

**Thomas Fernon Poetry Journal, 1845-1855**

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## Recreations In Rhythm.

Thoughts suggested by a walk through the grounds intended to be laid out as a Cemetery.

'Tis meet the dead should rest in silence here  
'Mid the deep stillness of the forest shade,  
Lulled by that sound which soothes the listening ear,  
By the soft breath of whispering Zephyrs made.

There soft will be their sleep, removed afar  
From noise and tumult 'mid the haunts of men-  
The strife of passions, and the ceaseless war  
Of mad ambition struggling to be seen

We deem not that the sound of murmuring streams,  
Or whispering boughs, moved by the Zephyr's breath,  
Or songs of birds, or sunset's mellow beams  
Have power to "soothe the dull, cold ear of death."

The dead, we know, heed not the sounds of earth,  
Feel not the influence of the cooling breeze,  
Wake not when laughs abroad the voice of mirth,  
Nor sink to rest 'mid woodland harmonies,

But yet 'tis sweet, in scenes of soft repose,  
Deep in the bosom of the shady grove  
Where soothingly the murmuring streamlet flows,  
Sadly to lay the forms of those we love.

Here may the weeping mourner often come  
To bathe with tears the solitary grave  
Where sleeps some youthful form- the light of home,  
O'er whom the drooping willow branches wave.

Here may that mourner's heart, with grief oppressed,  
To Heaven direct its longing, tearful gaze;  
Here may it seek and find the promised rest,  
And yield its plaints of grief to notes of praise.

Here too, amid this grateful solitude  
Proud man may come to gaze upon the dead-  
With thoughtful brow and meditative mood  
To watch them slumbering in their clay-cold bed.

Ah! scenes like these, where sleep the sons of earth,  
Proclaim with thrilling eloquence to men-  
"This is the end of all mortal birth,  
From dust we sprang-to dust we sink again!"

Here lay me down to rest when life fled  
Beneath the shade of these overhanging trees,  
Here pillow peacefully my weary head,  
And let my requiem be the whispering breeze.

Written for S.E.B., May 1845

#### A Regret.

“He can never be to me anything more than a stranger.”- Saade.

No! No! He ne'er can be the same  
He was in days gone by;  
Henceforth that one regarded name  
May prompt the swelling sigh,  
Yet I can school my heart to bear  
All I must feel, without a tear.

A stranger he must ever be,  
And I must think no more  
Of confidence once full and free,  
Enjoyed in days of yore.  
Those halcyon hours have fled away  
Like the mists of the mountain at opening day.

The spirits of the happy past  
Are clustering round me now;  
But Ah! their spells can never cast  
This shadow from my brow.  
For they but call from memory's shrine  
Joys which can nevermore be mine.

The moonlight walk- the converse free,  
'Mid Summer's fairy hours;  
The accents breathed so tenderly,  
The language of the flowers-  
These scenes are all before me yet,  
And will I, can I e'er forget?

Oh! I have loved him long and well;  
Enshrined within my heart  
His image dwells, and can I tell  
That image to depart?  
Yes! Though to woman's love I bow,  
Let woman's pride sustain me now!

Hence! Get ye hence, and flee afar,

Spirits of other days.  
No more fair Hope, you beaming star  
Shall greet my longing gaze.  
Now let me rouse my slumbering pride,  
And all my heart's emotions hide!

Written for S.E.B., May 1845

To Josephine.

Written in her album a few days prior to her departure for the West.

And thou must go to the "green-robed West,"  
From thy early haunts afar;  
From the soil which thy youthful footsteps pressed,  
Where the bones of thy kindred are.  
Thou must bid adieu to that cherished home  
Where thy living loved-ones dwell,  
And over the dead, in their lowly tomb  
Thou must breathe a long farewell.

And yet it is not in a strange land  
That thy resting place must be;  
For thy own are there, and affection's hand  
Shall be stretched forth to welcome thee.  
Other loved ones have trodden the path thou must tread  
They are waiting to greet thee there,  
And 'tis we who must grieve that ye all are fled,  
As we breathe the parting prayer.

Home! Home! There is music in that word,  
And it touches a magic key;  
For the inmost depths of the heart are stirred  
By its gushing melody.  
Yet it is not all of home to tread  
'Mid our childhood's rosy bowers-  
To gaze on the graves of our cherished dead-  
If the living be not ours!

There is a home which the heart can prize  
Made bright by affections smile;  
And far tho' we roam from our native skies,  
That home may the heart beguile.  
There the voices which erst we have thrilled to hear,  
In the music of infancy,  
May again be heard-  
And the trembling tear  
Be seen in affection's eye.

In a home like this may thy rest be found,  
With the loved who have gone before;  
Where the severed ties which thy heart have bound  
May be linked as in days of yore.  
We shall miss thee oft, and our hearts grow sad  
As we muse how the past has been,  
And our future in gloomy hues be clad;  
Yet farewell to thee, Josephine!

June 1846.

