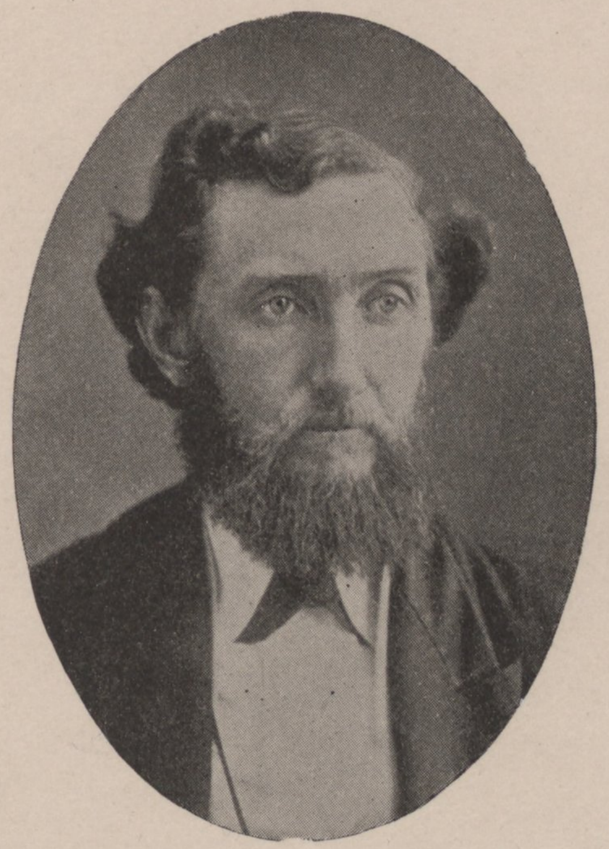
POETICAL GEOGRAPHY
OF NORTH CAROLINA
AND OTHER POEMS

NEEDHAM BRYAN COBB

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Needham B. Cobb
1872

POETICAL GEOGRAPHY OF NORTH CAROLINA,

COLD WATER, REPLY TO GRAY'S ELEGY,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

NEEDHAM BRYAN COBB,
OF NORTH CAROLINA.

CAMBRIDGE:
Printed at the Riverside Press.
1887.

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GREENVILLE N. C.

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GREENVILLE, N.C.

PREFACE.

THE following rhymes on the counties, rivers, creeks, sounds, bays, and mountains of North Carolina were prepared by the author to aid his own pupils in memorizing the geography of their native State. They were written out on the blackboard, a few lines at a time, and the whole school required to repeat them in concert. After this, different parts were parceled out to each pupil: for instance, one little girl committed the "Key to the Counties;" another, "Now we 'll learn the lengthy rivers," etc.; another, "The Skyland Rivers;" another, "Tributaries of the Catawba," etc. The larger pupils di-

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vided the creeks, the sounds, the bays, and the mountains in the same way; and on Friday afternoons the whole was rehearsed in the presence of visitors. In this way each pupil acquired not only his own part, but the parts of all the others, by hearing them recite and anticipating his own part in the performance.

After the repetition of the "Key to the Counties," one of the larger pupils might be required to go to the wall map and point out the counties, naming them in alphabetical order, the whole school repeating the names of the county towns. He might also point out the factories, mines, and date of organization of each county, as laid down on Cobb's School Map of the State, and tell something of its early settlement, products, etc.

The rivers, creeks, bays, sounds, and mountains should also be pointed out on the map.

This method of instruction has been so satisfactory to the author and so pleasurable to the pupils of his school, that he has concluded to publish the rhymes just as they were prepared, with the hope that they may be helpful to other North Carolina teachers and pupils.

The other poems of this little volume were composed in different places and at different periods of life, and are given to the public for what they are worth.

N. B. C.

Lilesville, N. C.

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POETICAL GEOGRAPHY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

PREPARED TO AID THE CHILDREN OF NORTH CAROLINA IN MEMORIZING THE COUNTIES, RIVERS, CREEKS, SOUNDS, BAYS, AND MOUNTAINS OF THE OLD NORTH STATE.

KEY TO THE NINETY SIX COUNTIES OF NORTH CAROLINA.

HERE 's an alphabetic key,
Written out by N. B. C.,
To assist your memory
Of the counties of N. C.

KEY.

One in E, I, U, and V;
Two in F, L, O, Y, T;
Only three in N and J;
Five in D and S and A;

Six in B, R, H, and G;
Seven in W; same in P;
Eight in M, fifteen in C;
And none in K, Q, X, and Z.

