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Coll. 92
Dewitt Clinton Richmond
Book of Poetry, "Wild Flowers", 1851-1853

By Hollie Bishop
July 2021

Introduction

This is an unpublished 19th century handwritten book of poetry, entitled "Wild Flowers." It is written in a notebook that was manufactured for and sold by C. Scott who had a store at 43 State Street at the corner of Greene [now Broad]. Not much is known about Dewitt Clinton Richmond other than he was from Trenton.

Scans of the pages are available on the website: <https://trentonlib.org/wp-content/uploads/2021/06/Coll.-92-Dewitt-Clinton-Richmond-Poetry-images-of-pages.pdf>

Provenance

Purchased by the Trenton Historical Society from Litchfield County Auctions in Connecticut and donated to the Trentoniana Department.

Transcription

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

Inside Front Cover

Scott's Patent Elastic Back
Account Books,
Manufactured Expressly for His Retail Sales,
By C. Scott
No. 43 State Street, corner of Greene,
Trenton N.J.

Page 1.

D.C. Richman

Page 2.

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Page 3.

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Page 4.

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Page 5.

Wild Flowers.

Dewitt Clinton Richmond

Trenton N.J.

Page 6.

Preparatory

The object in collecting together the contents of the following pages is simply to preserve what I have written: not with the vain, and chimerical notion that they will be valuable to any but their author and his intimate friends; for indeed they are designed for the eyes of friendship alone.

I am well aware they will not bear a very critical examination - I am fully [?] that they are crude and imperfect, wild and unfinished; as the title indicates, they are "wild flowers" gathered from an uncultivated soil; - the uncultured breathings of a mind unpolished - the dreaming of a spirit unknown to fame; - Still if when "life's fitful fever" is over - when this head lies low and these eyes grow dim - when this form shall mingle with the clouds of

Page 7.

the valley, some kindled heart hall
peruse these [?] and breathe a
sigh - in tearful [?] of the
humble bard; the measure of his expectations
will be filled.

Trenton N.J Feb 1st 1851

D.C.R

Page 8.

Ever Forgive P in [Visitor]

Have bitter words been spoken,
Which made thy spirit grieve -
Hath plighted faith been broken,
If so - thou should'st forgive.

Should one thy fair name slander,
Thy trusting heart deceive,
Still, still, thou shouldst remember
His crime, but to forgive.

Hath e'er a soul condem'd thee,
That oer the Earth doth live;
Pity - but be'er despise him,
Tis nobler to forgive.
Let others cherish hatred;
In anger let them live;
But thrive - the duty sacred,
Be ever to forgive.

Trenton 1849

Page 9.

Twilight P in visitor

Dim twilight - hushed sacred hour :-
What hallow'd scenes are thine;
When toil and strife are hap'ly oer,
How sweet to call thee mine.

Thy magic power, oft have I felt,
When pond'ing o'er the past:
Oft hath [oer] by gone scenes,
A richer halo cast.

To care [worn] mortals; tis an hour
Of holiest relief;
It wakens sacred memories,
And drives away all grief.

Sweet twilight! pensive tranquil hour,
Thou bringest thought of heaven -
Of God - and man to whom he hath
A deathless spirit given.

1849 over

Page 10.

Though bringest thoughts of angel forms,
Whom death hath called away;
To dwell with Christ in brighter [climes],
[?] of endless day.

Trenton 1849 D.C.R

Home P in visitor
That one word home, how many thoughts,
It awakens in my brain;
A father's smile - a mother's love,
I see and feel again.

That one word home, how quick it starts,
The gushing, glistening tear;
And makes one sigh, and think "ah! Well
If I was only there!"

That one word home ah! sweeter tis,
Than all on earth beside;
It tells of joy that faileth not
Whatever ills [betide].

Page 11.

It tells of dear and cherished scenes,
Of happy bygone hours;
Of friends whose love shall ne'er grow old,
Nor fade like earth's frail flowers.

Trenton 1849 D.C.R

The Fleeting hours the spirit with thee,
P in Trenton

The fleeting hour the spirit with thee,
Will e'er to mourn'ng cling;
And round thee, in life's troubl'd sea,
Their pleasant shadows fling;
A glowing spot in life's dark vale -
A dream - enchanting sweet;-
And tho' [one] part - and tho' life fail,
Shall we in heaven not meet!

Bensalem 1849 D.C.R

Page 12.

Prayer

Father; accept the [orisons]
A penitent would bring;
Be thou his stay, and round his form,
Thy holy influences fling.

Guard me O God, from every [snare]
The alluring world hath spread;
Teach me thy way - [and] by thy law,
May I be ever led.

Restrain my father, this vile heart,
When'er temptation strong,
Hath woo me from the narrow way,
With her enticing song.

Teach me to live that I may die,
Without a doubt or fear;

And when thou tak'st earth's children home,
May I with them appear.

Trenton 1849

D.C.R

Page 13.

Think of me. P in [?] Branch

When thou art gay, when no dark clouds -
O'er spreads thee with its gloom;
Wilt thou, there kindly grant to me,
This single precious boom?

Think of me.

When thou art sad, when'er a tear,
Doth tremble in thine eye,
Wilt thou check; or if its shed,
Wilt, thou tho with a sigh,

Think of me?

When friends prove false, when health shall fail,
In sorrows adverse hour,
When earths frail charms shall fade away
Like summer's fairest flower.

Oh! think of me.

Trenton 1849

D.C.R

Page 14.

Life

How frail a thing is human life,
How soon its course is un;
Like summer flowers that bloom and die,
Beneath a summer sun,

Tis but a dream! and ah! how soon
The troubled vision's (dream is) o'er;-
And we awake to find life's joys,
Have fled forevermore!

Oh then let us improve the time,
That God has kindly given;
To serve him while on earth below,

And praise him when in heaven.

Trenton March 1849

D.C.R

Page 15.

Lives written in Isabela Webster's Album.

They tell me lady, thou art fair,

Thine eye is piercing bright;

Thy voice, they say, is soft and clear,

And dancing's thy delight.

Happy Ball! may no dark clouds,

Enshroud thee in its gloom,

Nor thou be called from this bright world,

To fill an early tomb. D.C.R

Bensalem 1849

Oh the death of Elias H. Streeter,

Thou too, hast gone to join the throng,

Of God's redeemed and blest;

Earth's sick'ning cares thou'st given up,

For heaven's eternal rest.

We will mourn; twere [better] far

To bless the [stern] decree,

That took thee from this mundane sphere,

To blest Eternity. Trenton Mat 1849 D.C.R

Page 16.

There's rest for thee in heaven

P. in [?]

[Toil] on thou son of poverty,

A little longer strive;

A glorious rest awaiteth thee,

In heav'n beyond the skies.

