



LIFE AND POEMS  
OF  
SARAH T. BOLTON,



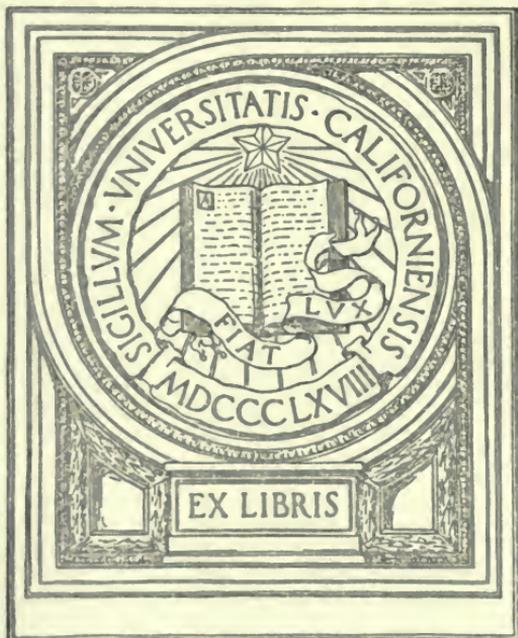
ILLUSTRATED



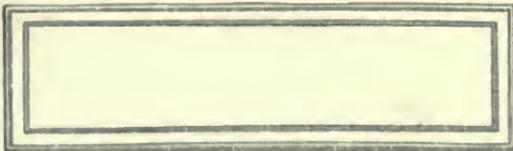




Emma Donnan.



EX LIBRIS



333



Engraved by J. H. Green

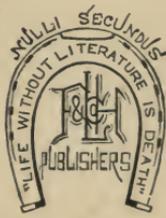
Truly your friend  
Sarah J. Bolton

THE  
LIFE AND POEMS  
OF  
SARAH T. BOLTON.

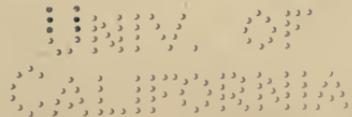


Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscabitur istis;  
Nec mea Lethæis scripta dabuntur aquis.  
—Ovidius.

*ILLUSTRATED.*



INDIANAPOLIS:  
FRED. L. HORTON & CO.  
1880.



953  
B694  
li

COPYRIGHT,  
SARAH T. BOLTON REESE.  
MARCH 30, 1880.

P/217

FRANK H. SMITH, Printer, Indianapolis.  
KETCHUM & WANAMAKER, Electrotypers

TO MIMU  
ALPHON LAM

22



—TO—

Major Jonathan W. Gordon,

OF INDIANAPOLIS,

*In Gratitude for his Assistance, and Appreciation of his Talents,*

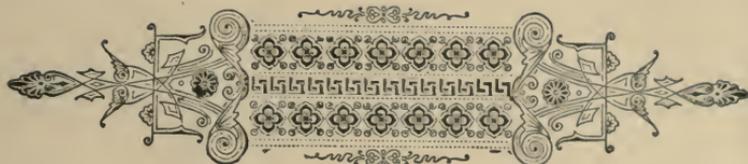
THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED.



v

M191805





## ❖:INDEX:❖

### TO APPENDIX.

Title.....	III
Copyright.....	IV
Dedication—(Inscription).....	V
Index to Appendix.....	VII
Index to Poems.....	VII
Index to Illustrations.....	XII
The Life of Sarah T. Bolton.....	XIII

### TO POEMS.

A Christmas Story.....	322
A Day at Ouchy, on Lake Lemman.....	161
A Farmer's Protest.....	330
A Letter.....	397
Alp Land.....	108
An Hour in Mr. Cox's Studio.....	105
Anecdote of Horace Greeley.....	471
An Ode—Laying Corner Stone of Masonic Hall.....	319
A Pioneer Grandmother .....	251
A Plea for My Farm Life.....	515
A Reply.....	481
A Scene in Ireland.....	449
A Street Arab's Prayer.....	468
A Tale of Chamouni.....	132
At Rest.....	316
A Vision.....	412
Awake to Effort.....	54
Away to the Battle of Life.....	463

INDEX.

Baby Nettie.....	418
Call the Roll.....	407
Centennial Ode.....	492
Colonel James P. Drake.....	234
Coming Home.....	73
Corinne to Oswald.....	399
Could Wo?.....	476
Dead.....	129
Death of Col. D. B. Moe.....	295
Dedication Ode.....	176
Diodati.....	288
Doubt.....	194
Edgar A. Poe.....	213
Genius and Talent.....	447
Germany.....	75
Going Down the Hill.....	94
Gone—Judge James Morrison.....	85
Harris's Mirror of Intemperance.....	310
He is Gone.....	222
Henry Clay.....	370
I can not Call Her Mother.....	366
I can not Choose but Sing.....	304
If I were the Light of the Brightest Star.....	170
Indiana.....	380
Infanticide.....	218
In Memoriam—Joseph V. Lingle.....	275
In Memory of a Pioneer.....	539
In the Quiet Summer Twilight.....	544
Invocation.....	261
Invocation to the West Wind.....	395
John B. Norman.....	182
John Baptiste Ritzinger.....	358
Judith and Holofernes.....	377
Kindred Spirits.....	192
Lake Lemau.....	51
Laying the Corner Stone of a Newspaper Office.....	388
Leaving Switzerland.....	506

INDEX.

Le Chateau De Pregney.....	530
Left on the Battlefield.....	121
Legend of Chateau Chene.....	67
Legend of the Castle Monnetier.....	58
Leoline.....	7
Let us be Glad While we May.....	165
Life.....	298
Life's Changes.....	270
Little Ralph.....	196
Little Robert Churchman.....	384
Living Memories.....	209
Lofty and Lowly.....	240
Lost.....	207
Love.....	497
Married a Year.....	185
March.....	336
Miss Martha McClure.....	440
Mrs. Mary Malott Fletcher.....	137
Mrs. Melissa Goldsberry Downie.....	478
Mont Blanc.....	44
Morning Land of Life.....	239
Moses's Last Look over the Hills.....	485
My Daughter.....	521
My House.....	368
My Picture.....	333
Note the Bright Hours Only.....	245
One Night in a Lifetime.....	444
Only a Woman.....	91
On the Death of Mrs. Louisa Wright.....	503
Paddle Your Own Canoe.....	277
Poems Written in Geneva in 1855.....	156
Poems Written in Geneva in 1875.....	157
Prefatory.....	3
Professor Morse.....	421
Ralph Farnham's Dream.....	373
Randolph Stephen Roache.....	283
Remorse.....	313

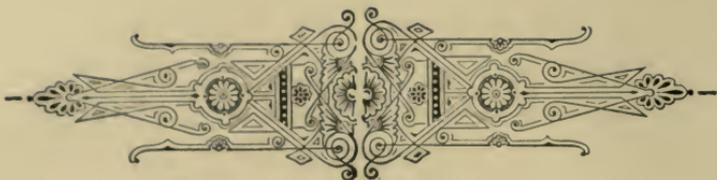
## INDEX.

Seventy-One.....	116
Shall We Know Our Friends in Heaven?.....	78
She Found His Grave.....	199
Slander.....	263
Spring.....	124
Stella to Her Lover.....	158
T. H. Bowles.....	465
The Bridal.....	537
The Children of Summer.....	485
The Dead.....	150
The Doctor's Story.....	99
The End.....	391
The Grave of Calvin Fletcher.....	404
The Iron Horse.....	71
The Land over the River.....	438
The Last Night.....	228
The Last Supper of the Girondists.....	153
The Last Words of Hon. Daniel D. Pratt.....	527
The Little Hero—Joseph R. T. Gordon.....	300
The Miracle of Nain.....	424
The Mother-in-Law.....	414
The Murderer.....	409
The News of a Day.....	307
The Pastor.....	339
The Pestilence.....	96
The Sewing Girl.....	362
The Snowflake.....	224
The Story of the Old Oak of Elm Croft.....	546
The Tenement House.....	81
The Union.....	64
The Wreck of the Central America.....	430
They Met.....	189
To Ada.....	499
To a Friend.....	147
To a Friend (Miss Maria Ritzinger).....	509
To a Poet.....	140
To Geneva.....	174

INDEX.

To Little Baptiste Ritzinger.....	257
To Mary.....	112
To Miss Elise Malegue.....	501
To Miss Esther Malegue.....	542
To Miss Lou M. Rankin.....	267
To Miss Mary Love.....	286
To Mrs. Love—On Receiving her Picture, Dec. 25, 1871.....	241
To Mrs. P. H. Drake.....	512
To Mrs. R. Swain, M. D.....	473
To Mrs. William J. Brown.....	248
To Mr. and Mrs. O. B. R——, on their Marriage.....	292
To My Traveling Shoes.....	454
To Our Tetic.....	88
To the Arve at its Junction with the Rhone.....	47
To the Flowers.....	489
To the Lady of Glen Myla.....	534
To the Memory of Gen. T. A. Howard.....	460
To the Parents of Little Carrie Ray.....	524
Two Graves.....	178
Two Scenes.....	167
Ulik, and the King of Pandemonium.....	326
Union Forever.....	280
War.....	172
Waiting and Weaving.....	202
What Saith the Voice?.....	143
Where is Thy Home, Love?.....	427
Why the Blush Rose is Imperfect.....	232



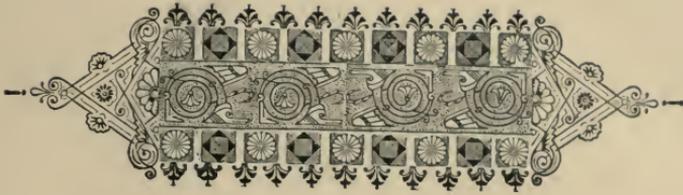


## ❖ ILLUSTRATIONS. ❖



	Artist.	Page.
Portrait—Sarah T. Bolton.....	<i>John Sartain</i> .....	Frontispiece
Initial—"Inspiration".....	<i>Alfred Fredericks</i> .....	1
Leoline.....	<i>J. D. Smillie</i> .....	14
The Pitti Gardens.....	<i>J. D. Smillie</i> .....	22
Left on the Battlefield.....	<i>Jacob Cox</i> .....	120
Lost—"She Sat Alone on a Cold Gray Stone" ...	<i>Jacob Cox</i> .....	206
The Pioneer Grandmother.....	<i>W. J. Hennessy, N. A.</i> ...	252
"The Little Hero".....	<i>H. C. Chandler</i> .....	300
Ralph Farnham's Dream.....	<i>Felix O. C. Darley, N. A.</i>	374
School Life.....	<i>W. Whittredge, N. A.</i> ...	441
The Children of Summer.....	<i>A. D. Shattuck, N. A.</i> ...	486
Twilight, "Under the Beeches".....	<i>J. McEntee, N. A.</i> .....	519
Summer Twilight.....	<i>Alfred Fredericks</i> .....	545
The Old Oak of Elm Croft.....	<i>William Hart, N. A.</i> ...	547





❖LIFE❖OF❖

❖SARAH T. BOLTON.❖



SARAH TITTLE BARRETT, THE ELDEST CHILD OF her parents, Jonathan B. Barrett and Esther Pendleton Barrett, is a native of Kentucky. She was born at Newport, in that State, December 18, 1814. She is well descended on the part of both her parents, several of her ancestors bearing names distinguished in the history of the country for ability and patriotic services in the War of Independence. Among these stands her paternal grandfather, Lemuel Barrett. He was an Englishman, who, with a brother, early emigrated to America. He settled in what was then the province of Novum-Cæsarea, or New Jersey, where he soon found employment in the service of the Government. He continued in this service several years—how long exactly, it is impossible, from any data in the hands of the family, to say. His first commission is a curious old fashioned document, addressed to "Lemuel Barrett, Gentleman," "by His Excellency Jonathan Belcher, Esq., Captain General and Commander-in-Chief of the Province of Novum Cæsarea, or New Jersey. and the territories thereon depending, in America. Chancellor and Vice Admiral in the same," etc. It then proceeds to set forth the fact that the Governor did nominate, consti-

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

tute and appoint "said Lemuel Barrett, First Lieutenant of a company of one hundred and fifty men, now on the frontiers of this Colony, and commanded by Col. Jacob Doherty." It is dated "at Elizabethtown, in New Jersey, the sixteenth day of June, in the twenty-sixth year of His Majesty's reign, Annoque Domini, 1754." This old commission carries us back to the reign of George the Second; and is contemporaneous with Braddock's defeat. He was promoted to the rank of Captain, December 12, 1755. His promotion made him "Captain over a company of soldiers in the militia belonging to the north part of Newtown." His company was part of the battalion under command of Col. Abraham Vincamper. He received still another commission from Governor Belcher, a little less than a year later. It gave him command of a company of volunteers, raised for some special service, but the precise nature of this service it is now impossible to say, owing to the obliteration of a line of the document. How long he may have served under this appointment does not appear, and we have no means of determining. It is certain however, that he retained the highest possible regard for Governor Belcher as long as he lived. It was this, no doubt, that led him to call his youngest son by the name of his distinguished friend and early patron; and to transmit, along with the name, a part of his own deep and affectionate gratitude. This, it has been said, and not without evidence, led the son to emigrate from Kentucky, and settle in Indiana, whose Governor, at the time, was Jonathan Jennings, a nephew; and, like himself, a namesake of Governor Belcher. It is quite certain, however this may be, that as soon as the younger Barrett arrived in Indiana, he and Governor Jennings became fast friends, and remained such as long as the Governor lived. In August, 1763, we find Captain Barrett in the Province of Pennsylvania, duly commissioned captain of a company of woodmen, or hunters, "by Col. Henry Bouquet, Esquire, Col. of Foot, and commanding His Majesty's troops in the Southern Department." His commission bears date "at Fort Bedford, the 25th day of July, 1763." It authorized him to raise a company of thirty woodmen, or hunters; fixes their pay and allowances; and specifies that they are to march with the troops under command of Col. Bouquet to Fort Pitt. This service was faithfully rendered; and there are now, along with Captain Barrett's commission, complete plans of Fort Pitt, together with "a sketch of Colonel Bouquet's engagement with four hundred Indians, near Bushy Run, 6th August,

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

1763." In this engagement Captain Barrett participated. This curious old sketch is very quaint, and shows the battle at every stage of it. The royal troops, it would seem, were completely victorious. From this time on, for several years, we have no memoranda enabling us to know what he was doing. His next commission bears date nearly eleven years later. It is the evidence of his appointment as "Captain of the Militia of the county of Augusta, whereof Charles Lewis, Esquire, is Lieutenant and Commander," and was issued by "John Earl of Dunmore, Viscount Fincastle, Baron Murray of Blair, of Morlin and Tillimet, Lieutenant and Governor General of his Majesty's Colony and Dominion of Virginia, and Vice-Admiral of the same." One is surprised at the extent of the authority which it claims for his lordship "to appoint all officers, both civil and military," in the colony. It bears date "at Williamsburg, the eighth day of July, and in the fourteenth year of His Majesty's Reign, Annoque 1774." In less than a year after the date of this commission, the colonies had come to an open rupture with Great Britain; and, January 5, 1776, "the Delegates and Freemen of Maryland, in convention," constituted and appointed "Lemuel Barrett, Esquire, Captain of the Sixth Independent Company of regular troops to be raised in this province in defence of the liberties thereof." Two years later, "the State of Maryland appointed him Colonel of the Third, or Western battalion of Militia, in Washington county." His commission as such bears date "at Annapolis, the 16th day of May, Anno Domini, 1778." After his settlement in Maryland, he formed the acquaintance of the Tittles, a distinguished family; and becoming attached to Sarah Tittle, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the family, won her affections and made her his wife. Her mother appears to have been one of the most remarkable women of the stormy period in which she lived; and she won a just title to the grateful remembrance of posterity by the wise and constant exertion of very superior intelligence and ability, with great zeal and patriotism in the cause of her country's liberty and independence. Her house was a rendezvous for patriots in the darkest hours of the great struggle; and none ever remained long where she was without being inspired with new hope and energy. She ranks deservedly with the Warrens, Elliots and other distinguished women of her own times and country. The family resided at or near Hagerstown. There, too, Colonel Barrett and his young wife settled, and remained until after the birth

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

of their youngest child, when they removed to the State of Kentucky, and settled on a farm near Cynthiana. Their family consisted of eight children—five sons and three daughters. The sons were named, in the order of their birth, Peter, John, Abner, Lemuel and Jonathan B.; and the daughters, Nellie, Susan and Beulah. They all lived to become the heads of families, except Lemuel, who died when a lad of eighteen. They were all endowed with rare personal beauty, and intellectual powers; and some of them won a high place in the esteem and confidence of the public. Their father survived until 1814, when he died on his farm, not of old age, but of a wound received in the War of Independence, at the ripe age of ninety-two years. His wife survived him but a few years, dying at the residence of her youngest son in Newport, Kentucky, at the age of sixty-two years.

Jonathan Belcher Barrett, the youngest son of Lemuel Barrett and Sarah Tittle Barrett, married Esther Pendleton, the daughter of James Pendleton, who was a member of the distinguished Virginia family of that name; and a first cousin and classmate of President James Madison. Thus, while it is not known that Mr. Pendleton contributed to the high distinction of his name, it is quite certain that scarcely another name in his native State was more illustrious for great and distinguished public services to the grand old Commonwealth than that which he inherited. He might, therefore, well afford to show the conflicts of public life for public honors, if any American might; and rest satisfied with the achievements of his relative Edmund Pendleton, the great Chief-Justice of the Court of Appeals of Virginia, whose learning, patriotism and ability first brought the family to the front; and, though of plebeian origin, made himself the acknowledged chief of the aristocratic party in the Old Dominion. No means of information in our possession enable us to say what precise relation James Pendleton sustained to the Chief-Justice; but it is certain they were near relatives. It is well known, however, that he was the great uncle of the Hon. Edmund Pendleton, of our own day, who was, before the war of the rebellion, for several years the representative in Congress of the Culpepper district; and, at one time distinguished as the only Whig in Congress from the State of Virginia. No facts have come to our hands, throwing any light upon the family of Mrs. James Pendleton, the mother of Esther, but the character of the daughter, exalted, pure and self-sacri-

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

ficing at every stage of her life, is a perpetual testimony to the rare good fortune of her husband in the choice of his companion and the mother of his children, who rose up to call her blessed.

Soon after their marriage Jonathan B. Barrett and his wife fixed their home at Newport, then, as ever since, a military post of the Government. To their new home his mother came soon after the death of her husband, to share it with them, and to die. It is not known how long she was permitted to witness their happiness, but it could not have been long; for their daughter, her grand-child and namesake, has no remembrance of any incident of her life or death, or even of herself. She must, therefore, have died while she was yet very young; for a death in a family, and especially of so distinguished a member of it as grand-mother, would otherwise have been fixed in her memory forever. Her first recollection is not so old as her grand-mother's death; for she herself says: "The oldest picture in my memory, represents my mother, in traveling dress, standing at the closed door of our old home, and weeping as she bids farewell to a few neighbors. She holds a young baby in her arms; and two little girls stand, one on either side of her, looking up into her face, and wondering what makes mamma cry." This was the moment of their departure from their first home at Newport, in quest of a new one in what was then the wilderness of Indiana. The picture which thus marks it, becomes henceforth the beginning of her mind's life. Whatever else may have been written before it, by the angel of memory, must lie buried and forgotten, until the light of recollection shall shine upon and reveal the record. Her conscious life begins at the moment when the door of her first home closes behind her and her family; and they go forth into the great world, bearing it in their hearts as sacred—a legend of their "Paradise Lost."

The young mother and her three children, in leaving their "Old Kentucky Home," passed near the barracks, on the way to the boat which was to bear them to their new home in the wilderness. The military band at the post was playing a lively air; and Sarah, for the moment, forgot the sad picture which we have just described in her own words, as she caught the inspiration of the music. But we must let her tell the effect which it had upon her. She says: "I remember stopping to dance a measure

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

to the merry martial music, as we went down the street to the boat which was to convey us as far as Louisville toward our new home." Happy childhood to be thus able so soon to forget its sorrow and tears; or, remembering them still, so soon to find them divinely compensated by gladness and smiles. Blessed April of life! in which sunshine and shadow chase each other with flying feet over the fields.

In a few moments they were upon the boat. The husband and father, however, was not with them. They were going to join him in Indiana, whither he had gone many months before to prepare a place for them. We can not better describe the boat and voyage than she whose life began that day has done it in a letter to a friend; and therefore we shall use her own words. She says: "The boat, which was a cross between a flat-boat and a barge, had a cabin in one end just large enough to contain our trunks and beds; in the other, stalls and provender for two horses. Between these was a nice cooking arrangement, with ample space for dining table and chairs. Upon this craft we floated down the beautiful Ohio, through fair days and starry nights, for two weeks—about as long as one would now require to sail from New York to Liverpool, transact a little business, and return. Arrived at Louisville, we found Grand-father's carriage waiting to take us to his house, some miles from the city. This grand-father was James Pendleton of Virginia." It had been previously arranged that Mr. Barrett should meet his family at the house of his wife's father. He kept this engagement; and, after a delightful visit of three or four weeks, set out with them to their future home in Indiana. How they passed from the house of Mr. Pendleton to the Ohio river, and crossed it, we are not informed; and Mrs. Bolton declares that she does not recollect, her memory having "dropped a link from its chain." Her recollection of their journey through the woods is vivid and perfect. "As there was no road for wheels," she says, "we were obliged to travel on horse-back. Our little caravan consisted of three pack-horses, laden with bedding, bacon, coffee and flour. Upon one of these horses my mother rode with the baby in her arms, and I on the pack, behind her or my father, who led the third horse. After picking our way for several days, along the trace which was little better than an Indian trail, we came to the Muscatatuck, and found it swollen to a broad, angry looking river. What was to be done? There was no ferry

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

no apparent ford, and nobody in reach to tell us of its depth, or of the danger of an attempt to cross it. After consulting with my mother, my father, on the tallest horse, tied me behind him, took the baby in his arms, and ventured in. The water rose to the horse's back, but did not lift him from his feet; and steadily he climbed the opposite bank, waded through the flooded valley, and brought us at last safely to dry land. There my father laid the baby down, left me to watch it, and went back for my mother; not knowing but that the bears might carry us both off before his return. It chanced however, that we all got safely over the river and arrived at Vernon, that night. Our new home was still six miles beyond the town, and we did not reach it until the next day. It was a little cabin, built of round logs, with a puncheon floor, a clapboard roof, and a door hung on wooden hinges, and fastened with a wooden latch, and standing in a dense forest, full of wild beasts and "tame Indians," as we called the few stagglers that remained after their tribes had been removed. It was a dreary outlook to my mother, a young and sensitive woman, brought up in cultivated society; and I saw the tears dropping from her dark eyes that first night as she spread our supper upon the rude table, which my father and his hired man had made. But with a true heart and strong hands she took up her burden and bore it bravely and patiently to the end. She has been dead more than thirty years; and, looking back on what she did and what she was, I do not hesitate to say, in view of all my observation and experience, that I have never known her equal in all that goes to make up a noble character."

The farm, on which they settled, was situated on Six-Mile Creek, in a north-easterly direction from Vernon; and while the soil was not of the best quality it was, nevertheless, good productive land. The creek ran close to their cabin, upon a rocky bed, and a spring, on the opposite shore furnished the family abundance of good pure water. This spring, indeed, formed one of the most pleasing and romantic features of the place, its waters rising from the level and leaping into the air, like those of a fountain, several feet high. To this spring Sarah was often sent, at night, for water to slake her father's thirst. We have frequently heard her tell of these nocturnal visits to the beautiful fountain, whose waters breaking into spray, shone like Orient pearls in the star-light. It had a voice too for her young spirit, that awakened visions which have mingled

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

with all the realities of her life, lending the charm of beauty to them all. The memory of that fountain is to her, even yet, an inspiration and a solace. But even childhood had other tasks than to bear water from the spring and dream of its brightness and music. The family had to win bread from the soil, and clothe themselves from the fiber of the flax, and the wool of the sheep. The smallest hand in this battle for "the altogether indispensable" had to labor that none might suffer. None could afford to be idle. Such a family is an excellent school in which to establish good habits, both of mind and body; without which no life is worth the living. It was in this school that the foundations of Mrs. Bolton's character were laid. She says: "I shall never know when or how I learned to cook, wash, spin or sew; but sometimes I had a spare hour when I stole away into fairy-land and, child as I was, dreamed the dreams that come without a sleep. And sometimes, too, we had a holiday, with permission to spend it with our neighbors, the Bakers. This gave us a delightful ride through the woods, of six miles, which we made upon the back of a safe old mare, with no other trappings than the bridle and a blanket girted upon her. Being the oldest, I rode before; and my little sister, two years younger than myself, behind. When she slipped off, as she sometimes did, I would bring the good old mare up to a great log, and she, with my help, would climb on again. One day, returning from one of these visits, we left the path to look for wild grapes and became lost in the woods. I was not frightened, and rode forward, as I thought, in the right direction, until we came to the wigwam of an Indian. Three or four half-nude children were playing about their sick mother, who lay upon a bear skin before a smouldering fire. The father had just returned from a successful hunt, bringing home a fine deer, and seemed delighted with a prospective feast. He could speak only a few words of English, but understood us when we told him that we were lost. "Augh! Augh!" he grunted, "Me know Cunnel," meaning our father. "Him good." My mother had given him a blanket for his wife, who was dying with consumption; and he seemed anxious to aid us in getting home. So, after throwing another log upon the fire, and giving his squaw some directions, he went with us through the woods to the path which led us safely home." Such an incident tends to show the hardihood and self-reliance acquired by the children of the early settlers of our country; and that some of the best results in the education of the young may be attained by the

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

spontaneous evolution of character, under circumstances purely adventitious, without designing or seeming to educate at all.

But the education of frontier life has never been wholly derived from the unavoidable and grim conflict of labor against want, and the daily communion of the child's soul with nature's in her various phases and moods. These, indeed, are essential and mighty forces for human development; but alone they are not sufficient. There must be added a human element that has floated in the current of life and thought from the earliest to the latest time, and which, collected, constitutes the memories and the hopes, the apprehensions and the aspirations of the race, or it will remain forever incomplete. This human element must be breathed into the soul of the taught, from the heart of the teacher. In vain shall the wilderness rejoice and be glad for the young, if some inspired man or woman unfold not to them the mysteries of time and eternity, of life and death. The burden of human existence must be spoken—its infinite importance must be made known—by one who feels it. The pioneers of Indiana did not lack such teachers. They were serious people who preached the gospel to the inhabitants of the wilderness; because, to them, it was divinely true, and supremely important to the children of men. The zeal of their vocation burned intensely, and they delivered the message of life and of death, with face and form illuminated with the light of a transcendent conviction, and in burning words that penetrated and awakened the souls of their hearers with corresponding faith and emotions. Like the old prophets, they startled those whom they found "at ease in their possessions," from their dream of security, and life henceforth became charged for them with immortal consequences. One of these inspired men visited and preached in the neighborhood of Col. Barrett; and he and his family heard him preach. Sarah was, at the time, scarcely eight years old; but she has never forgotten the "strange, eccentric preacher—something after the manner of Lorenzo Dow," who came to her father's house from his labor among the Indian tribes. He told them that he would preach to them the next Sunday. They sent word to their neighbors, the Bakers, and invited the town people to come and hear him. But she herself must tell about the meeting, and the sermon:

"At the appointed time we were all met in the maple grove—some

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

of the young men, and all the boys perched up in the trees, looking like great dodos, half a dozen mothers, each with her flock of little children, and as many horny-handed fathers, whittling and talking about the crops, or the coming election—all waiting for the preacher. At length he came—a tall, gaunt man in blue hunting-shirt fastened about his waist with a wampum belt, leather leggings, beaded moccasins, and a coonskin cap. After an eloquent and impressive prayer, he took his text from Revelations, and drew a word-picture of the final judgment which would rival the *chef d'œuvre* of Michael Angelo, in the Vatican. With lights and shadows playing athwart his weird face, his long black hair tossing to and fro in the summer wind, he described the darkened sun, the moon turned to blood, the falling stars, the judge coming in the clouds of heaven, the multitudes rising from their graves in the sea and on the land, the joy, the exaltation of the redeemed, going up to everlasting life, and the horror and despair of the doomed, going down to eternal burnings. Then fixing his wild, streaming eyes upon his little audience, as if he would look into their very souls, with a voice that rang out through the dim forest, thridding all its aisles, like the blast of a trumpet, and awakening echoes that came back to us from afar, he asked: 'Are you all ready?' The effect was amazing. Women shrieked, men groaned and sobbed, and little children clung crying to their mothers in an agony of wonder and terror! The sermon was done, and the preacher gone. When, how, or whither he had gone, none knew or will ever know. Perchance he returned to his self-imposed missionary work among the Indians. The rest of his life and human destiny lie hid, until the light of eternity shall reveal them. Even his name is lost to those of us with whom he left a grand and everlasting memory. A strangely gifted creature!—to live and to die in a wigwam."

Let what will be said of such a teacher, or his work, they are both needful and helpful to people who intend to live serious lives, and to do serious work while they do live. Such lessons make men better and stronger to do battle for the good that is in this world, and in that which lies beyond it. In the deep poetic heart of Sarah T. Barrett the seed sowed that day took root and grew, producing, for all time and life, an hundred-fold. In speaking of the impression made upon her young mind by the lesson of that day, she recently said to one of her friends: "That

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

sermon took such a hold on my imagination, that I could scarcely eat or sleep till I had composed a song upon the terrible scene which it so vividly set before us. This song I used to sing, when alone in the woods, to the accompaniment of whispering leaves, and murmuring waters. Years later in life, when I had learned to write, I transcribed it from memory. It was my first poem."