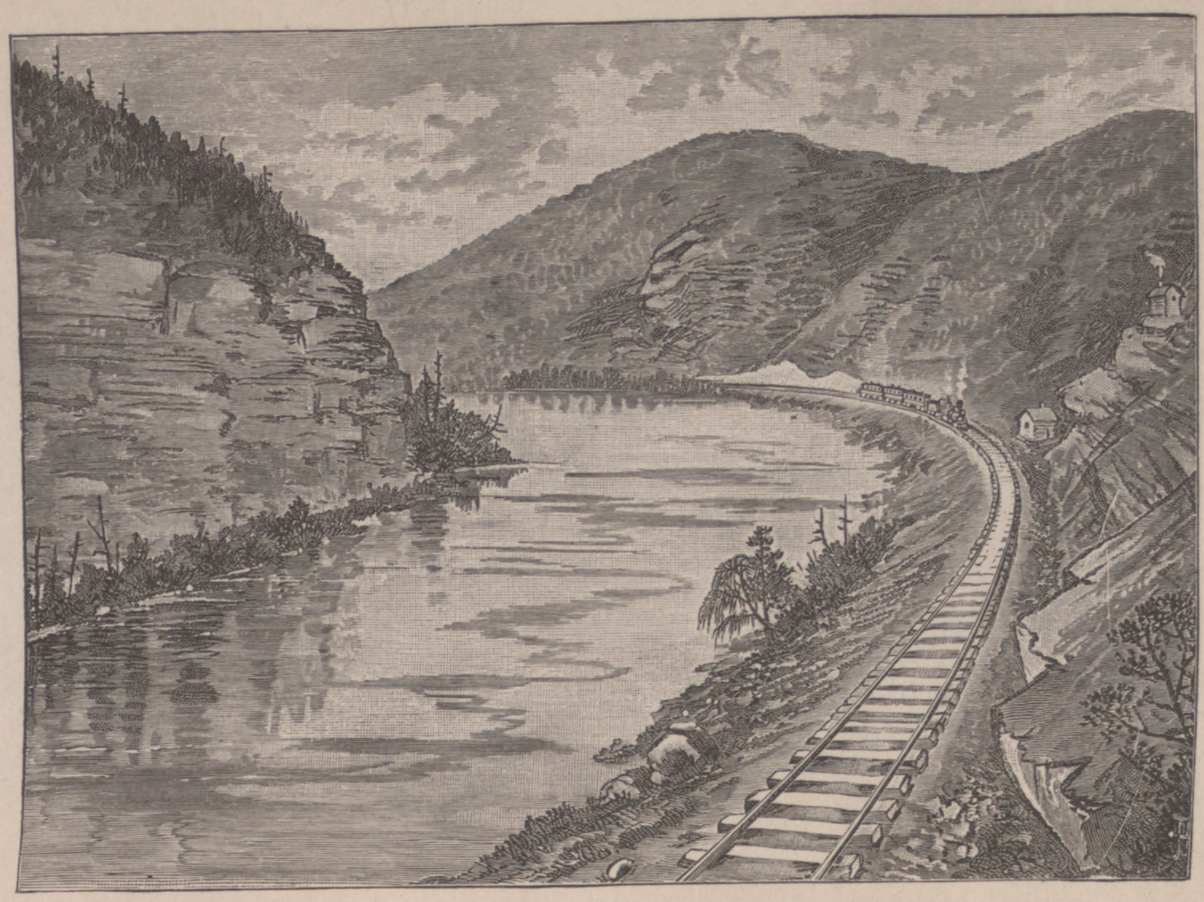
RIVERS OF N. C.

Now we'll learn the lengthy rivers
Flowing through the Old North State;
Take them down for future study,
Write them all upon your slate.

SKYLAND RIVERS.

Swanannoa, Tahkeosta,[1]
Tuckaseigè, Tennessee,
Wild Watauga, Hiawasse,
Nantahala, Cheowee,
Valley, Elk, Oconalufta,

[1] Indian name for French Broad River.



FRENCH BROAD RIVER, TAHKEOSTA.

New and Toe and Pigeon flow
From the Skyland through the mountains
To the Gulf of Mexico.

TRIBUTARIES OF THE CATAWBA.

Linville, Johns, and upper Little
Come from mountains tall and blue,
Join Catawba flowing eastward,
Then flow southward with it too.
South Catawba then approaches,
With its branches, large and wee;
Green and Broad, from Blue Ridge tumbling,
Join it, and they form Santee.

TRIBUTARIES OF THE YADKIN.

Reddies, Roaring, Elkin, Mitchell,
Fish, and Ararat, you know,
With the waters of the Yadkin,

On their eastern journey flow
Till South Yadkin and Uwharrie,
Rocky, Little, and Pee Dee
Turn their mingling waters southward
Through pocosins to the sea.
Lumber with its sandy marshes
Changes to the Small Pee Dee,
Joins all these in South Carolina,
And they flow to Georgetown Bay.

All the others treat us better,
Stay at home where they were born,
Or come down from Old Virginia
To our land of pine and corn.