Tho' storms may gather o'er thy head,

Tho' friends from thee be driven,

Yet murmur not, be hopeful still,

There's rest for this in heaven.

Tho' wife and children, all thats dear,
By death from thee be driven,
Yet bow thee down in sufficient prayer,
There's rest for thee in heaven.

Thy loved ones thou wilt meet again,
They'll to thy arms be given;
And thou with them shalt sing aloud,
The song of love in heaven.

D.C.R

Page 17.

To my Sister, on the death of a child.

P. in [?]

Sad - sad - is thy heart, bitterest sorrows -
Have entered thy dwelling of peace;
[Dreary] and darksome clouds enshroud thee again,
In matters of heart [ending] grief.

Thou hast lost another cherished dear one;
A child of thy bosom is gone;
Thou hast laid in the earth a beautiful flower,
That withered in earliest [morn]

But grieve not dear sister, that tender flower-
Shall bud again, and bloom [and] long;
Far from earth's care, in a heavenly bower,
Its petals shall open to the sun.

Trenton D.C.R

Page 18.

Lives on the death of an infant P. in [?]

Sleep, infant, in thy lonely bed -
Beneath the earth's cold sod;
What though, thy body's in the tomb -
Thy soul is with its God.

Too bright wast thou for this cold world;
Too beautiful for earth;
And thou hast gone to taste the joys,

Of pure and heavenly birth.

But ah! 'twas hard to yield thee up -
To gaze for the last time
Upon that guileless, laughing [?]
That beamed with joy divine.

Oh! how it wrung thy mother's heart,
To see thy latest breath
Depart;- and leave thee still, and cold,
But "beautiful in death".

Page 19.

Then rest thee sweet and lovely one,
We'll dry each bitter tear,
For thou dost dwell mid joys divine,
Unmixed with grief or fear.
Trenton March 1849 D.C.R

Page 20.

The [?] P. in Bristol [?]

"Music is always sweet: but ah!
When loved lips sing!"

Thou'rt ever lovely; but far more,
Whene'er with matchless skill,
Thou tun'st thy harp to plaintive tones
That all my soul doth thrill!

Thou'rt ever lovely; but far more
When thou dost sweetly sing
The song of loved [whilsome] to hear
When sad, and sorrowing:-

That song which bade my kindly hope,
For better, brighter days:
When darkest grief my soul o'er came,
And dim'd life's cheering rays.

Thou'rt ever lovely; but far more
When thy soft, syren voice,
Doth sing, in notes of wildest glee,
That make the heart rejoice!

Page 21.

Thou'rt ever lovely; but far more
Whene'er with saddened tones,
Thou chant'st the solemn requiem
Of our departed homes!

At such an hour of vainly strive,
To still my beating heart;-
To check the sad unbidden tear,
That to my eye doth start!

At such an hour I gaze on thee,
With overflowing heart;
And weep to think "thou too must die"
And from this earth depart! -

And that loved voice be hushed in death!
That bright and beaming eye,
Must lose its lustre; and thy forms
Beneath the cold earth lie.

Trenton July 1849

D.C.R

Page 22.

Lives written in my cousin's album P. in [?]

When'er thou find'st in this gay world,
A friend "both good and true".
O prize that friend; for ah, indeed,
Devoted hearts are few.

Mid all the treachery and deceit,
THat fill this earth below,
If thou should'st find one candid heart -
On him, thy love bestows.

For oh, though many brightly smile -
And court thy favour free;
Forget not "one may smile and smile
And yet a villain be!"

Think not that soft melodious tones,
Bespeak a heart so true;
[?] oft more gently speak,
Than virtues [?] do.

Page 23.

Then trust thou not, that winning smile,
That mild bewitching voice;
But seek a noble kindly heart,
And heaven will bless your choice.
Trenton 1849 D.C.R

The Illegitimate P. in Trenton
They call me lovely, but they say
I am the child of shame,
My eye is bright, they say - but oh,
I bear my mother's name!

They tell me that my heart is kind -
My voice is soft and clear;
But O! they say my parents sinned,
And I their sins must bear.

They pass me by with stately air;
And some have e'er reviled;
They shun me as a loathsome thing,
By horrid crime defiled.

Over

Page 24.

Ah, why is this? Because alas!
My mother was betrayed,
But hush! - that mother's in the grave
That villain father's dead.

And though the world may scoff and jeer,
And load me with her shame,
I still will live that mother's form
And [?] her name.

Trenton 1849 D.C.R

Who would not love?

P. in O Branch

Who would not love when all is bright,
On this green flowery earth;
Who would not smile - be gay and wild -
And guild to joyous mirth?

Who would not love when eyes so bright
Have fix'd their gaze on ours;
And led us captive far away,
To love's [Elysian] lovers?

Page 25.

not

Who would ^ love when those low tones,
Fall sweetly on our ears;
And soothe each care, dispell each cloud
Of gloomy doubt and fears;

Who would not love when that fair hand
Rests softly in our own;
And we, enraptured, clasp it close,
Howlist to love's sweet tone!

Who would not love, when by our side,
That pain and lonely one,
Sits unearthed in bright and sunny smiles,
And calls herself our own!

Trenton 1849 D.C.R

Page 26.

A young Lady to her faithless Lover.

P in O Branch

Yes I can die when hope hath fled,
When all is dark despair;
When you forget the love you told,
Can language soft and fair.

Yes i can die when thou art cold,
And smilest not on me,
As thou wast wont, in times of old (agone)
So bright - so joyously.

Yes i can die when you forget
The vows of love and truth;
Vows which I madly cherish yet
Tho' blighting to my youth.

Yes I can die; for oh I see -
A fairer face than mine
Hath won thy heart; and thou hast said
She shall be ever thine.

Page 27.

Ah time, she's fair:- her eye is bright -
Her smile almost divine;
But, love for thee fills not that breast,
So pure- as [?] was mine.

But go :- may heav'n bless thee still,
I would not curse thee, - nay;
Tho' thou hast crushed this trusting heart,
I still can for thee [forray].

Trenton Sept. 1849

D.C.R

“Tender Sentiments” P. [Visitor]

I'll just sit down in quietness -
While I am here alone,
And [?] some Tender sentiments,
To more a heart of stone.

I'll unite of pure and holy love,
Like some enamoured swain,
I'll tell how cruel was the maid,
Who broke my heart in twain.

Page 28.

I'll tell how I wept and how
I've wandered in the night, -
My gaze fix'd on the galaxy,
'Till tears [bedined] my sight.

I'll tell how I have [plead] with her, -
To save me ere I fell;
And how she spurred me, and despised,
The piteous tale I tell.
I'll tell - but no; I ne'er could unite -
These things for public eyes;
I'll hide thee deep within my breast,
Because they all are lies?
Trenton 1849 D.C.R

Page 29.