Sonnet.  
To the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

Thanks to thee, Lady, for that vision fair  
The glowing pen hath pictured. I have gazed  
With fond devotion on that breathing form.  
And loved that "quiet grace", those gentle eyes  
Reaming "the soft hue of the brooding dove";  
That "kindly chiseled face" and "placid brow";  
That tender heart where sorrow hath no home,  
Save when its founts of sympathy are stirred  
To gushing fullness of another's woe.  
With untold power that vision haunts me still.  
It cheers my drooping spirit with a gleam  
Of a far brighter future, when this dream  
Now faintly shadowing forth the "half divine"  
Shall yield the ideal to reality.

Written October 1848, on reading "The Visionary Portrait".

Midnight Musings.

The solemn midnight hour hath come  
When from their cold, yet tranquil home,  
The sheeted dead oft steal away  
And wander 'till the breaking day  
Wide over the earth her mantle throws  
And bids them seek their calm repose.  
Around me deepest silence reigns,  
Earth's children, locked in slumber's chains,  
Have sought oblivion's realm, and there  
Find sweet relief from every care.  
Yet, at thy bidding, I am still  
(Joyous to heed thy slightest will)

A stranger to that gentle power  
Which rules the world at this calm hour.  
For thou hast bid me think of thee  
When midnight reigns, and memory  
In glowing lineaments hath wrought  
Thy image from my every thought.  
Around thee now sweet slumber's spell  
Is thrown; and oh! I long to tell  
What image mingles with the dream  
Which o'er thy cheek hath cast a gleam  
Of brightness, like the sun's sweet ray  
When smiling the farewell of day!

It needed not this word from thee  
To rouse my busy memory;  
For whilst my every my every waking hour  
Is filled with thee, with thrilling power  
In dreams thy form is ever near;  
Thy voice is lingering on my ear  
In softest accents gently breathing  
From lips round which thy smile is wreathing.  
And in those eyes of "dreamy hue"  
A tear is trembling like the dew  
Which weeps on earth at even tide.  
Is it the tear of wounded pride?  
Or rather does a feeling heart  
Impel that trembling tear to start!  
If so, and Mercy hath a home  
Within thy heart, (and there are some  
Who in their misery will swear  
That Mercy is a stranger there)  
Bid me no more to think of thee,  
But rather let my duty be  
To seek forgetfulness of one  
Who long hath made my heart her throne.

Written at the request of M.A.E., November 1848

#### Midnight Musings.

Written at the same time with the above, but in a different measure, and never presented to the lady to whom it was dedicated.

Once more the solemn midnight hour hath come  
When from their calm abodes the sheeted dead  
Steal forth amid familiar scenes to roam.  
By yearning sympathy their steps are led  
Back to their kindred's homes where erst they moved

In mortal guise, the loving and the loved.  
This hour of deepest darkness is their own.  
They trouble not the living, whilst they tread  
With noiseless step amid earth's valleys lone,  
Or on the mountain side, or in the dread  
And solemn depths of the wide wilderness  
Where human foot hath never left impress.  
Ofttimes they glide amid the slumbering throng  
Which peoples earth's expanse, and all unseen  
Their sleepless eyes will fondly linger long  
On scenes where they in mortal form have been.

But whilst the dead thus spend these lonely hours,  
My thoughts are with the living, and I long  
To rove in spirit 'mid poetic bowers,  
And vainly strive t' embalm thy name in song.  
Around me now a solemn silence reigns;  
The multitudes of earth have sought repose,  
And firmly bound in slumber's magic chains,  
All care is banished, and they heed no foes.  
But I, to do thy bidding, yet remain  
A stranger to that spirit soothing power  
Whose gently wooing yet restless reign  
Pervades the teeming world at this calm hour.  
Thy presence is round me, and I feel  
Its thrilling influence stealing through my heart,  
And tho' on those soft eyes the gentle seal  
O slumber hath been set, their beams still dart  
In softened beauty through my longing soul,  
Imparting joy I cannot control.  
Thy voice is trembling on the charmed air-  
Oh! I could list forever to its tones,  
Forgetful of earth's cold and chilling care,  
Bound in a spell whose power my spirit owns.

This sweet spell must be broken! All too long  
I've yielded to its still increasing power;  
And I must bid the memories that throng  
Around my soul, of many a bye-gone hour,  
Rebanished thence, if yet the will remains  
To cast aside these fondly cherished chains.

November 1848

To a violet gathered in an arbor attached to the house recently occupied by -----.

Sad thoughts oppress my heart, sweet flower,  
Whilst gazing on the azure dye;  
For thou hast bloomed within a bower  
Henceforth enshrined in memory.

The soil which oft her foot hath pressed  
Within its bosom gave thee birth,  
And nurtured thee upon its breast  
To deck at length thy parent earth.

Had fortune smiled, perhaps her hand  
Had plucked thee from thy pensile stem-  
Her eye thy simple beauties scanned,  
More precious now than richest gem.