TRIBUTARIES OF THE CAPE FEAR.

Second Rocky, Haw, and Deep
Through the Chatham Coal Fields sweep,



SWANANNOA VALLEY, BUNCOMBE COUNTY.

Take two Littles, Black and South,
And the North-East to the mouth
Of the Cape Fear famed in story
For the fights of Whig and Tory.

PAMLICO RIVERS.

Little, Flat, and small Eno,
Trent and Neuse and Pamlico,
Pungo, Tar, and Pantego,
Bay and Long-Shoal slowly flow
To the Sound of Pamlico.

ALBEMARLE RIVERS.

Nottaway and dark Meherrin
Form the Chowan, deep and wide,
Pottecasy, Cattawisky,
And Ahoskie swell its tide.
Pasquotank and queer Perquimons,

Yeoppim, Little, and Cashie,
Sluggish North and Alligator,
And the Scuppernong all lie
In the vine-land and the swamp-land
Of historic Albemarle,
Where our early royal rulers
Were forever in a snarl.
Here too Roanoke pours the waters
Of the Mayo, Smith, and Dan,
From the distant mountain regions
To the mouth of wide Chowan.
All these waters flow south-eastward
By Roanoke and Croatan,
Till they find at Boddies Island
Two small outlets to the main.

New and Newport, filled with fishes,
White Oak, famed for marl and marshes,

Close the catalogue of rivers
Flowing in the Old North State.

PRINCIPAL CREEKS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

THOSE WEST OF THE BLUE RIDGE.

These sixty all lie
In the "Land of the Sky."

Stekoah, Tuskegee, Balds, three and Cowee,
Cataloochè and Jonathan's, Cove and Crabtree,
Two Ivys and Laurel and Piny and Pines,
Beaver and Beaverdam, Sugarton, Fines,
Hurricane, Hominy, Richland, and Scott's,
Sandy-Mush, Gash's, Mud, Cove, and Plott's,
Brushy and Beech, Jack's, Grassy, and Rheams,
Licklog and Shooting (queer little streams),
Barker's, Alarka, and tumbling Cat-Stair,

Red-Marble and Briertown, high up in air,
And Kirklands, Hardscrabble, and Wesser, they say,
With Hanging-Dog, Indian, Cartoógacháye,
And Soco and Burningtown, Brasstown and Glade
(Some leaping from mountains, some sleeping in shade),
And Nottley and Nolan's and Forney's and Horse,
And Gap and Peach-Bottom and Meat-Camp, of course,
And Howard, Land, Shoal, and a few others flow
Into New and Watauga, and French Broad and Toe,
Tuckaseigè and Pigeon, Hiawasse, and so
They run to the Tennessee and Ohio.

THOSE THAT FLOW INTO CATAWBA RIVER.

Irish and Paddy's and Upper, you know,
And Lower, Gunpowder, and Davidson flow,
With Green Paw and Crowder and Sugar and Nail



ROUND KNOB, MILL CREEK, AND PINNACLE OF THE BLUE RIDGE.

And Little Catawba, McAlpine's, and Steele.
Paw, Clark's, and three other Littles you've seen,
And Henry's and Stanly's and Jacob's and Green,
And Muddy and Turkey and Howard's and Long,
And Silver and Indian, Big-Long and Young,
And Allen's and Lyle's,
And Falling and Bells,
With hundreds of rills,
Come down from the hills
To sing in the mills
Of Mecklenburg, Gaston, and Lincoln, you see,
And then in Catawba they flow to Santee.

CREEKS THAT FLOW INTO YADKIN AND PEE DEE.

The Brier and Mulberry, Laurel and Snow,
Two Elkins and Elk, Cub, Hunting, Bamboo,
Bearing and Swearing and Panther and Cane,
Middle and Muddy and South-Fork and Lane's,

North Deep and South Deep, Double and Rock,
Big Fish and Fishers come with a shock
To mingle with Dutchman's and Hannah's and
Tree,
Two Cedars and Flat on their way to Pee Dee;
Then Royall and Rocky and Abbott's and Fort,
And Timber and Cabin (there are two of this
sort)
And Second and Flat-Swamp, and Third, Deep, and
Long,
And Big Bear and Little Bear, mingling their song
With two Buffaloes (the Irish and Dutch)
And Negrohand, Richardson, Richland, and Goose,
Savannah and Stewart's, Jones, Coddle and Clark's,
Rich's and Hitchcock's, Solomon's, Marks,
Cartledge's, Falling, Smith, Mountain and Brown,
Island and Dison, Gould, Witherow's and Town.
Some from the mountains and some lower down,

Some creeping and sleeping,
Some dashing and splashing,
Some jumping and leaping,
And crashing and smashing,
But all intermingling
Their jingling and tingling,
Until in the Rocky
And muddy South Yadkin,
And bouncing Uwharrie,
And lengthy old Yadkin
And splendid Pee Dee,
They flow to the sea.