As the years went by, Colonel Barrett beheld his lands constantly taking on the features of a farm. He was daily more and more impressing himself upon the spot he had chosen for his home. With some money, a brave heart, and a strong arm, he had soon cleared, fenced and put under cultivation nearly one hundred acres; and, in less than five years, had built a better dwelling house; put a grist mill in operation, and surrounded himself with flocks and herds that promised, at no distant day, to crown his life with comfort, if not with wealth. But with this pleasing prospect of prosperity and plenty just at hand, he was confronted by another, that, to his loving and fatherly heart, deprived it of all its charms. With his constantly widening fields and increasing flocks, his daughters were rapidly approaching womanhood without learning, or any possible opportunity to acquire it. The country around him was an almost unbroken wilderness. The land on which Indianapolis now stands had been but just recently purchased from its savage owners. There were neither schools, nor churches in his neighborhood. He had, indeed, gained an assurance of food and clothing for himself and family; but he saw his children growing up in ignorance of books, and the culture which springs from the knowledge they impart. He could not endure to contemplate the prospect. But what was to be done? The true, wise father had no alternative but to sell the farm he had made, give up the home he had founded, and go to some place where his children could obtain an education. He did not halt in his choice between mere material wealth and the riches which dower the soul. It was far more important in his judgment, to find rations to feed and develop the minds of his daughters, even, if to do it, should entail poverty upon himself for the rest of his days, than, by starving and dwarfing their souls, to close his life in the midst of broad acres and wealth. He accordingly sold his farm at a ruinously low price, and so doomed himself to comparative poverty, for the remainder of his life. He moved at once to Madison, then, the chief

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

center of trade and commerce, of education and social refinement in the State. At that time he had six children, the eldest being a little less than ten years old. This eldest child, whose career we are to follow to the present time, was then very large for her years, and, upon entering school found herself far behind all the children of her own size in learning. She felt ashamed to be so large and know so little, although the fault was none of her own. But her shame instead of paralyzing her energies, operated as a spur to urge her to increased effort to redeem the time. By great dilligence and labor, she advanced rapidly, and was soon abreast with the foremost scholars of the school. It only required two months to enable her to read, and to write sufficiently to transcribe her rhymes.

It may be observed here, that educational facilities were not, in 1823, on a par with those which we now possess. The teachers, at that early day, were generally from the East, and only taught until they could find some more profitable business. The schools were constantly changing teachers. It was impossible, under such circumstances, for the scholars to pursue any regular system of study; but, to a mind hungering and thirsting after knowledge, no system, however bad, can ever form an insurmountable barrier. Such a mind, when once started upon its career of development, was that of Sarah T. Barrett. She picked up every scrap of knowledge, from whatever quarter, that came within her reach. At one school she committed Kirkham's English Grammar to memory, together with Adams's Geography. At another, she made herself mistress of Blair's Rhetoric and Comstock's Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry. She was passionately fond of Chemistry; and never ceased to pursue it until she had gone thoroughly over the great works of Sir Humphrey Davy upon the subject. But the text books of the school did not afford a field broad enough for her mind, which, under the spur of a tireless energy, sought libraries in which she might revel and slake its thirst to know. In this emergency of her life it was, that the Hon. Jeremiah Sullivan opened his library to her, and assured her that she was free to use it as if it were her own. She still remembers him for this generous act with unbounded gratitude. It was through his kindness that she first obtained possession of a treatise on Logic, which she studied. A compendium of Grecian Mythology next attracted her attention, and she declares that she devoured it with far greater relish and enthusiasm than

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

the last novel would afford her now. She passed through the common schools into the academy, of which Mr. Bumont Parks was, at the time the principal. There she entered upon the study of the Latin language, but some of the neighbors of the family made so much ado about it, that she finally dropped it when about the middle of Virgil. "Woman's rights," as she well observes, "had found no place in the world's heart then;" and she adds: "When an old lady said to me one day, 'Sarah, I hear you are learning Latin. Do you intend to study Law, or Medicine?' I blushed at the indelicacy of the idea involved in the question she had asked." The study of the Classics by young ladies is no longer deemed matter of reproach, and the suggestion to-day that one was preparing herself to practice law or medicine, or even to enter the sacred desk and minister to the people in things divine, would bring no blush to her cheek, as fraught with any notion of indelicacy.

Long before she gave up her Virgil she had begun to write verses for the press. Her first published poem appeared in the *Madison Banner*, of which Col. Arion was, at the time, editor. He introduced the poem with a compliment in which the words occurred: "Our fair, highly gifted correspondent is not yet fourteen years old." In giving a friend an account of this compliment she recently declared that "Byron, when he awoke that memorable morning, and found himself famous, was not so happy as that little notice made me, as I read it over and over again, and wondered if my eyes did not deceive me. From that time on, until I was married, in my eighteenth year, I wrote something nearly every week for the newspapers of *Madison* or *Cincinnati*."

Her life may be regarded as fortunate after the removal of her family to *Madison*, where she found all the conditions essential to the development of her intellectual and moral nature; and, indeed, her residence in the wilderness of the interior was but a fitting preparation for the new circumstances in which she was ever after to live and grow. In passing from the loneliness and solitude of her country home in the vast forest, to the neat, busy, and bustling little city, which she found palpitating with a mighty hope of realizing, within a few years, a grand commercial and civic destiny, she caught, at once, the life and spirit of her new home, with the quick intuition of genius, and soon outran it upon all its chosen ways. Nature everywhere joined with society to touch her soul with an inspira-

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

tion, whose flame consumed the local and the little within it, and expanded, purified and prepared it to receive and entertain the great and the universal. The feet of the grand hill that, like the wall of some vast amphitheatre, bends round the city on the north, and limits it in that direction, are laved by the waters of the beautiful Ohio, which, while it is sufficient to bear the travel and commerce of the world to its wharfs, bounds it upon the south. Thus enclosed by the river and hill, right eagerly and with earnest faith in its future, did it pursue, for more than a score of years, a career of unparalleled prosperity. It was the good fortune of Miss Barrett to grow up to womanhood, while its star was in the ascendant, in the midst of its activities; and to leave it, for the great and restless outside world, ere commerce, like the priest and Levite, had learned to "pass by on the other side." She thus escaped the stagnation and disappointment which it was doomed to undergo; and, like the river that she loved with all her heart, "went on forever," to reflect the passing shadows of earth, and the abiding lights of heaven.

As soon as Miss Barrett began to write for the press, she attracted the attention of editors and other literary people. In this way she became acquainted with Nathaniel Bolton, Esquire, a young gentleman who had established a paper in Madison, before she became known to the public as a writer. Their acquaintance soon grew into friendship, and finally passed into love, ending in marriage, October 15, 1831.

Mr. Bolton, the husband of the young poetess, was born at Chilli-cothe, in the State of Ohio, July 25, 1803. His father died soon after his birth, and left him helpless and poor. This cast him upon his own resources in childhood. His education was necessarily much neglected. Indeed, it may be said that he acquired most of his education in the printing office where he learned the printer's art, which he knew so well that before he was sixteen years old he was able to earn journeyman's wages; and to find constant employment in one of the best offices in Ohio. But he was not long satisfied to remain there. The spirit of adventure that led so many young men to Indiana in the first quarter of the present century, induced him to leave the home of his childhood before he had attained his nineteenth year, and to emigrate to Indianapolis. Upon arriving there, he went into business with his step-father, Judge Smith. They established the "Indianapolis Gazette," the first newspaper

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

ever published in the State capital. Their printing and publishing house was a rude buckeye cabin, which sorted well with other houses of the place. Here he entered upon a life which was ever afterwards faithfully devoted to the promotion of the best interests of the State of his adoption. No citizen ever loved the State or its people better, or labored more earnestly and persistently to promote its development, and their prosperity and happiness. He was induced by some of the leading men of Madison and Jefferson county to remove to that city, and establish and conduct a newspaper there, which he did, as already stated. By industry and frugality he had acquired considerable property before his marriage. Immediately after that event, he and his young bride resolved to move to the capital and settle upon the tract of land upon which the Indiana Hospital for the Insane now stands, which, at that time, he owned. Their bridal tour, accordingly, consisted of a journey on horseback from Madison to Indianapolis, which they reached without accident, after having spent a week on the way at the farm-house of the late Nathan B. Palmer, who then resided about ten miles north of the river. The house on the farm which they were to occupy, stood on or near the site of that part of the Hospital which was first erected by the State. The young couple moved in as soon as they arrived, and set up housekeeping for themselves. Their dwelling was a strange combination of materials and style. It was large—one part of it being built of round logs, another of hewed logs, and a third was frame. The pile displayed no unity of plan; and was built entirely without any regard to the principles of architecture, or the attainment of beauty. Mr. Bolton built a very large room of round logs, from which he had previously peeled the bark. This house was a common resort for public men who were called to the capital on business. At the hospitable mansion all such visitors found social entertainment and recreation. But in the spring of 1833, Mr. Bolton's business arrangements compelled them to move into the city. He was called to the editor's chair of the "Democrat," a newspaper established to be the organ of his party at the State capital. No man in the State was better qualified, every way, for the duties of such a position. He was thoroughly conversant with the history of public affairs in the State and Nation, and capable at any time of taking a broad and complete view of the whole political situation. He was a good writer, who could always state the question for discussion clearly and with precision, and, when it was stated, make the

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

argument in behalf of his views of it, with great force and completeness. He was besides, a man of great moderation and kindness of disposition, nearly always preserving a good temper, and so, capable of maintaining the amenities of social intercourse even with his adversaries, at a time when the political cauldron had reached the boiling point. He was diffident, self-denying, and so modest withal, that none were afraid that he would ever assert his claims to their hurt, or step into preferments to which his services and fitness justly entitled him, to their exclusion. Such qualities and qualifications could not fail to find recognition and employment. It is no purpose of ours to consider further in this place, the manner in which he performed his editorial office. The files of his journal may yet be consulted, and must settle all questions on that score. Suffice it to say that he retained his position at the head of the "Democrat," until the early part of the year, 1836, when he returned with his family to the farm. During their residence in the city, their daughter, Sarah Ada was born, March 4, 1836; and their only other child, James, was born upon the farm July 25, 1838. At this date the father planted the trees that now line the lane from the National road to the Hospital, in commemoration of his son's birth.

It was during their second residence upon the farm, that Mrs. Bolton underwent her first great trials, silenced within her own heart, for a series of years the spirit of song, and side by side with her husband made a protracted and earnest struggle to save their home from being sacrificed to pay the debts of friends for whom he had indorsed. As already said, this house was near the National road, at that time greatly traveled, and they found it impossible to avoid entertaining many who pressed them for entertainment. They finally resolved to accept the situation, and open their house to the public. A sign was accordingly raised, bearing the words: "Tavern by Nathaniel Bolton." This tavern was kept by them for about nine years, during which Mrs. Bolton was often her own house-keeper, chamber-maid and cook, besides superintending a dairy of ten cows, caring for the milk, and making large quantities of butter and cheese for the market. We have heard her say, that she had on hand frequently, at one time, as many as thirty cheese, which required constant attention and turning to keep them from spoiling. While they did not succeed in holding, they did, nevertheless, prevent the sacrifice of their home. The exigencies of their circumstances forced them to sell it

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

to pay the debts of others. The State became the purchaser, and has placed upon it the most magnificent public charity that exists anywhere in the West. They were able to save a considerable sum, after paying all obligations which he had assumed. This they thought of investing in a farm, for having become used to that mode of life, they had learned to love it, and did not think of abandoning it. They accordingly traveled largely over that part of the State which lies north of Indianapolis in search of a situation that satisfied them. They finally selected and bought five hundred acres of land near Tippecanoe Battle-Ground. It was an improved farm, three hundred acres being under cultivation. It cost them five thousand dollars. They never moved upon it, but kept it until 1855, when it was sold for seventeen dollars an acre.

Notwithstanding the hard toil and the many privations which she endured on the Mount Jackson farm, where the Hospital for the Insane now stands, we have often heard her say that there yet lingers in her memory many pleasant recollections connected with the place. Among them, she is wont to mention the fact that the young people of the city were accustomed to hold many brilliant parties and dances there, as long as it remained her home. She often speaks of the late W. H. Talbott and his brother John, as leaders on these gay and joyous occasions, and of others who, like them, have gone to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne whence no traveler returns." Here, too, she gave parties to members of the General Assembly at every session of that body. Other and more distinguished guests came thither also, from time to time, to receive and impart that entertainment which is born of "the thoughts that breathe, and words that burn." Among these stand such names as Tilghman A. Howard, Robert Dale Owen, Jesse D. Bright, Michael G. Bright, James Whitcomb and others then prominent in the direction and control of State and National politics. Had she not been a woman of extraordinary ability and character, she could never have endured to do her household drudgery, and come from it to these social reunions with these really great and distinguished people, who moved in the highest circles and best society of the country. But they had learned that "life is real, life is earnest," and that "all labor is holy;" and, therefore, held that he or she who labors most and is most in earnest, lives best and most enjoys life.

In October, 1840, Col. Richard M. Johnson, Vice President of the

THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

United States, and a candidate for re-election, visited Indianapolis. His party gave him a grand reception, and Mrs. Bolton gave up her household cares to write a poetical address, which she delivered to the distinguished guest, in the presence of a large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. The poem was published at the time and attracted great attention; but it is not included in her volume of poems published by Carlton. It is characterized rather by the feelings produced by the occasion, than by high poetical merit or rhythmical skill. During the dark days from 1836 to 1845, she seldom wrote anything, to which she was not prompted, as in the case of Col. Johnson's reception, by the occasion. The marriage or death of some friend, or any other event that smote the common heart sharply called forth a strain of joy or grief, and then she relapsed again into silence. Among these events may be mentioned the bringing home to Indiana of the remains of Gen. Tilghman A. Howard, who died at his post of duty as *Charge d' Affaires* of the United States at the republican court of Texas; the refusal of Gen. Jackson to accept the Sarcophagus of Alexander Severus; the failure of the revolution in Rhode Island, and the imprisonment of Governor Dorr; and the death of General Jackson. Her poem "suggested by the refusal of General Jackson to accept the Sarcophagus offered him by the National Institute," contains a lesson that should be constantly set before American youths. The grandeur of a high and simple-hearted republicanism is felt in every line. Jackson could afford to refuse the tomb of a Roman Emperor, for "in his simplicity sublime" he was greater than emperors. His refusal may be seen, written in his own clear strong hand, hanging upon the Sarcophagus, in the Patent Office at Washington.

"Firm and unwavering midst the strife,  
His soul has never faltered;  
And standing on the verge of life,  
His feelings are unaltered;  
Its holy light, the gem of mind,  
Is brilliantly displaying,  
Though the frail casket where 'tis shrined,  
Is silently decaying.

THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

“Lay him not in marble tomb,  
Where sculptured forms are weeping:  
Let him rest in silent gloom,  
Where his cherished wife is sleeping:  
Make his grave where the bright blue skies  
And glorious stars are shining;  
Where bright-eyed flowers, in rainbow dye  
Are lovingly entwining.

“Rear no sarcophagus to tell,  
The patriot hero's story;  
Imperial splendor ne'er can swell  
The measure of his glory.  
There is a tide that can be stay'd  
In noble hearts that love him;  
The monument his deeds have made,  
The World will place above him.”

The triumph of the Charter-Government over that organized by Governor Dorr and his supporters in the State of Rhode Island and the subsequent imprisonment of that gentleman, inspired her with a deep sense of injury to the cause of liberty, and popular government in America; and under the influence of the feelings of the hour, she wrote an apostrophe to the State, that overflowed with indignant bitterness. A single stanza must serve as a sample of the whole.

“Thou blot on creation! Thou claimest to be  
The home of the exile, the land of the free,  
While tyranny high on her vassal-raised throne,  
Still points to thy charter, and calls thee her own.”

It is not at all wonderful that her feelings should have been so moved, for the great Democratic party fully espoused the cause of the Dorr Government; and during the political canvass of 1844, made such appeals to the popular heart in behalf of the imprisoned Governor, by paintings, songs and oratory, as often moved all hearts, and brought tears to all eyes. Yet it is now universally agreed by all who have studied the subject, that

THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

the Dorr Government had no foundation in the principles of American constitutional government; and would, if it had met with the sanction of authority, have made a precedent upon which all revolutionary movements might have been justified. It was not, however, to have been expected that a woman of a highly wrought, and exquisitely sensitive poetical temperament should have looked beyond the harsh consequences of the victory of the Charter-Government, to find means to justify the sufferings it inflicted; and especially when a glance at the grounds of the dispute, showed that the victorious party stood upon a denial of political rights to a large body of the people of the State. At all events she sympathised with the weaker party; and warmly espoused their cause against their stronger foe. It was impossible for her to have done otherwise; for her whole life has been, and still is, a passionate protest against "the oppressor's wrongs," \* \* "and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes." It was her love of liberty and her hatred of oppression that in like manner led her with all her soul to espouse the cause of Texas in her long and bloody combat for independence with Mexico; and when, at last, the time came to annex the Lone-Star Republic to the American Union, her genius did not fail to inspire the effort and crown the act with its earnest offerings. We venture to copy two stanzas from her poem entitled "Texas," or "Lines suggested by the speech of Gen. Wick, Democratic District Elector for the Sixth Congressional District, delivered at Mt. Jackson, on the 27th June, 1844":

“Where myrtle trees are growing,  
And mighty rivers flowing,—  
Where orange flowers are throwing  
    Their fragrance to the air,  
There is a sister land,—  
A noble Spartan band,  
Who bring to freedom's altar  
The offering's that exalt her,  
And never, never falter  
    To bravely lay them there.

THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

Loud o'er the land is pealing  
The deep response of feeling,  
The glorious truth revealing  
That those we love are there.  
And they at last are free,  
And can not, shall not be  
Enslaved again. No; never!  
They're bound to us forever.  
What wretch that tie would sever?  
Where is the minion? Where?"

It was only in some such occasional effort that she broke away from the daily labor and cares of her household, during all the long, dark years from 1836 to 1845. Her sacrifice to duty during these years can not be overrated. But, like all such efforts, hers have been misstated by her best friends, who could have had no other motive but to commemorate them, and honor her. Thus, Prof. W. C. Larrabee, in his notice of Mrs. Bolton, published in the *Ladies' Repository* at Cincinnati, in speaking of her husband's embarrassments, and their efforts to escape from them, says:

"To extricate himself from his difficulties, he opened a tavern on his farm, a short distance west of Indianapolis. Mrs. Bolton, then scarcely seventeen years old, found herself encumbered with the care of a large dairy and public house. To aid as much as possible in relieving her husband from embarrassment, she dispensed with help, and, with her own hands, often for weeks and months, performed all the labor of the establishment. Thus, for nearly two years, this child of genius, to whom song was as natural as to the bird of the greenwood, cheerfully resigned herself to incessant toil and care, in order that she might aid her husband in meeting the pecuniary obligations which honesty or honor might impose. During those long and dreary years of toil and self-denial, she wrote little or nothing. At last the crisis was reached, the work accomplished, and the bird, so long caged and tuneless, was free to soar into the region of song again."

While this quotation very fitly and beautifully displays the heroic sacrifice of the young wife, and its effects upon the poetess, there are some grave mistakes in reference to facts in it, that for truth's sake it is

THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

needful to correct. It plainly places the years of trial and silence immediately after her marriage, and ends them with her first residence upon the farm. This is clear from what is said of her age, and the length of their stay there at that time. She was then, indeed, scarcely more than seventeen years old, and did remain upon the farm but two years—not quite two. But the season of embarrassment had not then come upon Mr. Bolton. He did not experience it until he returned to the country, in 1836; and it did not end in two years, but lasted nearly nine, and, during the long night of darkness and silence, she had no resource but “to labor and to wait.” Relief at last came, as already seen, by the sale of the farm, and, in 1845 “the bird so long caged and tuneless was free to soar into the region of song again.”

Soon after the sale of the farm Mr. Bolton returned to the city, and took possession of the cottage, in which he continued to reside until 1853, when he removed. It was there that the genius of song reasserted its dominion over the soul of Mrs. Bolton, and it returned with all its powers to the worship of the Muse. Her invocation to the Muse shows that she had just emerged from the dominion of care and darkness:

“Come to me, Muse! hast thou forsaken  
The heart that trembled in thy smile so long?  
Come! touch my spirit-harp string and awaken  
The spell, the soul, the witchery of song.

“Too long have I been bound in Care’s dominion;  
Thou, only thou, canst break the strong control.  
Come with thy radiant brow and starry pinion,  
And bring again the sunlight to my soul.

“I met thee, fairest one, in childhood’s hours,  
And wandered with thee over dale and hill,  
Conversing with the stars, the streams, the flowers;  
I loved thee then, and oh! I love thee still.

“Come to me! Life is all too dark and dreary  
When thou, my guiding spirit, art not near;  
Come! I have sought thee till my heart is weary,  
And still I watch and wait. Appear! appear!”

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

It was in allusion to this "Invocation" that William D. Gallagher, writing for the *Columbian and Great West*, in 1850, said:

"Her adjuration was answered, and since then the Muse has been her constant companion. \* \* \* Some of her poems are the most beautiful of the day, and are entitled to an honorable place in the poetical literature of her country. \* \* \* She sings, not because she has a demand from either the book trade or the magazine trade, but because song is the language of her heart, and she *must* sing, or her heart must ache with its suppressed emotions. She explains all this, truthfully and beautifully, in the following graceful stanzas:

"Breezes from the land of Eden,  
Come and fan me with your wing,  
Till my soul is full of music,  
And I can not choose but sing.

"When the sparkling fount is brimming,  
Let a fairy cloud bestow  
But another drop of water,  
And a wave will overflow.

"When a thirsty flower has taken  
All the dew its heart can bear,  
It distributes the remainder  
To the sunbeam and the air.

"Her power of imitation is very strong. Of all attempts that have been made to copy the construction and flow of Poe's 'Raven,' hers is the most successful by far. It occurs in a poem on *Poe's Death*, and one or two of the stanzas are equal, not only to the *verse* of the 'Raven,' but also to its poetry."

Notwithstanding her comparative freedom from domestic cares after her removal to her cottage home in the city, and the opportunity which her new circumstances afforded her to devote her attention to subjects of general interest and worthy of her genius, she was still too closely bound by the ties of affectionate sympathy to the society in which she lived not to be thrilled by its joys and sorrows and constrained to celebrate, in

THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

occasional poems, the events that brought to its members either the one or the other. It was in this way that she wrote "Lines suggested by the presentation to the Legislature of the Banners of the Second and Third Regiments of Indiana Volunteers," in 1874-8. The occasion in itself was one long to be remembered; and was besides illustrated by one of the most remarkable and eloquent presentation speeches ever delivered in the State. This speech was delivered by Captain Thomas L. Sullivan, the eldest son of Mrs. Bolton's early friend, and it no doubt contributed to inspire her lines. We can not forbear quoting three stanzas:

" Where the cannon's voice was loudest,  
Where the boldest deeds were wrought,  
Where the good, the true lay dying,  
Where the noblest, bravest fought;  
Ever foremost with the daring,  
Ever in the thickest fight,  
Did those hope-inspiring banners  
Meet the fainting soldier's sight.

" And he hailed them, as the sailor  
Hails the beacon from the mast,  
When his gailant bark is struggling  
With the fury of the blast.  
He hailed them as the wanderer  
Hails the beaming of a star,  
That reminds him of his childhood,  
And his quiet home afar.

" Keep them! keep them! Indiana!  
Lay them on thy proudest shrine;  
For the dim and distant future  
No holier gift is thine.  
Thy fair and peerless daughters  
Wrought those stars of gleaming gold,  
And thy noble sons fought bravely  
Beneath their shadowy fold.  
Wreath the cypress with the laurel.  
Bind each worn and faded shred;  
They are proud but sad inementoes  
Of thy gallant, gallant dead.

THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

The mind and pen of Mrs. Bolton were busy after her return to the city. She had leisure now to employ her thoughts upon many grand and constant themes that nature, in her various moods, offers to her gifted children to lead them to contemplation and inspire them with song. She did not, however, cease to share the joys and sorrows of her friends and neighbors, nor of the general public; and upon all occasions of joy or woe, whether public or private, her heartfelt and ready sympathy poured itself out in "harmonious numbers." She was a high Mason's daughter, and in early childhood had learned to reverence and honor the ancient and venerable order to which her father had given his heart. Consequently, when, in October, 1848, the corner-stone of the Grand Masonic Hall was laid at the city of Indianapolis, she prepared an ode for the occasion, which was sung by the brethren and citizens, led by the choir of the Second Presbyterian Church of the city. It was worthy of the occasion, but is too long to be inserted here. The last stanza is as follows:

"Go, in the spirit of Him who is holy,  
Gladden the wastes and the by-ways of earth;  
Visit the homes of the wretched and lowly,  
Bringing relief to the desolate hearth.  
Bind up the broken heart,  
Joy to the sad impart,  
Stay the oppressed, and strengthen the just;  
Freely do ye receive,  
Freely to others give,  
Great is your mission—'in God is your trust.'"

In May, 1849, the Grand Chapter of the State, remembering her services to the order, adopted the following resolutions of thanks:

"Resolved, unanimously, That the thanks of this Grand Chapter are due to Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton, for the beautiful Masonic ode composed by her, which was sung on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of Grand Masonic Hall, in said city, on the 25th day of October last.

"Resolved, unanimously, That, as a token of the high regard which the members of the Grand Chapter entertain for the character of Mrs. Bolton, and to manifest their appreciation of her as a poetess, the Grand

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

Chapter will present for her acceptance a silver cup, with an appropriate device and inscription.

“Resolved, That a committee be appointed to carry these resolutions into effect, and that a copy of the resolutions, under the seal of the Grand Chapter, be furnished Mrs. Bolton with the presentation.”

The design was duly executed, under the direction of the committee of the Grand Chapter, and on the evening of the 24th of May, 1850, Hon. James Morrison, in one of the principal churches of the city, and in presence of a large and appreciative audience, presented Mrs. Bolton the cup which had been voted her a year before. He delivered a neat and admirable speech, in which he glanced at her career as a poetess and the fame she had already won, and concluded by saying: “As Masons, Madam, we attach peculiar value to the signal service done our order by this free-will offering of your Muse, for we so consider it. I repeat the sentiment—we do consider it a most noble, glowing, and truthful defense of the cardinal principles of ancient Free Masonry; principles, alas, most grievously maligned and misrepresented, because they are not generally understood.” He then referred to the adoption by the Grand Chapter of the resolutions, and closed by saying: “And now, Madam, as the honored organ of the Grand Chapter, in their name and presence, I present for your acceptance this cup, the main device of which you will notice is the Royal Arch, and under which, and between its sustaining columns, is this inscription:

“The Grand Chapter of the State of Indiana, to Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton, as a token of acknowledgment for her excellent Masonic ode on the laying of the corner-stone of the Grand Masonic Hall at Indianapolis, October 25, A. D. 1848, A. L. 5848.’

“The minor device represents a craftsman in the act of adjusting a corner stone to its proper place. The inscription is one quite familiar to you, being three lines from your own inspiring ode:

“ ‘Come lay the corner-stone  
Asking the Lord to own  
Labors that tend to His glory and praise.’

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

"This token, Mrs. Bolton, you will please receive as an acknowledgment by Masons that neither time nor circumstances will cancel or efface."

To the resolutions and presentation speech, Mrs. Bolton made an appropriate and eloquent response, which was quite equal in all respects to that of the learned, venerable and eloquent Judge. She concluded with these sentences:

"When, bowed and broken-hearted, our first parents were driven from the garden of Eden, to reap the bitter fruits of disobedience, the spirit of Free Masonry was commissioned in heaven to bless and cheer them in their loneliness. She has fed the hungry, reclaimed the wandering, ministered consolation by the bedside of the dying, and brightened the pathway of the bereaved and desolate. Mortals have witnessed her labors of love, and angels have recorded her annals in the archives of eternity. When the lion shall lie down with the lamb—when the new heaven and new earth are created—then, and not till then, may she fold her white wings on her spotless bosom and proclaim that her mission is accomplished."

In the spring of the year 1851, the Grand Hall having been completed, came to be dedicated to the purposes for which it was erected. A vast crowd assembled from all parts of the State to witness the imposing ceremonies. Dr. Elizur Deming, the Grand Master, officiated on the occasion. "Age and childhood were commingled in that throng—man in his rugged strength and woman in her loveliness and purity." The Governors of Ohio and Indiana were present, together with the officers of State and judges of the courts. Men of all professions, crafts and callings united to honor themselves by honoring the occasion. An address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Lynch, and then an ode, written expressly for the occasion by Mrs. Bolton, was sung with great effect. She was present in the audience, and her daughter, Sarah Ada, a brilliant and beautiful girl of "sweet sixteen," was one of the leading singers of the choir. The last two stanzas invoke the inspiration and support of the Father, and may be quoted with profit:

"Show us the truth, and the pathway of duty;  
Help us to lift up our standard sublime,  
Till earth is restored to the order and beauty

THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

Lost in the shadowy morning of time.  
Teach us to sow the seed  
Of many a noble deed;  
Make us determined, unflinching and strong—  
Armed with the sword of right,  
Dauntless amid the fight,  
Help us to level the bulwarks of wrong.

