

MUSINGS.

When solemn night with sable train,
Her mantle spread o'er hill and plain,
And darkness did in silence reign,

I mused awhile

Upon life's journey woe and pain,
And transient smile.

I saw the twinkling gems of night,
As through the heavens they shed their
light,

And on the earth with splendor bright,
They mildly shone;

I gazed with rapture on the sight,
While all alone.

In unknown space these mighty spheres,
In harmony, roll on their years,
While man, through dangers, toils and
fears,

Is doomed to go,

A wanderer in this vale of tears,
A child of woe.

What causes this, the querist cries,
'Tis sin, the sacred muse replies,
For man was holy, good, and wise,
When first from God,

In innocence he did arise,
And Eden trod.

But since by sin came pain and woe,
We're doomed to share it here below,
Yet, is there nothing as we go
To cheer life's way?

Does consolation never flow,
O, shall we say?

O, say it not, for life hath joy,
Altho' 'tis mixed with time's alloy,
And earthly woes, our peace annoy,
Yet, if we're wise,

Far greater bliss we shall enjoy,
Above the skies.

And while we're doomed to sojourn here,
Our kindred and our friends so dear
Shall share our joys, our souls shall cheer,

Nay, fondly bless,
And drop the sympathetic tear,
While in distress.

Thus, Friendship blooms awhile on earth,
Altho' it is of heavenly birth,
And will retain immortal worth

Beyond the grave,
When buried is the voice of mirth,
By death's cold wave.

SPRING.

Winter's dreary reign is over,
Spring's warm breath again is felt;
Snowy wreaths, which late did cover
Every landscape like a belt,
When young spring o'er earth did hover,
In her balmy smile did melt.

Birds are singing in the forest;
Trees their leaflets now display;
Gentle wild flowers, gay but modest,
Greet you by the woodland way;
Or, o'er prairie fields the broadest,
Send their odors far away.

Now has come the busy seed-time.
Farmers sow the early grain;
In the groves we hear the bird-chime,
After gentle showers of rain;
O, it is the glorious springtime,
But not long will it remain.

Spring, thy reign will soon be ended;
Soon the summer queen will come,
And thy charms with hers be blended
Round the cotter's quiet home,
While by fairy bands attended,
Thou to other lands wilt roam.

TO A SOLDIER BOY—A FRAGMENT.

I write to you, dear Alvan,
In measured lines this time,
It may not pass for poetry,
But surely it shall rhyme;
If I could paint the homestead
In words like pictures bright,
I'd show you how things look here
At morning, noon and night.
The kitchen, ay, 'twould please you,
Could you take a peep in there,
And see the stove and wood-box,
The clock, and old arm-chair,
The whip, on the same nail hanging,
Behind the outer door,
Where you hung it, ere in battle
You heard the cannon roar.
And the hats and caps beneath it,
All lying on the floor,
And the pet pup there among them
As he used to be before;
And the table on the one side,
As it used to stand, you know,
And the mirror on the other,
As it hung long time ago.
And the inmates busy reading
The papers of the day,
Of bloody fights and sieges,
In Dixie far away;
While, at his post of duty,
The soldier boy is found,
With hard-tack for his rations,
His bed the frozen ground.