

LIBERTY POEMS.

BY

S. I. Cassels
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PRINCIPAL OF CHATHAM ACADEMY, SAVANNAH, GA.



SOLD BY

ALLYN AND M^cCARTER, CHARLESTON; J. M. BOARD-
MAN, MACON; JNO. M. COOPER AND W. T. WIL-
LIAMS, SAVANNAH; AND THE BOOKSEL-
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LIBERTY POEMS.

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Dedication.



TO

ALONZO CHURCH, D.D.,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA,

IN ESTEEM FOR HIS MANY AMIABLE VIRTUES, AND THE IMPORTANT
SERVICES HE HAS RENDERED THE CAUSE OF EDUCATION,

THESE POEMS

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.



IN all nature there are, so to speak, mute voices, that are constantly addressing us. The ear of the poet is so constructed as to hear these voices, and his nature is so formed as to modulate and express them. In doing this, he not only gratifies his own susceptibilities, but becomes the benefactor of others. He interprets a volume that is but hieroglyphical at best to the larger class of men, and awakens melody from objects that previously seemed to possess none. But the true poet touches also another instrument—an instrument encased in every human bosom—an instrument of a thousand varying chords—an instrument that, amid all the changes of time, is still unchanged—*the human heart*. Under the wand of the true bard, the poorest rustic can hear sweet and tender sounds

arising from the casement of even his rude nature. A tear falls, a smile shoots forth, a purpose is formed, and he is twice the man he was. Say not, then, an art like this is useless. Is the tear of sympathy useless, that precedes the donation? Is the aspiration useless, that leads to some great and noble enterprise? Is the sorrow useless, that weans a profligate from a life of infamy and shame? Like the hand of the Great Invisible, poetry works upon the primal causes—the unseen sources of action and feeling—the inner, and therefore the real man.

As, however, such ministry may be beneficial, it may, also, be greatly pernicious. Satan addresses himself to the same spiritual nature, that is so kindly importuned by a merciful God. His addresses, however, are those of temptation, allurements, ruin. So corrupt poetry may infuse a moral poison into the very life-blood of human sympathy and action, that may lead to the most unhappy results. But such poets are the apostates of the profession—the Judases of this divine apostolate. The real design of this gift is, to elevate, to adorn, to bless. He, therefore, who applies his ear to the harp-sounds of the real bard, may expect not only to be delighted with sweet music, but to have

his cares mitigated, his afflictions soothed, his hopes stimulated, and his whole nature refined.

With a creed of this sort in the high value of the poetical art—and with the farther conviction, that poetry is always the companion, if not the test, of a people's literature—sensible men will not be astonished that the author has attempted to relieve the drudgery of the school-room and the tedious confinement of protracted disease, by its occasional exercise. The subjects of these poems are designedly national and southern—national, to strengthen our bonds of union,—and southern, to indicate their nativity. That they may concur with the efforts of others in stimulating the literature of this sunny portion of our Republic, is among the most ardent desires of the author's heart.

SAVANNAH, GA., May 10th, 1851.

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TO THE HON. R. M. CHARLTON.

DEAR Charlton, I join to thy name
The songs I here sing to the world ;
And oh, may they tarnish no fame
Thy verses have never yet soiled.

Tho' not thy profession or trade,
Thou touchest a sweet-breathing lyre ;
And if thou would'st court but their shade,
The Muses would still more inspire.

Despise not the gift—'tis divine ;
Bright angels their harps touch with fire,
And all the redeemèd do join
To raise those full anthems still higher.

And when is our earth most divine,
But on those sweet Sabbaths of joy,
When organ and chorus combine
To raise us from time's base alloy ?

Ah, sweet on the wearied and worn,
Is the note of soft music well sung;
It takes from our hearts the deep thorn,
And makes us e'en aged still young.

And what can extract from our cares
Such nectar of sweetness as song?
Oh it soothes the rough valley of fears,
And makes us in sweetness more strong.

'Tis beauteous expression for thought,
The purest and best that we have;
Ah, none like the Muses have brought
Such pearls from that innermost cave.

It calms and refines the rough mould
Of man in his nature untaught,
And gives the fresh polish of gold
To manners, affections, and thought.

No nation can be the polite,
That has not its bard and its song;
'Twould strike the bright stars from her night,
Could Grecia but lose the proud throng.

But what is the verse that performs
Such office for man here below;
That calms his dark fears and his storms,
And dries up his fountains of wo?

The note that is sung to the spheres ?
Or that in dark chaos that lives ?—
Believe me, dear Charlton, such lyres
Can ne'er touch the bosom that grieves.

The sound that would heal the sick ear,
Must nearly approach with its note ;
'Tis feelings in common we share,
The bard must emit from his throat.

At times let him use the sublime,
Yet short be his stay from the earth,
He speaks to the tenants of time,
And must have regard to their birth.

Yet let him not drag on the ground
A serpentine course in the dust ;
But speak in a language and sound
Due homage to claim from the just.

No critic I make these remarks,
To check the free Muse of the day,
That soars on its comet of sparks,
And leaves us to grope out its way.

Nor can I this critique here close,
Till pointing to one evil more,
The Muse of our country doth doze
Too soundly on Europe's old shore.

We have a Parnassus all here,
Apollo and Muses enough ;
Then why should we travel a year,
To rob other nations of stuff ?

Oh wake from our mountains their thrill,
Oh call from our valleys their note ;
Enlist in our Freedom the will,
And set all the Nation afloat.

And if, dear Charlton, your worn ear
Can hear still complaint from a friend,
I'd tell to the South the poor share
She bears in fulfilling this end.

Oh, ours is the land of pure song,
Where mock-birds and linnets are gay ;
Where all the deep forests are hung
With blossoms that never decay.

But now I have made my debut,
Most happy to have such good aid ;
And praying all blessings on you,
I'll now to the business proceed.

JAMES OGLETHORPE.

'Tis not that Marlborough held thy hand,
 Or Eugene took thee to his tent,
 Estates of Godalming, that stand
 Credentials of thy pure descent ;
 'Tis not the vote of Haslemere,
 Or thy long seat in Parliament ;—
 'Tis not their accidents that are
 Thy fame and highest ornament.

A nature underived by blood,
 And that no titles could make great,
 That in its moral grandeur stood
 The perfect workmanship of Fate ;
 A heart that echoed back on God
 His own pulsations to do good ;
 A will to search out every road
 Where Want and weeping Misery stood—
 These are thy honors, Oglethorpe ;
 That only then shall disappear,
 When Virtue cannot virtue harp,
 Nor human eyes let fall a tear.

Thy monument had stood at home,
 A marble pile with lofty crest,

Had no desire far thence to roam
 E'er led thee to our distant West.
 But thy benevolence surpassed
 The broad Atlantic in expanse ;
 And e'en beyond its billows cast
 Thy schemes to succor human wants!
 The unfelled wilderness could stay
 No purpose of thy heart to bless ;
 Nor could the tomahawk allay
 Thy ardor to relieve distress !

Savannah, thou dost live to tell
 The strength of that untiring zeal,
 Designed by it a citadel
 Affliction and deep woe to heal.
 The child of charity, from thee
 May love to others richly flow,
 And never may'st thou scorn to be
 The helper of another's woe.

How little didst thou think, great man,
 When planting on our shores thy few,
 That from the sides of little Ann,
 A mighty State was landing too !
 Oh come and see thy paupers now,
 A nation of rich wealth and soil,
 That toss the axe and press the plow
 O'er vast domains with healthy toil!

See cities 'mid the mountains rise,
See orchards in the valleys grow,
See our great staple as it lies
Autumnal beds of scattered snow!
Oh hear our cars that groan with freight;
See navies bear our fruits away;
Our barns all full, and every gate
The home of industry and joy!

These are the fruits of thy pure zeal,
Humanity t' cure of its disease;
The poor insolvent's heart to steel
O'er life once more to cast a gaze!
A handful thou didst plant of seed;
But now the mountains shake with fruit;
Thy grain is countless millions made,
Thy prayer a vast and thriving State.

LIBERTY COUNTY.

'Tis not to wind around thy heart
The gauze of pliant flattery,
Or in thy solitude to start
The seeds of hateful vanity;

Nor yet because I am of thee,
 The fellow of thy soil and blood,
 That I now chant thee, Liberty,
 Freedom's first soil and always good.