“ Prompt us to labor as thou hast directed,  
On the foundation laid sure in the past;  
And may ‘the stone which the builders rejected’  
Crown our endeavors with glory at last.  
Then, at the even tide,  
Laying the square aside,  
May we look calmly on life’s setting sun;  
And at the mercy seat,  
Where ransomed spirits meet,  
Hear from the Master the plaudit, ‘Well done.’ ”

The visit of Gov. Louis Kossuth to the United States in the early part of the year 1852, awakened immense enthusiasm among the people. The fame of his deeds and sufferings had preceded him, and poetry and eloquence had already reared the column of his renown and glorified his name. The General Assembly invited him to Indianapolis, and so made him and his party the guests of the State. His wonderful eloquence swept all hearts, and men and women hastened to do him honor and fill his pockets with means, which he declared should be employed in the liberation of Hungary. “Mrs. Bolton, who had written a stirring poem to him in 1849, manifested a deep interest in his mission to America, and was chosen by the ladies of Indianapolis to present to him a purse containing one hundred and fifty dollars, which they had contributed. At the close of an address by Kossuth to a large audience, on the characteristics of the people of Hungary, a committee of ladies, among whom was the wife of Joseph A. Wright, then Governor of Indiana, was presented; and Mrs. Bolton, with subdued earnestness of feeling, but in clear tones and with fitting elocution, presented the purse, in a few words which exactly represented the spirit of the last stanza of her poem to the Magyar.

THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

And hast thou striven with might and mind in vain?  
In vain? Ah! no: the bread thy deeds have cast  
Upon the waters will be found again;  
The seed thy thoughts have sown will ripen fast,  
Dewed by a nation's tears, and when at last  
The harvest whitens until all are free,  
True hearts will turn with reverence to the past,  
And from the countless millions yet to be  
Will rise a pæan song, brave, true Kossuth, to thee.'

In his response, Kossuth said: "You say that you have prayed for the success of freedom in my native land. I know for yourself you have done more than this. You have contributed to that cause your genius—a genius which it is the pleasure of your State to honor and appreciate. I know that there is a chord in the heart of woman that ever responds to justice, and that her impulses are against oppression in every land. I entreat you to go on and bestow your sympathy, even as the mother bestows her love on her child. Human liberty is well worthy of a mother's fostering care."

Between 1847 and 1853, Mr. Bolton was elected State Librarian, an office which he held for four years. The salary was small, and Mrs. Bolton aided him in the discharge of his duties, which, as the library was then conducted, were onerous. It gave her great advantages for reading, and she did not fail to improve her opportunities. She read much and thoroughly. But she had still other work, not of the mind, to perform during these peaceful and fruitful days. As part of his official duties, along with the care of the library, Mr. Bolton had entire charge of the State House and grounds, and was bound to put them in order for the meetings of the General Assembly, and for other great meetings from time to time. During the excitement arising from the questions embraced in the compromise legislation of 1850, Governor Wright, who was an intense Union man, in the interest of the Union and of peace, invited several of the Governors of Western States, both North and South, to visit him at Indianapolis and hold a public reception. For this purpose it was necessary to open the Senate chamber and Hall of the House of Representatives. But, without new carpets, it was found that they were not fit for such a purpose. New carpets were purchased at once, but the

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

furnishing business was then in its infancy in the Capital of Indiana, and the duty of sewing the carpets together devolved on Mrs. Bolton. The time was short, and help difficult to obtain on any fair terms, or, indeed, at all. She was at last compelled to do the sewing mostly herself, and, as she has always done in every emergency of her life, she did not hesitate a moment, but went to work at once with such zeal and energy that before the day fixed for the reception the carpets were all well stitched together and adjusted to the floors. It was during this week or ten days of incessant toil, both day and night, that she composed that magnificent and inspiring battle-hymn of the victorious army of successful workers in every age and land, "Paddle Your Own Canoe," which has been translated into many languages and is sung to-day all round the globe. No life can fail that recognizes, feels and follows the last stanza:

" Nothing great is lightly won,  
Nothing won is lost;  
Every good deed, nobly done,  
Will repay the cost.  
Leave to Heaven, in humble trust,  
All you will to do;  
But, if you succeed, you must  
Paddle your own canoe."

Soon after his term as State Librarian expired, he was appointed clerk to one of the committees of the United States Senate, by Mr. Jesse D. Bright. When he entered upon the duties of this new position, they removed to a house directly on Kentucky avenue, in the city, and resided there during the two years which he was employed as committee clerk at Washington. His family was often with him at the National Capital, and some of her poems have been published dating from that place. In this way "Paddle Your Own Canoe" first went forth to the world. But it must not be forgotten that its genesis is truly given above. It is a product of our State, not of our National Capital.

Mr. Bolton was appointed Consul at Geneva, Switzerland, by President Pierce, in the spring of 1855. His wife and daughter accompanied him thither very soon after his appointment. They owed the appointment to the direct influence of Gen. Joseph Lane. Mr. Marcy was then

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

Secretary of State, and when Mr. Bolton's recommendations were presented, declared that they were sufficient to have justified his appointment as minister to any court in Europe. But Mr. Bolton was not ambitious, and desired only to give his poet-wife an opportunity to visit the historic shrines of the old world and the glory thereof. This accomplished, he was satisfied.

As soon as the appointment was confirmed by the Senate, and Mr. Bolton had procured his credentials and instructions, he was ready to sail. While he was arranging these matters, Mrs. Bolton repaired to Indianapolis to settle affairs there and close their house until they should return from abroad. These preliminaries dispatched without delay, she joined her husband in New York, and sailed from that port, on the steamship *Ariel*, for Havre, May 10, 1855, where they arrived on the fourteenth day of their voyage. After a two days' stay at Havre, they proceeded to the French capital, where the World's Fair was then current. This was the second of those great universal guilds where all crafts and all nations had come to exhibit the best fruits and achievements of their institutions, skill and industry. Mrs. Bolton, with the quick eye and comprehensive mind of genius, took in the vast ideal of such an exposition at a glance, and, appreciating what it had there accomplished, ran down the coming centuries to anticipate its results as a factor in the complete civilization and pacification of mankind in that day.

“When the war-drum throbs no longer and the battle-flags are furled  
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.”

From these great achievements of the race and the large hopes they inspired, they turned away to glance for a moment at the brief but brilliant glory of Napoleon III, and the court which he and his Empress, the beautiful Eugenie, held in the gayest capital on earth. His Majesty deigned to speak a few words to Mrs. Bolton concerning her own country and his travels therein, but they were of little import, and may be allowed to drop out of sight without loss. On their way from Havre to Paris, they had stopped for a few days at Rouen, a place replete with some of the grandest memories of mediæval times, and Mrs. Bolton had not failed to derive new inspiration in favor of “liberty and the rights of mankind” from the recollections of that daughter of the people, Joan D'Arc, whose

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

cruel death in that ancient city must forever make the place of her martyrdom a holy shrine to the patriotic pilgrims of all lands. It was impossible for her, standing in the presence of Napoleon "the Little," not to contrast his mean, perjured and bloody selfishness with the pure, grand and unselfish girl, who, hundreds of years before, had given her unspotted life to redeem her country from the galling yoke of a foreign tyrant. But the vision of the inspired Saint of Domremy, and of the petty and blood-stained subverter of the free constitution and liberty of France, and of the contrast of the two passed, and she who saw them went to the beautiful Aip-land to breathe its free republican atmosphere. They went by rail to the quaint old town of Dijohn, and thence by diligence to Geneva. Here they took up their residence, and while Mr. Bolton engaged in the duties of his office, his wife and their daughter began at once to prepare themselves for making the tour of Italy and Germany with pleasure and profit to themselves. They perfected their knowledge of French and German, and familiarized themselves as far as possible with the routes they had selected and the manners and customs of the people among whom they were to pass. In a word, whatever would most conduce to the ends aimed at by wise travelers in going over historical lands and studying great peoples and their institutions and traditions, was considered. They spent nearly a year thus in Switzerland, before setting forth to study Rome and Germany. But the Helvetian Republic presented too many objects of high poetic interest not to call forth, during the year, some of Mrs. Bolton's loftiest and sweetest songs. Among these may be noticed here, "Diodati," the residence of Lord Byron, where, in 1816, he wrote "Manfred" and the third canto of "Childe Harold;" "The Chateau de Pregney," the residence in Switzerland of the Empress Josephine; "A Day at Ouchy, on Lake Leman," and a poem "To Geneva." It is enough to name these bright witnesses to the happy influences exerted upon the genius of Mrs. Bolton by the new and grand scenes in which it found itself in Europe. These, however, are but the first fruits of her fertile genius in its inspiring circumstances at Geneva. Before the end of their first year there, both mother and daughter found themselves ready to go forth into Italy and Germany to study their monuments of a departed civilization, sublime in ruin and decay, and the still grander monuments of art, the eternal heralds of a civilization that shall abide forever.

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

They set out for Rome in March, 1856, and arrived there on the 30th day of the month. A letter to her husband, dated April 2d, gives us a peep into the cozy little home which wife and daughter had established for themselves in the "Eternal City." She says to him: "I do wish you could take a clairvoyant view of our little parlor to-night. It is about sixteen by eighteen feet; the ceiling done in a sort of fresco; the floor covered with a blue and brown carpet; the one large window hung with a very beautiful curtain; the two sofas covered to match the carpet; one center-table; one side-board; one marble table, with a mirror; eight cane-bottomed chairs, and a nice little stove." And having described her parlor and invoiced its furniture, she thus alludes to some of her surroundings on that happy morning: "It is eight o'clock. Some one in the next room is making exquisite music on the piano. Sallie is reading Italian with the daughter of our landlady, and I am writing to you at the center-table, covered with books and cards and adorned with a vase of beautiful violets, which I bought in the market this morning for five cents." She then gives a description of their bed-room, their mode of life, and the cost of it, and concludes by saying: "You see that our living, exclusive of house rent, does not cost us a dollar a day, so that, if it were not for the thousand other expenses that sight-seekers must incur, one could live very cheaply in 'the Eternal City.'"

Having thus let husband and father know how they were situated, they proceed, day after day, to look at and study the ruins of Rome, and after glancing at what they have seen, Mrs. Bolton says: "This city is the museum of the world, the record of ages, the glory of genius. Scribblers may write volumes of description, painters may copy its antiquities, poets may weave its glories into immortal song, but when they have exhausted all their powers, the traveler will look upon its monuments and exclaim: 'The half has not been told.'" The ruins of the Coliseum seemed to exert a fascinating power over the mind of Mrs. Bolton, almost equal to that which the grim and horrible exhibitions once offered there to amuse the Romans exercised over that terrible people. Day after day she visited and studied the mighty pile. She renewed its combats, in imagination, no doubt; saw all its horrors repeated, and listened to the roar of the excited multitude of brave men and fair women who found rapturous delight in the violent and agonizing death of their fellow-men, and then,

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

looking around upon the silent amphitheatre and the crumbling walls, rejoiced in the righteous order of that Providence which governs the world, and "at last sets all things even." She says, in one of her letters: "I dreamed that I heard grand music, and saw a thousand gay banners, the glittering robes of royalty, the white veiled vestal virgins, the eager faces of the wild populace, the five thousand ravenous beasts, and the bloody gladiators. And then I heard the roar of the wild animals, and saw the crimson banners waved, heard the brazen trumpets sound, and fair women applaud the bloody onset; but it was too horrible, and I awoke—awoke to find the ivy winding its long arms over the broken arches, the flowers blooming and the birds building their nests where all this glitter and glory, terror and death had been. O, Rome! dead mistress of a buried world! though thy shroud is grey with the mildew of ages, there is a terrible beauty in thine aspect still!"

They remained in Rome about five weeks, during which they devoted their entire time to the work of examining and studying its monuments, ruins and works of art. How much of all these they saw, how wisely they selected objects of interest for examination and study, and how appreciative and thorough was their labor to learn what was best and noblest in all they saw and considered, can be known only to those who have read Mrs. Bolton's letters to her husband, generally written at night, touching what had been seen during the day. The fresh, vigorous, off-hand views of the men and institutions of the Roman world, that fill every sentence and brighten every line, display an insight into the spirit and drift of that grand people, and a knowledge of the working and outcome of its institutions, that interests, captivates and satisfies us. Her exquisite sympathy for all that is noble and inspiring in the history and legends of the place and its people, is at once as gentle and unconscious as that of childhood for the objects and persons that delight it, and at the same time so just and strong that it carries the reader along with it, consenting to go whithersoever it listeth. Hers, however, is always a true and discriminating sympathy, bathing whatever is useful, just, beautiful and good in the divine radiance of genius, and lending a charm to all, which, in the common and grosser atmosphere, they do not possess. In every page we are made to realize that the highest love of our race is not that which concerns itself with the people of to-day. They are too near

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

us to awaken it within us. It is impossible to divest them of much that is mean, low and bad. The passions of the flesh defile them and make them unlovely. Even the greatest and the highest character, seen too near, in actual life, while it displays much that is noble and tends to inspire our respect and love, will, at times, be touched by the weaknesses and tarnished by the wickednesses which force us to turn our eyes away with regret and shame from the moral defilements that degrade and destroy the least and the lowest. As distance in time is essential to the right seeing and just setting forth of the truths of history in their relation to each other and to the career of nations and mankind, so is it necessary to the cleansing of the characters of great men and peoples from the moral dross of selfishness, and the leaving of them before the mind and heart of succeeding generations, as the just objects of unalloyed admiration and love. In no writings with which we are familiar are the noble names of the great men and women of the olden time brought out and rounded so well and perfectly as in her letters. She compels us to feel that these are the real representatives of the race—the only people worthy of our unstinted and undoubting love; for their patriotism or philanthropy, as they gave themselves to country or to mankind, stands out, without fleck or flaw, to fascinate the eye and fix the heart. Their faults are lost with their ashes, even to thought. Their virtues and their lofty deeds and generous motives, informed and inspired by the soul of goodness and love, alone survive, to plead for virtue and goodness in us and in all, to-day, to-morrow, and forever. And so, the ideals of history, like the creations of genius, become our teachers and leaders in every good word and work.

It was our intention to quote from the correspondence of Mrs. Bolton, illustrations of the general result just set forth, but our space is limited, and we are compelled to withhold for the present from the reader some of the most pleasing and instructive pages in literature.

Leaving Rome about the first of May, Mrs. Bolton and her daughter proceeded at once to Florence, where they renewed their studies in art and revived all the generous memories that cluster and cling round that magnificent Capital. But we must not open the book, much less attempt to scrap it here. It must remain closed until happier times shall give it to the world—"a thing of beauty" and "a joy forever."

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

Mrs. Bolton and her daughter returned from Florence to Geneva in the early summer. The bracing climate of Switzerland soon restored their energies, almost exhausted by the work of their Italian campaign, and they were again ready to set forth upon their travels. They had already determined to devote the fall months to a journey through Germany, to visit its historic shrines and other attractions. As soon as the season of heat had passed they were ready to set forth; and we find her writing to her husband from Strasbourg under date of September 13, 1856, as follows: "We left Geneva, as you know, on the morning of the 10th instant. The weather was fine, the company pleasant and the motion of the steamer delightful. The green hills and white villas on one shore, and the soft mists, like satin curtains looped with silver, hung round the other, and seemed to shut out a world of wondrous beauty, the summer sky with its cloud-islands above us, and the blue lake with its grave old associations beneath us, are beautiful pictures in my memory forever." They stopped on their way to Basle, at Neufchatel, and, while they were visiting some of its places of interest, were left there by the boat. They were thus under the necessity of paying a second fare, and of going to Basle by land. Of this trip she says: "At seven o'clock we set out once more, and in fifteen hours arrived at Basle. It was a harder and longer journey than we should have had by steamboat, but we were more than recompensed by the magnificence of the scenery. It is called the most beautiful route in Switzerland, but I am sure it is the most beautiful in the world. Lakes and mountains, blue rivers and dancing waterfalls, luxuriant valleys and green hills, in endless combinations of wondrous loveliness, make up the splendid panorama."

At Basle they visited the places of chief note, and devoted much time to its Cathedral and to associations connected with it. She remembered that the great scholar Erasmus lies buried within it, and recalled his friendship for Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, under Henry the Eighth, an association which suggests a humorous stanza written by the former to the latter, in answer to a request to return a palfrey which he had loaned his scholarly friend. They differed, it seems, in respect to the doctrine of transubstantiation, and Erasmus employed the same argument in his stanza which had been made use of by his

friend in support of that doctrine, as his reason or not returning the palfrey. In that lies its point :

“Quod mihi dixisti  
De corpore Christi,  
Credé quod edis, et edis:  
Sic tibi rescribo,  
De tuo palfrido,  
Crede quod habes, et habes.”

She also saw a part of the “Dance of Death” in bas relief upon the Cathedral, said to be much older than Holbein, who has the credit of having created it. The autographs of Luther, Melancthon and Erasmus did not fail to attract her attention. Such associations gave rise to many poetical ideas, which constantly find expression in her letters.

From Basle they went to Strasbourg, and, scarcely taking time for refreshments, hastened to its wonderful Cathedral, of which she says: “I had heard of the Cathedral from my childhood, and, of course, had painted its picture in my imagination, but the reality far surpassed the ideal. Nothing but the Church of Notre Dame at Rouen can give you any idea of the elaborate workmanship of its immense tower and principal facades. There are groups of prophets, martyrs, saints and angels, popes, prelates and apostles, holy families, holy fathers, monks, nuns, bishops and cardinals, in every possible place and position. O, what story tellers of the past are these grand old minsters, with their gothic arches, stained windows and dim religious light! What volumes are written on the old gray stones, that the busy present has no time to read.” She ascended the tower and tells us what she saw from it. “From this high perch,” she says, “we saw the sunset, and a lovelier sight I never beheld. Below us the quaint old town, with its high, pointed roofs, its gray towers, and its flower-wreathed balconies, its fountains, statues and terraced gardens—on one side the broad Rhine, brightening and sparkling in the distance, like a band of burnished silver; farther away fair Baden-Baden, sleeping in the great arms of the black forest; on the other side green slopes and fertile valleys, dotted with human homes, stretching away to the foot of the Vosges Mountains, whose brows were bound with the crimson glory of the dying day. After writing our names in a book,

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

which is kept here for that purpose, going higher, higher up to see the bell, which is enormous, looking at the machinery of the great clock, which has wheels as large as those of a wagon; promenading every gallery, looking over every balcony, reading the name of Goethe, carved by his own hand in the old gray stone, putting our noses, like Dickens's Mr. Davis, into every hole and corner, we were reminded by the storks going to their homes among the tall chimneys and gray roofs, that it was time to descend." She does not fail to inspect and describe the clock with great particularity and clearness, but the description is too long for our space. The monument of Marshal Saxe attracted her attention, and she says of it: "It is one of the most beautiful allegories in marble I ever saw. The Marshal, surrounded by the emblems and trophies of a hundred victories, is seen descending into the tomb, which is opened by Death, wrapped in a winding sheet; only part of the fleshless face and one skeleton foot are uncovered, but the position and action of the terrible figure are so truthful that you are almost cheated into the belief that the fearful scene is passing before you. A beautiful female figure tries to detain the Marshal with one hand, and to stay the fell destroyer, while Hercules, standing at the foot of the tomb, weeps that so much strength and bravery should go down to the sleep of death. Every figure is intensely life-like, and altogether it is a most startling and wonderful group." Another monument, however, won from Mrs. Bolton a far more sympathetic examination and consideration. It was that of Guttenberg, the inventor of printing. She says: "It is a grand square, called the '*Place de uttenberg.*' He stands holding in his hand a scroll on which is written in gold, '*Et la lumiere fut.*' And there was light! The pedestal is covered with bas-reliefs, setting forth some of the great events brought about by the 'art preservative of all arts.' Among them is a group of which we were not a little proud. It represents Franklin standing by his printing press, surrounded by the signers of the Declaration of Independence, with Washington and La Fayette, and others of our Revolutionary fathers. It is a pleasant thing to see those familiar faces and dear home names engraven on the marble of an old monarchy. I wonder that Louis Napoleon allows this silent preacher of republicanism to exist in his dominions."

From Strasbourg they passed to Baden-Baden, where they staid from the fifteenth of September until the second of October. Here she closely observed all things worthy of notice, both old and new, in this fair resort

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

of those who seek health and pleasure, and did not fail to see through the thin disguises which hide from the common observer, the wretchedness and misery that poison the life of the gay revellers in the halls of fashion. "Fair Baden-Baden," she exclaims, "What art thou with thy wondrous beauty, thy overflowing life, and thy surpassing gaiety? Art thou an oasis in the great world, where the children of men forget their sorrows, and the flowers of hope bloom forever? O, no; many a sad heart mingles with thy laughing revellers, and bitter tears fall in thy fair places, and old memories of the loved and the lost haunt thy lighted palaces, for the soul's garments are of its own weaving and pleasure is not always born of beauty." The old castle is visited and its legend recited, and the new castle considered and contrasted with the old. She even goes down into its terrible prisons, of which she says: "The palace is really interesting to strangers only on account of its dungeons. These are numerous, so dark and so fearfully lonely that it almost makes me sick to pass through them. Most of them are excavated in the solid rock and have for doors solid slabs of stone a foot thick, and some of them weighing two thousand pounds. One vault, larger than the rest, is called the hall of the secret tribunal. The stone bench where the judges sat still remains along one side of it, but there is no window or loophole where a ray of light or a breath of air can enter. Another is called the rack chamber. A row of hoops and iron rings, fastened in the wall, are all that remain of the instruments of torture. In a passage leading from this chamber, there is a deep pit, which was covered with a trap-door. The condemned prisoner was placed on this trap-door and told to kiss the image of the Virgin, which was in a niche above it. As he did this the door gave way and precipitated him into the pit, where he fell on wheels full of knives and lancets, which cut him to pieces. When the light of civilization shone into these terrible dungeons, this *oubliette* was found half full of human bones and fragments of cloth, the remains of dead men's clothes. The winding stairway that leads to these vaults is a modern innovation. In the old days the only entrance was a shaft running through the centre of the palace. Through this the prisoner was let down by a windlass to doom, bound in an armed chair and blindfolded. This terrible shaft is yet in existence. We passed under it and looked up. It opens only at the top of the castle, and we could see nothing but a bit of blue sky far, far away. O, the cruelty of the fifteenth century! May the good Lord avert

THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

its like from the coming ages. It is only in a place like this that we comprehend the tyranny and darkness of the past, and appreciate the light and happiness of the present." From these scenes she turns away and walks over the little Staufen, "listening to the low, sweet laughter of its streams and the wild, grand music of its lofty pines. If you have never been in a great pine forest when the autumn winds were sighing, I can give you but little idea of its thrilling harmonies. Every tree seems to play upon a different instrument. Now they sing, like gray-haired minstrels in a chieftain's hall, of steel-clad knights and ladies fair, and merry wassail, and baronial homes, of gallant deeds in tilt and tournament, and Paynim banners won in Palestine. Then the strain changes to a solemn dirge, that sobs and wails through the grim shadows and gray glooms of the forest, like the voice of an unquiet ghost. Now it rises and swells to an exultant burst, like the far off shouts of a victorious host, then it gathers all its strength and peals forth the grandest *Te Deum* that ever trembled to the gates of heaven. Nature has many voices, touching and beautiful, but the sweetest, the most sublime, are the hymns played by the autumn winds in the tops of the mountain pines." Nor did she fail to hear other and sadder music while at Baden-Baden, for her eyes and ears were open to see and hear all sights and sounds. From the Convent of Lichtenthal she listened to the evening hymn of the nuns. "We heard them," she says, "and such voices I never heard before, and never expect to hear again. The sounds rung through the dim aisles and high arches of the old church like the wail of sorrowful and suffering hearts. It was full of tears, of tenderness, of pity, of prayer. Doubtless these solitary and devoted women accomplish much good by their works of charity. But it makes one sad to think of their crushed and subdued human affections, human hopes, and human joys. Surely God's creatures can honor Him more by serving Him in the midst of temptation than by hiding themselves away in the seclusion of the cloister, where faith has fewer trials to endure and the heart fewer temptations to lead it astray." At last, when ready to depart from this home of fashion and of pleasure, she thus addresses her farewell words to it: "Fair Baden-Baden, it makes me sad to think that I shall never see thee again. But there is no stopping in these old lands, be they never so beautiful. They are not our home. No, no, 'home, sweet home,' let me go back to it over the blue sea. The hills and valleys, the rivers and ruins of this old world are written all over

THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

with beautiful poems, and I love to read them for a time; but my eyes would soon grow tired of seeing, and my feet weary with wandering where my heart has no home. Then let me go back to our own young land, where nature has painted the grandest pictures that the sun ever shone on, and where man has scarcely had time to write his name."

The same day they left Baden-Baden they arrived at Heidelberg, where they remained five days, seeing, before their departure, all its places of fame, and making themselves familiar with its beautiful legends and grand historical memories. Her description of her journey to the place is at once graphic and inspiring. She says: "Over battle-fields where warriors won great victories long ago; by Roman towers which have withstood the winds and winters of two thousand years: over plains where cities once flourished that have passed away; by feudal palaces and feudal prisons, now mouldering to decay; by the graves of the past and the monuments of its greatness, flies that child of the nineteenth century, the iron-horse, with his fiery eyes, his burning breath, and his strong young heart. He may bring white bread to the poorest homes in Rhineland, and yellow gold to its palaces, but alas for the Zauberins and White Ladies that haunted its ruins! And alas for the Undines and Mummelmaids that live in its waters! The voice of this swift giant will frighten them away forever! And alas for the dear old legends written all over its hills and valleys, he will blot them out, like dreams, from the German heart; but he will give gold for the poetry of the past." No one has better told the story of the Wolf's Brunnen, or entered more deeply into sympathy with the spirit of the place. It is delightful to find her searching the graveyard which surrounds St. Peter's for the tomb of one of her early ideals—that of Olympia Marata—and one feels his heart beat stronger in sympathy with the joy that moves her when she finds it. "I had read her history years ago," she says, "but had quite forgotten that she was buried here. Beautiful, learned, wonderful woman! She fled from persecutions of her own fair Italy, only to find a grave in a strange land. She died in her bloom, but the people loved her, and her worth is not forgotten." The evening of October 6, she closes her letter of Heidelberg by saying: "Sallie is asleep, and I ought to be, for our trunks are packed and we shall start to-morrow morning at seven o'clock for Manhiem. So good night."

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

The next day they passed to Manheim, and stopping at Ludwigshafen on the Bavarian side of the Rhine, inquired for the house and grave of Kotzbue. "His house, the same in which he was murdered by the madman, is a plain, simple stone structure, facing a busy street. I did not see a tree, nor flower, nor grass plot about it. Yet he must have loved the beautiful, for he had a poet's soul." The next day, in her letter from Mayence, she recurs to Kotzbue, and becomes enthusiastic in the description of his home.

At Worms they visited the places of most conspicuous historic interest, and she gives us a glowing retrospect of the place and the great transactions which have given it peculiar renown—a retrospect which seems to have passed in her mind while walking through its Gothic cathedral. "We passed an hour or two," she says, "wandering through its venerable aisles, looking at its faded pictures, broken statues and mouldy frescoes, and thinking of the generations who have passed over its worn pavements and worshipped before its altars for a thousand years; but they are all gone. Earth has lost the fashion of their faces, and their voices are not heard in the land of the living. We ascended one of the domes and looked down on the quiet city. On one side a dim gray veil of twilight covered the distant mountains; on the other side the pale blue sky seemed to kiss the fair valleys that the Minne-singers loved so well. Peace, rest and silence brooded over the old city, and my thoughts went back to the days of its glory, when it was the richest and the fairest of the imperial free cities of the Rhine. And, farther away into the dim past I looked, and an emperor's palace rose in the midst of the city, and magnificent villas dotted its campagne, and celebrated men of all lands dwelt in it, and gailant knights and noble women thronged its palaces. And Charlemagne and his fair bride swept through its streets with their brilliant attendants, heralds, guards, soldiers, music and banners. I heard and saw them all, and Worms was beautiful with its triumphal arches, gay garlands and happy people. But the dream faded, and the old city sat beneath the old cathedral, like a gray-haired pilgrim who had seen many years and suffered many sorrows." Here the mother's hand wearied, and would write no more, and the daughter took up the pen and continued the letter, giving a clear and neat account of Luther's elm tree, the tradition of which is that "Luther, when on his way to the Diet of Worms, whence

THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

he had been cited to account for his new and extraordinary doctrines, sat down beneath this venerable tree. Here many of his friends surrounded him and entreated him not to brave the august assembly before which he was to appear, setting before him the punishment to which he was exposing himself. 'I would go to Worms,' said Luther—'I would go to Worms even though there were as many devils within its walls as there are tiles on its houses.' History speaks not as to what reply his friends urged to this emphatic declaration, but certain it is, Luther *did* go to Worms." From the tree she follows the great apostle of the reformation into the city and to the Bishop's court, and adds: "On the northern side of the cathedral we came to the garden of the Bishop's court, still surrounded with its ancient wall. It was in this court that Luther concluded in these memorable words, his defence before the Diet: '*Hier stehe ich,—Ich kann nicht anders; Gott helfe mir:—Amen.*'"

From Worms they hastened to Mayence, of their visit to which we have an interesting account in her next letter. It is in this letter that her heart finds vent, and pours out its deep and exhaustless sympathies for the poor and pity for their hard lot. Especially does she express her womanly sense of the outrageous treatment of the poor women who serve in the Cathedral, thus: "We found several groups of wretched looking women, in different parts of the old minster, on their knees scrubbing the marble floors. They raised their hollow eyes with a wild look as we passed, and then betook themselves to labor again, crawling over the wet floor with their reeking brushes, and trailing their tatters behind them. I looked at their wasted forms and hungry faces and wondered if the money expended on the tombs of these princes and prelates might not have been better invested in the endowment of some sort of institution for the benefit of the poor. What avails it that these men were rich and fared sumptuously every day? They have gone the way of all the earth. What avails it that millions of florins went to purchase rich marbles to cover their senseless dust, and that long epitaphs were written to commemorate their names and their virtues? The marbles are only regarded as church ornaments, and the epitaphs are never, or rarely, read; but the poor have lived, suffered and died in their ignorance, bequeathing their degraded condition to their children's children, and the consequences, like a dark wave in the ocean of life, will roll on to the shores of eternity."