Juniper, Naked, and Drowning, these three,
Two Shoeheels and Jordans make Little Pee Dee.

CREEKS THAT FLOW INTO CAPE FEAR.

1. *Through Haw River.*

Two Stinkings and Stoney,
Two Troublesomes, Rock,
And Varnal's and Crooked,
And Cane and South-Fork,
And Middle-Fork, Mary's,
And Morgan's and Mill's,
Boyd's, Booker's, and Bowlin's —
Come down from the hills
Of Rockingham, Guilford,
And brave Alamance,
To mingle with New Hope,
And join in the dance
With two Buffaloes
(The Little and Big)
And two Alamances,

And Robertson's, Stagg,
Pokeberry and Hogan's,
Winningham and Pine Hill,
To help out the Haw
In its tortuous flow
To the Deep and the Cape Fear Rivers below.

2. *Through Deep, Little, and Cape Fear Rivers.*

Indian, Governor's, Long-Fork and Lick,
McLendon and Grassey and Richland and Lick
Silver-Run, Sandy, Mt. Pleasant, and Brush,
All run into Deep with a terrible rush,
From Guilford and Randolph and Chatham and
Moore.
While Darnley's and Dunfield's (singular names),
Hector's and Nicholson's, Campbell's and James,
Ellis's, Muddy, and Fall Branch and French,
Taylor's-Hole, Pole-cat, (Oh! what a stench!)

Cedar and Sugar Loaf, Nettles and Cross,
White-Lake and Fishing and Rockfish and Bush,
Beaver and Juniper, Comers, and Gray,
And Big Buffalo all come in the way,
With Patterson's, Branson's, two Stewarts and Platts,
And flow to Cape Fear from the hills and the flats
Of Harnett and Cumberland, Bladen and Moore.

3. *Through Black and South Rivers.*

Then Sampson and Duplin and Pender, you see,
Send Stewarts and Six-Runs and Big Coharie,
And Bear-Skin and Little Coharie, you know,
To enter Black River, and mingle below
With Cypress and Harrison, Andrews and Moore's,
That come through the South with its feculent shores.

4. *Through North-East River.*

Trumpetery, Merrick's, and Long Creek and Lock,
Maxwell, Persimmon, and forked Land-Fork,
And Goshen, Sarecta, Bear-Marsh, and Limestone,
And slow Holly Shelter and swift Jumping Run,
Angola and Island and small Lillington,
And Chinquepin, Rockfish, and Lewis come down
Through swampy North-East by our principal town,[1]
Where they join the Cape Fear, and then take in the Town
From the rice-fields of Brunswick, before they go down
By Smithville, Ft. Caswell, and Bald Head, all three
To roll with the tide of the billowy sea.

[1] Wilmington.

CREEKS THAT FLOW INTO TRENT RIVER.

Beaverdam and Vine Spring, Mill and Tuckahoe,
Travel through the swampy lands of little Trent
below.

CREEKS THAT FLOW INTO TAR RIVER.

Shelton and Hatcher's and Tabb's and Peach Tree,
And Williams and Clayfoot and Creeping, you see,
And Shoccoe and Reedy and Otter's come down
With Blounts and Opossum and Tyson and Town,
And Beaverdam, Fishing, and Company, Hall's
To mingle and jingle in Tar River Falls,
Or, flowing with Durham, Pactolus, and Deep,
And Swift and Grinnell into Pamlico creep.

CREEKS THAT FLOW INTO NEUSE RIVER.

From Person, Granville, Orange,
From Durham and from Wake,
Flow the forks of Little River,
And the Big and Little Lick,
And Hannah's, Dry, and Chunk-pipe,
And Crabtree, small Eno,
And Knap of Reed's and Elerbe's,
And Smith and Buffalo,
Then Black and Falling, Sleepy,
And Nauhunta, out of Wayne;
And Toisnot, Bear, and Turkey,
Two Contentneas out of Greene,
And Moccasin and Stoney,
And Deep and South-West, flow
With Upper Broad and Club-foot,
And Falling, Broad below,

And Beards and second Falling,
And Middle-Creek and Goose
Through many hills and lowlands,
To mingle in the Neuse.

CREEKS THAT FLOW INTO ROANOKE RIVER.

Wolf Island and Marrows, Town, Hogan, and Show,
And Neilman and Double, two prongs of Hyco,
And Big, Mill, and Moon, (these name are no jokes,)
From Rockingham, Caswell, and Person and Stokes,
And Bearskin and Nutbush, from Granville and
Vance,
Big Grassey, Big Island, and Jonathan's prance,
With Sassafras, Gardener's, and long County Line,
Kehukee, Skewarkee, and old Sandy Run
To famous Roanoke with its deep Devil's Gut,
And, rushing and pushing through many a rut,
They all hie away into Edenton Bay.