Savannah, thou wast bending low,
 All Georgia at the feet of Power ;
 When o'er the swamps of Midway, lo!
 The star of Freedom cheers the hour!
 Ah, brave that little band of men,
 Possessed of patriot blood to boast,
 Who at the very Lion's den
 Could Freedom's buoyant standard hoist !
 This were enough to gain thee fame
 On records made of hardest brass ;
 This were enough to clothe thy name
 In glory ne'er to hide its face.
 Well have they done, thy Georgians free,
 To stamp the name where was the thing ;
 And let that word forever be
 The radiance of thy eagle's wing.

But this is noble glory past,
 That slumbers in thy graveyard now ;
 Bright honors that for e'er must last,
 Yet wreathed around thy father's brow.
 What are their sons ?—'Tis base to be
 Vile progeny of noble blood ;

To crawl around some royal tree,
And feed our pride on rotting wood.

Due thanks to Him, thy fathers' God,
Who yields thee living virtue still ;
Upholds thee on thy honored road,
And makes thee "city on a hill."
Yes, for thy stern morality,
Thy pure religion vital all,
Thy Sabbaths kept, thy altars free,
Thy "steady habits," virtues tall ;
Thy schools and teachers far abroad,
Thy charities dispensed at home,
Thy servants of the living God,
Thy lights amid the heathen's gloom ;
Thy love of country, love of law ;
For interest in the general good :
For these things thou art worthy now
Of noble sires that are with God.

Hallowed to me, O Liberty,
Is every spot that makes thy soil ;
Each bed of sand, each prostrate tree,
Each pond, and swamp, and field, are all
To me as friends, that tongueless say
Ten thousand thousand moving things.
Oh, I could kiss thy earth tho' clay,
Just for the joy its silence brings !

But there is one blest spot of all—
Thy church—thy graveyard—Sabbath-day;
These chain the heart, and make it feel
A thousand things it cannot say.
That bell—I love its well-known sound;
I heard it when a little boy;
And ne'er it strikes but deeply bound
The throbbings of my heart with joy.
And those old clapboard tents that show
Sad rents to strangers when they pass,
Awake in me a happy glow,
And yield me many a friendly face.
The dead—how still they slumber here!
How near akin they are to us!
How recently our blood was clear
In their still hearts that slumber thus!
And we shall lie there too, and make
Soft pillows in that sacred dust;
Shall 'mid the arms of parents take
And those beloved our longest rest.
And others still will come and lie,
In after years, close by our side,
Till Heaven shall send its heraldry
And gather up the slumb'ring dead.

SAVANNAH.

O'ER slumbers long thy morn is breaking,
City of the land and sea,
All thy dust around is waking,
'Neath the steps of coming day.

List the whizzing of the draymen,
List the clatter of the streets,
List the noise of stirring seamen,
List the sound of coming fleets.

See the lights that now are blazing,
Where we stumbled in the dark ;
See thy commons—how amazing—
Houses take the verdant park !

See thy panting engines groaning
'Neath the burden of their weight ;
Hear the very rail-track moaning
With the pressure of its freight !

See resources how they open
To thy fast increasing trade ;
See thy council, banks, and rich-men,
What devices they have made.

See along thy streets glad faces,
 Buoyant every heart with pride ;
See what prompt and kind caresses
 Strangers yield us from abroad.

Thine own Georgia too is turning
 To acknowledge thee at last ;
Western hearts e'en now are burning
 At thy feet their wealth to cast.

In this general agitation,
 In this sudden life from death,
Oh, receive one exhortation,
 Given with the kindest breath.

Poets see as others see not,
 Feel, perhaps, a readier thrill ;
'Tis perchance because they mix not
 Closely with the common will.

Yet from shady arbors hidden
 They behold the future far ;
And often tell, howe'er unbidden,
 Glory's true and brightest star.

Oh, Savannah, I would have thee
 All thou art and greater still ;
Yet above thy trade would see thee
 Learning's pure and classic hill.

Crouch not, O free Georgia's city,
Crouch not to the far-abroad ;
Learning hath a common pity
For the equal sons of God.

Why more sacred the pure gravel
At Athenæ or proud Rome ?
Why beyond the common level
London hath her stately dome ?

'Tis Minerva hath created
All such light-spots on the earth ;
'Tis her fame that has thus fated
Men to rule of common birth.

And she yields her pure arcana,
To our hearts as well as theirs ;
All she asks is—don't profane her
With the ceaseless cry of wares.

Hast thou not thy men of genius ?
Hast thou not a quiet shade ?
Hast thou not all earth before us,
And the heavens above our head ?

What can lib'ral Nature do then
Which she hath not cheerful done ;
What to make us truly great men,
And to yield us hence renown ?

TO THE CANOUCHEE RIVER.

Laugh not, blush not at the mention ;
 Fools there were in Athens too ;
 But such brutes received their pension,
 Burial in the common stew.

Oh, arise, ye noble Georgians,
 Long enslaved without just cause ;
 Oh, arise, and let the nations
 See you march without a pause.

And if these lines shall steal a hearing
 In some ardent breast, but weak ;
 Do thy duty, brother, fearing
 Nought of ill that shall o'ertake.



TO THE CANOUCHEE RIVER.

Not Tiber or the royal Thames,
 Not Ganges or the Celtic Rhine,
 Not Hudson or the princely James,
 Ohio, Amazon, or Seine ;
 Not th' Father of a thousand streams,
 Or Egypt's Nile, that knows no rain,
 Awakes in me such living thrill
 As thou, Canouchee, dearer still.

'Tis natural, this home delight,
Nor e'er decays by flight of time ;
A joy, whose e'er-recurring light
Shines purest when our earth is dim.
Ah, ne'er forgotten is the site
Where first began time's transient dream ;
But, like a jewel in the soul,
Is ever bright, is ever whole.

From barrens of Emmanuel,
Where first thy crystal streamlets rise,
To broad Ogeechee, where they feel
The tremor of great Ocean's sighs ;
Thy stream and name do o'er me steal
As visions of a mother's eyes ;
As those soft airs she used to sing,
When time was young and earth was spring.

To thy pure banks of grav'ly snow,
Comes the wild deer to taste thy stream ;
He lifts his head and looks below,
And sees his antlers in the beam ;
His courage wakes, his bristles grow,
He strikes the wave and breaks the dream
Brave victor of an optic show,
That had no horns t' return the blow !

The trout and red-breast cut thy wave ;
The pike and brim are found in thee ;

Ah, I can see them, how they brave
The fisher's hook to take his bee !
He pulls his cane, and from thy cave
Brings up his prey now merrily.
Boast not, Roman, of thy turbot stews,
Come taste this trout, and thine refuse.

The king-fisher stands on broken tree,
And turns his anxious eye below—
Ah, that's too deep, and this too shy ;
But see him take another, Oh !
He plunges, but his plumes are dry,
As off he bears his victim low ;
Breaks him in joy on yon strong limb,
And scouts the wave for other game.

But hear that joyous twedlede,
That yon dun songster wakes so fast ;
He shouts it as a jubilee,
That merrily and merrily doth last.
Perchance he's caught a floating berry,
Or some imagined ill has past ;
Sure Lind ne'er gave so clear a note
From even her angelic throat.

But where are those, O precious river,
That heard those carols once with me ;
Whose very souls within did quiver,
When waked that bird its minstrelsy ?

Gone now the boat that used to quaver
Beneath our happy laugh and glee ;
Ah, gone from thy healed banks for e'er,
The footprints once so deeply there !

The woodland path is covered o'er
With thorny bush and tangled vine,
The green bank now presents no more
The fisher and his angling line.
Where childhood's marble limbs once tor ;
Thy wave, the 'gator now is seen !
Triumphant Nature all doth claim
Around thy banks and lovely stream.

I see it, and I sigh the deeper,
And mem'ry sheds a brinier tear ;
I sigh o'er each now lifeless sleeper,
That by me stood once active here ;
I sigh at joys that Death, the reaper,
Has bundled up on thy sweet shore ;
I sigh to think how soon decay
May taint the cheeks we kiss to-day !

But thou art living, holy water,
Still living as in years gone by ;
Living as if no son or daughter
Of earth e'er heard thy pensive sigh ;

Living to bring to me each feature
 Of loved ones I shall never see ;
 Living to yield this heart a thrill,
 From silent banks and silent hill !