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

Her letter from this place is redolent of grand memories. In the gallery she saw many beautiful pictures, and was much interested in them, but concludes by saying: "I remember one little nameless thing which pleased me very much. It was the interior of a rustic home, seen by the strong, red light of a winter fire. The positions of the feeble old grandparents, the grouping of the hearty, hale father and mother and little children, and the sweet face of the young daughter whose lover has just entered the door, were all very true and very beautiful." No doubt her mind, while looking upon this little gem, was carried back to the bright days of her own girlhood, and the associations of that happy period lent a sweet charm to the picture. She concludes by saying: "Our last hour at the palace was spent in the hail of Roman antiquities. Most of these were dug up during the last century in the neighborhood, and some of them are very interesting. Here are mutilated statues, which once adorned the halls of some lordly patrician; rude household altars, carved with uncouth gods that some poor plebeian worshipped; marble tablets, bearing the names of Roman legions stationed on this spot two thousand years ago, inscribed with the names of renowned generals and the dates of glorious victories, and native offerings commemorating great dangers, and thanking the gods for miraculous escapes. In the midst of things like these, I always fall to dreaming—dreaming of the scenes they have witnessed, of the stories they could tell, if they had tongues to speak—stories of trusting love, of bitter partings, of broken hearts, of desolate homes, of lonely watchings, of agonizing prayers, of pomp and pride, of poverty and toil, of mourning and of revelry; for human life was then as now made up of smiles and tears, of sunshine and of shadows. Man loved and labored, suffered and endured, rejoiced and mourned, from the cradle to the grave when the world was young even as now, when it is growing old; but the way was darker and the end more uncertain to the generations who worshipped the unknown god, than to those who walk to-day, in the broad light of Christianity."

From Mayence they passed to Cologne by steamer, and into the story of the voyage she weaves a hundred beautiful memories of the places they glide past, making it a garland of flowers that will remain fresh and fragrant in the world's heart as long as delightful stories and poetical descriptions are dear to the heart of mankind. But all these must be

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

passed here without more than notice. At Cologne she saw everything, and described it in excellent style and with great particularity. From Cologne they went to Bonn thence to Rolandseck and Coblenz, where she was constantly aglow with what she saw; and pours out the story of her travels in a bright stream of poetical thoughts and words. Next they went to Frankfort-on-the-Main, where she hastened to know what may be known, in a flying visit, of the great city's story, works of art and monuments. Then they hurried away to Dresden, where she renews the same earnest and rapid study of the wonders of that great Capital of Saxony. How thoroughly and how speedily she took in its chief objects must ever remain a matter of wonder to souls less alert and less divinely gifted with the quick and flashing intuitions of genius. We can only quote a single paragraph from her description of the Dresden gallery. It is that in which she tells her thoughts and feelings while studying the *Madonna di San Sisto*, of Raphael. "There were many fine portraits of the men and women who lived in other ages, painted by cunning hands that will paint no more. Among these we noticed Melancthon and Erasmus, by Cranach; the two sons of Reubens; Charles First and his family, by Vandyke; Old Parr, who was one hundred and fifty-one years old; Napoleon, in his magnificent coronation robes, by Lefebre. All this time there was an undercurrent bubbling up in our heart and hurrying our feet to another room, and another picture which we knew was there. But we smothered down the impatience and went slowly through the halls, whose treasures seemed to be endless and to grow richer as we went on. At last we came to a room smaller than the others. Three sides of it were lined with people. Not a word was spoken, not a limb moved; they stood there like statues, with their eyes fixed in one direction, and we knew that they looked at Raphael's *Madonna di San Sisto*. Silently we took our places among them, and raised our eyes to the glorious vision. It stood in a movable frame, and occupied one side of the room. I have dreamed for hours before Raphael's *Transfiguration* in the Vatican, which is called the greatest picture in the world; I have gazed until my eyes were dim and my heart was full on Domenichino's *Communion of St. Jerome*, which is considered second only to the *Transfiguration*, but never have I been so wrapped, so carried into another being, as I was before this wonderful *Madonna di San Sisto*. The mother floats in a celestial atmosphere, holding the divine child in her arms. Her face is full of

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

sublime human beauty, but its expression is serious, mournful, betraying a consciousness that her feet are in a strange path, that her mission is one which she can not fully comprehend. But the face of the child is beyond the sense of any word that the mind of man has conceived or his lips learned to utter. It is a human face illuminated with divinity; an infant's face with the intelligence of a god. The eyes seem to look away into the midst of eternity, comprehending that which was from the beginning and would be to the end. They express infinite pity, compassion for the sufferings and sorrows of a fallen world, and infinite love and power to redeem it—they see the path which leads to the scourge, to the crown of thorns, to the cross; but 'Father forgive them, they know not what they do,' is the prayer of those silent lips. We turned our eyes to the wondering angels who looked up from below; then to St. Barbara, kneeling in her youthful beauty, on one side; then to Pope Sixtus, an old man, trembling with awe, on the other; but we could not break the fascination of those two sorrowful, holy faces. Surely the angels who weep over the sins and woes of humanity sat to the inspired artist when he painted them. How long we stood before this picture I do not know, for the soul measured time not by the dial, but we bore away a treasure that we would not exchange for much gold—a treasure which will be in our memories like a perpetual lamp—tending to exalt our thoughts, refine our hearts, and strengthen our feet in the paths of time."

In Dresden they also visited and inspected the Green vaults and their treasures, passing from room to room and noting the curious and beautiful toys which have drained the wealth of kingdoms, and now lie useless to be stared at "with a silly face of praise." From cunning works in ivory, silver and gold, they passed on to be "fairly dazzled and bewildered" in a "dream-land of sapphires, emeralds, rubies, pearls, diamonds," gleaming and glowing, beaming and burning above and below, "till the sunshine, stealing in through the white silken window curtains, looks like a pale-faced beggar in a royal court. Diamonds, diamonds, diamonds—how they flash and sparkle; how they wink at each other; how they laugh at the twinkling sapphires and mock the modest pearls! How proudly they shine on the sword-hilts and scabbards, on the royal robes and princely regalias! How they weave their glory into bracelets and brooches, medallions and necklaces, crowns and tiaras! How they magnify themselves

THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

on the gala dress of the elector, and concentrate their splendor on the seven orders of the Golden Fleece! \* \* \* \* Yet what does it all amount to? Simply a collection of gorgeous toys, a fine assortment of princely playthings, worth millions and millions of dollars, but so idle, so utterly useless, that the present age, with its busy brain and fluttering pulses, has scarcely time to give it a passing glance." It is then remembered that this is public wealth, accumulated by public means, and her strong utilitarian sense breaks forth in answer to the question, *Cui bono?* "This wealth was gathered by the Saxon princes when they were far more powerful than they will ever be again; when the mines of Frieberg promised an endless revenue, and the Saxon rivers were paved with precious stones. This was all very well then, but the world has grown, wiser now, and humility teaches many lessons to the children of the nineteenth century that those of the old past never learned. There is wealth enough buried away in these eight guarded vaults to establish a good free school and a choice circulating library in every town and village in the Saxon dominions; enough to build steam mills and steam manufactories in every river that bears its waters to the Rhine; enough to shed the light and beauty of a new and better life on every heart and home in the Fatherland. Yet the German mother still twirls her primitive spindle and slowly gathers up her toil-won thread, and the treadle of the old-fashioned loom keeps time to the shuttle thrown by her horny hand, and the want of intellectual culture dwarfs the hearts and warps the souls of the little ones who gather around her hearthstone. The German peasant laboriously threshes the product of his harvest fields with the old flail his fathers used when the world was in its infancy, and the clumsy windmill slowly grinds the brown meal to make his children's bread, while the waters of the German rivers roll idly to the sea and wealth enough to buy a kingdom lies buried in German palaces. These things have been and will be until the children of the people—the strong-armed, hard-handed many are roused from their lethargy by the earthquake which is even now gathering up its forces in the deep heart of this old world. In the dim and uncertain light of their intelligence they have seen a spirit which they fear to follow; they have heard a voice which they dare not yet obey. They have heard it in want and weariness; they have heard it in the great, cold world, in the solemn silence of their own hearts, and they have listened to its teaching, but the time for action is not yet. Fair

plains will be wet with a fearful rain, and bright rivers will tell a terrible story to the sea, and burning cities be a holocaust to war and death; but when the smoke and blood, the noise and the anarchy shall have passed away, there will be empty thrones and useless crowns in many lands. The fathers of new-born nations will meet to deliberate in royal palaces, and the peasant will go forth from his hearthstone invested with the rights and privileges of a man." Her democratic principles constantly assert themselves thus, in the presence of the contrast between the different classes of the old world, and the oppressions of the poor make her blood boil with just indignation. From her window she beholds sights that she can scarcely endure to witness. The wrongs of womanhood in Germany are seen to be many and grievous. One while she sees a slight girl saw all day at one end of a cross-cut saw against a stout man at the other. "All the forenoon that young girl has labored with that brawny man, and they are sawing still. Her hair is nicely braided and she is comfortably dressed, but her face is flushed, her hands swollen, and the position in which she is obliged to stand to balance herself is most unwomanly." She adds: "From the same window I have seen another sight, which is sickening to an American. It was a woman and a dog harnessed together in a cart, filled with marketing. I have seen this on two occasions in this fair capital. The dogs seem to have been well trained to this labor, and the women look like respectable peasants. Through the great thoroughfares, crowded with fashionable promenaders, went the woman and the huge dog, side by side. No one looked surprised, no one seemed to see anything unusual, so I suppose it is a common thing. To me it was a sad sight, and a sure proof that the people of Saxony are far behind the spirit of the age in which they live."

From Dresden they went to Berlin, and thence to Weimar. At Berlin she saw and heard Ristori in the tragedy of the "Roman Mother." Her description of the play and the actress are, we doubt not, equal to either, but too long for our use. At Weimar she seems to have floated in an atmosphere of inspiration and glory. Goethe and Schiller were everywhere. Every scene was, to her heart and mind, holy. Nothing that they had seen, or handled, or touched was indifferent to her. But it is plain that, while she admired both, she loved Schiller. Goethe was too great, too cold, too distant to inspire the affections that came unbidden

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

to her heart at the mere mention of Schiller. Him she follows in imagination through every stage of his glorious career until he descends into the grave, and does not abandon him there until its portals shut him forever from human sight. "I saw him in my revery. He laid on his bed in the little workroom by the window where he saw the last sunset. His face was very pale—cold shadows deepened in his dying eyes, and his white lips murmured, 'Now is life clear—so much is made clear and plain!' So his spirit went up to Him who gave it." She goes from his death chamber to his grave, and through her eyes we see him buried "in the silent night. The sky was covered with a pall when they bore him from his home forever. Wildly the red light flashed amid the darkness—sadly the night winds sighed round the solemn grave, as they lowered the dust of the noble and gifted to its last rest. At that moment the moon swept out from her sombre curtain and poured a flood of glory into his grave. Men looked at each other strangely, and hands, lifted to cover the sleeper, fell, and eyes that seldom wept were tearful as that silver light stole down into the silent grave. It was a strange and a beautiful token, that last gift of nature to the poet's heart." And, having visited his grave, she returned to her room to write: "Yes, Frederick Schiller, I wept beside thy grave—wept because thy great soul was so heavily fettered; because thy boundless love of humanity met so cold a reward; because thou didst not live to wear the laurel crown which the world was weaving for thy brow. I did not see the tombs of the grand dukes for whom this chapel was built. The guide pointed them out, but I did not raise my eyes; I had seen enough. We had stood by the noblest dust in Fatherland, and I could not bear to look at that of princes then."

Bidding farewell to Weimar in the chill, gray morning of the 25th of October, 1856, "when the stars were in the sky," she says, "we looked for the last time on the low hills that spread their green slopes round dear old Weimar. Its youthful beauty has passed away, its songs and laughter are no longer heard, but I have found no place in all my goings that I like so well and was so loth to leave. Home of the gifted, farewell!" They went at once from Weimar to Frankfort-on-the-Main, where they spent two days, and passed from it to Munich, and from Munich back to Geneva, having, in a little less than two months, seen and made herself familiar with many places of celebrity and many of the noblest works of

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

art in the world. Few have ever done so much, in so short a time, and done it so thoroughly and well. Certain it is, her letters display a large and accurate knowledge of history and biography, as well as a general and broad acquaintance with the most famous monuments of art.

She and her daughter remained with Mr. Bolton at Geneva until April of the next year, when they returned together to their home in Indianapolis. Here she remained about two months, when she received a letter from her husband informing her that he had been very sick for about two weeks. He did not ask her to return, but from the tone of the letter she was led to apprehend that his sickness was very grave, and had small hope of seeing him again. The letter came July 10, 1857, and the next morning, while the city of Indianapolis still slept, she left it, alone, with a heavy heart, for Geneva. She has given us a full account of her voyage. Her heart seemed to be lifted from its terrible fears before she arrived at the city of Calvin, for the account which she gives of her trip from Lyons to Geneva is most cheerful and delightful. "I drove to the depot," she says, "three miles along the shore of the blue Rhone. The sun was just climbing over the green hills and lending a rich tint to the old gray houses, piled one above another, along the river bluffs. The leaves whispered to each other, and the waves sang together and threw their blue arms round the white pebbles as we passed. I had been in Lyons before, but I had no idea that it was so beautiful. Perhaps I colored it with the hues of my own heart, for the great shadow was taken from my spirit. I was near the end of my journey; I had accomplished safely what few women would have undertaken, and I was very happy. The hackman charged me five francs; I had enjoyed the worth of a hundred, and paid him freely. Once more in the cars for Geneva, I had hoped that the railroad was completed from Lyons to the city of Calvin, but found that we were obliged to go some thirty miles by diligence. \* \* At six o'clock p. m. I arrived at Geneva, and was very glad to find Mr. Bolton able to walk about town." He had suffered from a low intermittent fever, and although it had left him, he was yet afflicted with neuralgia. He derived little or no advantage from medicine, and was finally ordered by his physician to go to the village of Mornex. This was a famous resort for people afflicted with nervous diseases, and Mrs. Bolton had there an opportunity to study human life in some of its most melancholy phases; and she took a deep

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

interest in the human sufferings and sufferers whom she met there, and has given us some pen pictures that are both touching and beautiful. One has impressed us with its sad beauty. "A little corner room opening on the garden was occupied by two young girls from Finland—sisters—one of whom was an invalid, condemned to spend the summer at Mornex and drink goats' milk daily. She was a slight creature, with a shadowy face, rarely lighted with a smile. I never heard her history, but the sadness in her blue eyes told the story her lips never uttered. I knew that the dream of her young life was thwarted, that her best hopes had withered where they grew. Her sister laughed, talked and tried a thousand little ways to win her from the weariness of her thoughts. She replied now and then, in a few low, kind words, and then turned again to that inner world where she saw faces that others could not see, and heard voices inaudible to other ears. She was a fair blossom, bruised and broken, floating quietly down amidst the rude surges of the river of life." Other pictures of fair creatures afflicted with disease of the heart, that no mountain air could cure or comfort, attracted her attention and enlisted her sympathies; but we may not tarry to weep with those whose grief has long since ceased.

Mr. Bolton gained nothing by his stay a Mornex. His fever returned, and, under the advice of another medical gentleman, he went to Montreu, for a change of air, and under advice to drink asses' milk. She tells with pleasure that in their little journey they had the company of Bishop Simpson. He was then in Europe to attend the Christian Alliance at Berlin. "It was a great pleasure," she says, "to point out to him some of the most interesting localities on the lake; but the sight of his familiar face brought back my old yearning for the home land, and it made me sad to think that he should see it again whilst I should be still counting the days of my exile." At their new home she took a deep interest in everything, and has given us a pleasing account of it, but it is not important to our present purpose. She has also given a particular history of all efforts made to restore Mr. Bolton's health, but, though benefited, he was not cured. He languished a long time, but, with her faithful nursing, so far recovered as to be able to come home, which he did in 1858. But he arrived there "showing evident marks of disease and debility, and he rarely left his room and seemed impressed with the belief that he should never recover, which amounted sometimes almost to hypochondria, and doubtless gave additional strength to the nervous prostration that finally

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

caused his death." It was said of him at the time that "he was no drone and no wasp. He neither shirked his own duties nor annoyed those who did not. His life, if it was illustrated by no great triumph or splendid acquisition, has left his family, worthy of such a head, a pure name and the memory of duty faithfully done."

The death of Mr. Bolton was a severe blow to his wife; but while it greatly afflicted her, her duty to her children and her own superior sense enabled her to bear bravely up against its crushing influence. She grieved long and deeply; but she was a christian and did not mourn as those who have no hope. The agony of her heart found vent in song and poured itself out in some of the saddest and sweetest strains that have ever consecrated human woe. But the war came, and the general bereavement and common grief of the people, so strongly appealed to her sympathies, that she found her own sorrows lessened by constantly trying to lessen those of others. Patriotism also enlisted her soul, and her country's sufferings and dangers called all her powers into vigorous activity. Love of country has always been to her a source of inspiration; and no poem of the war did more to rally and inspire the friends of the Union than her "Union Forever!" written in March, 1861. It was, indeed, a battle for the Union. Her mind and heart were active throughout the mighty conflict, and wher ever word or work could help the cause of her country, she was ready to speak and to do. But in the midst of the common suffering, she was called to undergo another great sorrow. This was the death of her only and most dearly beloved daughter, Sarah Ada, who had gone hand and hand with her, in their travels through Europe; and whose high culture, noble nature and great character made her her mother's pride and hope. She had married Francis Smith, Esq., and became the mother of a son, when she was stricken with fatal disease, and died in November, 1863. Her strong character and filial love is evinced by the fact that she wrote from her dying bed, and after all hope was over, to a friend, thanking him for his kindness to her mother, and saying: "I once thought to collect her writings myself; but I will never do it now. But you will see to having it done." The two poems—"My Darling," and "To 'Our Tetic'"—printed without date, in the collection of her works by Carlton, of New York, seemed to say that all dates were blotted forever from the mother's heart, by the deluge of an everlasting sorrow. But

THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

duty reclaimed her life from the ruin of despair. Her dead daughter's little child was left to her. He must be cared for, reared, educated and made worthy of his mother. He it was that made life possible for yet a little longer, and her divine religion hung out for her a star amidst the gloom of the grave; her heart saw it, making bright her way even to the gates of the city of God, and she sung:

“And there, where the ransomed dwell,  
And the weary find repose,  
I shall meet the darling I loved so well,  
With a love that tongue can never tell,—  
That only a mother knows.

“And though my feet are slow  
To follow the path she trod,  
While I linger along these vales below,  
In the core of my heart of hearts I know  
That Tetie has gone to God.”

It was thus that grief was controlled by duty, and became at last even beautiful to her, in the light of an immortal hope.

Under the advice of a friend, she lost a large sum of money near the close of the war by bad investments. Still she had enough left to secure her against fear of want, but much of that balance has been endangered, if not sunk, by generously releasing a security to assist her debtors. Still she has a good home and plenty to make it comfortable and happy. After she left her place between Tennessee street and Kentucky avenue, she lived awhile on or near the corner of Mississippi and Washington streets. Then, breaking up housekeeping for a time, she boarded. She finally bought and moved into “Elm Croft,” which, like the cottage in the city, soon became the haunt of the muses, and a place of pleasant resort to people of literary tastes and culture. It was a large frame house situated in the midst of a lot of two acres or more, and nearly surrounded with beautiful forest trees. It was a home every way fit for a poetess, but it was too near the city, which was reaching out on every side to enlarge its borders. Her home, that was not only suburban but rural when she founded it, was soon in the midst of the habitations of the burghers and

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

disturbed by the dust and noise of the multitude. It was no longer the home that she desired. She sought quiet in the country, and bought "Beech-Bank," her present residence, five miles in a southeasterly direction from the city, and beyond the reach of its most ambitious hope of extension. Here she settled in the spring of 1871; and here, in a neat cottage, surrounded by pleasant shade, in the perpetual peace and quiet of the country, she still lives, in the enjoyment of golden days, made constantly glorious by high poetic thoughts, generous affections, and sympathies and hopes that run forever forward, with all the enthusiasm of youth, to meet and embrace "the vision of the world, and all the wonder that shall be."

Soon after she settled in this home, she went with her grandson, Bolton Smith, then a boy between eight and nine years of age, to Europe, that she might secure to him an education in some of the schools of Germany. To this end she resided for the time being in the city of Dresden, and, placing him in one of its schools, remained with him for nearly two years. She had no other employment for hand or brain but to take care of, assist and encourage the boy. She thought of the days that she and his mother had passed together there fifteen years before, and recalled the dreams that she dreamed and the hopes that she cherished when that bright young creature stood by her side. Now, another young life was committed to her, that she might fit him with the crown of preparation to fight and win the battle of life, whose grim front, already formed, her motherly eye saw prepared to receive him. \* Right well and truly did she bear the burden of her duty. But it was not enough to employ her powers. Time she had enough and to spare, and she had always held it a crime to kill time in idleness or frivolity. Her spare hours must be occupied. The Ariel of genius must do His errands whose tireless minister it is. She wrote many beautiful letters to her friends in the beloved home-land across the sea. Then she sung the songs that were ever ringing in her heart and brain. But still the laggard hours were all too slow to keep pace with her winged spirit. The letters were written and the songs were sung, and there were still vacant hours that must be filled up with some work of use or beauty—better if it may be of both. And so, no doubt, she thought when she elected for her employment a labor as novel as it was poetical and beautiful. She set about painting

THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

Meissen China, and writing original poems upon it in her own clear and elegant handwriting, and the visitor at "Beech Bank," who sits down at her hospitable board, will read upon every piece of table-ware some good and inspired thought turned into elegant verses by her own brain. The dear children and grandchildren are all remembered, and her love for each is recorded upon tablets as enduring as and far more beautiful than the cuneiform records of ancient Nineveh or Babylon. Many of these little poems are worthy of a place in this book, but it is crowded full already, and we only give a few specimens as samples of all. Thus she writes of Table-Talk :

"Heaven bless the maiden fair,  
Who with skillful, kindly labor,  
Fills this plate with dainties rare  
To feast a worthy neighbor.

"May their table-talk portray  
Appetising facts and fancies—  
Follies, fashions light and gay,  
Seasoned with romances.

"May they never blight nor blame  
Absent people, rashly, blindly,  
Never judge their faults nor fame,  
Wrongly, nor unkindly.

"Table-talk should never jar—  
Never moot a serious question :  
Pleasant chat is better far,  
For temper and digestion. "

From another plate, as our chance may be, "The Voice of Memory" whispers :

"When Memory's solemn undertone  
Is heard, in passion's pauses,  
Scanning minutely one by one,  
Our actions and their causes,  
Our reason fails to comprehend,

THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

How such a small beginning  
Should warp our senses and extend  
To wrath and willful sinning.

“And when her faithful voice repeats  
Harsh words that we have spoken,  
To one whose heart has ceased to beat,—  
Whose golden bowl is broken,—  
Too late repentant tears may fall;  
Too late, the soul endeavor  
To blot them out beyond recall:  
They are for aye,—forever.”

The folly of borrowing trouble is thus handsomely rebuked by the cheerful face of another beautiful plate:

“The trouble we borrow hurts us most,  
As moonshine maketh an oaken post,  
Resemble a ghastly ghou! or ghost.

“The path of life is rugged and rough  
In its devious course o'er brier and bluff,  
And its every day hath pain enough.

“Yet we look for something we fear to see  
And dare not face, and can not flee,  
Awaiting us in the realm To Be;

“And poison the hours that might be sweet,  
By listening to hear the coming feet  
Of the ghoul or ghost we never meet.”

These lessons set before the guests, with their victuals, are many, and suggestive. But we may quote no more; and will end with those which she endeavors to impress upon her grandchildren. To Bolton Smith she dedicates a plate in these lines:

“Value time, each setting sun  
Numbers one day lost or won,—  
Twice twelve hours that sealed away

THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

Their accounts till judgment day  
Nor Saint nor Sibyl can recall  
One single moment of them all.  
Patient labor sows the seed  
Of excellence in word and deed.  
Honor be to him that delves—  
'God helps those who help themselves.'"

Another plate bears these words, surrounded by culsters of grapes

"ADA BOLTON.

May no blessing be denied thee,  
Loving little one,—  
May good angels walk beside thee  
Till thy work is done.  
Tender hearts are prone to sorrow,—  
Fine gold has alloy,—  
But, the comfort faith may borrow,  
Nothing can destroy.  
May thy heart retain its lightness,  
As the years go o'er,  
And thy spottless soul its whiteness  
Ever—evermore."

In another plate, over a wreath of flowers, are these words:

"HELENA BOLTON.

"Helena, will thy soul of fire,  
To the Good and True aspire?  
In the temple of Renown,  
Wilt thou wear a poet's crown?  
With the gain, there shall be loss;  
With the crown, a heavy cross."

In another plate, enclosed within a beautiful wreath of fruit, we read:

"GRACE BOLTON.

"When thy womanhood shall see  
What my pen has traced for thee,

THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

I perchance shall be asleep,  
Where they neither write nor weep:  
But, if near the glorious throne  
Of the high and Holy One,  
Through His grace my soul shall be,  
Darling, I will pray for thee."

On still another, in the midst of rose-buds and butterflies, stands this memorial:

"IN MEMORIAM:—RALPH BOLTON.

"No sorrows vex his heart or head,  
No bitter tears bedim his eyes,—  
His little dimpled hands instead  
Of daily toiling for daily bread  
Gather the fruits of Paradise."

Upon a beautiful plate above white rose-buds, violets and flowers is written:

"BLANCH BOLTON.

Blanch came and looked at life one summer day,  
Found it too cold and dark, and went away."

Our selections have been made from these beautiful dishes, of which there are nearly a hundred pieces, not because they are the best, but as illustrations of the design that is impressed upon the whole work. We regard the whole as well worthy of commemoration. It illustrates the taste, genius, affections and character of Mrs. Bolton. At the time she undertook this labor few, if any, of our American women had ever done a thing so noteworthy, and none, perhaps, when simply to be doing something was the chief incentive to the work.

Mrs. Bolton remained in Europe until 1873, when she returned to her home in America, leaving her grandson at Dresden. He had acquired enough German to be able to talk with his companions, and make his wants understood, and so could get along without her assistance. She staid at home only a little more than a year, and then went back to see how he was getting along. He had been removed from the school in Dresden to one in Geneva, and thither she hastened, not stopping, even for an hour in Paris or elsewhere, on the way. Finding her grandson

well, and making satisfactory progress in his studies, she gave her attention to acquiring more accurate knowledge of the climate, health and material and social condition of Switzerland. She looked more deeply into these subjects than, as a mere sight-seer, she had before cared to do; and was led to the conclusion that Switzerland has nothing to brag of over Indiana in any of these respects. She finds much to condemn and not much good enough for unstinted praise. She speaks of the climate thus: "We at home are always grumbling about our climate, its sudden changes, its frightful cold, its intense heat, but, with some knowledge of the subject, it is my opinion that our climate—I mean that of Indianapolis—is better than that of France, Germany, Italy or Switzerland—better for soul and body. For no one who has not experienced it can have an idea what it is to live for two months without sunshine, not an uncommon occurrence in some of these lands." She looks closely into their schools and studies their modes of teaching, to be led to the conclusion that ours are better. She says, "at this time Geneva probably takes the lead of any city in Europe as an educational place. It is filled with English, American, French, Spanish, Russian, Tartar and Turkish children. And why? Not because of any extraordinary excellence in the method of teaching, but because it happens to be the fashion. It has been my privilege to get behind the scenes frequently in the last few months, and I can see nothing in the manner of teaching or the amount learned in the Geneva schools which could give them preeminence over our schools in the United States, except the greater facility they afford for acquiring the French language. On the contrary, I believe it would take an American child ten years to learn in these schools what he could learn in our schools in five. Not from any fault of the educators, who are all *savans*, men of profound learning, but from the difficulties he must meet in acquiring mathematics, geography, or any other science, through the medium of a foreign language." She feels her patriotism touched to the quick by the notions foreigners have formed of the schools and teachers, of America, and adds: "Seeing the sacrifices parents make to educate their children here, Europeans have got the opinion that there are no schools of any account in the United States. The principal of a large school in Dresden said to me, when I was speaking of our schools at home: 'You have no schools; you have school-houses, but no teachers except those we send you.' This provoked me to say something rather

THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

sharp, and this well-informed (?) educator closed the subject by adding: 'If you have schools, why do you bring your children here to be educated?' This man did not mean to be impertinent or offensive; he only expressed a wide-spread opinion, and expected, no doubt, that I would confirm it; for it is not an uncommon thing for Americans in Europe to disparage their own country. They think it argues a high degree of cultivation and great superiority to seem enraptured with everything they see here and disgusted with everything they left at home, to make a proper discrimination between the elegant refinements of the Old-World aristocracy and vulgar simplicity of American republicanism. But where there is one person who thinks this, there are a hundred who would stand up for the land of the Stars and Stripes as the fairest and freest, the grandest and best land under the whole heavens—inhabited by the truest women and bravest men, protected by the strongest bulwarks, and governed by the wisest laws the world ever knew."

