



120 Academy Street, Trenton, NJ. 08608
609-397-7188 * www.trentonlib.org

Collection 132
Charles B. Headly Poetry Journal

By Hollie Bishop & Ellie Strother
March 2021

Introduction

Not much is known about Charles B. Headly, although it is assumed that he lived in the vicinity of Bucks County, PA, as evidenced by a clipping dated 1853 that was found in his poetry journal. An obituary in the [] states that he died on 27 August 1862 at age 38, which would have him around age 12 when he wrote this journal. There is no record of a Fallsington Seminary, yet it is possible that students called it a “seminary.” It may have actually been one of the three Quaker schools in the area at that time. A Quaker by the name of James Anderson transferred his membership from Radnor to Falls Monthly Meeting in 1834, and then to Middletown in 1838. “J. Anderson, Inst.” is written on the front of the journal so it is possible that the “seminary” was actually the Fallsington Friends School.

The handwritten poetry journal seems to have been a class assignment. It is a simple-stitched set of 20 pieces of colored paper; folded to a size of 5”x 8”. Scans of the pages are available on the website: <https://trentonlib.org/wp-content/uploads/2021/06/Coll.-132-Charles-B.-Headly-images-of-pages-1.pdf>

Transcription

Every attempt was made to transcribe exactly as words were written. Those in [brackets] are best-guesses.

Front Cover:

The Property of Charles B. Headly

7th mo. 26th 1836

J. Anderson, Inst[ructor]

Back Cover [see page 40]:

Page 2:

THE REquest:

Dear Aunt, one evening Thomas said,

Of all the stories you have read,

I pray you tell me one:

But not of people old or sick,

Or naughty boys, but tell me quick

Some dog or cat, or monkey's trick,

That make a deal of fun!

Now to this Aunt, full many a rhyme

And story of the olden time

Had oft been said or sung:

She paus'd a while, the fire she stirr'd

And then repeated word for word,

This tale, which she in prose had heard

When she was very young.

Continued to the next page

Page 3:

THE SAILOr

AND THE MONKeys

Once in the hope of honest gain,

From Afric's golden store

A brisk young sailor cross'd the main,

And landing on her shore.

And leaving soon the sultry strand,

Where his fair vessel lay,
He travell'd o'er the neighboring land
To trade in peaceful way.
Full many a toy had he to sell,
And caps of scarlet dye,
All such things as he knew full well
Would please the natives eye.

Page 4:

But as he travelled through the woods,
He long'd to take a nap,
And opening there his pack of goods,
Took out a scarlet cap,
And drew it on his head. Thereby
To shield him from the sun,
Then soundly slept, nor though an eye
Had seen what he had done,
But many a monkey dwelling there,
Though hidden from his view,
Had closely watched the whole affair
And long'd to do so too.
And while he slept did each one seize,
A cap to deck his brows,
Then climbing up the highest trees,
Sat chattering on the boughs.

Page 5:

The sailor waked his caps was gone
And loud and long he gri[e]ves,
Till looking up with heart forlorn,

He spi'd at once the thieves.
With cap of red upon each head,
Fully fifty faces grim,
The sailor sees, amid the trees,
With eyes all fixed on him.
He brandished quick a mighty stick,
But could not reach this lower
Nor yet could stone for every one
Was far beyond his power.
Alas! he thought, I've safely brought
My caps far over seas,
But could not guess, it was to dress
Suck little rogues as these.

Page 6:

Then quickly down he threw his own,
And loud in anger cri'd
Take this one too, you thievish crew,
Since you have all beside.
But quick as thought, the caps were caught
From every monkeys crown,
And like himself, each little elf
Threw his directly down.
He then with ease did gather these,
And in his pack did bind,
Then through the wood ~~did bind~~ conveyed his goods,
And sold them to his mind.

Charles B Headly

SUNSET and SUNshine

Contemplate when the sun declines,
Thy death with deep reflection,
And when again he rising shines
Thy day of resurrection

C B Headly

Page 7:

THE OAK

The oak for grandeur, strength and noble size
Excels all trees that in the forest grow
From acorn small that trunk, those branches rise
To which such signal benefits we owe.
Behold what shelter in its ample shade,
From noon-tide sun, or from the drenching / rain
And of its timber staunch, vast ships are made
To sweep rich cargoes o'er the watery main

Charles B Headly 7th mo. 30th 1836

The Lost Child

At midnight from the silent street,
There came a mingled hum,
Of voices and of passing feet,
And loudly beaten drum.