CREEKS THAT FLOW TO THE SOUNDS.

Troublesome, Butman's, Broad, and Stono,
Wilkinson's, Wallace's, Deer, and Pungo
Cowhead, Core, Fur, Duck, and Harlow,
All these wide creeks, as we now know,
Flow through Beaufort, Hyde, and Onslow
Into the Sounds of Stump, Bogue, and Pamlico.
Mill Tail, Second, and Frying-Pan tear
Into Big Alligator from Tyrrell and Dare.
Knobb's, Flatty, and Sawyer's, three creeks of renown,
With the waters of Pasquotank River run down.
Sumner's to queer old Perquimons does flow,
While Kendrick's and Salmon to Albemarle go.
Willis's-Quarter and Cypress both lie
In the juniper regions of ruby Cashie.
While Bennet's, Cole's, and Catawiskie,

Panther Creek and Conaritsa,
Middle Swamp and dark Ahoskie,
Pottecasy, Coinjock,
And the rambling Rocky-hock
Fill the list of Chowan's stock.

SOUNDS OF N. C.

Just eleven shallow sounds
Slumber on our shore:—
Albemarle and Pamlico,
Topsail, Stump, and Core,
Currituck and Croatan,
Where the wild geese soar,
Wrightsville, Masonboro', Bogue,
Roanoke — and no more.

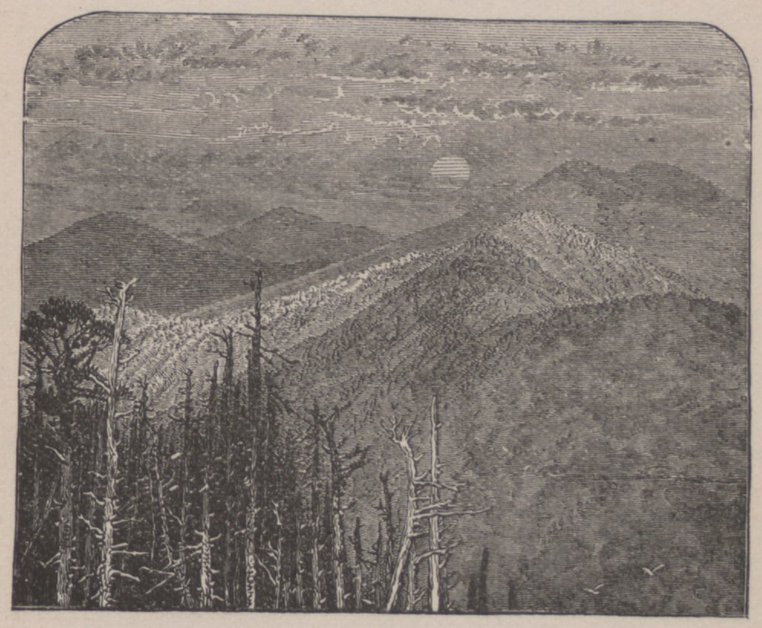
BAYS.

Onslow and Raleigh, — the largest of all,—
Thoroughcars, Shallowbag, Kittyhawk, Bull,
Juniper, Germantown, Edenton, Rose,
Yesocking, and Stumpy-Point, — these all compose
The principal bays
Of our wide water-ways,
Where vessels may ride
On the incoming tide
Of a gathering storm,
And be free from alarm.

REVIEW.

As every wise pupil will often review,
I 'll finish these lessons to benefit you.
To sum up in brief what we 've studied before,
We have Creeks three hundred and ninety-four;

Five and nine Rivers that flow north and west,
And fifty-nine others that flow south and east;
Ninety-six Counties, twelve Bays and some more,
And ten and one Sounds on the Atlantic shore.



MT. MITCHELL.
(*Highest Peak East of the Mississippi River.*)

Now study the mountains,
So lofty and blue.

These furnish the fountains
With rain-fog and dew,
And fill up the rivers
That water the plains
By cooling the vapors
And causing the rains.

THE MOUNTAINS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Pilot in Randolph and Pilot in Surry
Stanley and Chamber's, Car's, Tyrrell's, Uwharrie,
Oconeeche, Ben's, Baker's, Fox, Crowder's and King's
To the men of Tide-Water seem wonderful things;
But the men of the Skyland have mountains so tall,
They call these "small hillocks, — not mountains at all."
The South and the Brushy of Burke and Caldwell
Are ranges with peaks that do "moderately well;"

Hibriten and Rip-shin will do better still;
But Table-Rock, Shortoff, Linville, Hawk's-Bill,
Hickory-nut, Bald, Black Brothers, the Dome,
And Big Craggy, Hairy-Beard, Mitchell, and Roan,
Grandfather, Grandmother, the Balsam Divide,
Hog-Back and Pisgah they mention with pride.
Between the Blue Ridge and Great Smoky ranges
Are ridges as many as spring weather changes:
First comes the great Black, with peaks tall and shaggy
As Mitchell's and Clingman's and Guyot's and Craggy;
Then next is the New-Found, then Balsam's dark range,
With its bears and its wolves and its panthers so strange.
Cataloochè and Soco and Cowee Divides
Come in where the Cherokee Indian abides.