She returned to her home in 1875, with her patriotic feelings and principles intensified, and has little desire any more to visit foreign lands, being pleased and satisfied with her own country, which she regards as the most desirable on the face of the whole earth. She is cheerful and happy at home, and enters with heart and soul into all the delights of social intercourse with her many friends in the city and country. She may, indeed, feel at times, and even say that,

"There is no friend like the old friend,  
That shared our morning days;  
No greeting like his welcome,  
No homage like his praise,"

but her heart is still young and her mind still capable of comprehending and sharing the thoughts, affections and aspirations of the young. Years have not quenched the enthusiasm with which she has pursued her chosen purposes, from the moment when the first picture was graven in her memory, at the closed door of her first home in Newport, Kentucky; and we are quite certain that her spirit adjusts itself as easily and lithely to-day to the ever changing circumstances of life, as it did that morning when, with eyes still wet with farewell tears, she stopped to dance to the merry martial music. Her life has never been confined to any single aim long

## THE LIFE OF SARAH T. BOLTON.

enough to lose its power to pursue another when the first was attained or lost. This has made it a continual course of education. Every day has set some new lesson before her, and she has brought to its learning the same fresh earnestness of purpose that inspired her girlhood's studies; and so it will be with her until the curtain shall fall upon this mortal scene and she shall rise to that grander stage of being and action where "that which is in part shall be done away," and "we shall know even as we are known."

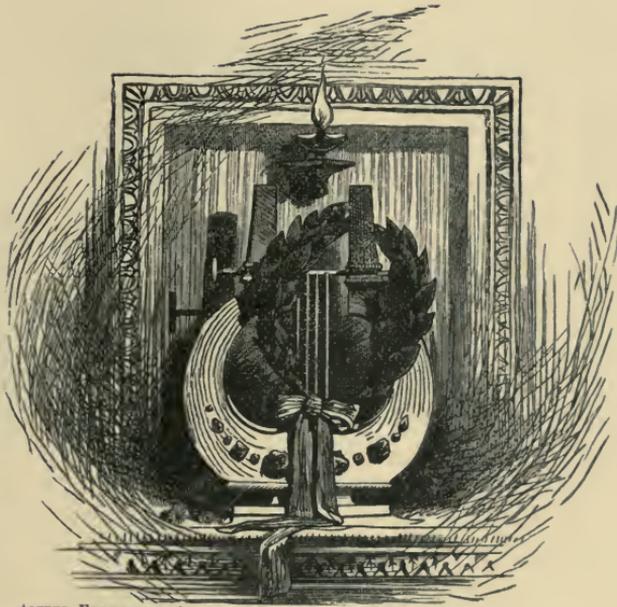
Entirely conscious that this sketch of Mrs. Bolton's life only exhibits the bright headlands of a noble and brilliant career, we shall not stop here, at its close, to attempt a delineation of the characteristics of mind and heart which have given her pre-eminence, both as a woman and an author, among those in the West who have enjoyed equal or better opportunities. If our facts have been well chosen and fitly adjusted to each other, our readers will be able better to do it for themselves. To them, in confidence that it will be well and justly done, we commit the duty of placing a right estimate upon her life and labors—her career and character.

We shall close with what one who has passed from the earth, said of our subject long ago, feeling that it is both true and just: "Her person," said Robert Dale Owen, "is small but well proportioned, and beautifully moulded. With a finely formed head, and ample intellectual forehead, her countenance, without boasting regularity of feature, is of a highly pleasing expression, especially when lighted, as in conversation it usually is, by the bright and cheerful spirit within. Her manners are frank, lively and winning, with little of conventional form, and much of genuine propriety about them. The charge sometimes brought against literary ladies, to-wit: lack of due regard to dress and personal appearance, finds refutation in the case of Mrs. Bolton. Alike when taken unawares by a morning visit, or in the evening circle, her toilet, simple and unostentatious, yet evinces that gracious and sedulous care of the person and its outward adornings, which has ever seemed to me, in women especially, more or less allied to self-respect and purity of mind."

INDIANAPOLIS, JULY 4, 1880.



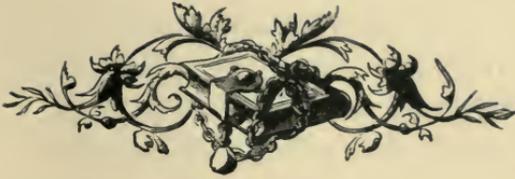




ALFRED FREDERICKS, A.

“INSPIRATION.”





❖ PREFATORY. ❖

---

**C**HILDREN of my heart and brain,  
Born of pleasure and of pain,  
Some with aspect fair and bright  
As the sweet May-morning light,  
Some as sombre, sad and sober  
As the yellow-haired October,  
Some with step as light and airy  
As the tread of fay or fairy—  
Hoping, fearing, smiling, sighing,  
Musing, singing, laughing, crying,  
Go your way ;  
Henceforth on yourselves relying,  
Come what may.

Where the fairest flowers are born  
In the rosy light of morn ;  
Where the shadows sleep at noon  
In the lap of genial June ;

## PREFATORY.

Where the frolic cascade falls,  
Down the mountain's rugged walls,  
Startling with its gleeful laughter  
All the sweet winds singing after,  
Through the shadow and the gleaming,  
We have wandered, fondly dreaming.  
Go your way ;  
Those bright hours are dead in seeming ;  
Well-a-day !

Little, simple things are ye,  
Ne'ertheless, ye were to me  
Messengers from heaven above,  
Teaching patience, peace and love ;  
Making every burden lighter,  
Every pathway fairer, brighter ;  
Bathing all the past with tender,  
Soft, uncertain, shadowy splendor,  
Spanning common life's expanses  
With bewitching dreams and fancies.  
Go your way ;  
Ye were born of glorious trances,  
Come what may.

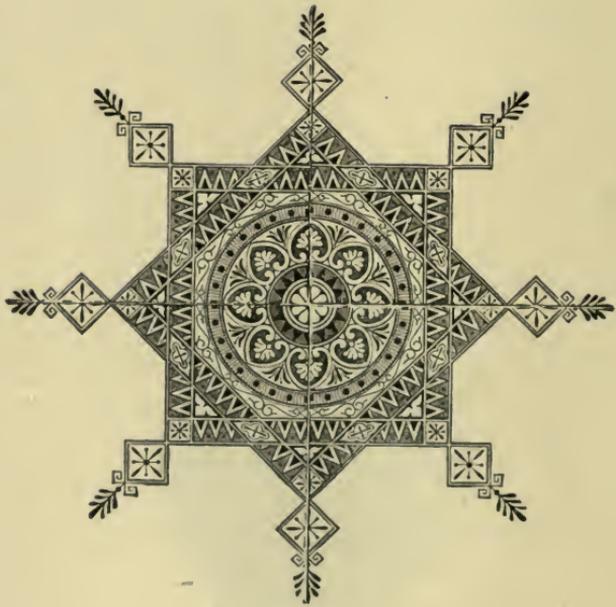
Go ; the stream of Time is wide ;  
Take your chances on its tide ;  
Some to buffet winds and waves,  
Some to sink to Lethean graves,  
Some to live, perchance, and cheer  
A despairing voyager,

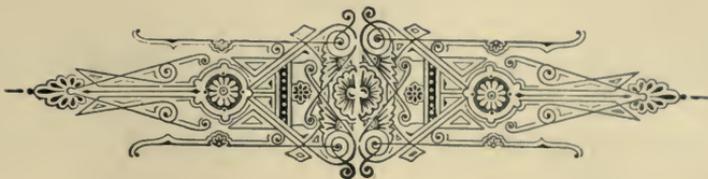
## PREFATORY.

Sow a seed of truth and beauty,  
Stir a sluggish pulse to duty,  
Give some poor heart, sick with sorrow,  
Promise of a brighter morrow.

Go your way ;  
Such a dream my hope would borrow,  
Come what may.







❖LEOLINE.❖



I.



It was night, with storm and darkness, and  
a few stars dimly shining  
'Midst the sable clouds that drifted, all  
a-wrack along the sky,  
And the wind from out the North-land  
came like warring hosts combining,  
To besiege an ancient city, with defiant  
battle-cry.

From the watch-tower and the ramparts it  
went shrieking down the river ;  
Shrieking 'round the hoary mountain,  
and across the dreary wold,  
Where the larches and the lindens clasped  
their bare arms, with a shiver,  
And moaned like living creatures, suf-  
fering with piercing cold.

## LEOLINE.

On that night, a certain shining, as of golden banners  
trailing

From the windows of a palace, fell along the the mid-  
night air ;

And the listener heard, at intervals, above the tempest's  
wailing,

A murmurous sound of voices, music, mirth and revel  
there.

Bright within the red light trembled over peerless forms  
and faces—

Merry feet kept time to harmony on woof of Turkish  
loom ;

Fairest tropic flowers breathed sweetness from the lips of  
costly vases,

Until all the air was eloquent with music and perfume.

There were tresses bound with diamonds, cheeks aglow  
with joyous feeling ;

Softly whispered words, whose witchery wrought love's  
delicious spell ;

Jewelled fingers clasping tenderly, and glorious eyes  
revealing

The impassioned thoughts that maiden lips would never  
dare to tell.

Sweetest song and silver-chorded sound of harp and viol  
blending,

Interweaving with soft cadences all tenderest words of  
love,

## LEOLINE.

As if hitherward the angel Israfel, from heaven descend-  
ing,  
Came to charm the soul with melody to brighter worlds  
above.

There were fine, old, famous pictures, shrined in antique  
frames, carved quaintly ;  
Psyche in her wondrous beauty, Niobe in her despair ;  
The dear Child-God, and His mother, with her brow so  
pure and saintly,  
All illumined with the holiness that made a halo there.

And statues, marvelous statues, modelled from the soul's  
ideal,  
With the longing love of genius for the beauty not of  
earth,  
In their purple-shadowed niches, grew so life-like and so  
real,  
That, in gazing on them, one forgot they had not mortal  
birth.

In gay mazes went the dancers—softly sounded harp and  
viol ;  
Timid Love won sweet responses—crimson wine flowed  
sparkling bright ;  
Until Pleasure, never measuring time by tell-tale clock or  
dial,  
Had stolen away the lightsome hours of that long win-  
ter night.

LEOLINE.

II.

But the shadow of that palace fell athwart a lowly dwelling ;

The red shimmer from its windows nearly kissed a cold hearthstone,

And the voices of its revelry, voluptuously swelling,

Went out amidst the darkness, blended with a sad heart's moan.

In that lonely, dreary attic, where a feeble light was burning,

And the wintry wind went in and out with sobbing wail and wild,

Sat a pale, despairing woman, with a mother's fond heart yearning,

Softly singing a low lullaby to soothe her dying child.

As the failing embers faded, and the lonely room grew drearer,

She arranged the tattered mantle closer 'round the little form,

And wailed so low and piteous ! There was none but God to hear her—

And her wail was only answered by the wailing of the storm.

Then she closed her wild eyes meekly, and her lips moved as in praying ;

## LEOLINE.

She, perchance, besought Our Father to withhold his  
chastening rod ;  
But the chill air caught no whisper as the low words she  
was saying  
Went winging from her pallid lips to the white throne of  
God.

Then she kissed that baby brow again, and parted, with  
cold fingers,  
The entangled, death-damp tresses of its silken, golden  
hair ;  
And gazed in its sweet, shadowy eyes with all the love  
that lingers,  
Lives and suffers in a mother's heart when hope has  
perished there.

Still the dying embers faded, still the winds without kept  
wailing,  
And the weary human heart within throbbed wildly as  
before ;  
And the red light from the palace, where the revel was,  
kept trailing,  
Like the bright wing of an angel, on the carpetless tile  
floor.

And she still sung that low lullaby, love's holiest words  
repeating,  
Even when the lingering rose-tint from its baby lip had  
flown ;

## LEOLINE.

And she never ceased her singing when the little heart  
stopped beating,  
Only kissed the icy forehead and kept singing on alone.

But the murmurous sound of revel died away before the  
morning ;  
And the shimmer from the windows faded when the sky  
grew red ;  
But alone, in that drear attic, by the night-lamp dimly  
burning,  
That desolate-hearted mother still sat singing by her  
dead.

Who was she—that friendless woman, in the wintry dawn-  
ing weeping?  
In the shadow of a palace, perishing of want and cold ;  
In the great heart of a city, all alone love’s vigil keeping,  
With the dead child on her bosom? Was her story ever  
told?

### III.

She was born and bred a lady. Menial hands obeyed her  
bidding,  
In her fine old home ancestral, grand from nature, fair  
from art :  
There her will was never thwarted, her caprices never  
chidden ;  
For she was the only daughter of her father’s “house  
and heart.”

## LEOLINE.

She had suitors of distinction, men of genius, men of learning ;

Some adored her peerless beauty, others loved her gold and land,

And a few, through all her waywardness, with critical discerning,

Saw a woman's full-orbed mind and heart, and therefore, sought her hand.

And they followed her with praises, but she listened to them coldly ;

Thanked them for their gentle courtesy, or silenced them with scorn ;

“One,” she said, “wooded far too tenderly—another far too boldly :

One was wedded to his sciences, and one was lowly born.”

But she thanked them for their preference with a charming grace and seeming ;

Declared that never a thought of love her heart had stilled or stirred ;

And beneath the lofty lindens still went singing, still went dreaming,

With unfettered fancy soaring like the free wing of a bird.

Oh, that careless, happy maiden, coming from the path of childhood,

## LEOLINE.

With her feet all wet with dew-drops, and her heart all  
rich and rife  
With the sunshine of the spring time, with the odors of  
the wildwood.  
The sweet dreams she went dreaming are the poetry of  
life.



J. D. SMILLIE. A.

## IV.

It befell, a poor, pale artist wandered out, in summer  
weather,  
From the hot haunts of the city to the breezes of the  
hills;

## LEOLINE.

And they met, one pleasant afternoon, conversed and  
walke<sup>d</sup> together,  
Till the sunset, with soft crimson, flooded all the vales  
and rills.

She was fain, at first, to shun him. He craved pardon—  
“I am seeking,”  
He said courteously, “a charming view to copy in my  
book.”

There was such mute, earnest pleading, such low music  
in his speaking,  
Such deferential meaning in his manner and his look,

That she could not choose but guide him to the moss-seat  
by the fountains,  
Where the south winds, through the osiers, kissed the  
lily's odorous bloom,  
In a little, quiet valley, all asleep betwixt two mountains,  
Where pale sunshine fleckt the waters, and abeles dropt  
purple gloom.

So they wandered on together, listening to the wild bird's  
singing ;  
Plucking, now and then, a violet, that nestled at their  
feet ;  
While the young oak leaves above made them a murmur  
of low ringing,  
And their words became unconsciously as musical and  
sweet.

## LEOLINE.

He discoursed of all things beautiful—things seen by poets  
only—

For the poet and the painter are akin in mind and  
heart;

And he told her he was homeless, that his life was very  
lonely—

Unbeloved and nothing loving, save his glorious mis-  
tress, Art.

Thus he talked; and she did listen, as if some strange  
spell had bound her,

With her eyes bent down so consciously you could not  
see their light,

Till the sweet winds with soft kisses wooed the flowers to  
sleep around her,

And the summer stars looked tenderly upon the summer  
night.

When, with pleasant words, they parted, there was such  
a tender sorrow,

Soft beseeching, in the melancholy midnight of his eyes,  
That she promised—promised timidly—to guide him, on  
the morrow,

To another scene of beauty his artistic taste would  
prize.

Long that night she sat, sat thinking, where the silver  
moonlight falling

Through the crimson window curtains, tinged her pearly  
check with red;

## LEOLINE.

Thinking of the dark-eyed stranger—ever and again  
recalling

His voice so softly cadenced in the eloquent words he  
said.

So they met again at evening, 'midst the osiers and the  
rushes—

Flow and sparkle of glad waters, flight and flutter of  
bright wings ;

And the artist's earnest speaking, and the lady's conscious  
blushes,

Gave sure token that an angel's hand had touched love's  
secret springs.

Thenceforward they met often, and he talked with varied  
learning

Of the orators, philosophers, and bards of long ago ;  
Ever painting glowing pictures with impassioned words  
and burning,

While the lady's heart kept beating to the measure of  
their flow.

And he talked of Art's old masters, of their wonderful  
creations ;

Of the glorious immortality for which they lived and  
strove ;

Of the customs—he had traveled—and the characters of  
nations ;

Of all feelings, all emotions, passions, sentiments, but  
love.

## LEOLINE.

And the lady sat beside him in her beauty, rarely speak-  
ing ;

But she listened with a touching, aye, a most bewitch-  
ing grace ;

And he found in her sweet silence the approval he was  
seeking—

For he read her heart's responses in the changes of her  
face.

## V.

But at length the pleasant summer died, with all her  
blushing flowers ;

And the winds among the willows caught a wilder,  
sadder tone ;

All the singing birds departed to the bright palmetto  
bowers ;

And beneath the melancholy trees the lovers met alone ;

Met to tell the same fond story, so bewildering in its  
sweetness,

When obstructions insurmountable lie loving hearts  
between ;

Met to talk of all life's lovely, but impossible complete-  
ness,

And to sigh, as lovers always sigh, for that which might  
have been.

But one day there came a parting, full of sadness, full of  
sorrow,

## LEOLINE.

And such tearful words as blighted to the sick heart's  
deepest core :

Ah, for them there was no future !—ah, for them no bright  
to-morrow !

And they saw but desolation where all beauty was  
before.

But they parted, and a sickness, very grievous, seized the  
lady,

Till her voice, so sweetly musical, grew tremulous and  
and weak ;

And her step, through all the autumn, went more languid  
and unsteady,

And the shadow on her spirit stole the roses from her  
cheek.

Far and near renowned physicians tried, with efforts  
unavailing,

All the remedies suggested by the teaching of their art ;  
But her sickness mocked their wisdom, and her strength  
kept daily failing ;

They concocted no elixir that could heal a breaking  
heart.

But they recommended travel, and her doting father bore  
her

Straight to Italy's unclouded skies, unending summer  
bloom ;

Hoping that the ocean journey, milder climate, would  
restore her,

## LEOLINE.

Or, at worst, delay her going from life's morning to the tomb.

So, the travelers came to Florence, when the Tuscan moonlight beaming,  
Bound the summits of the Apennines with bands of paley gold ;  
Folded shadows round the palaces where human hearts were dreaming ;  
Kissed and overflowed the Arno with its beauty manifold.

## VI.

Soon, the lady seemed to waken in that land of classic beauty ;  
Now and then her pale face brightened with the semblance of a smile,  
Was she better, or but feigning, from a sense of filial duty,  
To dispel her father's sadness with a little, loving wile?

But she took unlooked-for interest in the charming world around her ;  
Stronger life, unwonted vigor, stirred the pulses of her heart ;  
There, perchance, was some sweet sympathy between the tie that bound her  
To her distant artist lover and that home of living art.

She went daily to the palaces, enriched through many ages,

## LEOLINE.

With the dreams of genius glorified, enshrined by art  
sublime :

Dreamed where dreamed the grand old masters, sculp-  
tors, painters, poets, sages,

Whose voices are still ringing down the shadowy paths  
of time.

To the consecrate Duomo she went often, rapt, admiring  
Its grand frescoes, rare mosaics, statues, many-colored  
glooms ;

And her soul grew larger, loftier, with a sense of its aspir-  
ing,

As she read the names engraven on the marble of its  
tombs.

“They sleep well,” she said, “these masters of the pen-  
cil, lyre and chisel ;

They sleep well beneath these monuments, since all  
their work is done ;

They have laid aside forever model, measure, pen and  
easel,

Bequeathing Time the legacy their life-long labor won.

Oh, that I were poor and humble, or that he had gold and  
station !

Yet, the dust of these immortals was as humbly born as  
he ;

Not to kingly grace or favor did they owe their elevation !

Nay, the lordship of their genius won their right of  
patentee.

LEOLINE.



J. D. SMILLIE, A.

Strolled she in the Pitti gardens, 'round bright lakelets  
dimpled over  
By the odorous winds that drifted down the snows of  
orange flowers ;  
There the beauty, all forgetting, sweet, fond thoughts of  
her one lover  
Went like angels pure with noiseless feet adown the  
long, bright hours.

## LEOLINE.

But, among the first and fairest, in that pleasure-loving  
city,

... In the festive halls of palaces, her's was the queenliest  
tread ;

For she scorned to crave the sympathy that moves the  
heart to pity,

And she smiled to others' smiling, scarcely hearing  
what they said.

To fair, rural Miniato, regnant in its beauty doric ;

To the tower where Galileo long watched nightly glow  
and gleam ;

To Fiesole's Etruscan wall, and ruined shrines historic,

She went, like one clairvoyant, like one walking in a  
dream.

But her lip and cheek grew paler, and her sweet voice  
sadder, lower ;

Then she rarely left her chamber, as the weary weeks  
went by—

And still she failed and faded, still her steps grew feebler,  
slower,

Till her father's heart, despairing, gave its idol up to  
die.

## VII.

But one day—it was midwinter—came a stranger with a  
letter ;

He was charged, he said, to give it only to the lady's  
hand ;

## LEOLINE.

No one ever knew its import, but she suddenly grew  
better,  
And they said it was the climate of that sunny Tuscan  
land.

She forsook her silken cushions, and with every day grew  
stronger,  
Till the ripple of her laughter was like music's sweetest  
spell ;  
And there was a nameless trouble in her eyes' blue depths  
no longer ;  
And the sunshine of her presence made a glory where  
it fell.

She grew famous for her beauty—proudest nobles sought  
her favor ;  
And she listened gently, kindly, to the passionate tales  
they told,  
But assured them, very earnestly, it was a vain endeavor  
To win her heart to loving—it was marvelously cold.

But, one morning, she was missing, and her maidens  
vainly sought her  
In her boudoir, on the terrace, in the garden far and  
near ;  
And her father, through her chambers, wildly, vainly,  
called his daughter,  
With a face of ashy paleness, and a heart distraught  
with fear.

## LEOLINE.

Then they sought her in the palaces, and all familiar  
places ;

But the terror-stricken messengers, with wondering eyes  
astare,

Came hurrying back with flying feet and ashen-colored  
faces,

And in voices all a-tremble said, "My lady is not  
there."

And, alas ! the same wild questions won from all the same  
replying,

Till the father, bowed and sickened, sat with heart and  
hope a-wrack—

Sat all silent in his chamber, when the third day's sun-  
light, dying,

Crowned with stars the nightly shadows, and the lady  
came not back.

Very slowly, very sadly, wore the time away thereafter—

Searching ever for the lost one, never finding track nor  
trace.

Oh ! the weary, weary longing for the ripple of her  
laughter,

For the music of her footstep, for the sunshine of her  
face !

## VIII.

But there came at length a letter, from this trouble-dream  
awakening,

## LEOLINE.

Left, it seems, by some strange Signior, who had lately  
gone away ;  
But the bearer, in his ignorance, the name addressed  
mistaking,  
Was unable to deliver it, at least, until that day.

“Who? What Signior?” asked the father. “Have you  
seen the English lady?

She has soft-blue eyes, brown ringlets ; she is slender,  
fair, and tall.”

“No—the Signior went to Pisa ; he is there, no doubt,  
already ;

He was all alone—an artist—and my lodger.” That  
was all !

It contained but few lines, written by a hand that trembled  
greatly ;

Here and there a word was blotted, as a tear had fallen  
between.

It was written in a hurry—judging from its date not lately ;  
Addressed, “My dearest father ;” simply signed, “Your  
Leoline.”

Thus it ran : “Forgive me, father, for the strange step I  
have taken—

Oh ! my heart is very heavy, knowing it will give you  
pain ;

You will miss and mourn your daughter, in the home she  
has forsaken ;

But forgive me, O my father !—We may never meet  
again.

## LEOLINE.

“ He is gifted who has won me ; noble, too, beyond comparing

With the proudest lord or gentleman that sought me heretofore ;

But, as suitor to your daughter, you had spurned him past all bearing :

For he is a simple artist, of the people, proud and poor.

“ Knowing this, I was admonished by my duty, to forget him ;

And I tried—how long, how vainly, let my lingering illness prove ;

Therefore, when by chance befalling, some three months ago I met him,

I had learned that life was valueless to me without his love.

“ Long before this scrawl will reach you, we shall be beyond your seeking :

My marriage, though irregular, will leave no social stain.

God knows only how I love you—knows, too, how my heart is breaking

With a sorrow for your sorrow. Oh, you never gave *me* pain !

But, forgive me, darling father—by the love we bore each other

In the old days, when your soothing all my baby-cares beguiled ;

## LEOLINE.

By the sweet past, unreturning, by the memory of my  
mother,  
Oh, forgive me—bless me, father, as you blessed me  
when a child.’’

## *IX.*

It is said that sudden terror has a force beyond our learn-  
ing—  
Power to blanch, in one night’s passing, raven tresses,  
snowy white ;  
But a speechless indignation changed that proud man,  
inly burning,  
Till he seemed to those a stranger who had known him  
yester-night.

Thenceforward none dared mention her, and never more  
they sought her.  
Nothing ever stirred the father from the shadow of his  
gloom ;  
But he made a will most cruel, disinheriting his daughter,  
And his coat of arms was graven, that same summer,  
on his tomb.

But the artist and the lady—they were wedded at the  
altar  
Of Saint Peter of Livorno, by a consecrated light.  
The lady’s cheek grew paler, but her sweet voice did not  
falter  
As she made the low responses of the holy marriage  
rite.

## LEOLINE.

Thence they journeyed to Genoa, the beautiful and  
queenly,

Sitting on her marble mountains, with her white feet in  
the sea,

And arrived at fair Palanza, when the next day died  
serenely,

And the starry-fingered twilight veiled the lovely lake  
and lea.

And they sailed away, next morning, on bright Lago  
Maggiore,

When the first tones of the silver-sounding angelus  
outrung

From cloistered Isola Madre, famous for its olden glory,  
And lovely as Elysian, by the ancient poets sung.

Summer sunshine trailed its amber-gleaming tresses o'er  
the waters ;

Bright wavelets danced, with dimpled feet, around the  
vessel's prow,

Making murmurs of low music, like the voice of Nereus'  
daughters

Singing love-lays in the grottos and coral groves below.

And they sailed between two heavens : That beneath the  
waters gleaming

Was as brightly blue and limitless as that which arched  
above.

Common things won grace and beauty from the magic of  
their dreaming,

LEOLINE.

And beauty gained a glory from the sunshine of their  
love.

Breath of morning, odor-freighted from fair blossoms,  
dewy leafage,

Waves that made a merry singing as of bridal melody,  
Hills, empurpled by the distance, azure sky and golden  
rivage—

All were rounded by their happiness to one grand har-  
mony.

Far above the sound and silence, one white cloud went  
slowly sailing

From the chambers of Aurora to the gateways of the  
West,

Like a fairy ship, with snowy masts, and idle sails  
a-trailing

In the sunshine of the tropics, when the winds are all at  
rest.

As luminous seemed their future as that boundless upper  
ocean,

And their life, like that fair cloud-ship sailing in the  
golden light,

Freighted with the bliss and blessing of love's tenderest  
devotion,

Should float adown Time's river, to the Islands of  
Delight.

LEOLINE.

X.

At Milan awhile they tarried, sought and saw the picture  
painted

By heaven-inspired Da Vinci, painted on a convent's  
wall,

Where our Lord and his apostles are so grandly repre-  
sented

At that sorrowful "Last Supper," when the shadow fell  
on all.

Much they found it marred and faded—not by Time's  
destroying fingers,

Nor the damp gloom of the cloister, but by vandal hand  
of man ;

Yet, through all, a nameless glory 'round its holy faces  
lingers,

And through all, it is thy pilgrim-shrine, thy glory,  
O Milan !

Ay, far more than thy Cathedral, where a hundred rain-  
bows stealing

In through story-pictured windows, on high altars shim-  
mering fall—

More than all its statued pinnacles, and dome to heaven  
appealing,

Is that picture, marred and faded, on the gloomy con-  
vent wall.

## LEOLINE.

Thence, they came through Domo D'Ossala, when purple  
evening lighted

Up the stars that bind a coronal on Simplon's hoary  
brow ;

And they met the early morning where the human eye  
affrighted

Looks down on gorge and ghastly chasm, a thousand  
feet below.

Slowly went the glooms departing, slowly came the sun  
and gilded

The snow-clad domes and minarets, far above their  
path that stood,

Slowly lighted up the arches, which some mighty earth-  
quake builded,

When Jehovah, All-Creating, saw at evening "it was  
good."

And ever, as they journeyed lofty ramparts 'round and  
under,

They saw the startled avalanche leaping from some  
hoary height,

And heard its many voices, like successive peals of thun-  
der,

Repeated by the echoes, in the pauses of its flight.

