I find that m and n have been used as rhymes in nearly all my scriblings. The error is continually occurring in the following production, and in most of the instances, it cannot be easily corrected; it is now too late to undertake to remedy the defect.

Sally Riley.

Written in Macon 1843.

Some twenty years ago when I was young,
And life was one continued summer's day,
I then my harp to Sally Riley strung,
And to its music, framed a merry lay,
But left it incomplete — I now resume
The pleasing topic to the same old tune } False rhyme.

My former Canto closed with Sally's praise;
For Sally then was all in all to me,
And I had hoped in more exalted lays,
To stamp her name with immortality;
* But from some cause, not clearly then discern'd,
My rhymes, she laughed at, and my love she spurned.

This made me angry; and I dropt the theme,
And left her charms to close in endless night;—
A change came o'er the spirit of my dream,
And all that once was beautiful and bright,
Now o'er my altered nature lost control,
And song and Sally vanished from my soul.

* But from some cause, to me quite unexpected,
She spurned my verses, and my love, rejected.

All things are liable to change, we know;
'Twas so directed from creation's birth;
Nothing was made immutable below;
We find some change in every thing on earth;-
Except my purse — there is no change in that;
Not E'en enough to buy a Roman hat.

But woman is, of all this fickle sphere,
The most unstable thing, perhaps, that's in it
Fair Cynthia changes thirteen times a year,
But woman changes oftner every minute;
And yet like Cynthia too, I must confess,
No chang destroy's her light of loveliness.

Forever shifting and forever bright,
She circles in an orbit, wild and wide;
Yet scatters blessings in her wayward flight,
That makes us feel she is to Heaven allied —
A bright imbodyment of fascinations,
In spite of all her devilish vacillations.

'Twas so with Sally — once she was, indeed,
As true to me as needle to the pole;
(Although I sometimes deemed, the Turkish creed
Was half way true — that woman had no soul —
A jealous thought that rose like visions wild,
But always vanished when my fair one smiled)

But like her sex she changed — she spurned the verse song
She bade me build; and called it namby-pamby;
And took my rival's hand — (twas devlish wrong) as well as purse —
Which made me take at Ware's, a glass of brandy;
Yet wit and sweetness lingered round her still,
And won my praise, in spite of every ill.

Nor will I now the lovely one upbraid,
Nor wound her spirit by a word unkind;
She was, in sooth, a very gentle maid,
In manners, taste and feelings all refined;
And never erred but once — but let that rest —
She doubtless meant it kindly for the best.

And how I bore my sorrows at that time,
It little boots the reader now to know;
Perchance I drowned them in a flood of rhyme,
Or in the goblet's more oblivious flow; —
There's one thing certain — "Lover's Leap" sublime,
Ne'er took its name from any leap of mine. } False rhyme

O, love may be to me a welcome guest,
But never can it mar my little day;
The warrior's steel may penetrate my breast,
But woman's scorn and coldness never may;
The spells of beauty and the tricks of art,
May chain awhile, but cannot crush the heart.

I love no longer when I love invain;
I leave the chary, for the smiling maid;
And she who treats my passion with disdain,
Her scorn shall be with tenfold scorn repaid;
Proud Beauty cannot hold the heart she wins,
Unless the lamp of Hope she duly trims. } False rhyme

My love for Sally was an honest glow,
And seemed unchangeable as fate's decree;-
"Wilt thou be mine?"- the gipsy answered- "No"-
Which sat at once my captive spirit free;
That word dissolved the force Beauty's spell,
And love, insulted, bade a long farewell.

O, Sally Riley, Sally Riley O!-
Some twenty years have past since last we met,
And I have felt the weight of many a woe,
But never could in all my griefs, forget
The happy day's, when o'er my spirit bright,
Thy beauty poured a luminious delight.

I still behold thee in thy early pride,
In all the brightness of thy morning ray,
And thoughts and feelings thro' my bosom glide,
That make our parting seem but yesterday;
Mild planet of my youth's idolatry,
Thou beamest on me still, a star of memory.

Thy smiles, as brilliant as the rainbow's hues;
Thy voice, as pleasant as the laughing streams;
Thy step, that scarcely shook the morning dews,
Thy song, that flowed like music in my dreams,
Are all to me as palpable ~~to me~~, as when
In youthful days, we frolicked down the glen.

The tricks you played me; and your saucy ways;
The wild-goose chases into which you lured me;
The ridicule you threw upon my lays;
And finally, the jilt that fairly cured me
Of my love and madness, and my rhymes absurd,
Are all forgotten now — they are upon my word.

I know thee only as an ornament
Of womankind — a star of light and truth —
My best, bright friend, whose name is blent
With all that was delightful in my youth,
When pleasures thronged apace, with little to annoy,
And thou, the light and life — the soul of every joy.