[Despondency] P. in O Pranch

Why am I sad and why cast down -
Why starts the gushing tear?
Why doth foreboding chill my soul -
And fill my heart with fear?

Why is it that a settled gloom
Pervades my shiv'ring frame
And drives away each letter thought
That bringeth hope again?

Why is it that no voice can soothe
With gentle lulling tone,
Nor drive away the chilling dread,
That doth my soul o'er come?

Ah why? I know not; yet 'tis strange
I should desponding feel:-
Strange, that such sad and sick'ning thoughts -
Should o'er my spirit steal!
Trenton April 1849 D.C.R

Page 29.

Little [?] Grave,- In Iowa
P. in New York Co.

Tread lightly - oh tread lightly messenger,
O'er that green flow'ng mound;
Nor yield to mirth and folly,
Whilst near such holy grounds.

Tread lightly - oh tread lightly
O'er that dear sacred spot, -
Where sleeps the blooming many -
Alone - but not forgot.

Tread lightly - oh tread lightly,
Around that hallow'd grave,
Where lies a withered flower -
That ne'er earth's storms could brave.

Tread lightly - oh tread lightly
In solemn silence there;
Deep beneath that mount lies one,
For earth too bright, and fair!

She sleeps; how sweetly; no rough blast -
No chilling storm is near,
To break the gentle calm upon,
Of that bright one so dear.
Trenton 1849 D.C.R

Thoughts of the Midnight hour.
hour
Thoughts of the midnight ^ how sad -
How dark your imagery:

When all on earth have sunk to rest,
Save me, and misery.
Ah, who can tell how many prayers
How many helpless sighs,
Are borne upon the midnight air,
And heavenward ever rise?

Thoughts of the midnight hour, how wild -
And weird, thy imagery;
When'er the gaze on heav'ns bright orbs,
To read futurity.
Ah, who can tell the wild, dark schemes,
Of glory, and of power,

Page 30.

That fill the soul of him who wakes
At midnight's lonely hour!

Thoughts of the midnight hour, how sweet -
How bright thy imagery,
When gentle stillness [reigns] supreme
O'er earth's veiled destiny;
Ah who can tell the calm content,
The [?], holy joy,
That fill the mind at his hushed hour,
Unmixed with base alloy.
Trenton Sept 1849

D.C.R

To Fannie E G. of Maine.

Will thou accept the proffers boon
Of friendship - simpathy?
And thou not tje offering [?]
Tho humble it may be?

Pure friendship is a holy tie, -
That death can scarce divide;
Or fill the heart with purest joy,
And is to heaven allied.

Page 31.

It soothes the weary hours of care,
And bids all grief depart,
It dries the weeping mourner's tear,
And cheers the sinking heart.

When sorrows come, who but a friend,
Should soothe with lulling tone,
The wounded spirit - stricken soul, -
By darkest clouds o'ercome?

Accept it then - I pledge it thee -
As earth's most cherished gift;
Perhaps 'twill cheer thee when thou art
Of other joys - bereft.

Perchance it may assuage some grief,
That lurks within thy heart,
And cause a ray of l'illums thy path,
When e'er thou art opprest

Trenton Sept 1849

D.C.R

Page 32.

My Western Home

Written for Rachel Cosgrive

Yes home I love thee, O, how well;
Thy scenes i'll ne'er forget;
Tho time and distance intervene,
Thy morn'ng haunts me yet.

Tho all be joyous, gay and bright,
With naught may hope to mar,
Yet, yet I'm sad, for oh, sweet home,
I am from thee afar.

Tho' how be wealth and gilded[?]
And spine and lofty dome,
Yet take them all - and give me back

My loved - my western home.

Give me the scenes of bygone days

The Prairies, wild and free; -

The kindred spirits of my home

Far, far away, give me,

Trenton Oct 1849

D.C.R

Page 33.

Lines

On the death of Anna B Scott of Bensalem Pa.

Down to the dark - the silent tomb -

To mould'ning and dreary -

That form we lov'd have been consigned

And pass'd from earth away.

That heart so kind - that eye so bright,

Are cold and rigid now;

And soon the clayey dust of earth,

Will gather o'er that brow.

Gone, gone, and yet so young - so fair -

So joyous - wild - and free;

Thy heart so full of buoyant hopes

Of earth's felicity!

'Tis hard - but doubtless better far -

To be thus call'd away,

From earth's sad, dark, and sick'ning cares,

And sins delusive sway.

Page 34.

Farewell; a tear - a holy tear -

We consecrate to thee;

Whilst thou beside "the golden throne",

Dost sing rejoicingly.

Adieu, adieu, 'till that blest time,
When called from earth's loved home,
The greet thee, mid the countless throng,
Of angels round God throne.
Trenton 1849 D.C.R

Page 35.

Lines written in an album

When these leaves by thy fingers,
Are thoughtfully turned,
And find memory lingers -
O'er names here innuendo,
Wilt thou kindly - cheerfully -
Then look on this name,
And fondly and tearfully
Still cherish the same.

In sorrow it will cheer one;
In joy it will thrill;-
To know that ever near me,
There lingereth still,-
The regards of another -
The love of a friend:-
That e'vn time cannot sever,
Nor death itself end!
Trenton Jan. 1851 D.C.R

Page 36.

- **Blank** -

Page 37.

Lines to .

I bring to thee no lordly gift,
No jeweled off'ring rare;
No costly gem, from distant isle,-
Nor diamond bright and fair.

But ah I bring a holier gift,
A brighter, purer gem!
A flower of fadeless hue to deck,
Affections diadem.

'Tis friendships; - green unfading plant,
That nlight can ne'er decay;
Undim'ed amid stern winter's frost,
And 'neath the summer's ray.

Will thou accept the priceless [word crossed out]
Though humble be it sorrow?
'Twill cling to thee like "ivy twined",
[Maid] time's unwearied [?]

Over

Page 38.

And O perchance, when sorrow comes,
And other friends depart; -
My simple gift may cause a thrill
Of joy, to cheer thy heart.

Trenton Dec 1850

D.C.R

The Poet's Grave

Tread lightly o'er that lowly mound;
It guards a form we love;
Whose exiled spirit has returned,
To heaven and home alone.

spot

Bend softly o'er that hallow'd tomb
veils

It shields a sacred fame; -
Where [?] once owned a home,
And [?] had a name!

But ah that eye is dim in death!
The pulse hath ceased its throb!
The harp's unstring - the lyce untuned -
The soul is with its God!

Page 39.

Oh 'tis holy, sacred spot,
When fame and genius sleep:-
Around their tomb, bright angel forms,
Eternal rigids keep!
Bend low the knee beside that [sod],
And weep a burning tear,
That one so bright - so full of hope,
Should grace an early bier.