Page 8:

A child was lost nor could be found,
In alley, street, or lane;
His friends and father sought around,
But sought him all in vain.
Tho' many a lantern lent its aid,
And torches beamed on high,

In vain the mournful party stray'd,
Till morning lit the sky.
Then by the waters side they came,
And there, oh! sad they say,
All cold and wet his lifeless frame
Upon the sea weed lay.
That morning when he stray'd from home
The little fellow plann'd,
Along the waters edge to roam
Among the yellow sand.

Page 9:

And as he sported free from care,
The slippery rocks around,
The rising tide surpris'd him there,
And overwhelm'd and drown'd!
They bore him home, a mournful sight!
And speedily array'd
His little form in spotless white,
And in a coffin laid.
Next came his friends, a mournful band,
To form his funeral throng,
Where many children hand in hand
Went mournfully along.
In grave yard green may still be seen
A monumental stone,
And letters fair engraven there,
His name and age make known.

Charles B Headly. 8th mo. 3rd 1836

Page 10:

The Pigs CBH

One morning Thomas stood beside,
Where all the Pigs were [feeding],
And much was he amazed to see
Their utter want of breeding.
Their breakfast, whether thick or thin
So greedily they swallow,
Not only mouth and nose went in,
But feet and legs must follow.
They fought and kick'd and squealed and cried
In long and loud contention
As each fat porker push'd aside
Some pig of less dimension.
Full many a pail of whey they pour
Into a trough well hollow'd
And each when he could eat no more,
Into a puddle wallow'd.

Page 11:

Save one who silly made his way
Where a large tub was filling,
And of sweet [butter]-milk and whey
Long unperceiv'd kept swilling.
Till now quite full, he turn'd around
To join his muddy brothers
But felt so ill that soon he found
He could not reach the others.
And as he cri'd aloud with pain,

Upon the green grass lying,
The people came and very plain
They saw the pig was dying.
For of the butter-milk and whey,
His skin was full to bursting,
And there his swelling carcase lay,
A figure most disgusting!

Page 12:

His ~~figure~~ breath grew shorter till he died,
And there a grave they made him,
A very pleasant pond beside,
Where quietly they laid him.
In Thomas' eyes came tear drops big,
And quick his heart was beating;
Nor has he yet forgot the pig
That died from over-eating.

Charles B Headly 8th mo. 5th A.D. 1836

THE ANGLER SONG C.B.H.

From the rivers splashy bank
Where the sedge grows green and rank,
And the twisted woodbine springs,
Upwards speeds the morning lark

Page 13:

To its silver cloud and hark!
On his way the woodsman sings.
On the dim and misty lakes
Gloriously the morning breaks,
And the eagles on his cloud:

Whilst the wind with sighing, woos
To its arms the chaste cold ooze,
And the rustling reeds pipe loud.

Charles B Headly

THE WREns

The Wrens, a busy little race,
When April days were warm,
To seek a summer's dwelling place
Came flying round the farm.
And not a former tenant fail'd,
His last year's lodge to spy,

Page 14:

For many a little box was mail'd
About the buildings high.
Beside the chamber window, there
Hung one of curious frame,
To this a newly wedded pair,
To take possession came.
Here sticks and straws, and moss they brought
There little nests to form,
And many an hour the couple wrought,
To make it snug and warm.
One from the house beheld them oft,
And strove the work to aid,
By locks of wool and cotton soft,
Upon the windows laid.
With joy she saw them bear them hence
And to their nest convey,

And still increasing confidence
They gather'd every day.

Page 15:

Their friend, kind hearted, often came
With many a goodly crumb,
And knocking on the window frame,
Would say, Are Wrens at home.
Forth at the sound of the little birds
Would come and fearless stand,
To take the bread and snow-white curd's
From the protecting hand.
They laid their eggs, they hatched their young
In peace and safety there,
And many a grateful song they sung,
On summer morning fair.

Charles B Headly A.D. 1836

Milking

Tw'as near the close of the day, yet bright
The sun shone o'er the hill,

Page 16:

And pour'd a flood of golden light
On every object still.
With hat in hand and reeking brows
Did little Thomas come,
For he had been to bring the cows
From distant pasture home.
Now seated on the gray stone wall,
Which all the yard surrounds,

His eye attentive noted all
That passed within its bounds.
With snow-white pail, the dairy's / pride
Each milker seated low,
Resting his head against the side
Of every gentle Cow.
From Brown, and Pied, and Black and Red
The milk with ease was drawn,
But Brindle fiercely shook her head
And raised her pointed horn.