Soft may thy stream for ever flow,
 Through dangling limbs upon its breast ;
 Tall may thy lime and cork-trees grow,
 Their roots in thee for ever blest.
 I leave thee, but can never know
 At other stream so pure a rest ;
 A spell that lingers in the soul
 With joys so sweet in its control.



MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.

THE twilight gray is turning red,
 The moon lifts up her roseate head ;
 Her smiles are on the silver streams,
 Her early advent scatters dreams ;
 Her purple fingers paint each cloud,
 Her golden steps are soft and proud ;
 Her gems are on the forests hung,
 Her breath awakes all nature's tongue.

The clarion-cock salutes the day,
 Another answers far away ;

The birds are bustling in the grove,
And seek their grain or early love ;
The jay now leaps from limb to limb,
The sparrow chirps his early hymn ;
The red-breast pulls the hanging berry,
And lark and black-bird now are merry.

The bounding deer now sinks to rest,
The squirrel leaves his nightly rest ;
The calf begins his early bleat,
The lowing cows for milkmaids wait ;
The sheep are chopping on the green,
The sturdy ox now shakes his chain ;
The horses crack their early corn,
The swine are squealing round the barn.

The cook is stirring up the fires,
The thorns are cracking in the pyres ;
The axe is sounding at the pile,
The house-maid hurries to the well ;
The sifter parts the corny bran,
The meal is falling in the pan ;
The broom is whizzing on the floor,
The nurse and child are at the door.

The mules are gearing in the lane,
The stiffened wagon screams again ;
The landlord's harsher notes are heard,
The servant answers to each word ;

The nursling strikes his jingling toys,
The sportive lads awake new noise ;
The gardener cuts the dewy soil,
The prayer-bell gives its matin peal.

The huntsman blows his twisted horn,
The hounds are barking as they yawn ;
The gun sends forth its pealing noise,
The pines return its echoed joys ;
A horse is saddled at the post,
The huntsman feeds a hungry host ;
The pouch and gun are on the shoulder,
And men and horses now are bolder.

The slave is bending at the plow,
The driver gives his order now ;
The hoe is glist'ning in the furrow,
The fellows raise their cheerful hurrah ;
The ground is cleaving at each stroke,
The root-fire curls its bluish smoke ;
The planter enters at the gate,
The workers smile to see him late.

The housewife now is washing cups,
The half-grown man is feeding pups ;
The school-house bell is pealing fast,
The boys and girls are now in haste ;

The master comes and hangs his hat,
He looks around for every brat ;
The half-got task is hurried over,
Each urchin now is rapid mouther.

These are thy blessings, Country-Morn,
That ne'er enjoy the city-born,
Who lie in bed till Phœbus scolds 'em,
And only rise when hunger tells 'em ;
Nor grove nor bird their eyelids greet,
Nor dew-drops pearl around their feet ;
Each day the same—'tis always trade—
And pauper-works that man has made.

God of the Country, let me dwell,
In dewy lawn or woodland dell ;
Inhale each morn pure nature's breath,
Stroll every day o'er field and heath ;
Contentment learn from grazing herds,
Sweet music sing with happy birds ;
Live lord supreme on one small farm,
Beloved by hearts for ever warm.

MOUNT VERNON.

ROLL softly, ah softly, Potomac, thy wave ;
Oh sigh at the feet of the Chief of the brave ;
And all ye proud fir-trees that lift up the head,
Ah, bow ye, low bow ye at the tomb of the Dead.

Oh Vernon, thy bosom is chilly no more,
Thy Sleeper hath quickened thy dust and thy shore ;
Thy earth is all ardent, it breatheth of Him,
The Great and the Brave One who lies at thy stream.

His arm is unsworded, his brow is all free,
He presses no charger with rowel or knee ;
He hears not the crying of th' fallen and slam,
Nor weeps at the brave men who lie on the plain.

Nor shades the pure lustre of his lofty brow
Deep care for the country he serveth not now ;
No faction, insurgent, or foe from afar,
Disturbs his composure, or wakens his ear.

Proud Sleeper ! the envied, adored of mankind,
The Hero, the Statesman, the Citizen joined ;
Too great to be flattered, too pure to be bribed,
Too good to be tempted, too human t' be tribed ;

The stranger that passes thy Vernon doth bow,
To gaze on the mound that low temples thee now ;
Ah, he sighs from his soul at thy virtues enshrined,
And swells at the thought he belongs to thy kind.

And he, the lone pilgrim, who enters to see
The dust that is sacred to Freedom and thee,
Takes off his base sandal, and, lowly and still,
Descends to thy grave-stone, thy presence to feel.

And as he retires he prays for a shrine,
Some abbey to shade thee, some marble to shine ;
Ah, he scorns the neglect Republicans show,
Their country so splendid—their Hero so low !

He errs—for no temple or marble could tell,
The worth of thy virtue, the love that we feel.
Ah, nature, proud nature is temple for thee,
And all thy great country, from mountain to sea.

Rest calmly, Great Sleeper, the Saint of the Free,
Where oft shall the pilgrim pay homage to thee ;
Where Eagle and Banner when dimmed on the plain,
Shall bend to new glory their splendors again.

HOPE.

“PHYSICIAN of our woe,
What symbol dost thou choose,
To let us fully know
The virtues thou dost use?

Does yon sweet shining star,
That hangs in heaven so bright,
Express thy smiles, that 'are
Divine to human sight?

Or doth the monthly moon,
That droops her arms so kind,
Proclaim the goodness shown
By thee to all mankind?

Or doth the Morn, with tress
Of gold along the sky,
Depict thy loveliness,
Or thy sweet-beaming eye?

Or dost thou choose the Spring,
With swelling bud and leaf,
To teach what joys do fling
Thy hands o'er path of grief?

Or is it woman's smile,
Or laugh of childhood glad,
Or some majestic pile
To Fame or Glory made?

Is it some new-born State,
Or some new treasure found ;
Some triumph of the Great,
Or harvests of the ground ?

Oh what, blest Hope, is that
That gives thee earthly form,
That when we see, our fate
Turns joyous by the charm ?

That magic zone reveal,
That hieroglyphic tell,
That rainbow let us feel,
Or that mysterious well !"

The Goddess looked and smiled,
And thus her answer gave :
" If thou wouldst know, my child,
Then look beyond the grave.

My symbols perish here,
The playthings of a day,
'Tis where pure spirits are
They never pass away.

Expand thy wings to Heaven,
And learn my nature there,
To such alone 'tis given
To know what true hopes are."

I felt the magic charm,
My bosom swelled within,
I raised a longing arm
And pressed my plea again.

"Then why deceive us so,
Blest Hope, with false disguise ;
Why make an empty show
Of what is in the skies ?

Thou spread'st before us oft
Sweet spectres of delight,
And mak'st our journey soft,
By taking off its weight.

Is this delusion all,
A lifetime dream awake ;
And do thy shadows fall
On what we must not take ?"

The Goddess thus replied :
" I ne'er deceive, my child,
Who in my truth confide,
And to my sceptre yield.

'Tis mortals who belie
 Themselves too oft astray,
And make me falsify
 What I did never say.

As earth I promise earth,
 A land of flower and thorn,
Where blessings have their worth,
 But are themselves unshorn.

I cannot promise more,
 Or falsely, if I should,
But point to other shore,
 Where all is purely good.

If men will see all flower,
 And all the thorn disguise,
They make, themselves, the hour
 Of their deep miseries.

The phantoms they pursue,
 Are by their fancies made,
And, therefore, always new,
 And, therefore, always shade.

Would they obey my call,
 And follow where I lead,
They'd far less seldom fall,
 And far less seldom bleed.

But, wiser than their guide,
They rush like children mad,
And wand'ring from my side,
Are oft to folly led.

Yet he that heeds my voice,
Nor more expects below,
Will reap from earth its joys
And 'scape its bitter wo.

Peace will his bosom fill,
And joy his beaming eye,
And Hope around him still
Will lead to better sky."

"Then, Goddess," I replied,
"To thee I'll yield my hand,
That, never more belied,
My hopes may always stand.

But how is it, blest Hope,
That e'en thy children here,
Oft lose thy sparkling cup,
And drink almost despair?

Hast thou a twofold road,
To lead thy pilgrims in;
Or are thy evils good
To those beneath thy reign?

The hopeful are oppressed,
As others here below,
Yea, often more distressed,
By greater weights of wo.

Do these things well agree
With thy sweet counsels, Hope ;
And are we still with thee,
When in the dark we grope ?”