Twine gently twine, the cypress branch
Above that laureled brow;
Once kindling with the flush of health,
But ah! all lifeless now.

Forever gone his early dream,
Far from its earthly shine,
The spirit roams, unshackled - free -
Mid realms of joy divine.
January 1851 D.C.R

Page 40.

I think of thee. P. in Trenton

When mingling with the giddy throng,
Of spirits wild and free,
I turn me from their mirth and song,
To waft a sigh to thee.

Whene'er I yield to pensive thoughts,
In silence and alone,
Then does a happy dream of thee,
Quick o'er my spirit come.

When in the stilly hour of night,
My weary form seeks rest,
Then - then thy image hovers near,
The gentlest, and the best.

Whene'er dark sorrows fill my breast,
And cares press heavily,
Then to revive my drooping heart,
I sweetly think of thee.

Page 41.

In thee dost live the magic spell,
In brighter life's dark gloom;
To banish far all donuts and fears,
By yielding one sweet boom.

Wilt grant it then? or wilt thou turn
With cold disdain away;
And bid me seek another shrine,
At which my vows to pay?

Or will thy gentle spirit yield,
The little that I crave,
Thy friendships;- of more value far,
Than pearls from Ocean's wave.
Trenton 1850 D.C.R

Page 42.

The Parting P. in [?]

Fair, fair would I the parting hour defer,
And gently urge thy longer stay;
For ah! tis hard to sever friendship's chain,
And rid its broken links decay!

Fair, too would I remind thee of the past,
The fleeting, winged, happy hours,
I've spent with thee in converse gentle and as sweet
As fairy talk, in fairy [bowers].

And as I fondly ponder o'er the scene,
To mem'ry sad, yet kindly dear,
A lute like voice in softly ringing tones,
Salutes my vanished eager ear.

That voice is [there]; its dulcet tones did [?]
Beguile the weary hours of care;
But now I hear it not, save when in dreams,
It lingers on the midnight air.

Page 43.

But go - farewell, may ne'er a darkening shade,
Obscure thy bright and sunny way;
But calm content [?] joy, be thine,
Until life's latest glim'ring day.
Trenton April 1850 D.C.R

The Origin of the Dew Drop

P in O. Branch

From a very old tradition. Tone of [?]

Far, far a down dark ocean's depths,
Beneath the surging wave,
As a weird palace, bright and fair, -
A Mermaid's coral cave,
A siren here doth tune her harp,
To sweet and witching larp,
When linger in the glowing west,
The sun's declining rays.

Far alone in the blue expanse,
A light wing'd [seraph] dwells,
Tinged cloudlets form his palace rare
And grace his airy [dells],

Page 44.

This [seraph] on a mission, Kind,
Went o'er the trackless sea;
(To cheer some broken heart, perchance,
With fairy [?])
And as he spread his agine wings,
O'er ocean's [?] way
Sweet sounds from out its caverns came -
A soft and gently lay.
The seraph charmed- resigned his flight,

And sought the mermaid's cave;
And there, with her did gaily sing,
And neath the waters lave;
But presently, the parting came,
And gently they drew near;
The seraph breathed a parting sigh,
The siren shed a tear.
That tear, enshrined within his heart,
The seraph bore alone,
[?] sacred - holy - for it was,
A pledge of fairy love.
'Tis said that at certain [?], beautiful sounds,
Are heard from the ocean. - [?] voyage.

Page 45.

But as he sped in upward flight,
The tear escaped and fell,
Far down to earth, and rested in
A lonely sad [?] bell!
Thus came to earth the dew drop bright,
To gladden leaf and flower,
To nestle in the [?] gems,
That grace earth's floral bowers.
Trenton Mach 1850 D.C.R

Dreams. P. in ?

Tis sweet to dream of those we love,
Of kindred spirits dear;
To see the well remembered forms,
Of those who once were near.

'Tis sweet to hear each well known tone,
That rang so wild and clear,
In waking hours - and oh! in dreams,
To me they're doubly dear.

Over

Page 46.

For then if light and gay the words,
They cheer us while we rest!
But if they're sad, how sweet the thought,
"Tis dream at best!"

'Tis sweet to dream of one bright form,
Lovlier far thou all;
Whose beaming smile doth from the past,
Bright images [?]

Each word and look;- each ringing tone;
Fond fancy links them well-
And weaves a fairy legend bright
No waking can dispel.

Forever mirrored in the heart,
Such images unvain;
And will through sorrows deep, and dark,
Their mystic power stain.
Trenton 1850 (april) D.C.R

Page 47.

The Past P. in ?

The past - the misty past;
How dim and faint its shadows are;
Oft the mind wanders back afar
To trace the formless visions wild,
That thronged our soul when but a child.

The past - the misty past;
Deep buried 'neath its inner shrine -
Like images of bygone time;
The hopes and fears of other years -
Their disappointments and their tears.

The past - the misty past;
The friends we vowed ne'er to forget, -
Their fond forms liner near us yet;

Though half defaced by [fresher] scenes,
We cherish them as happy dreams.

The past - the misty past; -

Over

Page 48.

The home of anguish dark and deep;
The [?] where all our sorrows sleep;
Entombed with many a rising sigh
'Neath dark [oblivion's] wave they lie.

Trenton June 1850

D.C.R

Eventide.

P. in record

Give me the summer's balmy moonlight hour;
The hushed and quiet evening time:
When silvery splendor mantles every lover,
And all the stars in radiance shine,

This is the hour to wander with the gay -
The young - the beautiful and fair;
To listen to the thoughts that loved life breathe,
And fond, impassioned hearts declare.

This is the hour, - the sweet, and witching hour,
For whispered words of faith and love;
For holy vows of truth and constancy,
That angels register alone.

Page 49.

This is the hour for kindred souls to meet;
The hour to part - to say farewell;
Repealing with gushing tears, the sad adieu,
Our falling tongues refuse to tell.

The hour to list to music's hallow'd strain
Borne on the softly sighing air,
Perchance the tones of an enchanted lute,
Touched by some gentle lady fair.

The holy hour, when our tired, weary souls
By dark'ning cares and sorrows driven,
May seek communion with the dreamy past;
Or breathe an orison to heaven.

Trenton June 16, 1850 D.C.R

Page 50.

The death of General Taylor. P in [?]

“Let the bell toll a saintly soul, floats on the Stygain river.”

What wail is this borne on the sighing air,
From every quarter of our Land?
What means this plaintive dinges of misery,
Whose strains are heard on every hand?

A cheiflan's dead! - a warrior's fallen!
A mighty arm is palsied now!
The Laurels that once graced a breathing form
Lie coldly on a lifeless brow.