Page 17:

Away she ran, but boy and man
Soon overtook and tied her,
And sturdy Ben, to milk her then,
Sat closely down beside her.
“So! so!” they cri'd “stand steady now!”
But all would not avail,
For with her foot, the restless cow,
Soon overthrew the pail.
On dirt and sword, the milk was pour'd,
By Brindle's luckless blow,
And in a pen, they put her then,
Till she should tamer grow.
The rest were turn'd (the milking done)
To feed grassy field,
Till summon'd by the morning sun,
Their morning's milk[y] to yield.

Charles B Headly A.D. 1836

Page 18:

Difference of Color

God gave to Afric's sons,
A brow of sable dye,-
And spread the country of their birth
Beneath a burning sky,-
And that a cheek of olive, made
The little Hindoo child,
And darkly stained the forest tribes
That roam our western wild.
To me, he gave a form
Of rather [whiter] clay-
But am I therefore, in his sight,
Respected more than they?
No! -Tis the hue of deeds and thoughts
He traces in his Book,-
Tis the complexion of the heart
On which he deigns to look
Not by the tinted cheek,
That fades away so fast,

Page 19:

But by the color of the soul,
We shall be judged at last.
The righteous Judge, will look at me
With sorrow in His eyes,
If I, my brother's darker brow
Should ever dare despise L.H.S.

Charles B Headley August 19th A.D. 1836

DUST to DUST

Earth to earth, and dust to dust!

Here the evil and the just;

Here the youthful and the old;

Here the fearful and the bold;

Here the matron and the maid,

Side by side lie withering

Here the vassal and the king

In one silent bed are laid;

Here the sword and sceptre rust:

Earth to earth, and dust to dust!

Page 20:

THE PIGS

Do look at those pigs as they lay in / the straw,

Little Richard said to his papa,

They keep eating longer than ever I saw

What nasty fat gluttons they are!

I see they are feasting, his father replied

They eat a great deal I allow!

But let us remember before we deride

Tis the nature my dear of a sow

But when a great boy such as thee / my dear Dick,

Does nothing but eat all the day,

And keeps sucking good things till he / makes himself sick

What a glutton! indeed we may say.

When plumcake and sugar for ever he [picks]

And sweetmeats, and comfits, and figs:

Pray let him get rid of his own nasty trick

And then he may laugh at the pigs.

Charles B Headly

Page 21:

Domestic Peace

Tell me on what holy ground
May domestic peace be found?
Halcyon-daughter of the skies
Far on fearful wings she flies
From the tyrants scepter'd state,
From the rebels noisy hate.
In a cottag'd vale she dwells,
List'ning to the sabbath bells,
While all around her steps are seen
Stopless Honours meeker [mien]
Love the sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling through her tears
And mindful of the past employ
Memory, bosom spring of joy

Charles B

Page 22:

THE KITE

Oh look at my kite,
In its airy flight,
How pretty it flies,
Right up to the skies
With its white breast stirred
Just like a bird:
Pretty kite, [pretty] kite,

In your airy flight
What do you spy,
In the bright little blue sky:
I wish I was you,
To be there too,
Oh then how soon
I would peep at the moon,
And see the man there,
Who gives me a stare,

Page 23:

When I look up at night,
At his beautiful light.

Charles B Headly

INDIAN

Swift on his foot and dexterous with / his bow
The swarthy Indian scours / the desert wild
Lives on his prey seeks vengeance on / his foe
And boasts him forest lord rude / natures child
His savage art to torture and to / tear
Or o'er the lake to speed the light / canoe
No other knowledge seeks no other care
Than his forefather or his father / knew

Charles B Headly 1836

Page 24:

The Camel Charles B Headly
Camel, thou art good and mild,
Might'st be guided by a child;
Thou wast made for usefulness,

Man to comfort and to bless.
Thou dost clothe him, thou dost feed;
Thou dost lend to him thy speed.
And through wilds of trackless sand,
In the hot Arabian land,
Where no rock its shadow throws;
Where no pleasant water flows;
Where the hot air is not stirred,
By the wing of singing bird,
There thou go'st untired and meek,
Day by day, and week,
Bearing freight of precious things,
Silks for merchants, gold for kings;
Pearls of [Ormuz], riches rare,
Damascene and Indian ware;
Bale on bale, and heap on heap,
Freighted like a costly ship.