Nantahala and Whitesides extend farther west,
And Stanbury winds up the troublesome list.



HAWK'S-BILL, BURKE COUNTY.

These cross mountain ranges
Have many queer changes.
And all have their spurs,
Like so many burs;

For every small fountain
Is matched with a mountain.

Asheville's Beaucatcher
And Waynesville's Lickstone,
Marion's Mount Ida
And Bakersville's Roan,
Polk County's Tryon
And Wilkes County's Stone,
And Bending and Blowing Rocks,
Not far from Boone;
And famous Old Chimneys
Below the Hot Springs;
And Shining Rock, Chimney Rock,
Wonderful things;
And Baldface and Hyder,
And quaking old Bald,
Junaluska and Serbal,

Six thousand feet fall,
And hundreds of others,
Grand, fertile, and high,
You'll find on the map of
"The Land of the Sky."

A HOME IN THE MOUNTAINS.

I LOVE to live in the mountains,
  This beautiful "Land of the Sky,"
Where streamlets from hundreds of fountains
  Go singing and scampering by.

I love the beautiful Pigeon[1]
  And Jonathan, Soco, and Scott,
Tuckasiegè and Lufty[2] and Richland,
  That tumble from Pisgah and Plott.

I love the tall Junaluskas
  And Lickstone and Serbal and Bald,

[1] These names of streams and mountains are familiar to those who visit the Waynesville White Sulphur Springs.

[2] Vulgar name for Oconalufta River.

And Crabtree and Hyder and Bald Face,
I do love to gaze on them all.

I love the valley of Richland,
When waving with grasses and grain;
It heaves like the bosom of ocean,
As breezes come bringing the rain.

Oh! look at the smoke on those mountains!
See Lickstone and Serbal and Bald,
All rumbling and roaring and darkening,
With clouds rolled around by the squall!

How gloriously grand! How impressive!
How wondrously awful! to view
These mountains while God is distilling
The rain and the sleet and the snow.

I love these beautiful meadows;
These streamlets, these mountains tall;
These cloudlets, these mimic volcanoes;
I love, I do love them all.

Words fail me to tell of the grandeur
And beauty and glory and power
Of the mountains and rivers of Haywood,
As witnessed in sunshine and shower.

The scenes are unceasingly shifting,
The sky, now brilliantly blue,
Next moment is curtained with cloudlets,
And rainbows are spanning your view.

I love to live here in Summer;
The air is so bracing and light,
The breezes so cool and refreshing,
The waters so sparkling and bright.

I love to be here in Autumn,
When forests are changing their hue
From green to orange and yellow,
Red, violet, russet, and blue.

Oh! *then* is the time of rare beauty,
These mountains, sun-painted and grand,
Seem wreaths and rosettes of God's making,
Dropped down on the beautiful land.

I love to live here in Summer,
I love to live here in Fall;
But let me live elsewhere in Winter
If you'd have me live here at all.

When turnpikes are turned to morasses
Of reddest and deepest of mud,
And horses and oxen and asses
Sink down with a splash and a thud,

When the mercury sinks below zero,
And icicles hang from your nose;
When fires are fruitless to warm you,
Though clad in your warmest of clothes: —

Then give me a home in the Lowlands,
The warm-hearted Land of the Sun,
Where people don't freeze by their firesides
When Summer and Autumn are gone.

WAYNESVILLE, N. C., *July*, 1884.

COLD WATER.

Come, weary, thirsty mortals,
Who 'neath life's burdens sink,
Come, try this sparkling nectar,
And ask your friends to drink.

'T is not from sim'ring still-worms,
Where, over smoking fires,
'Mid stifling pois'nous vapors
The bruised grain expires.

'T is not from sick'ning odors
Of putrefying corn
And rye and wheat and barley,
This beverage is born.



But up in lofty mountains,
Where mighty rivers rise
In leaping, laughing rivulets
Just born of humid skies;

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Where storm clouds brood and thunder,
And lightnings leap and flash,
And glittering granite boulders
Fall headlong in the crash —



Or where the red deer wander
O'er grassy glen and glade,
And rippling rills meander,
This beverage was made.