And yet he died not mid the battles dim,
When conquered hosts before him fled;
No glist'ning steal e'er pierced his noble breast
While his victorious band he led!

But calmly, in a nation's circling army,
He yields the sceptre of his sway;
And while the great and noble weep around,
He gently breathes his life away.

Page 51.

Mourn then, yes soul of freedom, sadly mourn,
Prepare thy dinge - and funeral knell,
And let their notes up to high heaven ascend,
Till angels join the solemn swell.

Rest thou in peace, old man, we love the well
A [matron's] gratitude is thine;
Thou'st nobly fought - and round they stately tomb

Will tearfully the cypress [?]
Trenton July 1850

D.C.R

Page 52.

The Murderer's Lament. P. in O branch

O peace - hast thou forever fled?
O comfort - art thou gone?
And fond affection - buoyant hope -
All, all, forever flown?

Farewell emotions high, and dear;
Ye all, I must resign;
I've sown and reaped - the [boon] is soon -
The guardian of dark crime.

These hands are stained - aye deeply stained, -
And dyd, in human flood!
The mark of Cain is on this brown!
Ive felt th' avenger's rod.

'Tis true no prison bard enthrall -
No manacles confine!
But worse! A grading hell - a conscience crushed
These - these - are sadly mine!

Page 53.

Where is the wife I fondly loved?
My children! where are they?
All dead; and I alone - undone -
O'er earth - a doomed one - stray.

But see! - a tear! - the first I've shed
Since my dear Mary died;
And I stand by her pale, cold form,
And kissed her lips and cried.

Would I could weep away the grief -
The sad remorse I feel;
Forget the past - dispell the thoughts.

That o'er my spirit steal!

But ah this may not - cannot be!
No star of hope appears,
To drive the shadows from my soul,
Or seek my rising fears!

Over

Page 54.

'Tis all too late; I've wooed and won
The monsters vice and crime;
And now the deep, and dark crusade,
The mis'ry, all are mine.
Trenton June 1850 D.C.R

Raving of a Maniac Gail. P. in ?

Why am I here within these walls! -
This prison-house of dark despair?
What means this strange unseemly garth!
These haggard forms that on me glare!
[?] was near my mother's side. -
A Mother too, who loved me well;
Why am I banished then from home -
From her - to this dark gloomy cell?
Ah my poor braun is calmer now,
And i do remember faintly,
How that they said my brain grew wild,
Because my love was false to me,
But was he false? Oh can it be,
That he should then so soon forget,
The vows he fondly swore to me -

Page 55.

Vows which I madly cherish yet?
Has he forgotten how I loved -
Hung on each word he e'er did say
And felt too blest when'er he passed
These [?] - now - chill, and cold as day?
O blissful dream! Thou'st faded then;

And he, the idolized - hath fled,
And left a soul of reason' left;-
O God! I would that I were dead!
Ay, dead and cold within the tomb;-
These eyes that gazed on him to love,
Food for vile worms;- and this mad soul
[?] [?] to the chimes above,
But hist! - that noise! Oh my poor brain
Is all on fire - I am wild again!
Hark! - hear that step! off! off! - away!
Devil's! Ye dare not force my stay, -
My [?] calls! - aye above I come,
Nor heav'n nor hell shall stay me now,
'Till I within those [?] shall rest,
This burning, beating, throbbing brow.

Over

Page 56.

But ah! that door - these bolts and bars!
None, none these arms 'till they give way;
But see - they come! - all, all is o'er -
Fiend! Fiends! - I'm once again your prey.
Trenton July 1837

D.C.R

To one in Heaven. P. in O Branch

Shade of the departed one, hover near;
O spread thy angel pinious bright -
And wing thy way through heavens wide [agaze] vault
Down from the starry [?] of light.

O come, come at this gentle evening hour,
To soothe - to cheer - this troubled heart;
Come in thine invisible spirit's power
And bid my anguish soon depart.

Breathe thou a holy spell o'er this tired soul;
Teach me to live for heaven and thee;
Help me to feel thy angel presence near;
And that thou yet, dost think of me.

Page 57.

With trusting faith I'll heavenward raise my prayer,
Forget this earth and all its fears;
For thou mindset values of bliss above, I know,
Dost weep for me affections tears.

Trenton June 1850

D.C.R

Who is [?]

P. in O Branch

Who - who, I wonder, who is [?]?
Some genius from a fairly isle -
Where wild romance, and the fond ideal dwell,
And sweet enchantments ledn their smile?

Some charmer from a distant Orient [?!]
Where summer sunbeams ever glow, -
Where weird and mystic [?] rule the mind,
And left it from the earth below?

Or can it be that her impassioned soul
Hath bloomed amid this northern clime;
Expanded here - and spread its brightness round
O'er all - with magic power divine!

Over

Page 58.

Again would know; but be this as it may,
The sweet and witching power is hers,
To charm and [love] unto her sunny shrine
Many devoted worshipped.

Of that devoted throng, I am, I own,
A fervent, fond and earnest one;
I love the pathos, and the silent charm,
That do though all her [?] own.

Long may she live to wild her magic pen
With energy and matchless grace;
To call from out her own ideal world,
Sweet thoughts and give them here a place.

Trenton July 1850

D.C.R

Page 59.

Love's Devotion.

P. in Record

Oft have I sat at evening's tranquil hour,
And gazed upon that moonlit show,
When we have met in other, happier days
But ah! we ne'er shall meet there more! -
Thou art estranged;- the heart that fondly loved,
And beat for me, and me alone,
Is sadly altered now; - the light it gave
To this dark soul, is "dimmed and gone."

Perhaps some brighter image claims thy love, -
Some nobler, fairer form than mine;
But O, he brings not such devoted faith,
As I, to offer at thy shrine.
Perchance he [moves] in softer, kindlier tones,
And [?] devotion more than I;
But ah! to be more kind, sincere and true
Will e'er his [?] power defy.

over

Page 60.

For I could love thee on, through long [themed] years,
As fondly as I love thee now -
And still revere, when the cold clay of earth,
Should gather o'er thy pallid brow;
Thy mem'ry cherish, like some mystic charm
To guide my soul through grief and care;
And each returning ever I'd waft to thee,
A sigh, a blessing, and a prayer.

Trenton July 1850

D.C.R

A Simile

P. in [?]

A op'ning bud exhaled its odours sweet,
And spread its fragrances o'er a shady bower,
And many a lipid dewdrop, pure and bright,

Was glistening in the bursting flower.

It bloomed awhile;- but permits [?] tints
Were fully limned, a scorching sunny ray,
Too rudely shone upon the beauteous gem,
And soon it doop'd - its freshness fled away.

Page 61.