Page 25:

When the red [Simoon] comes near
Camel, dost thou know no fear?
When the desert sands uprise
Flaming crimson to the skies,
And like pillard giants strong,
Stalk the dreary waste along,
Bringing death unto his prey,
Does not thy good heart give way?
Camel, no! thou do'st for man
All thy generous nature can!

Thou dost lend to him thy speed
In that awful time of need;
And when the Simoon goes by,
Teachest him to close his eye,
And bow down before the blast
Till the purple death has passed.

Charles B Headly A.D. 1836

Page 26:

Solitude [?]

It is not that my lot is low,
That bids this silent tear to flow
It is not grief that bids me moan
It is- that I am all alone.
In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him home /
Or by the woodland pool to rest
When pale the star looks on its brest
Yet when the silent evening sighs
With hallowed airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

Page 27:

The autumn leaf is sear and dead
It floats upon the waters bed-
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrows sigh.
The woods and winds with sudden wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale.

I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh to sigh, with me,
Yet, in my dreams, a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me too:
I start- and, when the visions flown,
I weep, that I am all alone.

Charles B Headly 1836

Page 28:

NEW ENGLAnd

The hill of New England-
How proudly they rise,
In the wildness of grandeur
To blend with the skies!
With their far ozure outline,
And tall ancient trees-
New England, my country,
I love thee for these!
The vales of New England
That cradle her streams,
That smile in their greenness
Like land in our dreams,
All sunny with pleasure,
Embosomed in ease-
New England, my country,
I love thee for these!

Page 29:

The woods of New England
Still verdant and high,

Though rocked by the tempests
Of ages gone by,
Romance dims their arches
And speaks in the breeze-
New England, my country,
I love thee for these
The streams of New England
That roar as they go,
Or seem in their stillness
But dreaming to flow:
O bright gilds the sunbeam
Their march to the seas
New England, my country,
I love thee for these!
The homes of New England,
Free fortun'd and fair,
O many a heart treasure
Its seraphim there
Even more than thy mountains
Or streamlets; they please-
New England, my country,
I love thee for these

Page 30:

God shield thee, New England.
Dear land of my birth,
And thy children that wander
A far o'er the earth,
Thou'rt my country, wherever

My lot shall be cast-
Take thou to thy bosom
My ashes, at last!

Charles B Headly 1836

The Lost Kite

My kite! my kite! I have lost my kite.
Oh! when I saw the steady flight
With which she gained her lofty height,
How could I know that letting go
That naughty string would bring so low
My pretty, buoyant, darling kite,
So pass forever out of sight?

Page 31:

A purple cloud was sailing by,
With silver borders, o'er the sky
I thought it seemed to come so nigh,
I'd let my kite go up and light
Upon its fringe so soft and bright,
To see how noble, high, and proud
She'd look when riding on a cloud
As near her shining mask she drew
I clapped my hand-the line slipp'd through
My silly fingers-and she flew
Away! away in airy play
Right over where the watter lay!
She veer'd and flutter'd, swung and gave
A plunge! then vanished with the wave!
I never more shall want to look

On that false cloud, or on the brook,
Nor e'er to feel the breeze that took

Page 32:

My dearest joy thus to destroy,
The pastime of your happy boy!
My kite my kite! how sad to think,
She soared so high, so soon to sink
Be this the mother said, and smiled
A lesson to you, simple child!
And when by fancies vain and wild
As that which cost the kite that's lost
Thy busy brain again crossed;
Of shining vapor then beware,
Nor place thy joys on fickle air!
I have a darling pleasure too,
That sometimes would, by stepping through,
My guardian hands, the way pursue,
From which more tight than you, thy kite
I hold my jewel, new and bright,
Lest he should stray without a guide,
To drown my hopes in sorrows tide.

Charles B Headly [10th mo. 7th 1836]

Page 33:

[poem untitled]

Hath not this present parliment
A [leiger] to the devil sent,
Fully empowered to treat about
Finding revolted [witches] out

And has he not within a year
Hanged threescore of them in one shire
Some only for not being drowned
And some for sitting above ground
Whole days and nights upon their breeches
And feeling pain, were hanged for witches
And some for putting knavish tricks
Upon green geese or turkey chicks;
On pigs that suddenly deceased
Of griefs unnatural, as he guessed,
Who proved himself at length a witch
And made a rod for his own breech.

