

**FLOWERS PLUCKED
BY A TRAVELLER ON
THE JOURNEY OF LIFE**

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Flowers Plucked by a Traveller on the Journey of Life by Charles T. Congdon

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CHARLES T. CONGDON

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FLOWERS.

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PLUCKED BY A

TRAVELLER ON THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

BY

CHARLES T.^{bon} CONGDON.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever ;
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

John Keats' Endymion.

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TO
MY COLLEGE FRIENDS

THESE TRIFLES

ARE

DEDICATED.

"Could we contract the choice of nature's plenty
Into one form, and that form to contain
All delicacies, which the wanton sense
Would relish, or desire to invent; to please it,
The present were unworthy, for to purchase
The sacred league of friendship."

NOTICE.

THESE poems I have arranged in this volume in the order in which I wrote them. They have been some pleasure to me, and I would fain hope that others may find some pleasure in them, also. I expect and desire not fame; yet it is pleasant to me to know, that those who know me best and whom I love best, have expressed a desire to have them collected. To such I present the volume. I will not plead my youth in extenuation of its faults; because I think that some of the best and most beautiful thoughts of the mind, abide in the younger heart; and if the sentiments of a production be truthful, I envy not the mind of the man who can find fault with words and quarrel with tropes and metaphors. Be it "good, bad or indifferent," I cast this, but a crumb at best, upon the waters. The

bantling has been dutiful to its father, but the father has made it a foundling, trusting it to the mercies of a work-house world. Still I trust it will find a home as good as the one it has left; a home in good and quiet hearts; hearts which respect even an impotent striving after the truth.

NEW BEDFORD, JAN. 10, 1840.

CONTENTS.

To a Lost Friend,	15
On Reading Bryant's <i>Thanatopsis</i> ,	18
Spring,	19
The Birth of a Nation,	22
To the Old Year,	25
Childhood,	29
The Lady Arabella Johnson,	32
A Vision of Beauty,	37
On a Beautiful Child dressed in Deep Mourning,	40
Thoughts under a Tree,	43
Angel Visits,	45
The Monitor Friend in Heaven,	48
A Dirge for a Child,	53
A Picture,	56
Life,	60
Lines to a Dear Friend,	64
"Trust in Thyself,"	66
Lines Written in Dejection,	68
Valedictory,	70