Its petals closed; the leaves began to fall,
And one by one, its gorgeous tints to fade;
Till at the dewy eve, its fragrance gone -
A wreck it lay - within the vernal shade.

~

These earthly hopes decay!
Their visions pass away! -
Like morning mists before the sun,
That vanish e'er the day is done.

Thus fades life's fitful gleam -
Its short lived airy dreams:
Oft ere the twilight hour appears,
Our lark is wrecked and we're in tears.

Trenton August 1850

D.C.R

Page 62.

Lines

P. in Visitor

Written on the death of Dewitt Clinton, infant son of
Willian and Mary E Richman

Aye - then art dead; thy smiling brow,
Thy beaming bright blue eyes;
Are motionless and rigid now;
Within the touch tomb they lie!

Like a bright flower of early morn,
That doth so sweetly bloom -
But ere the eventide appears,
Hath not an early doom, -

So [then] - so [posh] - so innocent -
So free from guile or crime;
Didst vanish from this world of care,
To seek a holier clime.

Page 63.

For better thus, like thee to live -
Far better thus to die -
Ere we have drank of sorrow's cup,
Or heard pale suff'rings cry.

Like thee to dwell in radiant spheres,
Where lov'd one's ever throng;
To strike the harp to heavenly sounds,
And join the angel's song.

Trenton August 1850

D.C.R

Page 64.

To My Harp.

Awake my harp thy gentlest tone,
Attune thy sweetest lay;
As tribute to fond kindred hearts,
Once near - now, far away.

Breathe forth at friendships spotless shrine,
Thy loftiest, noblest strain;
And chant they joys of bygone hours,
Entombed in mem'ry's fame!

Invoke the spirit of the past;-
"The light of other days:-"
That lingers yet in halo bright,
Around life's devious ways.

Repeat each well remembered words;
Recall each gladsome smile;
Think o'er each thought, each happy dream,
That did all can can beguile.

Page 65.

Then strike thy chords to that loved strain,
Of music from the past;-
Low-mournful - sad - and plaintives as
The early autumn blast!

That dying song of faith and love,
Of one so frail and fair;-
Upon where trembling life expir'd -
“[tho] we not almost there?”

And as the solemn dirge like tones,
Fall sadly on my ear;-
I'll waft a thought to “absent friends”
And weep a silent tear.

Trenton January 1851

D.C.R

Page 66.

A Parody on The Poet's Song “(By C.B.P)”

Yes tho the world be bright and fair,
With gleams of sunlight round it,
The reigns of joy be holier far,
Than when at first we found it,
Yet friendship's star may sink in gloom,
Its beams be dim'd with sadness;
And hope and joy relax their sway,
And earth forget its gladness.

Tho' friendship's smile be glad, and warm,
Tho' words of comfort meet us,
And tho' bright hope, undimmed, unshorn,
Prepare her smiles to greet us;
Yet envy crowns the Poet's name,
And dims his path to glory;
And selfish man forgets his fame,
And spurns its doleful story.

O! Fleeting as some earthly flower,
Are the Poet's laurels turning;
Envy and hate in his diadem,

Page 67.

Are stars forever shining!
Above the reign of the grave yard King,
With the sway he cannot sever,
Contempt for the Poet's name shall ring,
Through the heart of his foes forever!
Trenton January 1851 D.C.R

Page 68.

Why laugh and be merry.

Why laugh and be merry,
When sorrow is near,
And darkest forbodings -
Oft chill us with fear,
 Why guild to gay feelings,
 Why sing with delight,
 When joy turns to sadness,
 As daylight to night.

Why laugh and be merry -
Whilst friends dear and kind,
Are passing to heaven,
And we left behind,
 Sure mirth is unfitting,
 And gaiety wrong, -
 When life is as fleeting,
 As a syrens song.

Page 69.

Why laugh and be merry,
Whilst wretchedness reigns,
And heart broken mortals,
Are writhing in pain;
 Sure sympathy tells us;
 To weep with the sad;

No mock them with gladness,
Lest they should go mad.

Why laugh and be merry,
When death is so near;
That grim visaged monster,
When all of us fear,
 Sure sorrow and sadness,
 [?] and tears
 Would better prepare us,
 For heavenly spheres,

Aug 1850

Trenton

D.C.R

Page 70.

Lines, written on hearing "H" and "C" sing. -

 "Are we almost there"

O sing for me that gentle song,
Of harmony and love;
Its notes so pure that heaven's throng,
Might catch the strain above.

Sing of that frail, and dying one,
Whose eye beamed soft and fair;
As gently she pronounced the words-
"Are we not almost there?"

Sing of "the nook" and shady bower,
The gushing water free;-
The "sculptured niche", and tow'ring mount,
Oh sing that song for me!

Sing of that pale one's dying wish,
To rest within the bower;
Where she had often gaily roved,
In budding childhoods hour;

Page 71.

Sing of the weeping, stricken hearts,
That gathered round her bed;

To gaze upon that fragile form,
Now motionless and dead.

Oh sing for me that tender song;
Its melancholy tone -
Awakes a chord of sympathy,
Before untouched [?]
Trenton D.C.R
[?] in [?] and copied [?] [?] American

Page 72.

Lines written in "L e's" Album.

When yonder sun gleams in the west,
And tints with gold the sky
When flowerets droop, and wearied birds,
To [?] bowers fly;

When evening's shadows gather round,
[?] earth with gray,
When tired mortals seek repose,
And hail the close of day;
When peals the solemn vesper bell,
To mark the hour of prayer,
And strains of music linger still,
On eve's ambrosial air;

When midst the starry host above,
Night Queen ascends her throne,
And sheds o'er earth a transient charm,
A beauty - not its own; -

Page 73.

Thou, when all is hushed, and mute,
And mem'ry wanders free;-
Wilt thou from gayer subjects turn;
And yield one thought to me?

One gentle thought - at this lone hour,
Would be a cherished boon,

'I would gleam when clouds of sorrow low'd
And banish half their gloom.
Trenton Nov 1850 D.C.R

P in [?]

Page 74.

Lines

Written in "H - h" album.

Their blooms on earth a holy flower,
Whose every hue is bright;
Its fragrances fills each passing hour,
With odorous delight.

Nor wintry winds nor driving blast,
Can chill that princely grin -
Nor summer's heat can rudely cast
That flower from its stem.

A hand divine hath planted it
Upon this mundane sphere;
And if thou'st kindly cherish it
'Twill save thee many a tear!

Its name is friendship! who hath known
Its magic, mystic power,
That would not call the gun their own,
And guard it will each hour?

Page 75.

When summer's blossoms droop and fall,
And bursting buds decay,
O cling to this, the best of all,
The flowers that deck thy way.

