the patriot blood of the Revolution, arose from that sanguinary fount "to walk in newness of life" and to show to the nations of the earth the great superiority of an intelligent democracy, in which there are no privileged classes, no entailed titles, over the musty monarchies of the old world, where hereditary rank tramples down the fair form of native genius.

We should point our pupils to the illustrious characters of the Revolution, by whose long suffering and unparalleled heroism, we enjoy the inestimable blessings of civil and religious liberty; let their busts and portraits adorn our school-rooms, together with as many revolutionary battle-scenes as possible; let them estimate the cost of our liberties by these illustrations, and learn to emulate the patriotic examples of those immortal heroes.

After having taught our pupils the great cost of our liberties, they should be deeply impressed with the great

responsibilities of American citizenship, and, with the fact that they are soon to be custodians of these priceless treasures.

History should evidently receive much more attention in our schools than it does now, and we are sanguine in the belief, that, if the quarter of a million American teachers would work earnestly for their country, in the way indicated, the ascendancy of the demagogue in American politics would soon be a thing of the past and good and true men would fill all places of public trust, to the great good and honor of our country.

In reference to our public duties, we again quote from our National Commissioner. He says: "It can not be doubted, that the great liberty guaranteed to all among us has much to do with the good will that prevails in American society, while the latter is specially promoted by systems of education, in which the children of all classes meet on common ground, rise by their own merits, acquire notions of each other, and form attachments fitted ever after to lessen the difference that separate interests and fierce competition are calculated to generate. The American teacher can not, with safety, fix his eyes upon his text-book and pupil to the neglect of these broad views. He works where all of these antagonistic forces converge, and where they must first be harmonized. He must inculcate the sentiments and encourage the customs which are to be the surest safeguards against the destructive conflicts arising between the two forces, capital and labor."

Again, he says: "The teacher and educator should not be behind in those problems which relate especially to their sphere of responsibility. They must take into consideration the entire school population, and leave no untaught classes or individuals, from which, without let

or hindrance, the ranks of pauperism, vice and crime are to be recruited. To be sure, the educator may say with justice, as a rule, that the child life does not come under his direct responsibility until five years of age, and that, so far as reached at all by official action, he is affected at home or on the streets only by the general municipal administration.

But the educator, if he has not the direct control, in any way, over the child in this early period, is by the public set as the watchman on this part of the wall. The work which he is soon to take up is begun here. The form it takes here will have much to do with his success or failure.

He can not omit the study of these outside facts without plain dereliction of duty.

He should be able to give a correct idea of them and their bearings to the public and to officials charged with general administration and co-operate to secure such legislative and administrative measures as are best fitted to secure universal intelligence and knowledge in accordance with the genius of our institutions.

We will briefly add that the patriotic teacher may do his country a great service by assisting in establishing libraries in local centers, and without being a politician, which he ought never to be, he may teach sound political principles by delivering lectures occasionally in the districts and neighborhoods in which he is located.

Thus he may make himself useful in his day and by illustrating in precept and practice that the title of an American citizen is far above that of any party name, he may help to strike the hateful shackles of party from the otherwise free limbs of the American citizen and teach him to stand erect in his independent manhood, as becomes a creature made in the image of God.

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