But every earthly pleasure hath its bane,
And darkness follows fancy's vivid gleams;
The power that bids thy beauties bloom again,
Revives the pangs of long departed scenes,
And makes me weep afresh, affliction's tears,
For the beloved and lost of early years.

O, where are now, those fair, enchanting maids,
Who used to circle round your father's hearth—
Or lightly sporting in Oconee's shades,
Made hills and vallies echo with their mirth?—
Alas! along the margin of those waves,
Sweet roses, like themselves, are blooming o'er their graves.

I'll name them not—the theme is one of grief,
And who with me will now their doom deplore?—
And yet, I sometimes think, 'twould bring relief
To many of my woes, if I could pour
My love and gratitude in one full song,
To those whose memories, I have cherished long.

But this may never be—for tho' my heart
May feel the fervor of poetic fires,
Yet Nature has denied the pleasing art,
To clothe in words, the feelings she inspires;
And I must still in silence bear my cares,
Which have no voice, except the voice of tears.

I met a Rose in youth's tumultuous hour,
As bright as ever bloomed in Sharon's field;
But when I went to pluck the shining flower,
I felt the thorn beneath its charms concealed;
O, Sally Riley was that rose and thorn,
I wooed Her beauties, and received Her scorn.

I then beheld a Lily in the vale,
And loved it dearly from the day I found it;
It blushed to hear my warm, impassioned tale,
But sweetly smiled when to my heart I bound it.
That thornless flower was one, whose cherished name,
I hold too sacred for the songs I frame; —

But how can I of her unmindful prove,
Who blest me with the light of her blue eyes,
And gave me all she had — life, soul and love,
And now is smiling on me from the skies;
O, that I had the gift of deathless song,
That I might sing of her, and not her memory wrong.

She was all Beauty, Melody and Mirth,
A spirit bright that gladdened soul and eye;
But as the fair and cherished things of earth,
Whose sweetness links them to their kindred sky,
Are always first to wither and to fall,
So perished she, the loveliest of them all.

Brief was the space — a few enchanting years,
Between her bridal and her burial day;
With soul serene, and eyes undim'd by tears,
She smiled upon her friends and passed away,
Like some bright Star that blendeth with the morn,
A welcome one to realms where she was born.

To yonder valley's dark and mournful shade,
Where winds and streams and birds their music blend,
As if they sought my silence to upbraid,
By pouring requiems which myself should send,
Her cold remains were borne and buried there,
Beneath the willow sad, that shareth my despair.

But O, her spirit from this world of woe,
Was borne by Angels to her home above;
And she who was my Lily here below,
Is now a Seraph in the realms of love,
And I am left abandoned and forlorn,
My life, a long, long night without the hope of morn.

At random driven by the stormy breeze
With breakers rolling round him, wild and hoarse,
Behold the mariner on rocky seas,
Without his Polar light to point his course;
So am I sweeping now o'er life's dark tide,
Without my planet bright which might in safety guide.

O, Memory! thou art no friend to me,
For tho' my life has flowed in virtue's ways,
By crimes untarnished, and from falsehood free,
Still on the gloomy past, I may not gaze
With rapture or delight — I there behold
Unnumbered woes, and sorrows yet untold.

And thou fair Hope, with bright, fallacious smile!
To me, thy promises are vainly made;
No more canst thou, my weary heart beguile,
Which thou so oft hast flattered and betrayed;
Still gloomy as the past, my coming years,
Must darkly roll in solitude and tears.

If mirth or joy is sometimes known to beam
Upon my brow, as in my youth's gay prime,
'Tis but a Borealis light – a gleam
That springeth from a dark and frozen clime
And only serves my sufferings to conceal –
To hide the wounds which time can never heal.

And if along the sacred dells and plains,
Where with my early friends, I used to stray,
I sometimes pour my rude, unpolished strains,
As I am pouring now this lowly lay,
It is not that I would to fame aspire –
I find some solace in the sounding wire.

Then blame me not, if I should fail to please
The taste refined with my unstudied line,
'Tis meet that he on every source, should seize
To soothe his heart whose sorrows are like mine;
Whose sorrows may not cease till life shall close,
And I may find in Heaven, my long and last repose.

I sometimes in the social hour, I seem
To wear the smile of youth's enchanting prime

And like my life, behold my present lay,
Began in gayety, to close in gloom;
Then let me pause awhile – some happier day,
I may, perhaps, my humble harp resume,
And with its lighter tones, thy praises blend,
O, Sally Riley dear, my unforgatten friend.

In form and face, and gentle grace,
No lady with thee vies,
And all thy thoughts are diamond sparks,
That dazzle like thine eyes. –
One virtue only dost thou need,
Thy nature to exalt –
Take pity on thy lowly bard,
And be without a fault.