Charles B Headly

Page 34:

The Emigrants

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the oceans bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along,
The listening winds received their song;
“What should we do, but sing His praise
That led us, through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own!
Where [be] the huge sea monsters racks
That lift the deep upon their backs;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelate’s rage
He gave us this eternal spring

Which here enamels every thing,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name

Page 35:

Oh! let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive a Heaven's vault
Which then, perhaps, rebounding may
Echo beyond the [Mexigue] Bay
Thus sung they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note;
And all the way to guide their chime
With falling oars they kept the time.

Charles B Headly's 10th mo. 15th 1836

Change

The wind is sweeping o'er the hill;
It hath a mournful sound,
As if it felt the difference
Its weary wing hath found.
A little while that wandering wing
Swept over leaf and flower,
For there was green for every tree
And bloom for every hour. /

Page 36:

The bird of Paradise

O lovely Bird of Paradise
I'll go where thou dost go!
Rise higher yet, and higher yet,
For a stormy wind doth blow.
Now up above the tempest
We are sailing in the calm
Amid the golden sunshine,
And where the air is balm.
See far below us rolling
The storm-cloud, black and wide;
The fury of its raging
Is as an angry tide!
O gentle Bird of Paradise,
Thy happy lot I'll share,
And go where'er thou goest
On through the sunny air!
Whate'er the food thou eatest
Bird, I will eat it too,
And ere it reach the stormy earth,
Will drink with thee the dew.

Page 37:

My father and my mother
I'll leave them for thy sake;
And where thy nest is builded,
My pleasant home will make!
Is it woven of the sunshine,
And the fragrance of the spice
And cradeled round with happiness

Sweet Bird of Paradise!
O take me, take me to it,
Wherever it may be,
For far into the sunshine
I'll fly away with thee!
Thus sung an Eastern poet,
A many years ago;
Now of the bird of paradise
A truer tale we know.
We know the nest it buildeth
Within the forest green,
And many and many a traveller
Its very eggs hath seen.
Yet, lovely Bird of Paradise,
They take no charm from thee,
Thou art a creature of the earth,
And not a mystery.

Charles B Headly

Page 38:

The Beaver

Up in the north if thou sail with me,
A wonderful creature I'll show to thee!
As gentle and mild as a Lamb at play
Skipping about in the month of May,
Yet wise as any old learned sage
Who sits turning over a musty page!
Come down to this lonely river's bank,
See, driven-in stake and river plank,

Tis a mighty work before thee stands
That would do no shame to human hands.
A well-built dam to stem the tide,
Of this northern river so strong and wide,
Look! the woven bough of many a tree,
And a wall of fairest masonry;
The waters cannot o'erpass this bound
For a hundred keen eyes watch it round;
And the skill that [raired] can keep it good
Against the peril of storm and flood.
And yonder, the peaceable creatures dwell
Secure in their watery citadel!
They know no sorrow, have done no sin;

Page 39:

Happy they live among kith and kin
As happy as living things can be,
Each in the midst of his family!
Ay, there they live, and the hunter wild
Seeing their social natures mild,
Seeing how they were kind and good
Hath felt his stubborn soul subdued;
And the very sight of their young at play
Hath put his hunters his hunters heart away;
And a mood of pity hath o'er him crept
As he thought of his own [dear] babes and wept*
I know ye are but the Beaver small,
Living at peace in your own mud-wall
I know that ye have no books to teach

The lore that lies within your reach,
But what! Five thousand years ago
Ye knew as much as now ye know;
And on the banks of streams that sprung
Forth when the earth itself was young
*A Fact [written underneath the poem]

Page 40 [back cover]:

Your [were his] works were formed as true
For the All Wise instructed you!
But man! how hath he pondered on,
Through the long term of ages gone;
And many a [evening] book hath writ
Of learning deed, and subtle wit
Hath compassed sea, hath compassed land,
Hath built up towers and temples grand
Hath travelled far for hidden lore,
And known what was not known of yore,
[Aye] after all, though wise he be, be
He hath no better skill than ye! / be!
The End of my [Peice] Book. Charles Headly
[written in a circle]: Fallsington Seminary 11th allo 11th eighteen hundred 36