And fondly cherished near that heart  
It would have been thy lot to dwell,  
Had fate not bid her hence depart,  
Far from a home she loved so well.

Yet such hath been the stem decree,  
And desolate is now that bower-  
But 'till thou fadest, thou shalt be  
Sacredly kept—deserted flower!

Gazing on thee, I'll think of one  
Whose foot hath pressed thy native earth;  
Who loved this spot now sad and lone,  
But left it ere it gave thee birth.

Yet mournful tho' thy fate may be  
To bloom unseen- regarded not,  
And breathe thy sweetness uselessly,  
Mine is a far, far sadder lot!

Thou mournest one whose gentle eye  
Thy budding charms have ne'er engrossed;  
But think how deep my grief must be  
For I have known, and loved, and lost!

May 3<sup>rd</sup> 1849



“Shall we recognize our earthly friends in Heaven?”

‘Tis a question full of meaning,  
And its depths we ponder o’er,  
Consolation fondly gleaning  
Whilst our loved ones we deplore.

Soothingly, amid the sorrow  
Of a heart bereaved and lone,  
Comes the thought of that bright morrow  
Soon beyond the grave to dawn,

When the heart, its griefs forgetting,  
Breathes the atmosphere of Heaven,  
And beholds no more the flitting  
Clouds across its pathway driven.

But in yonder glorious dwelling  
Mingling ‘mid the ransomed throng,  
Lips their gratitude are telling  
Voices blending in the song

Rising from the countless numbers  
Bending at the Eternal Throne  
Those rich strains oft soothe our slumbers  
Breathing a familiar tone.

Whence those tones of music, stealing  
O’er the spirit like a spell?  
Angels near that Throne are kneeling  
Striving all their joys to tell.

They were once, tho’ now immortal,  
“Pilgrims in this vale of tears;”  
Passing through the grave’s portal,  
They have entered brighter spheres.

Scarce there dwells one lonely being  
Who has not some friend above,  
And the soul, earth’s confines fleeing’  
Soars in vain to those we love.

But if spirits, once departed,  
Ne’er revisit earth’s dark shore,  
And no thought of the true hearted  
Enters memory’s chambers more,

Then indeed in vain we treasure  
Precious memories of the dead-  
Vain the overflowing measure  
Of the bitter tears we shed.

Ah! It cannot be-  
Tho' fleeting  
Years have sped since that sad hour  
When those warm hearts ceased their beating  
Memory has not lost her power.

'Tis the body only slumbers  
And the spirit falters not-  
Countless ages tho' it numbers,  
It is still the home of thought.

Aught inscribed on memory's tablet  
Is imperishable there-  
Tho' it seem to be forgotten,  
One day it will re-appear.

Think you then that to the loving  
Eyes will come oblivion's spell,  
When the soul its power is proving  
Severed from its mortal shell?

And if memory, thus reviving,  
Swiftly glances down the vale,  
See you not the spirit striving  
Earth's lone pilgrim first to hail?

Yes! The ties that here have bound us  
Soon shall re-unite in Heaven-  
Our loved ones again surround us  
And to our embrace be given.

Let us then, tho' fondly grieving  
O'er the graves of those we love  
Comfort take in thus believing  
We shall know our friends above

Written for E.G.W., May 1849

1849

1826

age 23 (This is written in pencil on side of poem.)

To S...  
Impromptu by T.L.F.

How sad and lonely are the passing hours  
Bereft of that sweet vision which my soul  
Had made her own.

A gloomy cloud now looms  
Around my daily path; for weeks must roll  
Their tardy minutes by ere I once more  
May gaze upon the form which I adore.

Hast thou a heart Oh stranger? Let it beat  
In sympathetic throbs for one who grieves  
For her the loved and lost, whose presence sweet  
Erstwhile made glad his heart. That heart now heaves  
With grief too deep for utterance, and with fears  
That, were he less proud, would seek vent in tears.

Let me be patient! One day I shall gaze  
With fond devotion on my spirit bride;  
And though around my soul the gathering haze  
Of doubt now lingers, it shall not abide  
Forever there. The hour at length will come  
When I shall win her to my heart and home.

Written in the Senate Chamber, April 1850, at the seat of the Senator in whose name it was  
perpetrated, whilst he was occupying the Speaker's Chair, as Chairman of the Committee of the whole.

[I----?) to the Rev. W----.

Nay, nay implore me not, I cannot love thee;  
My heart's deep tenderness can ne'er be thine.  
Go woo the blushing flowers- the stars above thee,  
And win their love, but hope no more for mine.

I know that thou are worthy of the blessing  
Which woman's fearless love can e'er bestow,  
And peacefully that priceless boon possessing,  
I pray that thou its pure delight may know.

I'll ask of Heaven, that when in fond devotion  
Before another shrine thy knee may bow,  
My fervid words may wake a like emotion,  
And cause some heart "with passion soft to glow."

But ah! In vain thou offerest thy oblation  
To one who loves thee not, yet cannot spurn-  
To one towards whom thy fervent aspiration  
So often breathed, has met with no return.