But at length they heard the laughter of glad rivulets and  
fountains,

And they passed the awful gorges, where the lonely  
glazier weeps,

## LEOLINE.

To a world of rural beauty, at the feet of many mountains,  
And awakened from their wonder-dream, where lovely  
Valais sleeps.

O mountain guards of Switzerland! O valleys drest so  
queenly!  
Golden-threaded summer sunshine, blossom-perfumed  
summer air!  
Lakes that charm the soul to quiet, looking heavenward  
so serenely!  
Never gave ye sweetest welcome to happier hearts than  
theirs.

## XI.

A week therefrom, with blithesome feet, they climbed the  
rocky highland  
From which the tower of Rolanseck looks down through  
shade and shine  
On the gray walls of the convent, on the little quiet island  
Of Nonnenwerth, a-sleeping in the arms of father  
Rhine.

Many a winding path they threaded ere they gained those  
lofty arches,  
Stopped and heard the bright waves singing Lurlei's  
siren songs below;  
Ay, and listened—listened, dreaming—to the wind among  
the larches,  
Telling, with a sad, low sighing, stories of the long  
ago.

## LEOLINE.

Then the lady, her face glowing with the roses won from  
climbing,

While the evening sunshine drifted 'round her floods of  
crimson gold,

Told the sad and touching story, in sweet words that made  
a chiming

Of the noble knight, Von Toggenberg, who built that  
tower of old.

“Well, it chanced,” she said, “in ages dead, in ages long  
departed,

This brave Ritter left his castle and a lady very dear,  
And with Peter, called the Hermit, eloquent and lion-  
hearted,

Went to win from Turk and Saracen the Holy  
Sepulchre.

“‘Oh,’ the lady sighed, ‘no ill betide!’ till long, long  
years went over;

Sighed and waited, hoping, praying in her castle by  
the Rhine;

Waited till a holy palmer told her God had ta'en her  
lover—

He had seen him dead and buried in the land of Pales-  
tine.

“Ah, the weary woe, that cruel blow, that false, false story  
cost her!

Blighted all her maiden beauty, slowly, surely broke  
her heart;

## LEOLINE.

And she left the world, now empty, took the veil and vow  
of cloister,  
In the convent of 'Our Lady,' on the isle of Nonnon-  
wert.

"When, with glory earned, the knight returned from Pal-  
estine to claim her,  
And they told him this sad story, all his light of life  
grew dim :  
Never more could he behold her—nay, he dared not even  
name her ;  
For she was the bride of heaven, lost to love and dead  
to him.

"So he built this tower, and worshipped more than all the  
saints in heaven  
The convent walls, that shrouded all the light of his lost  
star ;  
And he watched them, from the dawning to the purple fall  
of even—  
Watched them for long years, from dawning till  
'clinked her lattice bar.'

"But at last she died, his soul's true bride, and the con-  
vent bells went tolling—  
Tolling o'er the bright Rhine river, tolling to his heart  
so brave !  
And they found him on the morrow (love his life's last  
hour controlling),

LEOLINE.

With his dead-eyes, stark and staring, fixed upon his  
lady's grave."

*XIII.*

Her own lovely eyes were tearful, when her touching tale  
was ended,

And he said, "So sweet a story sweet lips never told  
before."

Then, along the crimson sunset, from the hill-top they  
descended,

Through the purple-laden vineyards, to the golden-  
sanded shore.

So, their lives ran on right brightly, and their pilgrim feet  
went straying

From the rivers of the Rhineland to the cities by the  
sea ;

The artist, painting pictures, wheresoever they were stay-  
ing,

And, in palace, hall or cottage, was no happier wife  
than she.

One fair summer found them dwelling in a rural home,  
embowered

In chestnut trees, and climbing vines, and fairest flowers  
that blow,

Where the grim old Dent du Jamin, like a giant warder,  
towered,

## LEOLINE.

And the waves of Lake Geneva went a-singing far  
below.

Like some tender dream of beauty, that one half forgets  
awaking,  
And tries, vainly, ever after, to remember and recall,  
Were those months on Lake Geneva—she for *his* love all  
forsaking,  
He giving in fond recompense, his heart, soul, strength,  
life, all.

But the summer blossoms faded, and the autumn winds  
came wailing,  
And the lovely lake grew shadowy and forgot its sum-  
mer song ;  
Cold, gray mists, like tattered banners, 'round the lofty  
Alps went trailing,  
And the falling leaves, like little feet, kept pattering all  
day long.

Then the artist's brow grew paler, and his dark eyes lost  
their brightness,  
And he passed the sunny threshold with a slower,  
heavier tread ;  
Lip and cheek grew sometimes ghastly, with a strange,  
unnatural whiteness,  
And there often was a tremor in the loving words he said.

Ne'ertheless, rare forms of beauty grew beneath his  
pencil daily ;

## LEOLINE.

He embodied many golden dreams of many golden  
years ;  
And, in working, he trilled snatches of familiar songs so  
gaily,  
That the young wife, all things hoping, half forgot her  
troubling fears.

When the frosts came, in November, he seemed better,  
somewhat stronger,  
And the old light came, by flashes, to the darkness of  
his eyes ;  
But one evening, when she waited, and he tarried later,  
longer  
Than was usual, she started with a tremor of surprise ;

And sought him in his studio. There, the tender moon-  
light, shining  
Through the lofty oriel window, made a glory 'round  
his head,  
As he sat, asleep in seeming, on his easel half reclining—  
Ay ; asleep he was, nor wakened when she called him.  
He was dead !

## XIII.

Then, a shriek, which those who heard it recollected ever  
after,  
Rang out from that lone chamber, rang through hall  
and corridor :

LÉOLINE.

“Dead! no, no—O God—O darling!” and she fell, with  
maniac laughter,  
As pale and cold as marble, in the moonlight, on the  
floor.

Thence the days went by unheeded, till one morning in  
December,  
When the earth was hid with snow-drifts, and the sky  
with leaden gloom,  
She came back to dim, half consciousness, but never  
could remember  
Days and weeks which passed unnoted in that bare  
asylum room.

“O Karl!” she said, “I dreamed a dream of such wild  
pain and horror!  
A dream that took my strength away and made me  
almost ill;  
See, my darling, how I tremble with the memory of its  
sorrow!  
Oh, its phantoms were so real, they seem hovering  
'round me still!”

Then, “Come love—it is morning; we have slept too  
long already;  
That fine picture—is it finished? They are coming for  
it soon;  
Yes, I mean that lovely picture of the noble Russian lady;  
She is going to Geneva, and the boat will leave at  
noon.”

## LEOLINE.

Thus, for many a day she wandered, ever kind and  
sometimes cheerful ;

But forgetting, through God's mercy, that *one night* in  
all the past,

Till the sympathizing doctor, with a pallid face and  
tearful,

Considering it his duty, came and told her all, at last.

Then the agony and anguish that consumes the heart, and  
gathers

Bitter daily food from memory, again had made her  
wild ;

But they brought a little baby, with deep, brown eyes, like  
its father's,

Laid it on her aching bosom, whispering low, this is  
your child."

And through all the woe and weariness with which her  
soul had striven,

Through the darkness and the danger, through the  
madness and strife,

That sweet little one came smiling, like an angel sent  
from heaven—

Came to charm her, with its helplessness and beauty,  
back to life.

## XIV.

So, not very long thereafter, she took up again life's  
burden,

## LEOLINE.

And went down its rugged pathways, with sad heart  
and feeble feet ;  
But she found in holy mother-love a blessing and a guer-  
don,  
Making poverty, long, lonely toil and sore privation  
sweet.

Daily, nightly, from the attic, where she earned her  
meagre living,  
And where her one dear treasure, like a blossom, lived  
and throve,  
Trembled up the humble incense of her grateful heart's  
thanksgiving,  
To the dear, good God, whose mercy gave her some-  
thing still to love.

He had learned to lisp that sweetest word of all our  
Saxon—"Mother,"  
And it seemed to gather sweetness from the roses of his  
mouth,  
As birds catch sweeter singing from the voices of each  
other,  
Or as flowers win richer odors from the kisses of the  
South.

Quickly comes the lore of babyhood, and he had learned  
already  
How to win her fond caresses, by repeating that one  
word ;

## LEOLINE.

While the patter of his little feet, uncertain and unsteady,  
Made the sweetest sound of music that her poor heart  
ever heard.

But he sickened in the winter, sickened suddenly and  
faded—

Faded when his little, happy life was scarcely two years  
old ;

Drooped upon his mother's bosom, like a blossom too  
much shaded ;

Thus the silent angel found him on the night of which  
I told.

Slowly through the attic window came the chilly winter  
morning ;

Slowly stirred the city's pulses, down along the frosty  
air ;

But the mother still sat singing by the night-lamp dimly  
burning,

As though soul and sense were frozen by the torpor of  
despair.

Up and down went men and women, in their shut hearts  
ever bearing

Their individual burdens—joy or sorrow, hope or fear ;

But in all those busy thousands, drifting, ebbing, flowing,  
faring,

There was not one heart that trembled with a thought  
or throb for her.

LEOLINE.

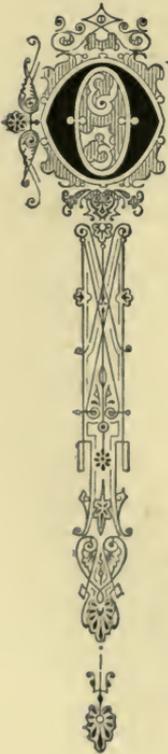
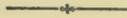
So the arteries of the city beat, beat all day long around  
her,  
Till the setting sunlight painted crimson bars along the  
West—  
When a neighbor, in chance passing, to her chamber  
came, and found her—  
Found her sitting, stark and silent, with the dead child  
on her breast.

INDIANAPOLIS, APRIL, 1865.





❖ MONT + BLANC. ❖



WORSHIPPER in heaven's far courts ! sub-  
lime

Gleams thy white forehead, bound with  
purple air ;

Thou art coeval with old, gray-haired Time ;  
Yet thy colossal features are as fair  
As when the Omniscient set his signet  
there.

Wrapped in a royal robe, that human art  
Could never weave, nor mortal monarch  
wear,

Thou sitt'st enthroned in majesty apart,  
Folding eternal rest and silence in thy heart.

When the Almighty mind went forth and  
wrought

Upon the formless waters ; when he hung

## MONT BLANC.

New worlds on their mysterious paths, and brought  
Light out of brooding darkness ; when the young,  
Fair earth at his command from chaos sprung  
To join the universal jubilee ;  
When all the hosts of heaven his triumphs sung—  
God left his footsteps on the sounding sea,  
And wrote his glorious name—proud monument !—on thee.

Tell us, earth-born companion of the stars,  
Hast thou beheld when worlds were wrecked and riven?  
Hast seen wild comets in their red simars  
O'er the far fields of space at random driven?  
Seest thou the angels at the gates of heaven?  
Perchance they lend that glory to thy brow  
Which burns and sparkles there this summer even !  
Perchance their anthems float around thee now :  
They worship God always, and so, Mont Blanc, dost thou.

Solemn evangel of almighty power,  
The pillars of the earth support thy throne ;  
Ages unknown, unnumbered, are thy dower,  
Sunlight thy crown, the clouds of heaven thy zone.  
Spires, columns, turrets, lofty and alone ;  
Snow-fields, where never bird nor beast abode ;  
Caverns unmeasured, fastnesses unknown,  
Glaciers where human feet have never trod—  
Ye are the visible throne, the dwelling-place of God.

What is the measure of our three-score years?  
What the duration of our toil and care?

## MONT BLANC.

What are our aspirations, hopes and fears?

The joys we prize, the ills we needs must bear?

The earthly goals we win, the deeds we dare?

Our life is but a breath, a smile, a sigh;

We go, and time records not that we were:

But thou wilt lift thy giant brow on high

Till time's last hour is knelled, lost in eternity.

And we, beholding thee, do turn aside

From all the little idols we have wrought;

Self-love, ambition, wealth, fame, power and pride

Keep silence before thee; and we are taught

A nobler aim, a more enduring thought.

Our souls are touched by the celestial fire

That glows on holier altars; what we sought

With might, heart, mind, seems naught, and we aspire

To win some surer good, some guerdon holier, higher.

Thou art an altar, where the human soul

Pays God the tribute of its prayer and praise;

Feelings, emotions passing all control

Are born of thee; wondering, subdued, we gaze,

Till soul and sense are lost in still amaze,

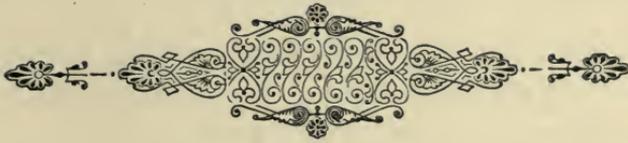
And the o'erladen heart forgets to beat.

We feel the invisible; we seem to raise

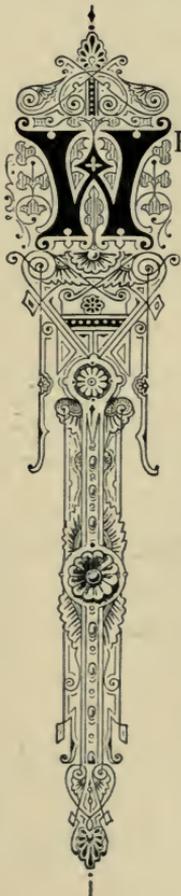
The inner veil, to stand where two worlds meet,

Entranced, bewildered, rapt, adoring at thy feet.





## TO THE ARVE, AT ITS JUNCTION WITH THE RHONE.



—\*—

HERE a glacier weeps forever, like the  
fabled Niobe,  
At the feet of monarch mountains in the  
vale of Chamouni,  
Thou wert born, O rapid river! nursed by  
torrents wild and strong,  
And the thunder of the avalanche was thy  
first cradle-song.

Through a fair and fertile valley, with its  
purple-laden vines,  
Terraced gardens, groves of linden, Druid  
oaks and and ancient pines,  
Where the summer sunshine golden crowns  
the Bas Alps far above ;  
Where the butterflies and breezes woo the  
rhododendron's love ;

## TO THE ARVE.

Where the Ranz des Vaches comes ringing down from  
many a green plateau,  
While the vesper bells are chiming in the quiet vales  
below ;  
By lordly parks and palaces, by homesteads quaint and  
low,  
Where the peasants live as peasants lived five hundred  
years ago ;

Thou hast wandered on for ages, like a pilgrim cowed  
and gray—  
Like a pilgrim sometimes kneeling on the shining sands  
to pray,  
Heedless of the bloom and beauty, of the shadow or the  
shine,  
Counting beads and Ave-Marie's on his way to Palestine.

Thou hast hoarded in thy bosom many a rare and radiant  
gem  
That adorned Mount Bernard's girdle, or Argentier's  
diadem ;  
Thou hast stolen perfumed dew-drops from the fairest  
Alpine flowers,  
And filled thy curious scallop-shell from brightest summer  
showers.

At thy feet the merry cascades fondly fold their snowy  
wings,  
And thee worship with libations from a thousand sparkling  
springs ;

## TO THE ARVE.

Summer sunshine gaily binds thee with its wealth of  
golden bars ;  
Purple twilights clasp and crown thee with a coronal of  
stars.

Yet thy spirit is as restless, and thy brow as dark and cold,  
As if thy life were weary with a trouble never told ;  
And the murmur of thy voices is like a wail of woe,  
Or a miserere chanted in some hopeless world below.

By lordly parks and palaces, by mountains weird and  
grand,  
By ruins where the barons lived who whilom ruled the  
land,  
By peasant's hut and hovel, by hamlets quaint and gray,  
To the city of Geneva thou hast made thy winding way.

Where that queen of old Helvetia from her ancient hill  
looks down,  
With the church of sainted Peter wearing still its triple  
crown,  
We have learned, O Arve, thy secret, learned the mean-  
ing of thy moan—  
For the lady of thy worship is the graceful, blue-eyed  
Rhone.

Never, surely, came a lover in such strange disguise  
before ;  
Never ancient Minne-singer, palmer-knight nor trouba-  
dour,

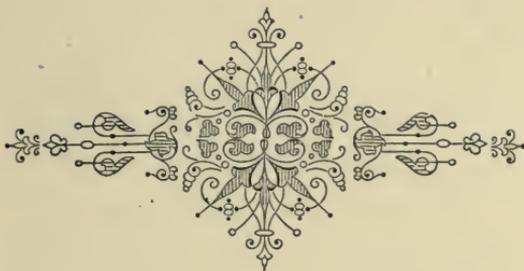
## TO THE ARVE.

Offered life and love's devotion at so beautiful a shrine,  
With a brow so dark and solemn and a voice so sad as  
thine.

But she scorns thy first advances, and, with most disdain-  
ful pride,  
Strives to keep her robes unsullied by the darkness of thy  
tide ;  
Turns offended from thy presence, spurns thee, shudders  
and recoils ;  
Flies, and flings her white arms wildly to unloose them  
from thy toils.

Then ye journey on together, sad and silent, side by  
side ;  
But despair not, bold knight-errant, thou shalt win her for  
thy bride ;  
For a love so true is potent, in its passion and its power,  
To compel love's sweet responses in some gay, unguarded  
hour.

Ah, now she turns coquettishly to thee her sunny face,  
And all her radiant loveliness is lost in thine embrace ;  
And forever ye are wedded, wheresoe'er your path may  
be,  
Through the shadow and the sunshine in your journey to  
the sea.



❖ LAKE LEMAN. ❖



THOU art beautiful, Lake Lemán,  
When thy starry waves are sleeping,  
Sleeping in the fond embraces  
Of the summer moon's soft light ;  
When thy waters seem to listen,  
To the blue Rhone, sadly weeping  
As she parts from thee forever,  
Murmuring tenderly, " Good-night ! "

Thou art glorious when the morning,  
Nature's radiant evangel,  
Lays her cheek upon thy bosom,  
With her tresses all undone ;  
When the snowy mists that bound thee,  
Like the drapery of an angel,  
Are woven into rainbows  
In the pathway of the sun.

## LAKE LEMAN.

Thou art peerless when the twilight  
Of a quiet summer even  
Binds the Eastern sky with shadows,  
As the day dies in the West ;  
When the gold and crimson curtains  
Looped around the gates of heaven  
And the pathways of the angels,  
Are painted on thy breast.

Thou art lovely when the vine-hills  
Are pictured in thy waters,  
Or when storm-winds from the Jura  
Crown thy waves with starry foam ;  
And the children of thy valleys,  
Old Helvetia's sons and daughters,  
When they leave thee, lake of beauty,  
Never find another home.

But I dwell by thee a stranger,  
Of my exile grown so weary,  
That my soul is sick with sighing,  
Waiting, longing to depart ;  
And the music of thy voices  
Makes me homesick, makes me dreary.  
Oh, I can not learn to love thee  
While my own land fills my heart !

I have climbed the snow-capped mountains,  
Sailed on many a storied river,  
And brushed the dust of ages  
From gray monuments sublime ;

## LAKE LEMAN.

I have seen the grand old pictures  
That the world enshrines forever,  
And the statues that the masters  
Left along the paths of Time.

But my pilgrim feet are weary,  
And my spirit dim with dreaming  
Where the long, dead past has written  
Misty, hieroglyphic lore ;  
In a land whose pulses slumber,  
Or only beat in seeming,  
Where the pathway of the Cæsars  
Is a ruin evermore.

Bear me back, O mighty ocean !  
From this Old World, gray and gory,  
To the forests and the prairies  
Far beyond thy stormy waves,  
To the land that Freedom fostered  
To gigantic, strength and glory,  
To my home-land with its loved ones,  
And its unforgotten graves.

Give me back my little cottage,  
And the dear old trees I planted,  
And the common, simple blossoms  
That bloomed around my door,  
And the old, familiar home-songs  
That my children's voices chanted,  
And the few who used to love me—  
And my heart will ask no more.



## ❖ AWAKE TO EFFORT. ❖

“The night cometh, when no man can work.”

---



WAKE to effort while the day is shining ;  
The time to labor will not always last,  
And no regret, repentance, or repining,  
Can bring to us again the buried past.  
The silent sands of life are falling fast ;  
Time tells our busy pulses, one by one ;  
And shall our work, so needful and so  
vast,  
Be all completed, or but just begun,  
When twilight shadows veil life's dim,  
departing sun?

What duties have our idle hands neglected?  
What useful lessons have we learned and  
taught?  
What warmth, what radiance, have our  
hearts reflected?  
What rich and rare materials have we  
brought  
For deep investigation, earnest thought?

## AWAKE TO EFFORT.

Concealed within the soul's unfathomed mine,  
How many a sparkling gem remains unwrought,  
That industry might place on learning's shrine,  
Or lavish on the world, to further God's design!

To effort! ye whom God has nobly gifted  
With that prevailing power, undying song.  
For human good let every pen be lifted,  
For human good let every heart be strong.  
Is there no crying sin, no grievous wrong  
That ye may help to weaken or repress?  
In wayside hut and hovel, midst the throng  
Down-trodden by privation and distress?  
Is there no stricken heart that ye can cheer and bless?

Sing idle lays to idle harps no longer ;  
Go! peal an anthem at the gate of heaven ;  
Exertion makes the fainting spirit stronger.  
Sing, till the bonds of ignorance are riven,  
Till dark oppression from the earth is driven ;  
Sing, till from every land and every sea  
One universal triumph-song is given,  
To hail the long-expected jubilee,  
When every bond is broke and every vassal free.

And ye, whose birthright is the glorious dower  
Of eloquence to thrill the immortal soul,  
Use not unwisely the transcendant power  
To waken, guide, restrain, direct, control  
The heart's deep, deep emotions ; let the goal

## AWAKE TO EFFORT.

Of your ambition be a name enshrined,  
By love and gratitude, within the scroll  
Where generations yet unborn shall find  
The deathless deeds of those who loved and blessed  
mankind.

Go! use the mighty energies that slumber  
Unknown, unnumbered in the world's great heart;  
Remove the stubborn errors that encumber  
The fields of science, literature and art;  
Rend superstitions' darkening veil apart,  
And hurl to earth blind bigotry, the ban  
From which a thousand grievous evils start  
To thwart and mar the great Creator's plan,  
And break the ties that bind the brotherhood of man.

And ye who sit aloft in earth's high places,  
Perchance amid your wealth you scarcely know  
That want and woe are leaving fearful traces  
Upon the toiling multitude below.  
From your abundance can ye not bestow  
A mite to smooth the thorny paths they tread?  
Have ye no sympathy with human woe?  
No ray of blessed hope and joy to shed  
Upon the weary hearts that pine and toil for bread?

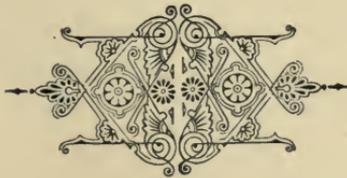
Amid the gorgeous splendor that bedizens  
Your palaces, no longer idly stand,  
While dens of wickedness and loathsome prisons  
Arise, like blighting plague-spots o'er the land;

## AWAKE TO EFFORT.

Go! speak a word and lend a helping hand  
To rescue men from degradation's thrall,  
Nor deem a just and righteous God hath banned  
The toiling millions, while the rain-drops fall,  
And blessed sunbeams shine alike from heaven for all.

The smallest bark on life's tempestuous ocean  
Will leave a track behind forevermore ;  
*The lightest wave of influence set in motion  
Extends and widens to the eternal shore.*  
We should be wary, then, who go before  
A myriad yet to be, and we should take  
Our bearing carefully, where breakers roar,  
And fearful tempests gather ; one mistake  
May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in our  
wake.

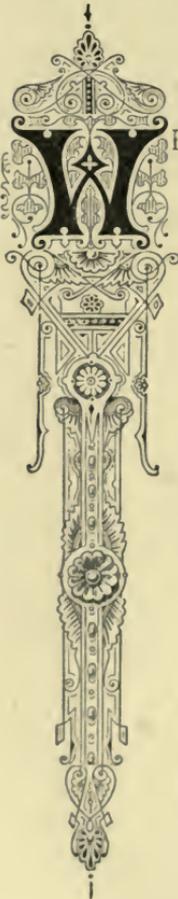
INDIANAPOLIS, 1851.





"Nasci, pati, mori."

→ LEGEND OF THE CASTLE OF MONNETIER. ↻



HERE sunlight lends its softest summer smile,

And Mont Saleve lifts his scarred brow  
toward heaven,

There is a long-deserted feudal pile,  
To ruthless ruin given.

Beneath the precipice on which it stands,  
Like a gray warder endless vigil keeping,  
Geneva, like mosaic in gold bands,  
By Lemman's side lies sleeping.

No hardy flower, no clinging ivy trains  
A kindly leaf to veil its broken arches;  
Of all its garden bowers no trace remains,  
Save some poor stunted larches.

## A LEGEND.

Upon its ancient gate, 'midst rime and rust,  
As a fit comment on its fearful story,  
Some cunning hand, long gone to mouldering dust,  
Graved "*Nasci, pati, mori.*"

The moss-grown ruin of its massive wall  
Teaches the littleness of man's ambition ;  
But of its ancient glory and its fall,  
Speaks only gray tradition.

This saith, that in the olden, feudal times  
It was the stronghold of a warlike baron,  
Whose ghost, condemned for unrepented crimes,  
Still haunts the Styx with Charon.

He loved a noble lady of the land,  
With eyes like summer twilight, blue and starry,  
Tresses like braided sunshine, lily hand—  
Gentle, bewitching fairy.

He loved her with a heart that could fulfill  
Its wildest purpose in the hour of trial,  
And sought her with the stubborn, lawless will  
That never brooked denial.

But the fair lady was the promised bride  
Of one who wore the cross of a Crusader,  
Who gave his heart to lovely Linneleid,  
His sword to the invader.

## A LEGEND.

And he, Sir Athold, was at danger's post,  
The colors of his lady waving o'er him—  
The bravest leaders of the Paynim host  
Falling like grass before him.

Long, but in vain, the warlike baron wooed ;  
The lady still was cold in word and bearing ;  
But in those cloudy times the world was rude,  
And chieftain lovers daring.

And to compel what love could never gain,  
He sallied forth with many an armed vassal,  
Surprised the lady, put to flight her train,  
And bore her to his castle.

And there, 'midst waving torches, gleaming swords,  
And iron hearts that never deigned to falter,  
And priestly mockery of holy words,  
He led her to the altar.

She buried, then, the hopes of all life's years ;  
Her cruel anguish brooked not to be spoken ;  
Despair dried up the fountain of her tears ;  
Her gentle heart was broken.

Yet there was breath upon her pallid lips,  
And light beneath her blue-veined eyelids gleaming ;  
Hers was not life, nor death, but that eclipse  
Which the soul knows in dreaming.

## A LEGEND.

She sat in her lone tower, in vague repose,  
Her sad gaze fixed upon the distant mountains ;  
And yet she did not see their winter snows,  
Nor hear their summer fountains.

Heart, mind and being, with one thought was rife ;  
One blessed image mocked her soul's endeavor ;  
It was the only star of her young life,  
Distant and dimmed forever.

Night crowned the mountains with pale coronals,  
And moonbeams trembled down through Leman's  
waters,  
To light the coral bowers and fairy halls  
Of Undine's fair-haired daughters.

But, ho ! there was a cry, a trumpet-blast,  
The castle's sleepy sentinels alarming !  
Wild words from palid lips, that spoke their last ;  
Shrieks, groans and hurried arming.

They rallied, manned the ramparts ; but too late !  
The baron's furious life-blood dyed the paving,  
And soon, from lofty tower and massive gate,  
The blood-red cross was waving.

With fainting heart the lady heard that cry—  
Sir Athold's voice through the still night-air driven ;  
She could not live to meet his altered eye,  
And—pity her, O Heaven !

## A LEGEND.

The fight was over, and Sir Athold gone  
To seek his lady-love in hall and bower ;  
The lamp burned in her turret-chamber lone—  
Where was she, in that hour?

He breathed her name with loving words, in vain ;  
She heard him not, and there was no replying,  
Save the soft night-wind through the lattice-pane,  
Mournfully sighing.

They sought her with swift feet—above, below ;  
They called her with wild words, but unavailing ;  
And morning found them hurrying to and fro,  
Their brave hearts faint and failing.

Oh ! never did a gloomier night depart,  
And never dawned a sadder, darker morrow,  
Than that which sealed, on brave Sir Athold's heart,  
His loss and life-long sorrow.

At length, a peasant came, with wild dismay,  
And hurried words of most terrific meaning :  
There was a lady dead a little way  
From where he had been gleaning.

And on the sands, where two deep ravines meet,  
Half hidden by the pine plumes waving 'round her,  
Below her lattice full five hundred feet,  
Pale as the snows they found her.

## A LEGEND.

Oh! slowly, slowly tolled the solemn knell,  
As many a gallant knight and wondering vassal  
Wound with the black pall up *Pas de l'Echelle*  
And bore her to the castle.

With tearful eyes they made her grave apart;  
With loving hands they laid the cross above her;  
And there the lady with the broken heart  
Sleeps with her noble lover.

But there are those who, on a certain night,  
Deem they can hear a wail—a low, wild weeping—  
And see a lady, in a robe of white,  
From that same lattice leaping.

The brave Sir Athold went not forth again  
To tread the warrior's dizzy path of glory;  
But as he lived, had suffered, loved in vain,  
Wrote, "*Nasci, pati, mori.*"

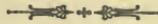
GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, 1857.