More tenderly, she said—
“The evils that you name
Are such as always fade
Beneath my gentle flame.

No teacher but doth set
His pupil a hard task ;
No mother, but doth wet
The cheek of sweet damask.

In earth is cast the grain
You plant for harvests full ;
But who would sad complain,
While rots the outer hull ?

Oh, look, in summer-time,
And see the fields, how green,
What golden harvests chime
Where all had deadness been !

'Tis thus the ills of life,
To those who take my rule,
Do harvest without grief
A crop of pleasures full.

Yea more—do joys create
That else had never been,
The earnings of hard fate,
The pay for sorrows keen.

The diamond hath its bed
Not in the burning sun,
But in some cavern's shade,
Where chilling waters run.

'Tis in life's deepest gloom,
The purest gems are found ;
As oft the richest bloom
Is shed on wildest ground.

Such ills are ills in name,
Or shed their natures soon,
Each shaded, but a flame
That mounts to glorious noon.

Thus faithful to my trust,
I lead my wards along,
And though their way be dust,
Will soon impart a song.

Then take my hand, fair child,
 I'll lead thee safely on,
 Nor shall thy hopes be foiled,
 Protected by my throne."

I seized her hand with joy,
 Delighted of my Guide ;
 Nor shall false dreams decoy
 My footsteps from her side.

Shine, Hope, for ever shine
 On this oft-stricken brow,
 And with thy raylets twine
 A wreath immortal now.

Of earth and time no more
 Shall these hushed lips complain ;
 But meekly travel o'er
 The leagues that yet remain.



FRIENDSHIP.

OH for a friend—an equal friend,
 To measure life with me—
 A friend whose nature all could blend
 In mine harmoniously !

Most friends on earth but meet at points,
And differ all beside ;
They join beneath their common wants,
Then shun each other wide !

And e'en where Nature kindly gives
Congenial hearts and true,
She shakes her rule, and each receives
What other never knew.

The forest tree resembles tree,
And rose with rose agrees,
But ne'er 'mong men the eye can see
Such native harmonies.

Yet in the world of life below,
Can no one heart be found,
The image of my own—the glow
Of my own spirit's bound ?

Had I the magic wand to call
Such friend from Nature's sea,
I'd charm him, were he at the Pole,
And bring him home to me.

To him I'd go each morn, each eve,
And bare my heart with joy,
Assured that he would all receive,
Nor add the least alloy."

So spake untaught Simplicity,
As Wisdom thus replied :
“ Had you your wish, blind man, ’twould be
But rival at your side.

Who differ most on earth but they
Who yet are most alike ?
Others they greet, but never see
Each other but to strike !

Can e’en the gentlest Belle forgive
Who equals her in fame ?
How oft she secretly doth strive
To shade her rival’s name !

And Generals on the field despise
Who measure swords with them—
Ah, they could curse them with their eyes
And cover them with shame !

And e’en proud Monarchs seldom rise
Above the common sin,
But often brazen legions raise
To put down equal men !

Then seek not vainly here below
Another all like thee,
But let thy warm affections grow
To all men tenderly.

To love but one is selfishness,
To love all men, divine ;
Expand thy heart, and hence embrace
Thy fellows all as thine."

" Well said and true," the youth replied,
" Yet that's philanthropy ;
A feeling of the heart allied,
But not identity.

Friendship I lack, the purest, best,
Just such as David had ;
Another Jonathan, the test
Of love that will not fade.

I care not that we truly be
Of equal height and weight ;
In gifts, professions to agree,
But in affection great.

He should my foibles overlook,
Yet warn me when astray ;
Should read with me some useful book,
And tell what wise men say.

I'd walk with him at evening late,
And in the morning dew,
And speak to him of ev'ry fate
Occurring, while 'twas new.

As stream with stream unites, would we
Our natures pour in one,
And speak and act and always be
As when we first began.

Such friend I lack, and would his weight
For him exchange in gold;
He'd be to me a better mate
Than twice ten thousand told.

Ah, many a bitter grief he'd pluck
From this oft-stricken brow,
And many a fragrant rose would make
To bloom around me now.

I have my friends as others have,
On terms as good and fair;
But 'tis commercial love—a wave
That is not always near.

When breaks some bond of earth's poor clay,
Or one live string is cut;
These friends, like thieves at break of day,
Resign you to your lot!

Such friendships are a common trade,
Soon made and sooner lost;
A spurious coin whose worth is shade,
When falls the gentlest frost.

Away with such—I hate them all,
 And than such nanelings own,
 Without a friend I'd drink my gall,
 And sigh or laugh alone."

"Too fast," now Wisdom sternly said,
 "One point you have not named—
 A task is yours and is not shade
 To own the friendship claimed.

Can your own nature purely love
 Who are not lovely seen ;
 Or can you your best homage give
 To mean and worthless men ?

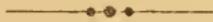
The rule you 'ply to others make
 The test of your own state ;
 Nor proudly o'er the many shake
 The rod you inward hate.

Love is a voluntary thing
 And must be earned by men ;
 'Tis only good deeds that can bring
 Its homage and retain.

If thou hast love for others, then,
 And wilt their wants relieve,
 Be sure that ne'er on earth again
 Thou wilt for friendship grieve.

'Twill meet thee in thy private walk
 And greet thee in the street,
 'Twill bless thee in the social talk
 And kiss thy very feet.

Then let thy blessings fall around
 On all who need thy aid,
 'Twill saint thy name—and in the ground
 Perfume thy very shade."



O A VERY AGED LIVE-OAK IN MIDWAY
 GRAVEYARD.

TWICE sacred Tree, by time and place,
 Fixed mourner of the sainted dead,
 I bow beneath thy aged face,
 And raise to thee a reverent head.

Thou art a sabbath-shrine for me,
 And I could worship here alone,
 Imbibe devotion round thy honored knee,
 And lay my heart at thy pure throne.

They erred ; our fathers, when they reared
 Those painted walls close by thy side ;
 Thou art a temple that has seared
 No tool or hand of man in pride.

Thy massive columns proudly hold
A canopy of changing stars ;
The light of heaven is thy pure gold,
And birds thy ever-living choirs.

Oh I can hear in thee the voice
Of sermons, and of earnest prayer,
Can gather from thy moss pure joys,
Or shed on it a melting tear.

The past is in thee, and the dead
Are tableted on thy strong bark ;
Each pulseless sleeper 'neath thy shade,
Has there inscribed his deathless mark.

And thou art mourning for them yet ;
Each lost one has his badge on thee—
His hanging moss that still is wet,
And droops down low and mournfully.

The weeper, man, has shed his badge,
And dried the eye that once was tears ;
But thou art here in thine old age,
A mourner still for other years.

How oft thou'st seen processions come
And leave round thee their precious dust ;
Decrepit age, and youthful bloom,
Virtue and love, beneath thy trust !

And thou art near them, for thy roots
 Meander round their clayey cells—
Ah more—perhaps thy airy shoots
 Are gladdened from these holy wells!

Ah, can it be—perhaps the dead
 Are now alive in thy green boughs,
And e'en thy soft and pleasant shade
 Is but their spirit-dust and vows!

Sacred the thought, and love shall view
 In every twig and leaf on thee,
Some sweet memento, ever new,
 Of them it left around thy knee.

And it will be a lovely change,
 To see thy boughs, and limbs and heart
Evolve a trust long kept and strange—
 The vital from the vital start!

They tell me that my father lies,
 Just where thy limbs approach the ground;
This joins us, Oak, by stronger ties,
 And makes my worship more profound.

My mother is not far; and near,
 Two brothers and a sister sleep.
Ah! I could lay me down and share
 With them at home their patient nap.

Bury me not, who mourn my dust,
In city-graveyard far away ;
But yield me to the faithful trust
Of parents and this sacred Tree.

Let yon gray moss, that sighs for all,
Emit soft whispers too o'er me,
And let yon massive arches tall
Be my unchiselled canopy.



TO A COTTON PLANT.

THOU Democrat of plants,
What shall I sing of thee,
Or tell what human wants
Thou fillest constantly ?

Than wool a cooler thread,
Than flax a warmer cloth,
Thou meet'st a human need,
Unanswered by them both.

The soft cocoon may yield
A dress of sunnier glow,
But worms have no such field
As thy rich Autumns show.

And cheap as good, thou art
The poor man's constant friend,
Cov'ring with down a heart
That else the storms would rend.