This priceless boon I offer thee, -
A gift that will not fade,
But will in vernal beauty bloom,
Amid life's darkest shade.

Trenton October 1850

D.C.R

P in [?]

Page 76.

A farewell to H - and C -

At length farewell;- a sad farewell;
“A word that must be spoken”;
Which oft hath severed friendship’s ties,
And fonder ones hath broken!

O! How the heart doth sink and faint,
To speak that word of parting;
To murmur out a sad adieu,
While [?] tears are starting.

Yet this is oft our lot below!
The dearest friends will leave us;
The cup of joy is scarcely filled,
Ere sorrows come to grieve us.

To day we [grief] the hearts we love,
And breathe our fondest blessing;-
Tomorrow brings the parting hour,
Of all the most distressing!

Page 77.

Yet why repine? Why are these thoughts,
Of sadness o’er me stealing?
They do but dim the joyous past,
And mar each happier feeling.

[?] then! all ye dismal train;
Ye thoughts of gloom and sadness;
I’ll scorn your power; and seek again -
Bright hope, and joy, and gladness.

And so farewell; a parting boon,
I ask e’er shall sever;
Mid all the changing scenes of life,

To be remembered ever.

Trenton

D.C.R

P in [?]

Page 78.

Absent Friends.

Come back - ye absent spirits - come;
This heart is cheerless now;
Dim shadows gather o'er my soul,
And gloom is on my brows.

Come back - ye friends of happier days,
With all your soothing power,
Come cheer me with one beaming smile,
Beguile one weary hour.

Come with the tender song I love;
O breathe its plaintive strain;
'Twill lull each dark and troubled thought,
And make me blest again.

Come with the kind and gentle words,
I listened to of yore;
Their music lingers near me still,
But Oh the dreams is oer

Page 79.

Friends of the past! come back! come back!
For ah this heart is lone;
And mourns "the light of other days",
Now sadly "dimmed and gone."

Ah! why should friends thus ever part?
Why should the ties be riven?
That bind together kindred hearts,
And make of earth a heaven.

Trenton

D.C.R

P in [?]

Page 80.

The Forsaken Mother's Lament.

Nestle closely to my bosom,
Offspring of sin and shame,
Tho' no fond father's smiles on thee,
I love thee still the same.

Rest, loved one, in thy mother's arms;
Her guilt cannot be thine!
Tho she hath felt the tempter's power,
Thou still art free from crime.

Sleep on, my gentle babe, sleep on,
In thy calm dreamless rest;
Thou knowest not what anguished thoughts,
Pervade this aching breast.

Thou knowest not how I was loved
From innocence and home; -
Betrayed - abandoned - and my truth,
By vilest arts o'ercome.

Page 81.

But O! thou'st learn in after years -
The sick'ning tale of woe;
And thy proud spirit crushed - and torn,
Will sink beneath the blow.

But him I loved - to who I gave,
My faith - my truth - my all!
Why comes he not to break the gloom,
That doth my senses [fall]?

Where are the whispered words of love,
He swore ne'er to forget?
Forgotten - broken! and alone,
I prime in sad neglect!

All - all is dark and cheerless now;
No friendly form is near,
To speak a kindly - word or weep
A sympathetic tear.

Over

Page 82.

No mother's tender voice reclaims
Her weak and [erring] child;
Nor calls her back to truth and home
In accounts soft and mild.

But ease my soul these bitter thoughts;-
These burning tears restrain;
'Tis all too late to shed them now,
They cannot ease thy pain.

Father above to thee I call,
In this extremity,
Will thou not hear a wretch's prayer,
And grant an amnesty?

Will thou not pardon my dark sin?
(Thou knowest the tempter's powers)
And from my troubl'd soul [?]
The clouds that o'er it lower.

Trenton August 1850

D.C.R

Page 83.

The Nyctanthes P in [R]

The stillness of the twilight hour comes on;
The din of labour and of strife is past:
The song of lords is hushed; in [? ?]
They sweetly rest, while night's dark shadows last.

The perfumed flowers in [?] a garden fair,
Have closed their petals with the sun's decline;
Not so the sad Nyctanthes which at eve
Expands and blooms, amid the pale moonshine.

Unfolding, modestly, its charms which shroud
From day light's gleam, and moontides beaming ray,
It sadly blooms in sympathy with those
Who nightly mourn the friends now pass'n away.

While Flora's gems yield increase to the morn,
When dewdrops sparkle in the sunlights glare,
The sorrowful Nyctanthes, weeping, shed blooms,-
And sheds its fragrance on the midnight air.

*The sorrowful Nyctanthes begin to spread its rich odours after sunset. - Moon
Over

Page 84.

Like hearts that have some secret anguish known,
And wept, unseen, beneath the shades of night,
So this low flower, at the dim vesper time,
Unfolds its sadness with the waning light.
Trenton Aug 1850.

The death of Mary Ellen Drake,
In the bloom of youth and freshness-
When the earth looked bright and fair-
Then with a smile of hope and gladness,
On a bow, devoid of care,

She died!

Ere she had drank of sorrows cup-
Or the chalice of dark cure;-
Or gied had dried the fountains up,
From where joyous spirits flow,

She died!

Ere the tide of time and trouble-
Ere the weart weight of years,
Had proved earth an empty buble,
Or at last a vale of tears,

She died!

Page 85.

With fond hearts to sooth her pillow-
One tired friend forever near-
Faith to guide her o'er death's billow,-

[?], and with naught to fear.

She died!

Happy - blest - one will not mourn her;
Tho' within the tomb she sleep;
But will steer the cypress o'er her,
While [?] tears we weep

For ah - we too must die!

Trenton August 1850

D.C.R

Page 86.

To my friend B.F.Disbrow

Farewell - au camest, heartfelt, warm farewell,
Bear with thee to a western chime,
The kindest wishes, and the deep regard,
That o'er shall thrill this soul of mine.

Thou goest forth in youth, and brightest hope,
With many prayers for thy success;
O may they be thy guard in every hour;
Of keenest trial and distress.

May fortune smile propitiously on thee;
May health, contentment, be thy lot;
But midst them all - think yet of home - of friends!
O let them never be forgot!
When at the stilly hour of eve you [?]
O'er times agone;- when anxious thought,
Swift wings its way on airy picious bright,
Back to the forms thy youth hath sought,-

Page 87.

O midst thy throng which [moving] conjures up,
Of these then lovedst in other years,
Let me appear; and claim a passing thought
From thee, tho it should be in tears!

And so farewell; a heartfelt, warm farewell!
Bear with thee to a western chime,
The kindest wishes and the deep regard,

That e'er shall thrill this soul of mine.

Trenton Sept 1850

D.C.R

Autumn.