I need not tell thee that the fount of feeling  
Ebbs not, and flows not at the will's control-  
That its warm gushings, all the heart revealing,  
Are free as air- unfettered as the soul.

For thou hast drunk philosophy's deep teachings  
Exploring all fair nature's mysteries;  
Hast pondered well the soft, yet thrilling preachings  
Which find their utterance in her minstrelsies.

And surely, in thy hours of deepest musing  
When thou hast sent thy spirit forth to roam,  
It hath not backward turned, in awe refusing  
To probe the human heart- affection's home.

To penetrate its labyrinthine mazes,  
To search its inmost thoughts- its hidden springs;  
To study all its varied moods and phases,  
Sweeping its chords- that "harp of many strings."

Wonder not then, if I whilst thus believing,  
Should deem it passing strange that thou should'st still  
Bright scenes of future bliss be ever weaving,  
In which our destiny one page may fill.

For thou must know that vainly have I striven  
To wake one feeling kindred to thy own  
Within my breast; and tho' thy heart be riven,  
I still am guiltless, thou hast erred alone.

Then leave, oh leave me, and go woo another-  
Breathe not to me those words of tenderness;  
I'll love thee as a sister loves a brother,  
But towards thy own my heart is passionless.

Written for I.W.D., July 1850.

“Let us forget the past!”

Forget the past! Oh God it cannot be.  
My earthly hopes are all entombed there,  
And I must go and bow me o'er their graves,  
Kneeling forever there, until the life  
Forsakes this wearied frame, and I too go  
To dwell amid death's dark and drear abodes.

The Future! What can it afford me now  
But loneliness, and grief, and weary hours.  
Gone are the glowing visions which were all  
That cheered my saddened heart, and threw a gleam  
Of radiance on life's desolate career.  
My love for thee had nerved me to endure  
Life's ever varied ills, and murmur not.  
Its blasted schemes, its disappointed hopes,  
And all the long array of doubts and fears  
Which cluster thickly round the pilgrim's path.

All these I could have borne, if thoughts of thee  
Might yet find entrance to my heart. If yet  
When wearied with the interminable strife  
Of Mammon's votaries, I might retire  
Far from the busy world, and 'mid the still  
And deep communings of my lonely heart,  
Dwell on thy name, and reveling in the past,  
Behold again the idol which I reared  
And bowed before in ceaseless worship, 'till  
Offended Heaven has torn it from my grasp.

But ah! It cannot be. Thy lips have breathed  
The fatal word which seals my earthly doom.  
The heart which I would fain have called my own  
Is in another's keeping, and the hopes  
Of years have perished, never to revive.

I had ambition, Mary, and the strong  
And passionate wish was born within my soul  
To win a name of which thou mightiest be proud.  
I could have struggled on in life's career,  
With ever burning hope, surmounting all  
The barriers which beset the path of fame,  
Asking no aid save Heaven and thy pure love.  
What to me now is fame? I cannot lay  
My laurels at thy feet, and all their charms  
Have withered ere as yet they have been plucked.  
The strong incentive to my spirit's toil  
Thou hast destroyed, and naught is left me now  
But silently to gather up the wreck  
Of my lost hopes, and bear their sepulcher.

Tell me not then to go "forget the past!"  
Too fondly do I prize its perished joys.  
For me the future has no hopes in store,  
And would'st thou draw o'er memory's treasured hoards  
Oblivion's gloomy veil? Oh no! I will  
Not learn forgetfulness, e'en tho' my heart  
Break in the retrospect of bygone years.

August 30<sup>th</sup>, 1850.

“Sing many songs that thou may’st be remembered.” Holy Writ.

Would’st thou dwell in memory Maiden?  
Would’st thou be remembered long?  
Would’st thou make this earth an Eden?  
Let thy voice gush forth in song!

‘Mid the Spring’s bright bowers of roses,  
‘Mid the Summer’s fervid breath,  
Or when Nature, seared, reposes  
Lingering in the arms of death.

When the wintry storm is howling  
Around thy own loved sheltered home,  
And the fiends of night are prowling  
In the deep and sullen gloom:

Then let music’s thrilling numbers  
Warm the heart and cheer the soul;  
Wake the spirit from its slumbers,  
Urge it onward to its goal.

Is thy heart oppressed with sadness?  
Choose some soft and melting strain.  
Let thy harp breathe naught of gladness,  
Deep and mournful its refrain.

Let thy tones be fraught with feeling,  
Gushing tremulous and low;  
All the inner founts revealing  
Whence the troubled waters flow.

Is life’s sunshine streaming o’er thee?  
Warms thy spirit with its glow?  
Does the path which lies before thee  
Neath thy footsteps fairer grow?

Let thy song’s sweet inspiration,  
As the trembling teardrops start,  
Be the warm, sincere oblation  
Of a deeply grateful heart.