The millions are in thee
Of every land and shore,
Who bless thy drapery,
And need but little more.

Ah, Heaven kept back thy trade
To later ages, when
The world, one family made,
Would welcome most thy down.

But thou hast other joys
To lavish on our race ;
Thy snowy mine employs
Ten thousand hands to bless.

The slave survives by thee,
The landlord and his house,
Th' lab'rer in th' factory,
The cook in his caboose.

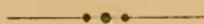
The merchant rears his pile
Of marble from thy pod,
The millionaire doth still
By thee new treasures hoard.

Thou art the balance-wheel
That regulates all trade ;
Thy price controls the scale
That gives us light or shade.

Thou mak'st a brotherhood
Of nations far apart,
And join'st by a common good
Who have a different heart.

The South and North by thee
Unite in vital bonds,
The field and factory
Employ concurrent hands.

Bloom on, thou Freedom's plant,
Bloom in the sunny South,
Oh, bless each child of want,
From thy prolific growth.



THE RICE-FIELD.

How beautiful that lake of green
That undulates so free,
That seems throughout a velvet sheen
Laid down harmoniously !

I've seen the verdant clover rise,
The wheat-field in its prime,
The oat and barley lift their eyes
Of joy in other clime ;

But art and fruitful nature ne'er
Such sight to me have shown,
As vistas of the rice-field wear
When summer winds are blown.

The joys of peace and plenty there
Unite to charm the eye ;
The trav'ler stops awhile to hear,
The twofold harmony.

The barn-yard !—see those merry birds
That cluster in each tree,
That chatter forth a thousand words
In harsh variety.

The sparrow picks the cheerful grain,
The red-bird chirps aloud ;
The partridge darts across the lane,
The doves are tame and proud.

The cattle stand around the barn,
The merry negroes sing ;
The flail beats out the snowy corn,
The joys of harvest ring.

Oh, taste your oat-meal, ye who will,
Or barrel up your flour ;
Prefer your corn—but give me still
My rice at hunger's hour.

And thou art gen'rous, lovely plant,
And like thy lib'ral South,
Far off suppli'st the craving want
Of many a hungry mouth.

The poor and sick are fed from thee,
The sailor far abroad,
And China's millions in thee see
The precious gift of God.

Oh Georgia, my native land and blest,
What treasures are on thee ;
Thy cotton shields the East and West,
Thy rice is o'er the sea.



THE MOCK-BIRD.

LET England boast her philomel,
And list her voice by night,
But mine, sweet Mock-bird, is to tell
Thy richer songs by light.

Soon as the Spring puts on her green,
Thy joyous notes are heard,
Nor cease till frosts of Autumn keen
Each vital leaf has seared.

At day's first dawn thy song begins,
Nor ends till light has fled ;
Thou warblest o'er our busy plains
Sweet sounds to make us glad.

Thine is an orchestra indeed,
Where all the birds do sing ;
One voice the happy choir doth lead,
Yet hundreds in it ring.

But thou art too our nightingale,
And charm'st our sleeping hours,
Whene'er the moon at midnight pale
A sombre daylight pours.

Oh, sweet it is to have our dreams
Enlivened by thy song ;
To stir our pillow to the charms
Of thy bewitching tongue !

But thou art dearer to me still,
The echo of my youth,
The living harp whose vital thrill
For ever through me goeth.

I hear in thee far other sounds;
A dead world lives again;
Soft footsteps fall with magic bounds
Upon life's early plain.

Sing on, sweet Bird, in bower and tree,
Sing still thy favorite airs;
No notes like thine can ever be
So joyous to my ears.



THE SABBATH MORN.

THE Sabbath treads the orient sky,
Her robes are sacred to the eye,
She breathes a breath of loving peace,
And blesses now the human race.

Her hand unseen has closed each shop,
She seals the noisy week-trade up;
She points her finger to the skies,
And bids all mortals now be wise.

The marble knee she bends in prayer,
Turns up the eye of busy care;
Melts down the heart of week-day steel,
And teaches dull humanity to feel.

She takes us to the Saviour's tomb,
Diffuses light o'er all its gloom,
Heals with its balm the broken heart,
And takes from frowning Death his dart.

She beckons to the joyous young,
Who leave their playthings for her tongue,
Sit down in groups around her feet,
And for her sweet instructions wait.

Her finger springs a thousand doors,
As in the glad assembly pours,
That waft her music to the skies,
In mixed and holy harmonies.

Ten thousand lips she makes sublime,
To teach the erring sons of time ;
To cast the gates of heaven apart,
And welcome in the pure of heart.

She takes the laborer on her arm,
To rest him in her bosom warm,
To heal the muscles strained by care,
And give him strength new loads to bear.

She leads the poor to gain supplies
From hands now open to their cries,
Yields to their starving lips full bread,
And lifts erect the drooping head.

She shoots from human heart to heart
 A common life-blood far apart,
 Unites in sympathy the race
 And makes all men as one embrace.

O Day of God, maintain thy rule,
 Shed o'er our Land thy blessings full;
 Yield us a septimal of light,
 One seventh of our time delight.



THE ORPHAN.

OH let me alone—I'm one to myself,
 Nor father nor mother have I;
 They lie in the vale beneath the tall Elm,
 And left me an orphan to sigh.

Oh let me alone—I'm one to myself,
 Nor brother nor sister have I;
 They've gone to the realms where, sainted and blest,
 They know not an orphan's dark sky.

Oh let me alone—I'm one to myself,
 Nor lover nor helper have I;
 But cast on the world all lonely and poor,
 My fate is to struggle or die.

Oh let me alone—I'm one to myself,
 Nor taunt me with jeers as ye do ;
 My cap may be tattered, my raiment well torn,
 But God-built my nature as you.

Oh let me alone—I'm one to myself,
 High-purposed to do or to die ;
 Ah, many an orphan has reaped a renown,
 And I am determined to try.

Oh ! let me alone—I'm one to myself,
 Deserted, despised it may be ;
 But God feeds the sparrows, and he will provide
 For one more poor orphan in me.



THAT PEARL-LIKE TEAR.

'Tis beautiful—that pearl-like tear,
 And rolls so beauteous down ;
 'Twould seem a drop some Angel near
 Had shed from his soft down.

And it doth gem so bright an eye—
 So soft, so gentle, kind ;
 Sure none would think that e'er a sigh
 Could there expression find.

Another comes ; 'tis yet more bright,
 The child of gladness sure,
 It trembles, sparkles, leaves the sight,
 But is like Angel pure.

And are these beauteous things the gall
 That fills dark Sorrow's cup—
 Sad dew-drops from Despair that fall
 Around the grave of Hope ?

Kind Nature, how thy radiant smile
 Doth gild our sorrows here !
 'Twould seem the Hand that smites would heal
 E'en 'neath the falling tear !



FORGIVENESS.

In this poor world of ours
 Who has not wronged a friend,
 And with the sweetest hours
 Made sighs and tears to blend ?

A word unkindly spoke,
 A look unkindly given—
 Oh ! how the transient stroke
 Some tender heart has riven !

As o'er a grassy lawn
 We tread with careless foot
Some lowly flow'ret down
 That withers to its root ;

Or with a careless hand
 Oft crush a beauteous fly ;
Or trample in the sand
 Some tender worm to die ;

So oft we wound a heart,
 Unconscious of the sin,
Till bursting cries impart
 Its knowledge, deep within.

Where all are sinning thus,
 How beauteous to forgive ;
To shed a smile and bless
 The hand that's made us grieve !

The sportive streamlet cut
 By some rude hand apart,
Unites again to float
 With a rejoicing heart.

And the sweet rose we crush
 Perfumes our hand the more ;
Yea, kisses, in its blush,
 And yields us all its core !

Forgiveness thus doth heal
The wound that's roughly given,
The broken heart doth seal,
And makes it look like Heaven.

Yea, oft doth so perfume
The soul of him that errs,
That malice hath no room
E'en where it often stirs.

Forgive—it drives away
The viper from thy breast,
That else, by night, by day,
Would give thy soul no rest.

Forgive—more high the crime
Thy heart now bleeds beneath ;
More godlike, more sublime,
To love it into death.

Forgive—its fragrance sweet
Will float to purer skies,
And God himself will greet
Who bears no enmities.

TO A HAWK,

ON SEEING ONE OVER OGEECHEE CAUSEWAY.

