

The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

CHARLES F. READ & H. H. FRAZIER, EDITORS.

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Poet's Corner:

FIELD FLOWERS.

Ye who court beauty prize,
Cast not here your scornful eyes—
Nature's lowly children we,
Bred on bank, in brack, on sea,
By the morn's first ruddy light,
With all our energy, chafe,
On the sea-shore's sandy shingle,
In bleak moon, in booby dingle;
On old tower and ruined wall;
By the sparkling waterfall.

Not a hue of gaudier glow,
Not a streak to Art we owe;
Never hand but Nature's own,
("Nature's sweet and cunning one,")
Hath imparted charm or grace
To the unerring race.

All have their right,
Common air and common light;

Showers and sunshines, mist and dew,
And his labors, (blithe ones too!)

All unbred for love she finds,
Bees and birds, and wandering winds.

Cordily welcome not such as we,
Commoners of low degree.

Yet have we lovers too,
Hearts to holy Nature true,

Sheets to her bairns, her bairns,
Objects of delight and praise.

From the Cedar, straight and tall,
To the Hyssop on the wall.

For we, right, bairns of ye,
All unbred in Edie's bairns.

Hail from the worldling's view,

Wells of water gush for you.

Where his sealed sight can spy

Naught but dull ardency.

Higher come to you, ye'll tell

With your own sister swell;

Show me there some sport at last?

And we all

hailed on deck.

Quickly scorns not such as we,
Commoners of low degree.

Hearts to holy Nature true,

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