Has that heart been made the dwelling  
Of a thought unknown before,  
Till its deepest founts are swelling,  
And its streamlets gushing o'er?

Say, sweet maiden, does there linger  
In thy spirit's inmost shrine,  
Words which "time's effacing finger"  
Ne'er can force thee to resign?

Then if love's own sweet emotion  
Tunes thy lip and glads thine eye,  
And thy heart, with fond devotion,  
Breathes that thrilling, painless sigh,

Soft and pure will be the gushing  
Music swelling from thy soul,  
Every wild emotion hushing,  
Winning all to its control.

Strains like these the world will cherish  
When the grave hath claimed its own.  
Beauty's varied forms may perish,  
Idols to the dust go down;

But the heart's impassioned numbers  
Dwell in memory's chambers still,  
Though that heart in silence slumbers  
Neath earth's bosom cold and chill.

Then if thou would'st be immortal,  
Maiden of the beaming eye,  
Let thy lips be music's portal,  
Let them teem with melody.

So shalt thou be fondly cherished  
With a feeling deep and strong;  
And when all these charms have perished  
Thou shalt be embalmed in song.

August 1851

Copied, May 16, 1855 for L....F. J.... .



To Ellen  
on her  
Sixteenth Birthday.

And can it be that sixteen years have floated swiftly by  
Since first the fairy scenes of earth greeted thy infant eye;  
Since first a mother's heart was thrilled when on her bosom lay  
Another gift which Heaven had sent to cheer life's weary way?

It seems to me but yesterday that thou went sporting free,  
Unconscious all of earthy care, in guileless infancy;  
And now those sunny days have passed, and time's on sweeping flood  
Hath brought thee almost to the verge of blushing womanhood.

Thy days of infancy are o'er, the world's before thee now-  
With throbbing heart and glowing hopes, and calm, unruffled brow.  
Thy gaze is fondly fixed upon its gay and glittering throng,  
Unmindful of its guileful snares, unconscious of its wrong.

Oh many are the blissful dreams, which thy young heart hath known,  
And many are the visions bright which o'er thy path have flown.  
No gloomy tints Hope's pencil paints to dim the pictured page,  
But cloudless skies and sunny gleams thy future bright passage.

'Tis sad to think that these bright dreams are but the wreathing spray  
That sports upon old ocean's breast, then passes swift away;  
That thy young heart must know distress, and harsh corroding care,  
And learn at last that sin has marred this heritage so fair.

But better far 'twill be for thee to learn this lesson now  
Whilst friends are near, and sunny hope sits smiling on thy brow.  
'Twill fit thee calmly to endure earth's changes and decay,  
And for a brighter home on high when earth has passed away.

And now, upon thy natal day what greeting shall I send?  
What wish, dear maiden, shall I breathe, my friendship to commend?  
Thy highest happiness that wish- I would that it were mine  
Not only thus to breathe the wish, but to ensure it thine.

But where shall that dear gift be sought- Not in the world's gay throng.  
But in the home where loving hearth will shield thee from its wrong.  
True happiness can ne'er be found amid proud fashion's glare.  
It seeks love's quiet fireside, and fondly nestles there.

Then, maiden, my best wish for thee is that thy heart may find  
Within itself the priceless germ of happiness enshrined.  
Amid the quietude of home may that sweet bud expand,  
And bless with all its loving fruits the happy household band.

Oh keep thy heart with jealous care, and let's affection's glow  
Upon its altar ever live, amid time's onward flow.  
So shalt thou shed around thy home the sunny gleam of love,  
Pure as the light that pours its rays o'er the fair realms above.

Written September 29<sup>th</sup> 1851,  
For E. R.....

The two following effusions were written for the Post Office of the Fair held by the ladies of the Presbyterian Congregation, in the month of January 1852. The former was addressed specially; the latter at random.

To Mrs. L.M.F.

I have a word to breathe into your ear,  
My gentle friend, I pray you give it heed.  
'Twill be but brief, for I was never prone  
To weary with a tedious homily  
When I would seek a woman's will to change.  
Now listen! It is whispered me of late  
That since the flowing current of your life  
Had ceased to murmur in its lonely bed,  
And, like the gentle streamlet, poured its tide  
Into another channel, losing there  
Its very being, and with fondest trust  
Merging its every hope, and wish, and thought,  
All in another's destiny, and then  
In union sweet urging its noiseless way  
Adorn time's tide into the shoreless sea,  
A change had come which many would regret.  
Am I mysterious? Then let me essay  
To breathe my thoughts in plain and simple phrases.  
'Twas told me, and I trust you'll say it nay,  
That 'mid the Temple's courts your voice of song  
No more will mingle with that tuneful band  
Who lead the praises of the Mighty One,  
And on each sacred Sabbath raise on high  
The songs of Zion where her King resorts.