The autumn time has come; the forest trees
That waved their branches in the summer breeze,
Now swat and bend before keen autumn's [hast]
While earth with [?] shadows is o'er cast.

The flowers that once decked each mead and lawn,
And breathe their fragrance at the early dawn,
Have faded - and now droop as if in grief,
That their beauteous bloom hath been so brief.

Over

Page 88.

The birds that sang so [?] in gay bowers,
Now wing their flight to other chimes; where flowers
Bloom ever,- and the suns calm genial rays,
Shed warmth and splendour o'er the gliding days.

Thus passeh life: our autumn time will come;
These heads shall blossom for an autumn tomb;
These eyes grow dim - and wrinkles near the brow
Unfurrowed by a care or sorrow now.

But oh, here is a land where anxious hours
And Autumn never come: but [?] flowers
In perennial freshness ever bloom,
Unchilled by coming Winter's frost or gloom.

Trenton Oct 1850

D.C.R

[?] to that [?] chime on angel wings
When life and all its [?] care [?]
May one [?] swirl the [?] throng
And mystic with the love ever gone
[?]

Page 89.

The Dead Sea P in [?]

Thou "curst of God", what mighty wonders rest,
Beneath thy veiled and misty deep!
What haughty heroes who defied the Lord,
Within thy lifeless bosom sleep!

Here rest the doomed of Sodom's sinful race,
And dark Gomorrah's treach'rous soul,
Lie buried far beneath the [?] wave,
That here in sullen silence [?].

Here blows the dead s[?] in fury wild:-
And here the fierce Sirocco's blast,
Pursue both man and beast, while heav'n alone,
With gath'ring gloom is overcast.

Here desolation dwells! A burning sun,
Beams o'er the parched and sterile earth;
And silence, sad, oppressive silence reigning
When men of other time had birth.

Over.

Page 90.

Mysterious sea! When, at the Lord's command
Thou givest up thy sleeping dead,
What forms, what relief of an ancient age,
Will spring from thy dark murky bed!

Till then thou'st silent - save when rocked by wind,
Thy waves put forth a plaintive moon;
Or when the lonely Bulbel's song is heard
High o'er thy bosom's bursting foam.

Thou [rolest] ou, deserted [child]; no bark -
No cheerful sail upon thy wave
No human form upon th'acoused tide
Which guards the ancient [citier] grave
Trenton Oct 1850 D.C.R

Page 91.

Abraham and Isaac. On Mount Moriah

“Take now thy son and get thee to a spot
In broad Moriah’s mount, and there, alone.
Present him as an off’ring to the Lord -
A grateful sacrifice before the throne!”

Thus spake Jehovah; and abram full of faith
Prepared him for a journey, in the morn
Forward Moriahs summit - where the Lord
Had [?] him offer up his loved first born.

The grateful Isaac wandered by his side,
Unconscious of his dark impending doom;
He gazed upon his father’s face but saw
Therein, no dark’ning clouds or gath’ring gloom.

“My father” said he “behold, the fire and wood,
Are ready for the sacrificial vow;
But where’s the lamb, that we shall offer up
Upon this wild and rugged mountain’s brow?”

Page 92.

“God will provide himself a lamb, my son;”
The grey-haired sire upheld, while in his eye
A tear - the token of undying love -
Trembling stood, as he breathed to heaven a sigh.

And now the dice and fearful struggle came!
Th’ uplifted glad gleams in the morning rat
While that old man with nerved adn vig’rous arm,
Prepare - his loved, his only son to slay.

But listen! A voice is hear! “Abraham!
Lay not thy hand upon the lad - thy son;
For now I know thou lovest me - art true -
And ne’er will leave my dark behosts undone!”

What holy joy thou thrilled that parent's heart!
What glorious triumphs crowned his faith and love!
His son was saved! God did a lamb provide,
And Abraham's off'ring was blest alone.
Trenton Sept 1850 D.C.R

Page 93.

Happier Hours.

Those happy hours - those happy hours,
When smiles were bright and hearts were gay
When eyes beamed soft, and mirth went round,
Have they forever fled away?

Those voices kind - those voices kind -
Their mem'ry lingers near me yet;
I hear in dreams their long lost tones -
Tones which I never can forget!

Those forms so dear - those forms so dear;
Will they ne'er more return again?
To cheer this sad and drooping heart
And banish every care and pain?

Ah happy hours! Ah happy hours!
Would I could feel your thrill once more!
But vain the troubling wish and hope -
Their light hath flown - their joy is o'er.
Dec 1850 D.C.R

Page 94.

Yes, Winter hath a holy charm.

Yes, winter hath a holy charm,
Through fierce may blow its raging blast -
And all the starry host above -
By darkest clouds be overcast,-
Not, in the center of our homes
Thin gleams a little world of love -
A type - a shadow of the bliss

That hallows heav'nly life above!

The flower's that bloomed in balmy spring,
And shed their incense on the morning air,
Have withered at stern winter's frown,
And sunk,- like mortals in despair;
Yet, get the heart's fond, greenest plant,
In pine and vernal freshness grows -
Its branches team with holiest fruit, -
The love that in our bosom glows.

Then scorn not winter for its gloom,
Nor mourn its tedious laughter slay;

Page 95.

For oh! its charms, when understood,
Will cheer us through life's devious way,
It hath a power to turn over thoughts,
Far from earth's frail and fleeting joy,
To holier scenes, beyond our sphere,
Where bliss is found without alloy.

Trenton Dec 1850

D.C.R

Page 96.

Music. P. [?]

Soft music, - language of the soul -
The spirits plaintive sighing;
Like autumn winds that bear along
The wail of summer, dying!

Music! O how weird its charm,
At evening's holy hour;
When gentle stillness broods around -
O'er tree, and leafy bower.

O how it soothes the troubled heart, -
Subdues each sterner feeling;
To hear the notes of some lov'd song,
In beauty o'er us stealing.

It [startles] from the misty past,
Old memories; - and dreaming
Of forms long since congealed in death,
Which once with life were teaming.

Page 97.

We live, and move, in other scenes,
Mid youths departed glory;
When manhood cares were yet unknown,
And life an untold story!

And O! how oft some gentle thoughts -
Some word of fond affection -
Is echoed back from distant years
By music's inspirations.

Yes, music hath a mystic spell;
Soft as a summer [soon];-
To win our thoughts from [?] themes,
And waft us nearer heaven.

Trenton Dec 1850

D.C.R

Page 98.

My Withered White Rose.

Emblem of purity - emblem of truth -
How sweet was the incense it shed,
How fair were the leaves - how pure pale [?]
But ah, all their beauty hath fled.

It is withered alas! And lifeless its leaves -
Lie strewed over the earth's cold bed
Its fragrance is gone - its purity dimmed -
My silent

- **End** -