❖ THE UNION. ❖

“THE UNION—It must be preserved.”—*Andrew Jackson.*



DISSOLVE the Union! Let the blush of  
shame  
Hide with its crimson glow the brazen  
cheek  
Of him who dares avow the trait'rous aim.  
'Tis not the true, the wise, the good who  
speak  
Words of such fearful import; but the  
weak,  
Drunk with fanaticism's poisonous wine,  
And, reckless of the future, madly seek  
To hold their saturnalia at the shrine  
Sacred to human Freedom, human rights  
divine.

## THE UNION.

Dissolve the Union! Madmen, would ye rend  
The glorious motto from our country's crest?  
Would ye despoil the stars and stripes, that lend  
Home, food, protection to the world's opprest?  
Have ye no reverence for the high bequest  
That our immortal sires bestowed erewhile?  
Has sin defaced the image God imprest  
On your humanity, that ye could smile  
To see the lurid flames of Freedom's funeral pile?

Dissolve the Union! In the day, the hour  
Ye rend the blood-cemented tie in twain,  
The fearful cloud of civil war will lower,  
O'er every old blue hill and sunny plain,  
From torrid Mexico to frigid Maine,  
And men will arm, and strange, new banners wave,  
And pallid women look on kindred slain;  
Brothers will battle, and the life-blood lave  
Thresholds that husbands, fathers died in vain to save.

Dissolve the Union! No! ye can not part,  
With idle words the blessed ties that bind  
In one the interests of that mighty heart  
That treasures up the hopes of all mankind.  
Awhile, perchance, the blind may lead the blind,  
And men may follow phosphorescent light  
From beaten paths to quagmires, ere they find  
The ray that shone so beautiful and bright,  
Was but a phantom-lure to deeper, darker night.

## THE UNION.

Dissolve the Union! Never! Ye may sow  
The seeds of vile dissension o'er the land,  
That men may reap in sorrow; ye may show  
The world your disregard of all its grand  
Eternal interests; but a noble band  
Of patriots, tried and true, will still remain,  
With heart to heart, and sinewy hand to hand,  
To guard from foul dishonor's cankering stain  
The jewels God has shrined in Freedom's holy fane.

Dissolve the Union! No! destroy the page  
That gives to human sight the hideous scrawl.  
Let not the freemen of a future age  
Read these detested words; they would recall  
Shame, madness, imbecility and all  
That mars the noon-tide glory of our time.  
True to the undivided, stand or fall.  
To waver now is little less than crime;  
To battle for the right is glorious, is sublime.

INDIANAPOLIS, JULY, 1850.





→ LEGEND OF CHATEAU CHENE. ✻



THE Lady Loline was wond'rous fair,  
With a golden gleam in her rippling hair,  
And eyes of the deepest, darkest blue  
That ever a beautiful soul shone through,  
And the sweetest mouth  
The wind from the South  
Ever kissed to a dainty rose-leaf hue.

And she had a lover true and brave,  
But lowly of birth and therefore banned  
And sent, men said, to an early grave  
In a foreign land.  
Living or dead, he was out of the way  
Of the long pursuit of the Baron Bray  
For the lady's hand.

## A LEGEND.

The Baron was bent, wrinkled and gray—

The Baron was querulous, crabbed and old,  
But the Baron was rich—broad lands had he  
From his castle gate clear down to the sea ;

Had hounds, and horses, and hords of gold,  
And, at last, the lady's consent is given  
To wed the Baron to-night at seven.

The day had died in a drizzling rain,

And the purple glooms of twilight fall—  
It will soon be dark in the grand old park,  
And down by the moat and rampart wall,

But radiant light  
Will stream to-night  
From every casement of Chateau Chene.

The bride is arrayed in silken sheen,

With snowy buds and flowers between

The cloud-like folds of her costly lace,

With diamonds rare

In her gold-bronze hair ;

Yet the eye could trace

A fitful shadow of anxious care

On her gentle face.

The clock in the turret-tower strikes eight—

But where is the groom

That he does not come ?

The guests and the minstrels wondering wait,

And the wind cries wild,

Like a homeless child,

In the shivering elms of the castle gate.

## A LEGEND.

The yule fire burns with a ruddy glow,  
And the minstrel plays as the hours go by,  
But the garlands fade and the guests speak low,  
As if afraid of impending woe.

The bride looks out from her lattice pane,  
But she only hears the sougning rain,  
And the sobbing wind in the turrets high.

The clock tolls twelve in the ancient tower,  
And the night wind shrieks in eldrich glee ;  
The lights grow dim in hall and bower,  
And fair cheeks pale, for ghosts have power  
In this weird hour  
To walk the green earth free.

Hark ! "Comes the bridegroom?" Nay, not he.

As a mail-clad form with a raven plume  
Comes slowly out of the nightly gloom ;  
He makes no pause, he speaks no word,  
Scarcely the fall of his tread is heard ;  
But the pale lights flare  
In the sulphurous air

As he threads his way and mounts the stair  
To the bride's own room.

There was a pause in the wind and rain,  
But the chateau shook, and tremors ran  
From dungeon keep to bartizan.  
The guests and the minstrels held their breath,  
As if they had looked on the face of death,  
And fled away in pale affright  
Into the dark and dismal night  
From the horror-haunted Chateau Chene

## A LEGEND.

The morning sunshine softly stole  
Over the scene of last night's dole,  
Burnished the board where the feast was spread ;  
Kissed the garlands pale and dead,  
And trembled into the purple gloom  
That hung its folds in my lady's room.

But the lovely bride in silken sheen  
Was not where they crowned her yestere'en.

They sought her east and they sought her west,  
Afar and near, by land and sea ;  
But all in vain was their anxious quest :

Where could the lady be?

When and how had she met her doom?  
And the phantom knight with the raven plume,  
From whence, and what was he?

The wonder died, but the story ran  
That the Seneschal, an aged man,  
Avowed he had seen the phantom knight  
Bearing away the fair young bride  
In her robes of white,  
Over the moat and through the park,  
On a coal black steed, in the storm and dark,  
As never a mortal man could ride.

BEECH BANK, APRIL, 1877.





❖ THE IRON HORSE. ❖



THEY have given the iron horse the rein,  
And he flies away o'er the sunny plain,  
Shrieking and clanking the bolts and bars  
That fetter his strength to the rumbling cars,  
Away through the valley and mountain pass,  
O'er the dark ravine and the dank morass,  
Panting and puffing his clarion peals,  
Shaking the earth with his iron heels,  
And flashing the sparks from his fiery eyes,  
Like a hunted fiend, he shrieks and flies!  
On, on, through the tunnel so dark and  
drear,  
On, over the bridges that quake with fear,  
By the stagnant fens and the limpid rills,  
Through the clefted hearts of the ancient  
hills,  
Where the startled echoes faint and die  
In their vain attempts to repeat his cry.  
Now faster away, as if terrible need

## THE IRON HORSE.

Were adding a spur to his fearful speed.  
Hushed is the voice of the rushing river ;  
The winds are low, but the old trees shiver ;  
The sun, like a drunkard, reels around ;  
The wild beasts start from the haunted ground,  
And the bending sky seems rent apart  
With the dreadful throbs of his mighty heart !  
Hurrah ! he is mocking the wandering wind,  
And leaving the laggard far, far behind ;  
City, and hamlet, and river, and plain,  
Like pictures of chaos, confuse the brain,  
As they loom in sight and vanish away,  
Like dissolving views in a giant's play.  
And thus the horse with the iron heart,  
Bearing his burden from mart to mart,  
Panting and puffing his clarion peals,  
Shaking the earth with his clanging heels,  
Flashing the sparks from his fiery eyes,  
Like a hunted demon, shrieks and flies.

INDIANAPOLIS, OCTOBER, 1856.





## ❖ COMING HOME. ❖



— ❖ —

PUT by the work now, and heap up the fire,  
Till it crackles a welcome warm and  
bright ;  
Let the curtains down, draw the sofa nigher,  
For surely the boys will be home to-night.

“ Their letter was dated two weeks ago—  
They intended to start for home next day ;  
But as Freddy was weak, they have trav-  
elled slow,  
And so many chances might cause delay,

“ That I scarcely expected them sooner ;  
and yet  
I have counted the hours from dark till  
dawn,  
And rejoiced to think, when the sun had set,  
That another wearisome day was gone.

## COMING HOME.

“And Harry was wounded, the letter said ;  
Thank Heaven ! it added, the wound is slight.  
Hark ! listen ! I think I can hear their tread—  
No, no ; but they surely will come to-night.

“The year, like a tiresome dream, has passed—  
Twelve months of waiting, and weeping, and pain ;  
For I thought, when I saw their faces last,  
That I should not see them alive again.

“But the cars should be in by this time. Hark !  
Shall I go to meet them, or wait and pray ?  
For the night is fearfully wild and dark—  
Ah ! some one is coming, at last, this way.”

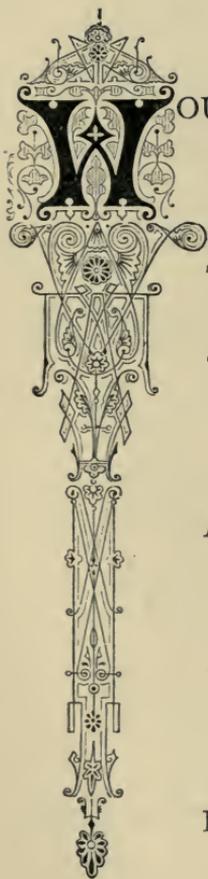
Steadily on, through the wind and sleet,  
Like the tread of men who a burden bore,  
Came the measured fall of approaching feet  
Steadily on to the cottage door.

And heavily into that cheerful room,  
With their heads uncovered and faces brown,  
Strong men came out of the night and the gloom,  
And laid two white, pine coffins down.

And so, to the homestead that love and care  
Had made so cheerful, and warm, and bright—  
To the old, fond mother that waited there,  
Her two boys came from the war that night.



❖ GERMAN Y. ❖



WOULD God command the lightning from on high

To speak one word in thunder tones to thee ;

To write, with lurid finger, on thy sky,  
One spirit-stirring sentence, it would be :  
“Awake, and sleep no more till thou art free !”

Then would an echo rise from patriot graves,  
And Rhine, far-flashing to the deep blue sea,

Would murmur, with the voice of many waves :

“Awake, awake to arms ! and be no longer slaves.”

Is there no word, no talisman, to still  
The bitter feuds that keep thy sons apart?

## GERMANY.

Is there no charm in liberty, to thrill  
The slumbering pulses of thy mighty heart?  
Oppressed, enslaved, down-trodden as thou art,  
Wilt thou in coming ages still remain?  
Or, with one arm, one heart, one effort start  
And rend at once the iron links in twain  
That bind upon thy sons the vassal's galling chain.

Where are the children of the men whose frown  
Made Europe tremulous and pale of yore?  
The men, who trod the Roman legions down,  
Defending freedom on the Lippe's shore?  
Where is the spirit of the host that bore  
The "Angel's Banner" o'er the gory sand,  
Beside Lech's sparkling waters, evermore?  
Has that free spirit left thee, father-land?  
And must thy sons still wear the bondman's scathing brand?

No, thou art 'wakening from thy torpid sleep,  
And sounds, like gathering waters, murmur by—  
Sounds of a coming tempest, low and deep;  
And soon thine ancient hills and vaulted sky  
Shall echo back thy children's battle-cry!  
A still, small voice is heard, in solemn tones,  
Forever whispering, "Let the tyrants die!"  
New life and spirit breathe upon the bones  
That pillar and support thy blood-cemented  
thrones.

## GERMANY.

Thy blood-cemented thrones ! is it not so?  
Were they not built of sinews, blood and tears?  
Were they not founded deep in human woe?  
Sustained by human toils and human fears?  
But, lo ! from out the shadow of old years—  
The deepening shadow of the dreamy past—  
A form of light and loveliness appears ;  
Thank Heaven, the soul returns to thee at last,  
To call thy sons to arms with Freedom's clarion  
blast.

Send forth thy hosts from mountain, stream and glen,  
From hut and hamlet call the peasant—slave ;  
Though cowed and trampled on, they still are men ;  
Let weapons glitter, let thy banners wave,  
Stamped with the motto, " Freedom or a grave !"  
Fight, till the Rhine is red from shore to shore,  
Red with the life-tide of the true and brave ;  
Sound, sound the clarion ! let the cannon roar !  
Till thou art free again, as in the days of yore.

INDIANAPOLIS, OCTOBER 25, 1849.





❖ SHALL WE KNOW OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN. ❖



— ❖ — ❖ — ❖ —  
WE can not hear the fall of gentle feet .  
Beyond the river they may cross no more,  
Nor see familiar faces, angel sweet,  
Through the dim distance, on the other  
shore.

Where are the friends, companions down  
the years,  
Who shared our care and labor, gain and  
loss,  
Who wept with us, in sorrow, bitter tears,  
Who knelt beside us at the Savior's cross?

Some were a-weary of the world, and old ;  
And some had scarcely passed meridian  
prime ;  
And some were gathered to the blessed fold  
In all the beauty of life's morning time.

## OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

A few had climbed the heights not many gain,  
And battled nobly for the good and true ;  
Many wrought humbly, on life's common plane,  
But all accomplished what they came to do.

And as we walked together, by the way,  
They turned and left us—left us, one by one ;  
Love followed weeping, but they might not stay  
For all her pleading, when their work was done.

Shall we not meet again, or soon, or late?  
Meet at the entrance to the final goal?  
Did the Pale Angel, at the shadowy gate,  
Undo the tie that bound us, soul to soul?

Nay. By the holy instincts of our love—  
By every hope humanity holds dear,  
I trust in God to meet my treasures trove,  
Tenderly loving, as we parted here.

It must be so, if deathless mind retain  
The noblest attributes that God has given ;  
Love, hope and memory count but little gain.  
If what they win on earth be lost in Heaven.

And if the human love, that underlies  
All that is true and good, in man's estate—  
All that remains to us of paradise,  
Were lacking there, Heaven would be desolate.

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

Nay. As the rich man knew, on Abraham's breast,  
The whilom beggar, at his palace gate ;  
As Saul knew Samuel, when, at God's behest,  
He came to warn the monarch of his fate ;

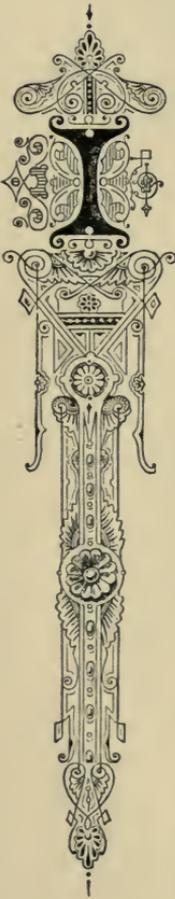
As Moses and Elias, heavenly bright,  
Were recognized upon the mount sublime,  
Shall we know our beloved, in the light  
That lies beyond the shores of death and time.

BEECH BANK, MARCH, 1876.





❖ THE TENEMENT HOUSE. ❖



— ❖ —

THREADED my way, through wind and  
snow,  
One winter night, to a tenement row.  
The place seemed under the ban and blight  
Of a ghastly spell, that stormy night.  
Unearthly footsteps seemed to fall  
In the dismal darkness down the hall.  
Unearthly voices, deep and low,  
Seemed to whisper a tale of woe  
From reeking angle and rotten stair.  
As through the foul and fetid air  
I groped along to the broken door  
Of a certain room—or, rather, den—  
Such as some wealthy, prosperous men  
Build, and rent to the homeless poor.  
The door was ajar, within all dark ;  
Never an ember, never a spark  
Glowed or glimmered athwart the gloom  
That hung, like a pall, in that wretched room.

## THE TENEMENT HOUSE.

But I heard the patter of children's feet,  
And the sound of voices sad and sweet ;  
And one—he was only three years old—  
Said, "Tissy, ot makes mamma so told ;  
Pease et me ake her?" the sweet voice plead,—  
"I is so hungry ; I onts some bed—  
Only ze littlest piece ill do,  
And Donny ill dive a bite to oo."  
"Hush, Johnny, hush," the sister said,  
"There is not a single crust of bread.  
Don't wake poor mamma ; she's sick, you know—  
So sick and weak that she can not sew.  
Don't you remember how she cried,  
When she bade me put the work aside?  
And how she kissed us when she said,  
'The Father in Heaven will give us bread.'

"All day long, through the snow and sleet,  
I've wandered up and down the street ;  
And, Johnny, I held my freezing hand  
To crowds of ladies, rich and grand,  
But they did not hear me, when I said,  
'Please give me a penny to buy some bread.'  
One beautiful lady turned and smiled,  
But she only said, 'Don't touch me, child.'  
In their splendid clothes, they all swept by,  
And I was so cold—but I did not cry.  
O, Johnny, I never begged before ;  
But I went to-day from door to door,  
Till my very heart grew faint and weak,  
And I shivered so I could hardly speak.

## THE TENEMENT HOUSE.

But when I remembered that mamma said,  
'The Father in Heaven will give us bread,'  
I quite forgot the shame and the pain,  
And went on asking, and asking in vain,  
Till I scarce could move my freezing feet.  
And when they lighted the lamps in the street,  
I came away, through the mud and the mire,  
With nothing to eat or to make a fire ;  
But as I was passing Denny's shop,  
Some one called out, 'Stop, Katy, stop !'  
And out came little Sammy Dole,  
And filled my basket with wood and coal.  
So now we can have a fire, you see,  
And, O ! how nice and warm it will be.  
And, Johnny, if you'll be still and good,  
I'll tell you Little Red Riding Hood."

"No, no ; I is hungry," the wee one said,  
"Tant oo dive me a tumb of bed?  
Dest a tumb? I sink oo tould—  
And Donny'll go to seep, and be dood."

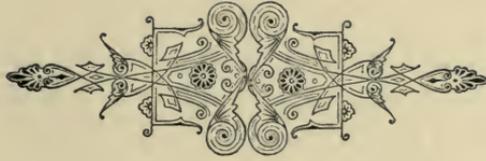
"There is not a crumb of bread—don't cry ;  
Soon in the morning Sissy will try  
To get poor mamma a bit of meat,  
And some nice, white bread for Johnny to eat."

By this time the little, cold-blue hands  
Had heaped together some half-charred brands  
And kindled a fire. Oh ! surely the light  
Never revealed a sadder sight  
Than greeted my eyes that winter night.  
Walls damp and broken, a window bare,

## THE TENEMENT HOUSE.

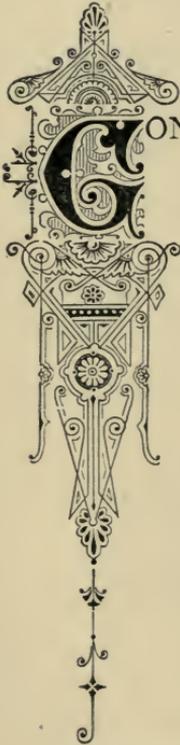
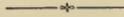
A rickety table, a bottomless chair,  
A floor discolored by soil and stain ;  
Snow driving in through a missing pane ;  
Wee, womanly Katy, scarce nine years old,  
Pinched and shrunken with hunger and cold ;  
Sweet baby Johnny, with dimpled feet,  
Sobbing, pleading for something to eat ;  
A tattered bed, where the eye could trace  
A human form, with a thin, white face—  
A thin, white face, that had once been fair,  
Framed in a tangle of light-brown hair ;  
The sad eyes closed, the lips apart,  
The pale hands crossed on a quiet heart.

Softly Katy approached it now,  
And pressed a kiss on the marble brow ;  
Then, with a smothered cry, she said :  
“Johnny, O Johnny !—mamma is dead !  
Speak to me, mamma—one word !” she cried ;  
“Oh, speak to Katy !” No voice replied ;  
But Johnny crept to the pulseless breast  
Where his golden head was wont to rest,  
And, nestling close to the icy form,  
Said, “I tan teep sweet mamma orm.”  
But the mother, outworn with the struggle and  
    strife,  
From the madness and toil of the battle of life,  
Had silently gone to that beautiful shore  
Where the rich man hath need of his gold never-  
    more.



❖GONE❖

JUDGE JAMES MORRISON.



GONE, O my friend! not for a little space,  
To sojourn in some pleasant foreign land,  
Whence we may hope to see again thy face,  
To clasp again thy hand.

Ah, no! The yule-fire on thy hearth may  
burn ;  
Friends meet around thy table, as of yore ;  
But they will watch and wait for thy return  
To the old home no more.

Thy trees and garden bowers will bud and  
bloom ;  
Summer will bring the song of bird and  
bee,  
Soft lights and shadows, blossoms and per-  
fume,  
But nevermore for thee.

## GONE.

Gone, and the world is poorer by the loss  
Of one high, generous heart and noble mind,  
Tried as by fire, and purified from dross  
As fine gold is refined.

O earnest worker ! true in word and deed,  
Through all the years that God appointed thee,  
Sowing in field and fallow precious seed,  
For harvests yet to be ;

Walking through storm and sun, in faith sublime,  
By the still waters, by the arid waste,  
Leaving no track upon the shore of Time  
That we could wish effaced ;

Thy path grew brighter to the perfect day,  
Thy death triumphant crowned a life complete—  
A life whose light revealed the better way  
To our uncertain feet.

We sorrow not for thee, O ransomed soul !  
But for our lives, so lonely, so bereft—  
Not for the victor crowned within the goal,  
But for the void he left.

Yet, looking through the shadows cold and gray,  
By Faith we see the glory thou hast won ;  
Hold up our empty hands to Heaven and say,  
“ Father, Thy will be done.”

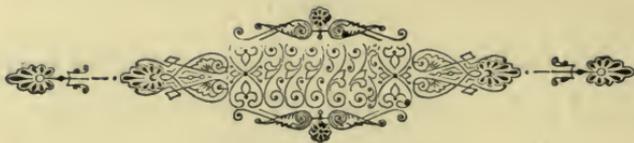
GONE.

We shall not stay behind thee long, dear friend,  
For every dawning day and closing night  
Our road hath fewer mile-stones, and the end  
Lies just beyond our sight.

Soon we shall finish what we find to do,  
Soon our last hour shall toll its parting knell.  
Till then, O friend, long tried and ever true,  
Farewell! farewell! farewell!

ELM-CROFT, APRIL, 1869.





❖ TO "OUR TETIE." ❖



TETIE, in that far country where thou art,  
Thou canst not hear thy mother's cease-  
less moan ;  
Thou canst not know the yearning of her  
heart,  
Nor see how desolate her path has  
grown.  
'Tis better thus. I would not grieve thee  
now,  
Nor dare to murmur at our Father's  
will.  
But come and lay thy white hand on my  
brow,  
And whisper, " Mother, Tetie loves thee  
still."  
Come, darling, come.

## OUR TETIE.

Together, long ago, we went life's way—  
A glad young mother and a fair-haired child ;  
I taught thy feet to walk, thy lips to pray,  
And thy sweet prattle all my hours beguiled.  
And so we went together down the years,  
Noting time only when we were apart ;  
Sharing each other's joys, each other's tears ;  
Living and loving with one mind and heart  
In our old home.

Thy feet grew weary ere life's morning sun  
Exhaled the dewdrops from its opening flowers ;  
Before its noon thy little day was done ;  
The gain was thine—the loss, the anguish ours.  
But while stern duties urge my footsteps on,  
And lonely, weary days their cares repeat,  
Immortal Hope stands pointing to the dawn  
Of that to-morrow when our souls shall meet  
On some bright plain.

Sometimes I seem to hear thy baby feet  
Making the old, sweet music on the floor,  
Or turn, in glad expectancy, to greet  
Thy face, like sunshine stealing through the door.  
Alas ! that face is cold and silent now ;  
On the pale lips there is no life, no breath :  
White blossoms, wreathed around thy marble brow,  
Crown thee, O my fair child ! the bride of death.  
Ah ! bitter pain.

## OUR TETIE.

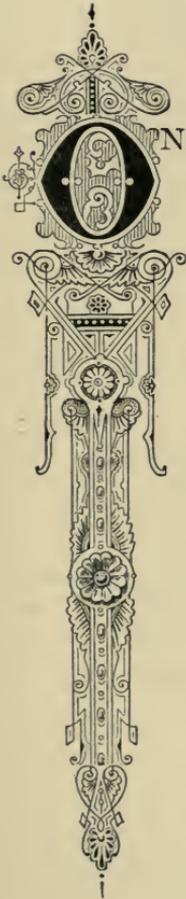
I call thee by the pet name, fond and dear,  
That bore such tender meaning to thy heart :  
Even this voice of love thou canst not hear.  
In such short time are we so far apart?  
Is it a long, long way to thy new home  
Beyond the skies, the stars, the worlds we see?  
Then rest thee, darling, if thou canst not come ;  
Through all that distance I will go to thee.  
Wait, Tctie, wait,

Wait for me ; I am coming, coming fast ;  
Each fleeting moment bears me on my way ;  
These trembling pulses soon will beat their last ;  
Nor would I ask of Heaven an hour's delay.  
Come down and meet me on the other shore ;  
I will be with thee soon, by God's good grace ;  
And when the struggle and the strife are o'er,  
Give me thy hand, take me to thine embrace.  
Wait, darling, wait.





❖ ONLY A WOMAN. ❖



ONLY a woman, the live night long,  
Beating the air with her wasted hands,  
And telling a story of cruel wrong,  
That nobody heeds or understands.

Only a woman, without a friend  
To soothe her sorrow for friendship's  
sake—  
Whom few will pity, and none defend ;  
What matter, then, if her heart should  
break ?

There is nothing new in her woe and wail ;  
There is nothing strange in her bitter  
tears ;  
And the tale she tells is an old, old tale,  
The world has heard for a thousand years.

ONLY A WOMAN.

Only a woman, with wild, blue eyes,  
Looking for something beyond her sight,  
And saying from dawn till daylight dies :  
“ He will come—he will surely come to-night.”

\* \* \* \* \*

He promised to wed her—the day was set,  
And the trousseau laid on the bridal bed,  
But the day is past—did he forget  
The appointed time? Is he ill, or dead?

Nay, he is away over land and sea,  
From the love he won, and the wreck he left ;  
He has not forgotten—but what cares he  
For a broken vow, to a ruined weft?

True, she was happy and well to do,  
In her humble home and honest fame,  
Till the luckless day he came to woo  
The love that cankered to sin and shame.

But he is Patrician—born and bred  
In the regal purple of wealth and place ;  
It was only his right he thought, and said,  
“ To kiss the bloom from a fair, sweet face.”

Was his the fault that she loved too well?  
Was he to blame for her foolish trust?  
The record they keep in Heaven will tell ;  
And the day will come, for God is just.

ONLY A WOMAN.

He moves serene in his orbit now  
With his ways and words so sweet and bland—  
No visible mark on his lofty brow,  
No stain of blood on his soft, white hand.

Does he ever think of the idyl, read  
That summer time, in a fairy bower?  
Does he ever regret the careless tread,  
That crushed the heart of a wayside flower?

No matter—the years will come and go ;  
Her heart will bleed and her eyes grow dim ;  
And, although “the mills of God grind slow,”  
They are grinding a fearful grist for him.

BEECH BANK, MARCH 7, 1874.





❖ GOING DOWN THE HILL ❖



JOURNEY slowly down the hill,  
Whereon the sunshine lingers still—  
As one who goes against his will.

The vale below is dark and cold,  
And fraught with mysteries untold,  
Concealed beneath the green-grown mold.

The sluggish air is never stirred  
By hum of bee or trill of bird,  
Or human voice, in song or word.

The world goes on, or foul or fair,  
But brings of all its joy and care  
No tidings to the sleepers there.

## GOING DOWN THE HILL.

They make no moan, they shed no tears,  
They have no aims, no hopes, no fears.  
No memory of the by-gone years.

They have no light of sun or moon ;  
No morning, eventide or noon ;  
No need of scrip or sandal-shoon.

Therefore, I journey down the hill,  
Toward the valley, dark and still,  
As one who goes against his will.

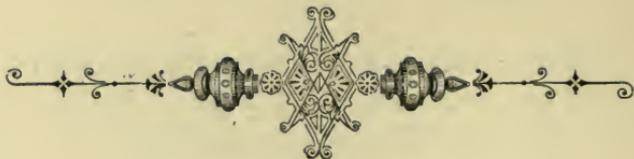
Faith says : O mortal ! cease thy wail,  
And look beyond the shadowy vale,  
Where lie the sleepers cold and pale.

Beyond the realm of death and night—  
Beyond thy feeble human sight,  
There is a world of life and light.

The blessed dead, whom men deplore,  
Are living on that radiant shore—  
They only left the robes they wore.

“ He who believes on me,” He said,  
Whose precious blood for man was shed,  
“ Shall live again, though he were dead.”

“ O Faith ! ” I cried, “ though thou canst see  
The glories of the life to be,  
Death stands between its light and me.”



❖ THE PESTILENCE. ❖



PRIME minister of Death! mysterious, dread!

We can not see thy haggard form and  
face,

We do not feel thy breath, nor hear thy  
tread,

Nor know the secrets of thy dwelling  
place.

We tremble at thy name, and weeping, trace

Thy footsteps by the victims left behind;  
Yet, have no power to stay thee in thy race.

As well might puny mortals hope to bind  
The lightning's flaming wing, or chain the  
wandering wind.