Can this be so? I will not give it heed  
Unless you bid me hear it from your lips.  
Why leave those friends with whom for many years  
Your voice has blended in harmonious strains?  
Why cause a vacant seat? Why check the swell  
Of the loud anthem which should reach the skies,  
Bearing the glowing tribute to the King  
From hearts which yield the sacrifice of praise?  
'Tis a sweet duty, and to cast it off  
Demands some reason strong. Can it be given?  
Methinks I hear- " 'tis woman's privilege  
To please herself and reason give none."  
This cannot be your plea, my gentle friend,  
Of you I always hoped for better things.  
Woman was made to reason, not to act  
From impulse strong, and cast her fragile bark  
Upon the wave without a compass true  
To guide her safe the swelling waters o'er  
Amid the dangers which beset Life's way.  
Strange is the lesson you would strive to teach  
To those you leave behind. Its import this:  
Whilst in Life's music but a single part  
You seek to play, content with melody,  
Then you may cultivate the art of song,  
And blend your voices with the tuneful throng  
To pour the tide of flowing harmony.  
But should you chance to learn a nobler strain,  
And blend not only tones, but hearts, and souls.  
And hopes and wishes all in union sweet,  
Until is poured upon the listening ear  
The swelling harmony of Life's full chord,  
Then must the softer music of the tongue,  
Breathing its songs of praise or notes of woe,  
Be hushed in silence deep. Not so sweet friend!  
Teach us a nobler lesson. Let us learn  
That earth was made to teem with harmony  
Of voice, and thought, and life, and destiny.  
That all may speak in unison, and pour  
Upon the world's discordant atmosphere  
A strain of music, sweet as that which breathes  
From Angel choirs who tune their harps above.

Amator Carminum. [sp?]

January 19<sup>th</sup> 1852.

To---

Maiden, whilst thy footsteps wander  
Midst the world's bewildering maze,  
Pause, and for a moment ponder  
Ere thou tread'st its devious ways

Naught thou knowest now of sorrow;  
Weeping ne'er hath dimmed thy eye,  
And Hope paints a brighter morrow  
On thy future's cloudless sky.

Yet amid earth's fairest bowers  
Where sweet odors fill the air,  
Covered o'er with blooming flowers  
Lurks unseen the thorn of care

As thy footsteps, all unheeding,  
Lead thee to those haunts of joy,  
Oh beware! For thou art treading  
Where the baleful snare may lie.

Trust not to the beauteous seeming;  
Scan each leaf, and bird, and stem;  
Drops may oft with light be gleaming,  
Earth hath many a spurious gem.

Yet there are some beds of roses  
Breathing forth their fragrance pure,  
And the wearied heart reposes  
Where those thornless flowers allure.

Hither let thy steps be tending,  
All their loveliness is thine  
If thy spirit, lowly bending,  
Makest every place a shrine

Humbly breathe a prayer to Heaven  
That thy feet may never stray.  
Sought aright, aid will be given,  
Light shall shine upon thy way.

Peacefully thy path pursuing  
Thou may'st venture boldly on,  
Wisdom's guidance ever wooing  
'Till thy mortal race be run.

Amicus.

January 19<sup>th</sup> 1852.

L...., E...., and M.... to the departing L.... .

And must thou go? Oh hour of deepest sorrow!  
Where shall our weary spirits seek repose?  
When shall the night be o'er, and a bright morrow  
Fling its radiance o'er this waste of woes?

Our tears are mingled- freely are they flowing,  
As in the happy past our spirits dwell.  
We fain would call them back- those scenes so glowing,  
In which we felt the magic of thy spell.

All mournfully we watched thy form retreating  
Amid the summer twilight's deepening gloom;  
Our hearts the while a trembling farewell beating,  
Our pallid cheeks forsaken of their bloom.

And then we turned, each to her lonely dwelling  
To muse in sadness where no eye might see  
The bursting sigh- the gushing teardrop swelling  
Up from the heart's deep fountains- and for thee.

And thou art gone! With rapid course thou'st speeding  
To where New England's hills their forms uprear.  
Thy soul is deaf to all our earnest pleadings-  
Our tones no longer fall upon thy ear.

Come back to us! To thee our hopes are clinging.  
Without thee, all is rayless, sad, and drear.  
Summer is round us all her glories flinging,  
But joy she brings not unless thou art near.

June 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1852.

Written for E....R..... .

The humble petition of "Sam" to be reinstated in the place he once held in the affections of his mistress, from which he has been most unjustly ousted by "Jim"; & that his canine feelings may no longer be continuously wounded by the neglect which he has of late experienced at her hands, & the unmistakable marks of preference bestowed upon his rival.

As an humble supplicant, Lizzie, see me bending at your feet  
If you have a heart of pity, let that heart responsive beat  
When I tell you all my sorrows, all the heavy griefs I've borne  
How my spirit sinks within me & I'm heavy, sad & lorn.

For many years, dear Lizzie, I have dwelt within your home,  
And when by your side I n'er have felt a wish elsewhere to roam  
Enough for me to bask within the light of that loved smile,  
And feel the soft weight of your hand upon my head the while.

