

NORTH CAROLINA STAR—WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 18, 1854.

POETRY.

AN EAGLE'S PLUME.

An eagle's plume! an eagle's plume!
How bravely hath it barted back
Through clouds, the tempest's gloom,
And won the sun's meridian track.
A wing of air, it proudly spurned
The earth-born storm, the lion's glare,
And like a thought, forever turned
Its onward triumph through the air.

An eagle's plume! in whirling flight,
Such as a clarion note, it rose
From some unbroken mountain height
Of craggy rocks and shining snows.
And far across the desert sky,
O'er stretching plains of sand and death,
It bore the banner'd host on high—
A herald from the north.

An eagle's plume! it shuns dark ground,
But over the sea it freely sped—
The sea, where many a gallant bark
Before the driving tempest fled.
And thence above the sulphurous cloud,
While fast the rushing waters rolled,
O'er stem, and stern, and swelling shroud.

An eagle's plume! an eagle's plume!
It burst through floods of fiery rain,
Where caverns' crash, and cannon's boom
Broke madly o'er the battle plain.
A fiery standard floated there—
As when it folds it quivering hung,
And hovers in the flashes air.
The gleaming shaft of victory ring.

An eagle's plume! from Freedom's wing!
It shuns the hills of northern Maine,
And bathes in every spring
On California's mountain chain.
It rises like a star,
Where wild Atlantic surges roar,
And flies in sweeping circles far
Along the lone Pacific shore.

An eagle's plume! would that my soul
Might burst in chains and no free
Above the stormy clouds that roll
Across this life's tempestuous sea.
And oh! what might our vanquished god is won,
That it might sprout the flung tomb,
And soar beyond the flaming sun.
An eagle plume, an eagle plume!

THE GOLDEN BOWL BROKEN;

OR, THE HUSBAND LEFT ALONE.
Twas midnight, and he sat alone—
The husband of the dead.
That day the dark dust had been thrown
Upon her buried bier.
Her orphan'd children round him slept,
But in their sleep, woe moan:
Then fell the first tear he had wept—
He felt he was alone.

The world was full of life and light,
But, oh, no more for him!
His little wife, once warm and bright,
It now was cold and dim,
Where was her sweet and kindly face,
Where was her cordial tone?

He gazed around his dwelling place,
Add left it was alone.

The lovely wife—maternal care—
The self denying zeal—
The sole hope that chased despair,
And promised future woe;
The calm, bright morn, nice table spread,
The charms o'er all things thrown—
The sweetsmeats in winter or she said—
All gone: he was alone!

He looked into his cold, wild heart,
All sad and unsinged;—
He ask'd how he had done his part
To one so true—so kind?
Each error past he tried to track—
Each wrong he would atone;

Would give his life to bring her's back—
In vain: he was alone!

He slept at last, and then he dreamed,
(Perchance her spirit wok)—
A soft light o'er his pillow gleamed—
A voice in music spoke:
"Thou lovest me, and I thee;
Thee I love, oh, love, protect!
I still am all thine own!"

(From the Knickerbocker for November.)

DEAL GENTLY WITH MY MOTHER, WORLD.

BY HENRY CLAY FREEMAN.

Deal gently with my mother, world!
Her days are in the yellow leaf;
And time with her is growing brief;
She is not new what she hath been;
Her eye hath lost its glowing sheen;
The rose is faded from her cheek;
And life's decrements grow faint and weak;
The forms which walked with her of yore,
Come back again, oh! nevermore;
Deal gently with my mother, world!

I was not favored by this world,
My life was dark, o'er from my birth,
And I have tired long of earth;
But now I know mine hour is come,
And I shall soon be going home;
I feel the death-damps on my brow,
Though that hast been unkissed to me;
I need no harsh reproaches those;
My earthly forms have passed away,
But with my dying breath I pray.

Deal gently with my mother, world!

Spare her in your sorrows, world!
She was her favorite, darling boy—
Her earthly hope, her spirit's joy;
God only knows I loved her well—
How much, no language now can tell;
But I am fallen in my prime,
And early, early, must die;

And when I fall, I'll leave no clay;
Her son loves her, will pass away;
Then in my deep dependence,
The life loves leave me, of course;

Deal gently with my mother, world!

HOW TO TEACH A GOOD TEACHER.—A gentleman from Swanville, State of New York, was telling how many different occupations he had attempted. Among them had tried school teaching. "How long did you teach?" asked a bystander. "Well, I didn't teach long; that is, I only went to teach."

"Did you hire out?" "Well, I didn't hire out; I only used to hire out."

"Why did you give it up?" "Well, I gave it up, for some reason or other. You see, I travelled into a district and inquired for the trustees. Somebody told Mr. Sackville was the man I wanted to see. So I found Mr. Sackville—called my object, introducing myself—and asked him what he thought about letting me try my luck with the big boys and unruly girls in the district. He wanted to know if I really considered myself capable; and I told him I wouldn't mind his asking me a few easy questions in rhetoric and geography, by showing my handwriting. But he said no, never mind, he could tell a good teacher by his pen."

"Let me see you walk off a little ways," says he, "and I can tell." says he. "There's I heard you examined," says he.

"I'm in the door, as he spoke, and I thought he looked a little skittish; but I was considerably reassured, and didn't mind much so far as that went."

"He said, 'I'll tell you when to stop,' and I kept on till I thought he was quite satisfied. Then I went off to the schoolroom, and took my seat."

"I sat down, and he looked at me."

"I sat down, and he looked at me."