Pirate-bird, why poised thy wing on high,
Why turned thy piercing eye below ;
Why 'neath bright plumes such talons lie ;
Why dost thou shake and quaver so ?

Alas ! that little bird that sings
In yon dark bush-heap lowly hid,
That bears no malice on its wings,
Is now the object of thy lid !

E'en now thou plottest how to dart
And fix thy talons on his breast,
To hush the chantings of his heart,
And bear him to thy bloody nest !

Who does not hate thee, base-faced knave,
That in God's air and blazing light,
Darest his law of love to brave,
To sate thy vicious appetite ?

What right hast thou to that sweet bird ?
Didst thou adorn his plumes with gold ?
And hast thou in his nature stirred
Those raptures that are never cold ?

Is it on barns of thine he feeds ?

Dost thou supply his beak with drink ?

Hast thou his shelter made of weeds ?

Or dost thou aid his eye to wink ?

What right hast thou to coast the air,

And interdict his feebler wing—

To scout his lowly hedges here,

And be his despot, not his king ?

“Supremacy,” thou answerest proud,

“This nervous wing, these talons strong,

These eyes, that blaze in every cloud,

Proclaim what rights to me belong.”

Power thy right!—’tis based on sand ;

It should be wielded for the weak ;

Thy talons and thy haughty wing command

Protection—not a right to take.

Vain sophist—thou hast misapplied

The higher blessings God has given,

And like all sinners hast denied

The end and noble aim of Heaven.

Supremacy!—then mayest thou dread

The eagle’s more extended right,

And go, and in that bush-heap’s shade

Conceal thy plumage from his sight.

He fled—that swift-winged hawk, away,
And left me undisturbed to muse ;
To pen for other hawks, a lay
Which they may practise or refuse.

Ye tyrants, despots, wicked kings,
Ye proud oppressors of the poor ;
What right have ye to spread your wings
And gather victims from each shore ?

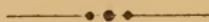
Did ye create these noble hearts
That God with bounding joy hath filled ?
Have ye bought up those native charts
That Heaven's own hand has firmly sealed ?

Bring forth your claim, and let us see
Its justice in the light of heaven—
Or, if ye fail, consent to be
Accursed of men, and ne'er forgiven.

Oh, how the briny tears of earth
Would turn to diamonds of pure joy,
If men of station and of birth
Would rightly their great gifts employ !

The vale of poverty would smile,
The hovel lose its denser gloom,
And lost humanity would feel
From its dried springs new pleasures come.

The bounding heart would always sing,
 And pride and arrogance depart ;
 Our human earth would be all spring,
 Nor sorrow shoot its venom'd dart.



LONG LIFE.

'Tis not a life of fourscore years,
 Existence when the soul is dead ;
 A shadow in the world that fears
 The feeble noddings of its head ;

'Tis not to live beyond our time,
 The beggar of another age ;
 The gray-haired child, whose only crime
 Is tardiness of Nature's page ;

'Tis not to see our grandsons weep,
 And share in evils not our own ;
 Another crop of tears to reap,
 When scarce the first is from us gone ;

'Tis not to hang, a withered leaf,
 On some high forest-bough delayed,
 And look around in bitter grief,
 And darken in the verdant shade ;—

Oh, 'tis not length of years like this
 That I would covet in my prayer ;
 But only life that ever is
 Accordant with the things that are.

When all my youthful fellows lie
 Housed in their wintry cells below ;
 Oh never, never may my vacant eye
 Survey but emptiness and wo.

And yet, there is a life 'mong men
 That I would covet long to live ;
 The life of virtue, and the reign
 That mind o'er mind doth ever give.

I'd live in thought, in action pure,
 In truth and charity divine ;
 In fancy that should ever lure
 The erring to some happy shrine.

I'd live to bless the widow, pour
 On stricken hearts a healing oil,
 To point the weary to a shore
 Where God shall every suffering heal.

To be remembered—this is poor—
 A vapor amid vapors thrown ;
 Ah, I would seek from Heaven much more ;
 To be *beloved* when I am gone.

THE GOAL OF LIFE.

Swift racers ye,
Youth, Manhood, Age,
That leap with bounding tread
From childhood to the dead,
And meet on Life's last stage.

And here ye are
Now at its goal,
Who long have pressed my heel,
Contending first to steal
From this poor clay its soul!

'Tis time to part,
We're all worn out;
Life's journey has been hard;
And though right well we're paired,
Let each now take his route.

Go bloom, seared Youth,
On other cheek;
Go Manhood, seek thy prime;
Go, Age, and snow the time
Of other pilgrim weak.

I go a way
Ye cannot tread ;
A spirit-path that lies
From bondage to the skies,
Beyond the sleeping dead.

Perhaps I'll find
In that blest land,
Who loved me here below,
And oft with ardent glow
Did press this withered hand.

Oh what delight
To meet them there,
Where changes never come
To mar the peaceful home
That blest immortals share !

...

REV. MOSES WADDEL, D. D.

I see it now, that reverend Form,
Those gray locks, cloudy brow ;
That pale blue eye, and sturdy arm,
And statue large and low.

I list those halting steps that tell
Of power and of time,
And hear again the voice that fell
Oft grating but sublime.

Oh, I could bend me lowly down
Beneath this aged Form,
And pay the tribute worth has won,
With heart sincerely warm.

To me he was a father then,
When most I felt the need ;
Took my young hand, afraid of men,
And on my footsteps led.

Long years he trained this tongue to be
God's messenger below,
And from his rich experience he
Oft made this bosom glow.

But time has rent the clayey tie,
Or hallowed rather now,
He slumbers in the dust, while I
To his pure virtues bow.

O Georgia, thou hast had perchance
Some greater men than he,
But none have met thy real wants,
Or made thee half so free.

Carolina, too, must bend the knee
 To him who trained Calhoun,
 And gave her in her galaxy,
 Her brightest stars to own.

Ah, 'tis not genius we should praise—
 A comet of mad fire—
 But him whose lifetime's days
 Have raised our natures higher.

— • • • —

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

Carolina's Star has proudly set,
 Full-blazing to the last—
 His radiant eye undimmed as yet,
 His glory round him cast.

He fell as Fame would pray to fall,
 A giant in his might;
 The Great, the Just, the Lover of all,
 Yet his own State's Delight.

In stern morality untaint,
 In patriotism pure,
 He was in politics a saint,
 In love of country sure.

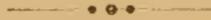
TO THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY.

He differed from the Great; but then
 'Twas great to differ thus;
 'Tis only mean and servile men
 Who bow to Mighty Us.

He followed Party while it kept
 The plain and obvious road;
 But dared to place his interdict
 Where it false veering showed.

He served his Country faithfully,
 And had he been less great,
 Might long have held composedly
 The lofty Chair of State.

His star has set, but not to die;
 'Twill blaze in glory still—
 'Twill shine in zenith-light on high,
 Full many an urn to fill.



TO THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY.

Fair Goddess of Heaven, descend from thy skies,
 Bring peace on thy sweet lip and joy in thy eyes,
 Let men now behold thee, reveal thy pure light,
 And drive from our Country the shadows of night.

Our Fathers once loved thee and built thy bright shrine ;
Ah, oft they adored thee with worship divine ;
But we their descendants, alas, for our crimes !
Have grieved and expelled thee to far distant climes.

We've laid on thy altars false offerings and fire,
We've jarred thy pure temples with quarrels and ire ;
Thy peace we've invaded with strife and debate,
And rent thy pure banner with malice and hate.

Forgive our offences ; oh do not forsake
The Land where our Fathers thy altars did make ;
With gold and with olive did crown thy blest fane,
In hope that thy presence would always remain.

Oh bring to repentance who drove thee away,
With tears and confession low bent at thy knee ;
Oh let soft compunction now win on thy heart,
To pardon a Nation half-reft of its Chart.

Fair Goddess of Heaven, forsake thy bright skies,
They need not thy blessing or sweet-streaming eyes ;
'Tis Earth that demands thee, oh hear its complaint,
And yield us thy presence thou ill-treated Saint.

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

I love it ; ah love it—that Badge of the Free :
How sweetly it waves o'er the land and the sea—
Its stripes of deep red and its heaven of blue,
And its stars all so radiant, my Country, on you.

Our Fathers first reared it to nations afar,
With life they defended each stripe and each star ;
They waved it in triumph, bequeathed it to us,
And we have received it all sanctified thus.