'T was brewed in grand old ocean
Where tossing sea-gulls scream;
When hurricanes are howling,
And livid lightnings gleam,—

When waves are surging wildly,
The sea in anger roars,
And wrecks and shells and sea-weeds
Are dashed upon the shores.





From clouds upon the mountains,
From mists of lowly fens,
From froth of briny billows,
From rills amid the glens,—



From all the mighty rivers,
From every glassy lake,
From every dew and raindrop
That falls upon the brake,

From every foggy hill-top,
From every dewy plain,

Our Maker is distilling
This beverage for man.

It glistens in the raindrops;
It dances on the hills;
It laughs along the rivulets;
And sings among the rills;



Then, creeping through the meadows,
It glides into the brooks,
Where lazily it lingers
In many muddy nooks.

Till, meeting other waters,
It rushes on its way,
And in the mighty river
It marches to the sea.



There with the briny billows
It mingles in the main
To be distilled in sea-fog
And dew and mist again,

Then rising from the ocean,
'T is blown o'er hill and plain,



To feed again the moun-
tain springs
And water man's domain.

No poison from it bubbles;
No headache from it comes;
It starves no wives and children;
It desolates no homes;

But shining in the ice-gem,
Or sparkling on the grain,

Gleaming in the glacier,
Or singing in the rain,



Sleeping in the dew-drop,
Or dancing in the hail,
Or dressing up the wintry woods
In sleety coats of mail,

Sporting in the cataract,
Or sinking 'neath the sod,
It every where, in every form,
Reflects the love of God.



Think not thy worth and work are all unknown
Because no partial penmen paint thy praise;
Man may not see nor mind, but God will own
Thy worth and work, thy thoughts and words and ways.

REPLY TO GRAY'S ELEGY.

THE UNSEEN ROSE — THE HIDDEN GEM.

Thoughts suggested by reading the following lines in "Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard:"

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

No flower on earth "is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,"
No ocean "gem of purest ray serene"
Is planted in the deep to perish there.

The eye of *Man* may ne'er behold that gem
"The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,"

His keenest sense ne'er note the sweet perfume
That rose distils upon the desert air.

Still not one sparkle of that gem is lost;
And not one breath of fragrance from the rose,
For round about them are a countless host
Who in their splendor revel or repose.

Those "dark unfathomed caves" of ocean's deep
Are not so dark as poets sometimes write;
There myriads, moving, mingling monsters creep,
And doubtless to them all that gem is bright.

Within the caverns of the grains of sand
That lie around that desert rose's feet,
A thousand living things, fed by God's hand,
Find joyous homes. To *them* that rose is *sweet*.

But still, if not a creature wandered where
That rose is blooming, or that gem is laid,
The great *Creator*, GOD, who placed them there,
Would take delight in works His hands have made.

Think not thy worth and work are all unknown,
Because no partial penmen paint thy praise.
Man may not see nor mind; but God will own
Thy worth and work, thy thoughts and words and ways.

The desert rose, though never seen by man,
Is nurtured with a care divinely good.
The ocean gem, though 'neath the rolling main,
Is ever brilliant in the eyes of God.

SHELBY, N. C., *August* 29, 1871.



WORLDLINESS AND WORTH, OR THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BEE.

Among the wingèd insects
That visit summer bowers,
Two kinds, of different habits,
Are seen among the flowers.

One has imposing plumage
That shines like dust of gems,
As, dressed in velvet vesture,
She struts o'er flowers and stems.

Her looks are very lofty,
Her steps are very light,
Her carriage very queenly,
Her colors very bright.

She lights upon the flow'rets,
And sips the nectar there;
Then flitters round the roses,
And floats away in air.

You cannot help admiring
The ease with which she flies,
So gracefully and noiselessly,
She skims along the skies.

The little prattling children
Gaze on her with delight,
And fondly seek to follow
The Butterfly in flight.

The other's not so pretty,
She 's not so gayly dressed;
She wears no gaudy colors,
Nor diamonds on her breast.

She has no flashing plumage,
Nor even graceful flight;
She never charms the simple
By waltzing in the light.

She does n't travel swiftly,
For she lights everywhere,
On all the leaves and roses,
And gathers honey there.

The dragon mouth she opens,
The buttercup explores;
And every shrub she visits
Yields up its nectar stores.

Her friend of gaudy plumage
Disdains her lowly state ;
She giggles at her old brown dress,
And mocks her stupid gait.

She sees no use of spending
One's life in this dull way,
And thanks her stars she 's better off
Than prosy, droning Bee.

The Bee works on : she visits
The flowers and shrubs and trees,
The cider mills, the butchers' stalls,
The piles of filth and lees.

In everything she touches,
This humming plodder sees
Rich nectar for the working ones,
There 's *honey* for the *Bees*.

Now come and see the sequel —
The lesson ne'er forget —
The one died last October,
The other's living yet.