Ah! Those were happy days to me, no troubles to annoy;  
One word- one soft, kind word from you would fill my heart with joy.  
With grateful bark & movement fleet I'd hasten to your side,  
And slumbering there would feel secure whatever ill bestride.

Alas! Then came a bitter change in that sweet dream, divine-  
A rival entered amid the bowers which erst were wholly mine.  
He stole the heart which used to throb for me, for me alone,  
And now I see the frowning glances & hear the cruel tone

I scarcely dare to raise my eyes up to those orbs of thine,  
Or place my paws upon you lap & utter a soft whine,  
When straight I'm told "Sam do begone, you have no business here!"  
And Jim is called to be caressed, & whispered "you're a dear."

But Oh! The saddest thoughts of all! You wished that I were dead.  
That 'neath the cold earth's loosened mound might rest this aged head.  
You bade them write my epitaph, I pray that it may be  
"Here lies a dog who loved too well & died of constancy!"

Is it any wonder, Lizzie, that I sometimes snap & growl,  
(For the iron deep hath entered the recipes of my soul).  
When I see that hateful Jim with your arms around him thrown  
Winning all the soft endearments which I used to call my own.

He's seen, I know, some fewer years, he's handsome too they say,  
And this is what has caused your heart to turn from me away.  
Alas! For woman's fond regards, they live in Summer's hours,  
And finish when the wintry blast has blighted beauty's flowers.

Cling to old friends, there's none so true in all the passing throng,  
As those whose fleeting years have tried, & proved the tendril strong  
Which clasps their faithful hearts to thee. Be thy own heart sincere,  
And let estrangements withering blight n'er find an entrance there.

I'm old & gray, & sluggish too, & Jim is zany & gay,  
But ah! His heart is not so true as that you cast away.  
Ere long he'll play a treacherous part, & seek some other love,  
And then you'll find that dogs, like men can sometimes faithless prove.

But I am done, my dying eyes I lift to you once more-  
Full soon I go the way that dogs have often gone before.  
Oh smile upon me as of old, & gently pat my head,  
And I will calmly sink to rest & slumber with the dead.

I know that in your pensive hours as to my grave you wind,  
You'll whisper softly to your heart- "here sleeps a faithful friend!"  
And from that grave a voice will come- "Oh prize ere death has won,  
The few, the fond, the constant hearts which now are going alone!"

Harrisburg March 11, 1854

Written for L....J. P..... .

An Elegy:  
Affectionately dedicated to the memory of  
"Jim."

Softly sweet eve steals on- the day is done,  
And wearied nature lies her to her rest.  
The last red beam of the departing sun  
Quivers a moment on the river's breast,

Then pales and dies away, as sinking low  
In majesty behind your mountain height,  
He pours his last farewell in rosette glow  
O'er all the western sky-  
And waits the coming night.

Sweet are these hours of undisturbed repose  
To him who bears the burden of the day-  
Welcome the evening wind which gently blows  
To fan his brow and waft his cares away.

And these are memory's hours- with her alone  
Oft would I rove along your streamlet's side-  
No voice but hers to breathe of days long gone,  
And tell of those who lived, & loved, & died.

But yesterday a loving heart was pained,  
And tears have fallen o'er a favorite's grave-  
No human pulse was stilled by death's cold hand,  
To thee, fond "Jim", those gushing tears she gave.

Poor dog! A melancholy fate was thine-  
Life was just opening to thy wondering gaze,  
When thou wert called thy being to resign,  
And now thine eyes are filmed with death's dull haze.

Thou shalt not be forgotten- one there is  
Who cherished thee even from her childhood's years,  
And petted thee with many a kind caress-  
Thy grave shall now be moistened with her tears.

Often amid the evening's gathering gloom,  
When sitting pensive in the twilight air,  
She'll hear thy soft step stealing through the room,  
And feel thy mute appeal to her kind care.



To fancy oft those eyes so "large and brown",  
Beaming in all their depths unchanging love,  
Will seem to gaze, as erst, into her own,  
And wait her smile their fondness to approve.

Peace to thy ashes- all thy pangs are o'er!  
Her watchful care no longer dost thou crave.  
Living her love was thine- dead thou hast more  
Than many of thy race – a peaceful grave.

And thou, sweet friend, whose loss these lines deplore,  
Deem it not weakness that thy heart is sad;  
That from its fountain, freely gushing o'er,  
Tears have been given to the humble dead.

True love and faith may claim a bond so dear,  
Whether in human soul or brute thy dwell;  
And "Jim" deserves this tributary tear,  
For he hath loved thee faithfully and well.

July 18. 1854

Written for L..... J. P.....

## A Cemetery Memorial

Of late I wandered forth at day's decline,  
Glad to forsake the city's bustling din,  
And 'mid the calmness of a lovely eve,  
To woo fair Nature in her still retreats.  
Twas a sweet day, just at the death of Spring.  
A few brief hours, and then her faltering hand  
Would drop the sceptre. From her trembling lips  
A single sigh be breathed, as if her heart  
Was saddened at the thought that she must leave  
Her just perfected work, and when the earth  
Was teeming most with verdant loveliness,  
Born from her own creative hand, lie down  
And die, yielding her precious handiwork  
To him who next should sit upon earth's throne.