It bears on its bosom the hearts of the brave,
Is worshipped on land and afar on the wave ;
Who wanders the earth when he sees but its shroud,
Leaps frantic for joy and salutes it aloud.

Not yet from its azure hath fled a bright star,
Not yet from its canvas a red-stripe afar,
But stainless and restless as when it first rose,
It sheds its sweet lustre that constantly glows.

We'll leave it our children as we did receive,
The Badge of our Union, the Pledge of our love,
And pray that each cycle of time may but see
All stars on its azure and all colors agree.

THE COMPROMISE.

If personified, I trow,
As every body pleases,
No demon from the Shades could show
Such horrible grimaces.

To some it hath the magic,
Our States to bind together;
Others believe it all a trick
The Union to dissever.

To some it's very Northern,
A scheme to free the negro;
Yet others think it wholly Southern,
To cover crime in toto!

'Tis Democrat or Whiggy
As found its authors either;
Or, if you form a normal sea
Of politics, 'tis neither!

As passed no hand must alter,
For with it goes the Union;
Yet, if it stand, 'tis but a halter
To hang the whole communion!

It hath no life-blood in it,
 And yet is hard to smother ;
 It lives—but how—'tis hard to wit ;
 More hard to form another !

Mysterious Spright—yet giver
 Of truce to angry parties ;
 Disarmed apace, that yet do hover
 To find just where thy heart is !

On thy all airy spirit,
 Our weal or woe now poises ;
 A spider's web—a fly can tear it,
 And wake again our noises.



FACTION.

I hate thy Gorgon-head,
 I hate thy Demon-eye,
 I hate thy mouth distended wide,
 Thou Soul of villany.

Faction, if god at all,
 Thou art infernal born,
 The imp of Pluto, basely got,
 The monster-child of Scorn.

Hell sent thee forth to make
New subjects for its shades,
To scavage earth and gather up
The vilest for its Hades.

Thou hast no conscience, sense,
But movest as a beast ;
E'en trampling down what Satan's foot
More lib'ral would have passed.

And dost thou taint the soil,
Base Renegade of Hell,
That Freedom saints with golden wing,
And where our fathers fell ?

Avaunt—avaunt—vile thing ;
Our country spues thee out ;
We loathe thee from our hearts and will
Resist thy every note.

THE GREEK SLAVE.

How beautiful that marble face,
That bosom and that knee ;
That maiden form with every grace
The eye could wish to see.

'Tis Eve just at her woful fall
When thought began to reign,
And she first felt the wretched thrall
Of sin's oppressive chain.

Composed, yet sad that resting eye,
Resigned that perfect lip ;
Too sweet that bosom for a sigh,
Too godlike for a whip.

And hast thou, noble Greece, a child,
So perfect yet in chains—
Thy earth should have its mountains piled
And stir its granite plains.

Or is it symbol of thy state,
All beautiful but low—
Arise, ye powers of Europe great,
And blast the tyrant foe.

But I could worship e'en in chains
A being so divine ;
Forget the slave while virtue reigns
Beneath the hateful sign.

Apply thy vital breath, O God,
And make those lips to speak ;
It needs but touch of thy pure rod
To make this marble wake.

And 'tis American! O Powers,
What debt thy country owes—
It should thy statue cast, and flowers
Enwreath around its brows.



TO HON. H. R. JACKSON, AUTHOR OF TALLULAH
AND OTHER POEMS.

O'er Tallulah's roar of thunder
See a minstrel pensive stand ;
He strikes his harp—behold the wonder ;
The cat'ract listens and the land !

But he's caught a deeper fervor,
Nature spells his burning soul ;
And the cat'ract's howling terror
Wraps him in its wild control.

He maddens like a full Apollo,
Raving 'neath the tide of song ;
Raving, but to wake the echo
Peal the heavens and earth along.

He rolls his numbers o'er dead ages,
And they stir beneath the charm,
And around with snowy sages
Bow before his potent arm.

The Future springs to present being,
Its sealed-up fates made known,
And men unborn are now here seeing
Nature's grandeur and their own.

But see that look now turning upward,
Deep'ning with a holier awe ;
It glances through high nature topward
Searching for its primal law.

A God! the echo stuns but quickens ;
And his hands are madder yet ;
As up and on the music thickens,
Anthemed to the Only Great.

But it lingers, lingers lowly,
And the Bard is on his knees ;
Earth is sacred, God is holy,
And the Minstrel now is wise.

Jackson, if these perfect verses,
Perfect but inlaid with fire—
If such the song thy Muse rehearses,
Thou art sinning now to tire.

Fear not Digest or the Ermine,
Nature claims thee for her Priest ;
Seize thy leisure and determine
Incense t' offer from her breast.

A JANUARY SCENE.

'Twas on a chilly Winter's day,
When clerks were knocking for their pay;
And landlords looked a little sour,
And wives and daughters 'gan to cower;
That o'er the floor was seen to crawl
A viper-brood and hateful all.
In size and shape they differed much,
Yet each was scaly—vile to touch.
Their eyes were furious, teeth the same,
That glared and blazed with horrid flame.
They leaped, and danced, and seemed to mutter,
As if some grievous thing were matter.
At length a long and glossy fellow
Upraised his head and 'gan to bellow—
“ Why how is this, that we are hated,
“ Who ne'er before were illy treated,
“ When on the page of brilliant ledger
“ We always gave our readers pleasure?
“ But here we lie accursed and crawling,
“ An abject tribe without a calling.
“ We're children sure, and must have parents,
“ Let's look them out and tell our grievance.”

To him they yielded, and 'gan look
For father, mother, in each nook.
'Twas curious to see their capers
To find their ancestry by papers.

At length two matrons came along
Of different air, and dress, and tongue.
One was a plain but lovely creature,
With thoughtful brow and happy feature,
She walked as queen of purest blood ;
No vulgar airs, no haughty tread—
A pattern of the purely simple,
Without disfigurement or dimple,
Economy her name announced,
As to her hand the fewest pounced ;
That as they touched her magic fingers,
Began to chant as happy singers.
She dallied them awhile, but soon
Gave silver potions from a spoon.
Wonderful! It changed them, and they hung
Bright ornaments around her flung!

The other came whose name was Fashion,
Dressed changefully as changed her passion.
'Twas silk, or lace, or lawn, or berage,
As passed the week of seven days.
Indeed 'twas hard to know her truly,
She dressed so strange and very newly.

To her in swarms the reptiles flew,
 But stung her hand with venom new :
 Indeed, they gave so hard a bite,
 That she had perished of the fright,
 Had not the moping landlord started
 From his deep revery and parted !

Let those who read be taught this lesson,
 Our debts are chiefly debts of fashion ;
 And if we'd have no New-Year's sighing,
 Economy must rule our whole-year's buying.



TO JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL ;

IN REPLY TO A PIECE OF HIS ENTITLED, "ON THE CAPTURE
 OF CERTAIN FUGITIVE SLAVES NEAR WASHINGTON."

I live in Georgia, Lowell,
 As near the sun as you ;
 And have his light to know well
 What duties I should do.

We need not Borealis
 To light our path by day,
 But have a lighted Palace—
 God's Word to guide our way.

You feel for fellow blackmen,
But hate the Saxon tie ;
'Tis sure enough to rack men,
Such sounds of Charity !

Now let me tell you, Lowell,
You know not what you say,
And tho' perchance you crow well,
You crow not at the day.

Your pilgrim fathers never
Abused their neighbors so ;
Nor sought by rant to sever
The bonds that round us grew.

Like wise men they attended
To their own work at home,
Nor far and distant wended
To fix their neighbors' doom.

But their brave sons are better
Than fathers of renown ;
The fathers kept the letter,—
The sons a new law own !

See you not your notion
Must end in sin at last ;
When every body's motion
Is written law and fast ?

Now leave to us the negro,
We love him more than you,
Kind Nature loud doth say so,
And acts will prove it true.

When gave you ranters money
To liberate a slave ?
Ah, ye might free full many
If ye would act the brave.

But they must steal their freedom
Or ye will never own ;
And thus ye help to lead 'em
To sin without a groan.

See you not the negro
Is slave, however free,
Who runs away from right t' know
The chains of liberty ?

But he who leaves his master,
Permitted to go free,
Becomes the heir much faster
Of real liberty.

Kind masters have by hundreds
Your freemen made from love—
A charity that never dreads
To look right up above.