The *Butterfly* has perished
In Autumn's early storm;
The *Bee* 'mid fragrant nectar
Is sheltered safe and warm.

Ye worldly-minded mortals,
Who live for pomp and show,
Learn from the fate of Butterfly
How you must quickly go.

Death's autumn cold is coming;
Its storms are gathering fast:
Will *you* have hive and honey
To flee to in the blast?

Some people read their Bibles
Like foolish Butterfly,
Who drinks alone the juices
Which on the surface lie.

They dive not to the bottom,
As earnest, honest Bee,
And miss the hidden nectar,
Which worldly ones can't see.

Within this blessed Volume
There 's honey everywhere;
But those alone extract it
Who read with earnest prayer.

SHELBY, N. C., *October*, 1871

THE CHRISTIAN'S COMFORT.

If God is my light I never shall stumble;
For He is the Way as well as the Light.
If He is my wisdom I never should grumble;
For He doeth all things timely and right.

If God is my Shepherd I never shall want.
If he is my Truth I never can lie.
If He is my Strength I never can faint.
If He is my Life I never can die.

THE TERRIBLE STORM.

Oh! the storm, the terrible storm!
Filling the sky and the earth with alarm;
Bending the forests, blasting the trees,
Tumbling the cattle on haunches and knees;
Roaring,
Pouring,
Scouring along,
Terrible storm! will it do nothing wrong?
See how it tosses the leaves o'er the plains!
Hear how it rattles the shutters and panes!

Oh! the storm, the terrible storm!
Hark! how it roars! 'T is time for alarm.

Hushed are the voices of aged and young,
Stilled is the music of prattle and song.
Squeaking,
Creaking,
Breaking they fall,
The stately oaks and the pine-trees tall;
Jumbled and tumbled and twisted around
In tangled confusion all over the ground.

"Oh! the storm, the terrible storm!
Those darkening clouds are freighted with harm."
The householder looks to the cloud in the west,
And instantly falls to smiting his breast.
Surging,
Splurging,
Crushing, it's come,
The horrible charge of a wild cyclone.
The window-panes rattle, the house-rafters creak,
And shutters are slammed to and fro till they break.

"Oh! the storm, the horrible storm!"
Wife, husband, and children now scream with alarm;
They huddle together, they fall on their knees,
And there, 'mid the creakings of timbers and trees,
Crashing,
Dashing,
Smashing their home,
All thinking the Day of the Judgment has come,
They cry to their Maker, "Great Saviour, we vow
To lead better lives. O God, spare us now!"

O cyclone, O dreadful cyclone!
What deeds of destruction on earth hast thou done!
What property wasted! What families rent!
How many proud spirits in agony bent!
Tumbling,
Jumbling,
Rumbling away

Through the homes of the rich and the poor and
the gay;
Teaching the wealthy their riches are rust,
And the proudest of mortals are ashes and dust.

"O cyclone! O dreadful cyclone!
Thanks to a Merciful Father, it 's gone."
So said the skeptic, when frailing away
The storm went to teach other rebels to pray.
Dashing,
Smashing,
Crashing along,
Stopping all prattle and laughter and song,
Shattering houses and fences and sod,
Forcing the haughty to reverence God.

HICKORY, N. C., *December* 30, 1884.

WOULD I BE MISSED?

THOUGHTS ON MY FORTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY.

Should I to-day be taken from this world,
And laid away in some neglected spot,
To wait in silence till that awful day
When God shall call his ransomed people home,—
Would I be missed?

I know my wife would grieve to see me die,
My children too would gather round my bier,
And with their mother weep at their great loss.
But then from others' homes and hearts and plans
Would I be missed?

What have I *done* this day to make me missed?
What burden lifted, or what trouble soothed?
What darkened life made brighter by my deeds?
What orphan helped? what widow comforted?
Would I be missed?

What have I *said* this day to make me missed?
What soul in darkness have I led to light?
What saddened heart made glad by words of hope
Drawn from God's word? What have I said
To make me missed?

For five and twenty years I have stood
Before the world as minister of God,
Head of a household, and for twenty-eight
A free and independent citizen; I ask
What have I *done?*

Great God, when I review the past and see
How little I 've accomplished for Thy cause,
How little for the world, myself, and Thee,
My soul is humbled, and I feel that I
Am vile indeed!

Help me, dear Saviour, from this hour to be
More faithful to myself, the world, and Thee,
In all those duties which vain man calls least;
That when, at last, I stand before Thy throne
With all mankind, I then may hear Thee say
"Servant well done."

If saved from hell I know 't is all by grace,
For naught *I've* done commends me to thy care.
If these poor eyes e'er see the Father's face,
Thy love not mine, Thy toils, Thy sufferings
Will bring me there.

HICKORY, N. C., *February* 1, 1885.

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