I went not forth alone. Though solitude  
Hath many charms for souls of thoughtful mould,  
And much I love to court its soothing power,  
Yet dearer still to me hath ever been  
Communion with a spirit measurably  
Attuned into my own. With such a one,  
A gentle friend of mine to share with me  
The thrilling influences of that sweet hour,  
Breathing alike from earth, and air, and heaven,  
I took my way to yonder breezy hill  
Where sleep the ashes of the countless dead.

We entered in. No need of pausing there.  
No need of formal greetings though we stand  
Amid a mighty host. Deep stillness reigns  
Through that vast throng so late instinct with life.  
No eye is raised, no voice speaks welcome there-  
No hand outstretched to bid the stranger hail.  
All, all is cold, and calm, and motionless,  
Save when the wind sighs o'er the clustered mounds,  
Or birds breathe forth their songs.

With quiet steps  
We trod those paths, now in the woodland shade,  
Where venerable trees with branches spread  
Sheltered the sleeper from the garish day,  
Now where the meadow stretched, and the warm sun

Looked down upon the monumental stone,  
Pausing at times to scan with curious eye  
The loving words of affection's hand had traced  
Upon its gleaming marble. As we read,  
Perchance the record of departed worth,  
Submission's humble accents, hope's sweet song,  
Breathing of life exultant over death  
When dawns the glorious resurrection morn,  
The gentle friend who wandered by my side  
Gave utterance to her thoughts and breathed a wish  
Long cherished in her heart.

She spoke of death,  
And of the hour when she should close her eyes  
In their last sleep and be laid down to rest  
In this sequestered spot. And on her grave  
She wished no sculptured marble to be placed,  
To tell the world whose ashes there reposed,  
But that her last request to those she loved  
Would be to place above her quiet cell  
A simple cross.

I know not that I spoke  
The thought that quick came rushing to my lips,  
But if that thought had shaped itself in words,  
I would have spoken, as I may speak  
To her whose eyes shall rest upon this page,  
And give me evidence:

Tell me, sweet friend,  
What would'st thou have this emblem shadow forth  
To those who wandering here in after years  
As we do now, shall check their hasty steps  
To ask its meaning? Shall it speak thy faith,  
And tell the passerby that thy meek trust,  
Even amid the shadows of the darksome vale,  
Rested on Him who died a world to save?  
It should speak naught but this. Oh who would dare  
To plant upon the unbeliever's grave  
The glorious emblem of the Christian's faith!  
Unsanctified by Him who suffered there,  
The cross speaks only of the fellow's doom,  
But to the eye of faith an emblem fair  
Of life, and peace, and endless joys to come.

To him who on some pleasant summer's eve,  
Far in the coming years, may loiter here  
And look upon the sod which covers thee,  
This moss-grown stone which marks thy resting place  
Should tell this simple tale:

She who sleeps here  
Died in the Christian's faith. To her the cross,  
And He who bore its shame were ever dear.  
E'en in the early morning of her days  
When Earth had proffered all its cups of joy,  
And she had tasted of their mingled sweets,  
A voice divine spoke to her inmost soul,  
And bade her seek her rest.

"With cheerful step  
And glowing heart she turned that voice to hear,  
And henceforth called the Crucified her Lord.  
Her dust reposes here. Her spirit dwells  
With Him who made that gentle one his own,  
Up in His Father's house. She hath gone home;  
No more to tread the devious paths of earth  
No more to bear the burden of its ills,  
Safe, safe at last. This sweet memorial,  
So fitly shadowing the faith sublime  
In which she lived and died, stands o'er her grave  
To point the passing stranger to the Way,  
The Truth, the Life. The way her steps have troth,  
The truth which made her free; the nobler life  
She ever liveth now, through Him who bore  
The burden of a world's deep guilt and shame."

Master divine, Oh hear a supplicant's prayer,  
And grant that she, the loving and loved,  
Whose fitly uttered wish hath given birth  
To what my pen hath traced, may find that rest  
Which thou alone can'st give. Oh make her thine,  
Now in the springtime of her early years,  
And may that heart, so tender, kind, and true,  
Be consecrate to Thee!



It is enough!  
Ere yet my lips had ceased their murmured prayer,  
Whilst still its accents trembled on my tongue,  
The joyous tidings come.

She hath found rest.  
Oh blessed Master, Thou hast made her thine,  
And henceforth she shall live that nobler life  
Which hath its source in Thee. Accept, Oh God,  
The humble offering of a grateful heart,  
Burdened awhile with lingering doubts and fears,  
Now filled with chastened joy. Thine ear hath heard,  
Thy hand the work performed, and to Thy name  
Be endless praise!

May 31<sup>st</sup> 1855.

Written for L..... J. P.....