And who have borne with slavery
In all its wants and woes ?
The Southern men, whom bravely
Your creed would thus expose.

Ah, brother, come to truth then,
Be sober but for once ;
Allow that we are Christian men
On whom you rudely pounce.

Count up the untold blessings
We yield the slave each day,
And think not he has tossings
Anxious to get away.

He loves us as do brethren,
And warmer far than ye,
And tho' he is a black man
Is oft as truly free.

'Tis knaves ye Northerns shelter
Who run away from home—
That more deserve the halter
Than any other doom.

The honest slave will never
Forsake his master so,
But yield in conscience ever
To his own lord below.

But let us end this quarrel,
 Just leave us to ourselves—
 If slavery be a moral ill
 The South must free themselves.



NACOUCHEE; AN INDIAN LEGEND.

(In 1837, the author, while visiting the beautiful valley of this name in Habersham County, Ga., learned from one of the early settlers, the tradition on which these lines are based.)

“Tis deep enough, and just her very size.
 These rocks shall firmly guard and this stiff clay
 Her youth and beauty from another’s touch.
 Ah, low must be his bend who here shall crisp
 Her lip to his, and bee away its love.
 Her eye through this cold mould shall never warm
 A second lover’s heart, but shall be cased
 As jewel in strong ice for me alone.
 Her hand shall squeeze henceforth no young Chief’s hand,
 But shall dry flow’rets hold that I will place
 Between its pale fingers, mementos last
 Of him who loved her first. Her father now,
 That stern old Chief, who thinks his blood in me
 Would be profaned, shall reap full vengeance,
 When these tall pines and branchy oaks shall hear
 His wailings as the winter winds ascend

To roughen their green rest with agony.
But this is chilly bed for her I love,
And I will fur it o'er with these warm skins.
This deer I reeded through the heart near you
Tall mount, when the hot sun had made him pant,
And he was drinking at the summer's flood.
His horns I bore to her as trophy of
My skill, and pledge of feats in war and peace
That I would execute just for her sake.
She smiled upon the gift and me, and now
This skin must cushion her soft limbs and guard
From unkind pressure of the rocks and sand.
This bear I fought with tomahawk and spear,
But east him down at last a vanquished foe ;
These eagle-plumes I gathered from you mount,
Where, as a climbing hare, I watched the rest
Ethereal of their proud wearer's wing,
And twanged him through and through at one sharp shot.
This down I gathered from wild pigeons by
Long toil, and sacked from moon to moon for her ;
And I will bed and wall this nuptial couch
Of death with vines and scented flowers round,
That she may sleep upon the bosom of
The spring, and mid its rising odors reach
Th' Great Spirit's land. But will she hither come ?
Her feet have often followed mine at eve
Beneath the moon, and traced these bearded forests,
Till the Night threw down his wings o'er all

And bade us part. But will she come again?
That stern old Chief has tried to give his iron
To her heart and fence it round against the touch
Of love. She knew me once; she knows me still,
And if upon her ear these lips could fall
One word, her heart would leap again to transport,
And the strong charm of love would spell away
The tyranny of blood. As bounding roe,
Her spirit would leap forth, to find in me
Much more than friend. I'll seek her home now last."

Oh 'twas a rapture but to see Nacouchee
In her lover's arms. Her maiden heart had learned
No second laws to love, nor knew the rules
That station and expediency had made
To guide and limit its free flow. She thought
Her equal was the man who equalled her
In love. Brave Yonah was her Chief, tho' ran
No blood of princes in his valiant arms.
He was to her the morn when first it wakes
The birds and mantles all the east with gold.
Of him she dreamed at night, and through the day
Thought ceaselessly.—His name, even when accursed,
Would wake up all her joys, and run along
Her heart as thrill of spirit-voices heard,
That live in fancy when the sound has ceased.
Light not more obeys the sun, or nature
Her great laws, than her pure heart his bidding.

She heard his call, unheard by other ear,
That bounded through her soul; and as a child
She leaped into his arms. Alone they track
The forests, and scarce fright the dewy leaves.
Theirs was the silence of deep love, when Fate
Had intervened its iron arm to keep
Two hearts apart now maddened into one.
Despair unites as death, and welded natures
Feel on earth nought else so strong as their embrace.

But they have reached the fatal spot at last.
The stars are winking through the trees, and winds
Of evening creeping on from leaf to leaf,
As spirit foot-prints on the yielding air.
The moon looks clear and glad as if no ill
Of earth had ever wrinkled on its face
A half-made sigh, or tinged its silver ring
With shadow of a tear. The majesty
Of nature garbs the forests and sheds down
The presence holy of its awful cause.
And yon bright star of love—Nacouchee too—
That seems a gem some angel had impinned
On Night's dusk-robe, or spot of steady light
That hope had jewelled on the sky to give
The wretched peace—that star now sweetly shines
As if 'twould lamp the stairway of dark death
And kiss its glory into cheek henceforth
To be forever cold. 'Tis fitting place

To die, and through soft dews and nightly winds
Exhale to nature back its spirit-gift.

He falters ; and she shrinks with flushing snow.

“Forbear, my Yonah, till I fix the terms
Of this last deed.—To live with thee on earth
I hope not now ; to live and be apart
Is worse than this cold rest—I choose the last,
But only thus. The gray-haired man, my Sire,
Thou shalt not harm, or touch on his loved brow
One half-dropped hair. To thee as me let him
Be sacred hence. His blood in mine thou shedd’st,
Let that suffice. And one thing more I ask—
When night-winds walk around this tumulus,
And the dark forests sigh with their repose,
Come thou just here and bend as now beside
Nacouchee’s grave. Thou vow’st for me in death
Virginity ; I thee devote henceforth
As sacredly in life. Let not the kiss
Of other maid profane the lips and cheek
Nacouchee dewed, ah often, with her love,
Let not the hand of other lover hold
The palm that I relinquish now to die.
We marry here beneath these solemn trees,
And at this opened earth, henceforth to be
My couch. You go to chase the deer, the bird,
But I to the Great Spirit Land, where oft,
’Mid streams and arbors of rich drapery,

My eyes shall look around to find the face
Of him so dear on earth—Yes, even there,
I shall be widowed of thy love, and hide
'Mid sunny hearts one thought of grief I ne'er
Shall tell, nor e'er shall lose till we as here
Shall meet again. Say, dost thou promise thus?"

He promised, and she bared her maiden neck
To love's despairing stroke! So Jephtha slew
His virgin to a vow, and Homer's chief
Appeased Diana's hate with Iphigenia.
New springs have robed the forests oft with green,
And the hard winter shot his icicles
As frozen arrows 'mong the tree-tops thick
Of that dark grave—yet there she sleepeth still—
The saint of Indian love—the emblem pure
Of woman's heart, e'en in its savage state—
A beacon-wreck to those who love amiss.
She sleeps—but her soft name, Nacouchee, sounds
Throughout the vale, and on the airy chime
Of drooping harvests soothes the white man's ear.

ASPIRATIONS.

Oh for enough of brilliant dust
To set my muse agoing ;
To pay th' expenses of her nest
And hush the printer's boring !

Oh for a lov'd Mæcenas nigh
To patronize my verses ;
To recommend to others, aye,
And save me from reveries !

Oh for a southern publisher
To aid me in the selling,
Willing the risk of trade to share
And help me when a-failing !

Oh for a Georgia Quarterly
By lib'ral hands conducted,
Sustained from mountain to the sea
And to the South^{er} devoted !

Oh for a hundred authors
'Twixt Norfolk and Ri' Grande
To save us from our busy "Northers,"
And make our books more handy !

Oh for a Southern literature,
Refined, and chaste, and goodly,
As Athens had, and Rome of yore,
And we should have most surely!

But we are Spartans, doomed to be
The slaves of others' thinking;
A haughty race that good can see
But in a foreign inking.

We use the sword and till the soil
As did the Spartans bravely;
But leave, as they, of learning all
To them who are less knavelly..

We look at counters often marred
Beneath a foreign pressure—
Believe it ours, and think it hard
The South should write so—bless you!

But I forbear lest I should harm
Some neighbor's kindly feeling;
And reaching forth a friendly arm
Now give to all a greeting.

LIBERTY POEMS.

BY

S. I. CASSELS,

PRINCIPAL OF CHATHAM ACADEMY, SAVANNAH, GA.



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