By many a hearth, where light to joy were  
shed

From sunny eyes and young hearts glad  
and free,

## THE PESTILENCE.

The last, lone mourner watches by her dead.  
Spirit of outer darkness! can it be  
That human woe and wail delighteth thee?  
Art pleased to see the burning tear-drops start;  
To wring the changes on pale agony,  
And rend the fondest ties of love apart?  
Ah, foulest fiend of hell, how pitiless thou art!

Grave-digger of the nations! though thy power  
Baffles our human knowledge, yet we know  
Though hast all lands, all oceans for thy dower.  
Youth, hoary age, fair childhood, friend and foe,  
Beauty and bravery, feel alike the blow  
They have no strength to ward, no time to shun.  
The shriek of anguish and the wail of woe,  
From tropic climes, where first thy work begun,  
Will follow thy drear path till time's last setting sun.

Hovel and homestead, hut and lordly dome  
Are thine, all thine, if human hearts are there.  
Wan twilight finds thee in the quiet home,  
Moving unseen amidst the young and fair.  
Bright morning sees the anguish, the despair  
Of dear ones parting—some from all the fears  
And hopes of life; some to live on and bear  
All bitter memories and burning tears,  
And loneliness of heart, through many weary years.

The land is desolate that thou hast sown  
With death and sorrow, ruin and decay.

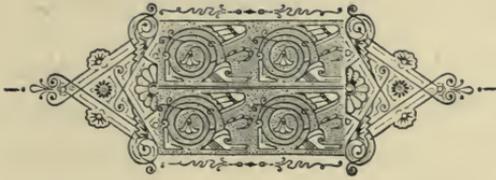
## THE PESTILENCE.

The air of heaven is sick with grief and moan,  
Where thy grim shadow hides the light of day.  
Surely the Lord, our God, will bid thee stay.  
From East to West, men joined in Christian bands,  
With one accord, for this devoutly pray,  
And all the noblest, best of many lands,  
Stretch to the suffering South well-filled and generous  
hands.

Our minds are all too finite to conceive  
And comprehend God's purpose and intent,  
But we can trust His goodness and believe  
That he permitted thee in mercy meant  
To teach rebellious nations to repent ;  
And when life reaps the harvest death has sown,  
When the full measure of time's years is spent,  
And all the secrets of God's love made known,  
Thy mission will be read before the eternal throne.

INDIANAPOLIS, SEPTEMBER, 1878.





❖ THE DOCTOR'S STORY. ❖



At dead of night, I was called from bed  
To a place where sin had made its lair;  
The hasty messenger only said:  
"A woman is dying there."

A dance house down in a dismal row,  
Haunted and kept by the low and vile,  
Where the free winds never come and go,  
Nor a sunbeam deigns to smile.

To the blare of music, rose and fell  
The mirth of the dancers, wild and loud,  
And the air was vexed as the smoke of hell  
Went up from that reeling crowd.

I followed my guide from stair to stair,  
Where blood-stained hands had left their  
trace,  
And night lamps burned with a ghastly  
glare,  
In the gloom of the haunted place.

## THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

“That is the room, sir,” he curtly said,  
“Where the woman lies ; you may hear her moan.”  
And I found her there, on a wretched bed,  
Gasping for breath and alone.

A delicate woman, still young and fair,  
Ruined and wrecked on the world's cold strand,  
With a queenly brow, long golden hair,  
And a dainty, dimpled hand.

Her cheeks were stained with a hectic glow,  
Her eyes aflame with a strange, wild light ;  
‘ Doctor,’ she said, ‘ I am very low ;  
Do you think I shall die to-night?’

“Ah, yes,” she added, “you come too late ;  
My desolate life is ebbing fast ;  
I have drained the dregs of a cruel fate,  
But the horror will soon be past.

“I was not always the loathsome thing  
That good men pity and women shun ;  
My life was bright in its hopeful spring—  
Too bright for the goal it won.

“I've sown the whirlwind, and garnered tears,  
I have stained my path with sin and crime ;  
And, to me it seems a thousand years  
Since the days of a better time.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

“When or whence the betrayer came,  
It matters little, nor need I tell  
Of his high position and sounding name ;  
’Tis enough that I loved him well.

“Loved—nay, worshipped the ground he trod,  
And, never waiting to count the cost,  
Followed my idol, forgetting God,  
And worshipped till all was lost.

“He left me degraded, friendless, poor,  
Blighted, and banned without and within ;  
I dared not enter a good man’s door,  
And was lost in a den of sin.

“I tried to bury remorse and shame ;  
But, under the mask of my soul’s disguise,  
Still felt the unquenchable fire and flame  
Of the worm that never dies.

“Loathing, abhorring the life I led,  
My every smile was a heartless lie ;  
But the world refused me honest bread,  
And, alas, I could not die.

“But once I stood in the driving snow,  
Famished and faint, on a winter night,  
And looked through a window, all aglow,  
Into a boudoir warm and bright.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

“And there, at home, with his child and wife,  
In ’broidered slippers and velvet gown,  
Was the man that blighted my heart and life,  
And cast me adrift on the town.

“Many a time, in my guilt and pain,  
As the bitter years of life went by,  
I said, ‘If ever we meet again,  
The coward, betrayer, shall die.’

“And there, alone with my aching heart,  
A homeless waif, on the cold, bleak street,  
I said, ‘O perjured, though long apart,  
We have met, and revenge is sweet.’

“I raised my hand with a steady aim,  
But, O thank Heaven, ere the bullet sped,  
A better thought to the rescue came—  
Dizzy and blind, I turned and fled.

“Fled from the sight of that splendid room,  
With its wealth and warmth and golden light,  
Through the bitter storm and starless gloom,  
To the pitiless heart of night.

“Fainting, I fell on the frozen ground,  
And awhile forgot all pain and strife.  
But a watchman found me on his round,  
And tortured me back to life..

## THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

“O, the rest of that dreamless sleep  
To my bleeding heart and burning brain ;  
To the eyes that only wake to weep—  
Will it ever come again?”

I answered: “Yes, there is rest alway  
For the penitent soul at Mercy's door ;  
The Savior of sinners says, to-day,  
To the guilty, ‘Go and sin no more.’”

“Alas,” she murmured, “I dare not pray ;  
My doom is written ; it is too late !  
O, that my soul could steal away,  
And hide from God and human hate.”

At length she slept ; and I went my way  
From the loathsome place, in the dreary dawn,  
By the drunken gamblers, still at play,  
And the dancers reeling on.

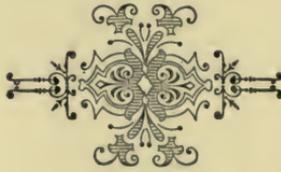
The world went 'round, with its throbs and throes,  
Its pride of place and its greed of gold,  
Till I had forgotten that sick girl's woes,  
And the story her white lips told.

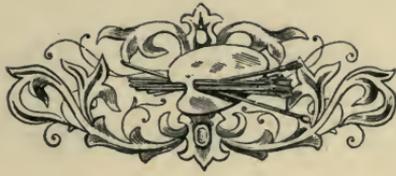
And then, by chance, I met her again,  
In a home where peace and love abide ;  
Clothed and redeemed from her guilt and stain,  
By the blood of the Crucified.

## THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

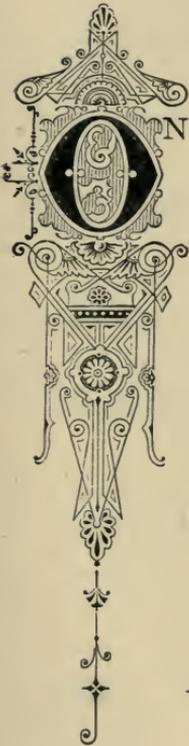
There, saved in the Blessed Shepherd's fold,  
Counting all earthly gain but loss ;  
Like Mary, the Magdalen of old,  
She wept by the Savior's cross.

“ Thank God,” I said, “ that we may bring  
To Him, the harvest love has crowned,  
And join the anthem angels sing,  
In heaven, when the lost is found.”





❖ AN HOUR IN MR. COX'S STUDIO. ❖



— ❖ —

ON a dreary day in winter, when the wind  
with cold was crying ;  
When the Frost King, from his palace,  
rode adown the crisped air ;  
When the drifted snow in hillocks on the  
frozen ground was lying,  
And the maples and the beaches stood  
shivering brown and bare ;

In the great heart of the city, walled about  
with brick and mortar,  
I found a bower of beauty where stern  
winter was denied ;  
And from all life's fret and worry gave my  
soul an hour to loiter,  
And away she gayly flitted, taking Fancy  
for her guide.

AN HOUR IN MR. COX'S STUDIO.

Aye, away by blooming hedges, and green meadows  
starred with daisies ;

By granite cliffs, where lichens hung their crimson banners  
gay ;

By shadowy dells and dingles, floored with mosses, hung  
with hazes,

Where the fragrant water lilies bathe their faces in  
bright spray.

Then, through woodland paths and bridges, to a cottage  
quaint and cosy,

Embowered in odorous eglantine, from rustic porch to  
eaves ;

By fields where youths and maidens, with bright faces  
round and rosy,

Raked the hay with merry singing, or bound the golden  
sheaves.

Thence she wandered down broad valleys, to the feet of  
snow-capp'd mountains ;

Rested in the cool, green shadows of gigantic forest  
trees ;

Sailed along bright, winding rivers, caught the sparkle of  
glad fountains,

And saw the sunset-crimson burn along the summer  
seas.

Then away to classic Rhineland, to a ruin grand and  
hoary,

Where sculptured frieze and peristyle met their myster-  
ious fate ;

## AN HOUR IN MR. COX'S STUDIO.

Where mouldering aisles and arches whisper many a  
stirring story,  
Of knightly men and women fair, pomp, pageantry and  
state.

Vines and many-colored grasses trailed bright leaves and  
blossoms tender,  
Along its broken arches, ruined wall and colonnade,  
And instead of princes, courtiers, coming, going in their  
splendor,  
A few poor peasants rested with their flocks beneath its  
shade.

And my truant soul, forgetting all the lore of sterner  
duty—  
All the past, and all the future, in her dreaming wan-  
dered on ;  
Wandered on, enrapt, enchanted, in this new-found world  
of beauty,  
Till common cares recalled her, when the little hour was  
gone.

And, although her wings were folded, she was richer,  
wiser, better,  
And stronger for life's pathway, through the frost and  
through the snow ;  
And whatever may befall her, till she breaks life's mortal  
fetter,  
She will not forget that journey in the artist's studio.



❖ ALP-LAND. ❖



STOOD upon the Wengern Alp and  
dreamed,  
One starry midnight in the autumn time,  
Till, soul and sense entranced, I saw, or  
seemed  
To see, a new, strange world, before the  
grime  
Of age had dimmed the wonder of its  
prime :  
Snows, glaciers, Alps, around, above, be-  
neath—  
Strength, beauty, grander, awful and sub-  
lime,  
Where never human footstep, human breath,  
Disturbed the rule and reign of everlasting  
death.

## ALP-LAND.

There was old Schreckhorn, with his hoary brow,  
The white-cowled Monk, great Eigher, seamed with  
scars,

And, loftiest of all, the pure Jungfrau,  
Like a veiled vestal crowned with burning stars  
By the high walls of heaven; shining bars  
Of golden moonlight bound her zone, and where  
Clouds floated idly in their pale simars,  
Her gorgeous robe, like ermine rich and rare,  
Fell in colossal folds adown the purple air.

In the unfathomed caverns, far below,  
The wandering winds sung anthems wild and sweet,  
And torrents, new-born of the virgin snow,  
Mingled their many voices, like the beat  
Of mighty pulses, or the fall of feet  
That found no rest. Anon the avalanche, riven  
From its high home, fell thundering, far and fleet,  
Like some rebellious host that God had driven  
Down, down to the abyss, from the far fields of Heaven.

Again, and nearer, that deep, fearful sound  
Lifted its clamor to the vaulted sky,  
Hissed in the air and groaned along the ground,  
Waking ten thousand echoes in reply.  
The roar of cannon, rattling musketry,  
Seemed blended and repeated, o'er and o'er,  
From hidden fosse and cloud-capped battery;  
As if the Titans, mighty as of yore,  
Did battle with the gods on the invisible shore.

## ALP-LAND.

And so the hours wore on, and stole away  
The silver starlight from the brow of night ;  
A sudden shining heralded the day,  
And the pale Alps blushed in the dawning light.  
A crimson curtain fringed with pearly white,  
Slowly above the gray horizon rose,  
Slowly the slopes and frozen seas grew bright,  
But day was drawing midway to its close  
Ere the great sun climbed up to that lone land of snows.

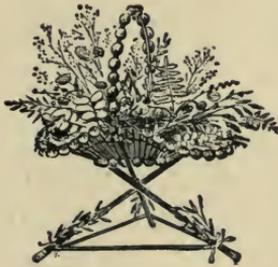
He scaled the eternal ramparts, length by length—  
O'er bastion, parapet and tower he came,  
Like a bold warrior, glorious in his strength,  
With a red banner and a crown of flame.  
He looked upon the snows, and they became  
Inlaid with diamonds, dazzling human eyes  
With a great glory that no tongue can name ;  
As though some angel, passing in the skies,  
Had opened suddenly the gates of Paradise,

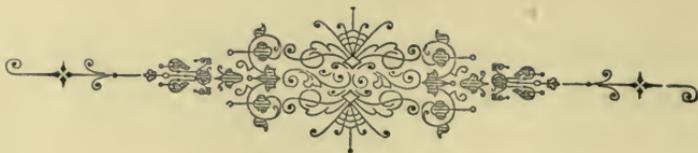
Eternal Alps! in your sublime abode  
The soul goes forth untrammelled, and apart  
From little self, expands and learns of God.  
There it forgets awhile the busy mart  
Where strength, heart, life, are coined with cunning art  
To common currency : forgets the strife  
For gold, place, power and fame—the bitter smart  
Of disappointment, pain and sorrow rife,  
Where poor humanity walks in the paths of life.

## ALP-LAND.

Ye are unsullied by the serpent's trail  
Of sin and death, with all their weary woes,  
And ye do minister within the veil  
Of an eternity that never knows  
The changes of decay. Time overthrows  
Man's proudest glory, but his hand has striven  
In vain to mar your beauty. As ye rose  
When form and light to the young earth were given,  
Ye stand with your white brows by the closed gates of  
heaven.

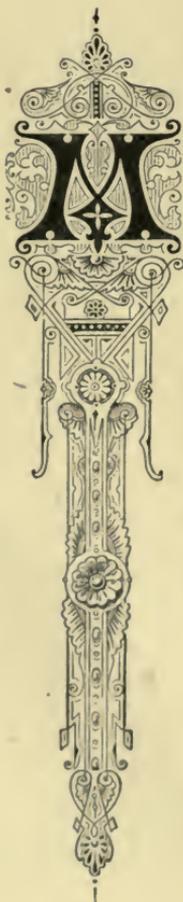
INDIANAPOLIS, 1863.





To MARY.\*

I.



MARY, it is many a day since we sat together  
On the lawn of "While-Away," in the  
Autumn weather.

Oaks were putting crimson on down the  
forest reaches,  
Maples wore a golden zone, russet-brown  
the beeches.

Mists above the river hung; clouds went  
trailing slower;  
Meadow streamlets sighed and sung sadder  
songs and lower.

Daffodils were dead and gone—gone the  
odorous gillies;  
Frost had set his signet on the roses and the  
lilies.

\*Miss Mary E. Smith, New Albany

TO MARY.

Mignonette and heliotrope, half their bloom departed,  
Blessed the air, as Faith and Hope bless the weary-  
hearted.

Day was crowned with purple light, eve with shadows  
tender,  
And the full moon rose at night in a crimson splendor.

Summer's silver-throated guests to the Southland hying,  
Left behind their empty nests where the winds were  
sighing.

Katydid's, all summer dumb, 'plained their story over ;  
Dusky bees, with drowsy hum, droned among the clover.

Leaves kept dropping, all day long, from the trees that  
bore them,  
Driven by the winds that sung May-day songs before  
them.

*II.*

Now the gentle spring has come, from the tropic bowers,  
With her fragrance, beauty, bloom, sunshine, song and  
showers,

Decorating shrub and tree, weaving flowers and grasses  
Into bright embroidery wheresoe'er she passes.

Bird and bee the livelong day, full of life and pleasure,  
Thank the Lord, as well they may, in a merry measure.

• TO MARY.

Hawthorns flaunt in robes of snow, in tassels green the  
larches,  
Red-buds kindle up a glow in the wildwood arches.

Buckeyes starred with paly gold, willows pranked with  
fringes ;  
Aspens trembling to uphold leaves with silver tinges.

Wavelets dancing on their way, tremulous with laughter,  
Tossing wreathes of diamond spray to those coming after.

Softly sinks the setting sun, wrapped in golden hazes ;  
Merrily the south winds run, kissing all the daisies.

Seven months have gone their ways, with their cares and  
sorrows—  
With their weary yesterdays, and their bright to-morrows.

O, what were their gifts to thee, gentle-hearted maiden?  
Have they left thee fancy-free, or spellbound in love's  
Aidenn?

Have they left thee free from scath, happy as they found  
thee—  
Morning's sunshine on thy path, Hope's fair rainbow  
round thee?

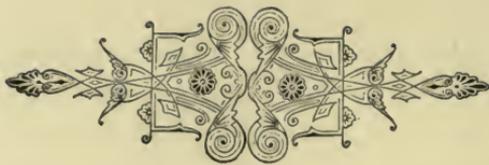
Treading perfume from the flowers, weaving grand  
romances,  
Winging all the voiceless hours with delicious fancies?

TO MARY.

Time is kind to such as thou, touching with light fingers  
Rosy lips and sunny brow, smiling while he lingers.

May thy path be ever bright, bright the sky above thee ;  
May Heaven bless thee day and night, and all its angels  
love thee.





❖ SEVENTY-ONE ❖



— — — — —

T dead of night, on a haunted height,  
Wierd spirits sung,  
“Time is old and Time is young.”  
Naiads and Undines, fresh and fair,  
With bright sea-pearls in their golden hair ;  
Gnomes and Satyrs, grim and gray,  
Brownies wrinkled and Fairies gay,  
All together in chorus sung ;  
“Time is old and Time is young !”  
Till arch and aisle in Cloudland rung :  
“Time is old and Time is young !”  
Then all the brazen bells below  
Went reeling, rollicking to and fro,  
And every one, with its iron tongue,  
Said or sung :  
“Time is old and Time is young !  
Young, young, young, young,  
Time is old and Time is young !”

## SEVENTY-ONE.

And the new-born year, on pinions light,  
Flitted over the shores of night ;  
Over the dreary Arctic land,  
Over the tropics bright and bland,  
Over the mountains, over the sea,  
Swift as a meteor's flash went he—  
Lightly touching all earthly things  
With the viewless tips of his mystic wings.  
But all the life in his heart congealed,  
His sight grew dim and his senses reeled,  
When he came to a new-fought battlefield.  
The waves of a river ran blood-red,  
And the ground was covered with ghastly dead,  
Lying in heaps where they fought and fell,  
Mangled and torn by shot and shell,  
In the fire and hail of the battle's hell.

Here was a trunk with a bleeding heart,  
Trampled down in the seething sod ;  
There a head with the lips apart,  
As the dying groan went up to the throne  
Of a pitying God.

Here was a foot with a silver spur,  
And there on the sand a milk-white hand  
With the troth-plight ring of a lady dear.  
Alas! for the pain, so bitter and vain,  
Of her who will clasp it never again.

Alas, and alas, for her !

“What horror is this ?” asked the startled year  
Of a soldier digging a grave-trench near.  
“Only a sortie,” the soldier said ;  
“They left us, you see, to bury the dead.”

## SEVENTY-ONE.

“But what is the cause of this terrible war?  
What are the nations fighting for?”  
Dropping his pickaxe, after a pause,  
The man replied: “Well, as to the cause,  
It was, I think, some offensive thing  
The Emperor said to our Prussian king.”  
Then lighting his pipe and singing a stave,  
He picked away at the long, deep grave.  
“Small cause for all this terrible strife,  
This waste of treasure and this waste of life,”

Mused Seventy-one.

“Small cause for woe, and wail, and tears,  
And blighted lands for scores of years;  
For all the suffering and despair  
That human hearts can feel and bear  
Beneath the sun.

But 'whether the cause be foul or just,  
This strain and struggle may rend apart  
The fetters and chains that rankle and rust  
To the core of the Old World's heart.  
No matter what crowns are won or lost,  
The fire and flame of the holocaust  
May bring a nobler birth—  
May hasten the time when czars and kings,  
Kaisers and princes, and all such things,  
Shall find no place on the earth.”

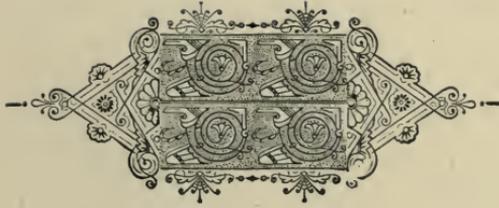
ELM-CROFT, JANUARY, 1871.







“LEFT ON THE BATTLE FIELD.”



→ LEFT ON THE BATTLEFIELD. ←



—\*—

WHAT! Was it a dream? Am I all alone  
In the dreary night and the drizzling rain?  
Hist!—ah, it was only the river's moan;  
They have left me behind, with the  
mangled slain.

Yes, now I remember it all too well!  
We met from the battling ranks apart;  
Together our weapons flashed and fell,  
And mine was sheathed in his quivering  
heart.

In the cypress gloom, where the deed was  
done,  
It was all too dark to see his face;  
But I heard his death-groans, one by one,  
And he holds me still in a cold embrace.

## LEFT ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

He spoke but once, and I could not hear  
The words he said for the cannon's roar ;  
But my heart grew cold with a deadly fear :  
O God ! I had heard that voice before !

Had heard it before at our mother's knee,  
When we lisped the words of our evening prayer !  
My brother !—would I had died for thee !  
This burden is more than my soul can bear !

I pressed my lips to his death-cold cheek,  
And begged him to show me, by word or sign,  
That he knew and forgave me. He could not speak,  
But he nestled his poor, cold face to mine.

The blood flowed fast from my wounded side,  
And then for awhile I forgot my pain,  
And over the lakelet we seemed to glide  
In our little boat, two boys again.

And then, in my dream, we stood alone  
On a forest path, where the shadows fell ;  
And I heard again the tremulous tone  
And the tender words of his last farewell.

But that parting was years, long years ago :  
He wandered away to a foreign land,  
And our dear old mother will never know  
That he died to-night by his brother's hand.

LEFT ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

\* \* \* \* \*

The soldiers, who buried the dead away,  
Disturbed not the clasp of that last embrace,  
But laid them to sleep till the judgment day,  
Heart folded to heart, and face to face.

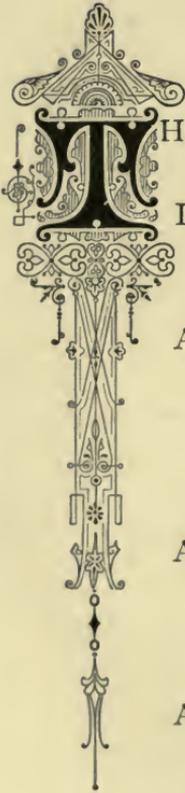
INDIANAPOLIS 1863.





❖ SPRING. ❖

---



THE young queen is coming,  
With piping and drumming,  
Is coming this way in her kingdom again ;  
With laughter and singing,  
And fairy bells ringing,  
And all the gay courtiers that follow her  
train.

The lowlands and highlands,  
The sea-coasts and islands  
Are donning their jewels and mantles of  
green ;  
And bright waters meeting,  
Advancing, retreating,  
Are gladly repeating, "All hail to the  
queen !"

SPRING. .

The blue sky is smiling,  
The warm sun beguiling  
The spirit of life from the chambers of gloom ;  
And timid young flowers,  
In hedges and bowers,  
Respond to his kisses with fragrance and bloom.

Wee, brown buds peep over  
Their winter-time cover,  
To find themselves wrapt in a soft, golden sheen,  
And tenderly flushing,  
Unfolding and blushing,  
Lay all their sweet wealth at the feet of the queen.

Bright cloudlets are sailing,  
Like fairy boats trailing  
White banners, afar, over woodland and wold ;  
While sunshine and shadow,  
On hillside and meadow,  
Are making mosaics, in purple and gold.

Sweet south winds are straying,  
Like children a-Maying,  
Where wild reeds and rushes are waving their plumes,  
And gleanng from edges  
Of streamlets and sedges,  
From thickets and ledges, a thousand perfumes.

## SPRING.

The ring-dove is cooing,  
The red robin wooing,  
Or building his nest with a business-like mein ;  
Araignee beginning,  
Her summer-long spinning,  
And myriads of voices proclaiming the queen.

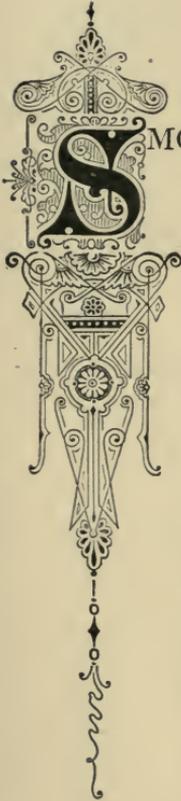
APRIL, 1876.





→ MRS. MARY MALOTT FLETCHER. ✻

TO THOSE WHO LOVED HER.



SMOOTH the bands of her silken hair,  
On her queenly brow with tender care ;  
Gather the robe in a final fold  
Around the form that will not grow old ;  
Lay on her bosom, pure as snow,  
The fairest, sweetest flowers that blow.  
Kiss her and leave her, your heart's delight ;  
In dreamless peace she will sleep to-night.

A shadowy gleam of life-light lies  
Around the lids of her slumberous eyes,  
And her lips are closed as in fond delay  
Of the loving words she had to say ;  
But her gentle heart forgets to beat,  
And from dainty head to dainty feet  
She is strangely quiet, cold and white ;  
The fever is gone—she will sleep to-night.

MRS. MARY MALOTT FLETCHER.

Put by her work and her empty chair ;  
Fold up the garments she used to wear ;  
Let down the curtains and close the door,  
She will need the garish light no more ;  
For the task assigned her under the sun  
Is finished now, and the guerdon won.  
Tenderly kiss her, put out the light,  
And leave her alone—she will sleep to-night.

O, blessed sleep ! that will not break  
For tears, nor prayers, nor for love's sweet sake ;  
O, perfect rest ! that knows no pain,  
No throb, no thrill of heart or brain ;  
O, life sublime beyond all speech,  
That only the pure through dying reach !  
God understands and His ways are right ;  
Bid His beloved a long good-night.

Weep for the days that will come no more,  
For the sunbeam flown from hearth and door,  
For a missing step, for the nameless grace  
Of a tender voice and a loving face ;  
But not for the soul whose goal is won,  
Whose infinite joy is just begun—  
Not for the spirit enrobed in light,  
And crowned where the angels are to-night.

BEECH BANK, SEPTEMBER, 1876.



❖DEAD.❖



H is dead—so men said,  
And they bore him away from the sun, from  
the day,  
To his chamber of rest—  
To his chamber of darkness and  
rest  
By the shadow that lies on his lips, on his  
eyes ;  
By the pallor and chill of his hands clasped  
and still,  
They knew he was dead.

But the soul, the quick soul,  
That could move and control  
The inanimate clay that they buried away—  
The Promethian fire that did reach and  
aspire  
To a something beyond, something holier  
and higher,  
Has gone up to its goal—  
To the beauty and joy of its goal.

## DEAD.

It is free ; it has gone  
Through the paths of the night, through the gates of the  
dawn  
    To a kingdom and crown,  
From poverty, moil, disappointment and toil  
    To wealth and renown,  
From the dust, from the mold, from darkness and cold,  
To put on a king's raiment of purple and gold,  
    To inherit a crown.

The demon Despair, and the vulture called Care,  
Though they tortured him here, can not follow him there ;  
    He is safe by the throne,  
    And never again  
Can a pang or a pain wring from sick heart or brain  
    Sigh or moan.  
    He is safe by the throne.

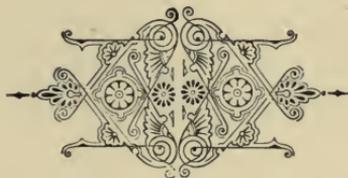
Ah ! how little he deems this poor life, with its dreams,  
Its laughter, its crying, ambitions and schemes,  
The phantoms that lured it, the tempest that tost,  
The guerdons it won, or the prizes it lost,  
    As he stands with his peers,  
Blood-washed from all stain, blood-redeemed from all  
tears,  
In the fullness of life never measured by years

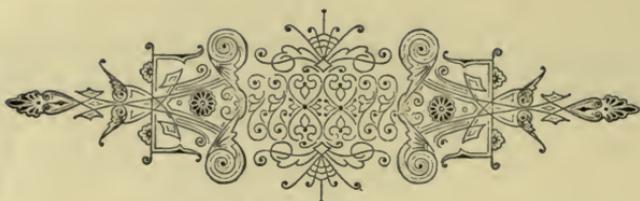
    O fair, O sublime  
Lies the land far away, beyond Death, beyond Time,  
    To which he has gone.  
Human feet never trod

DEAD.

The bright paths where he walks with the angels of God.  
Human heart never dreams of the glory that beams  
    From the crystalline throne,  
    Over valleys and streams,  
Where he walks with the angels of God.

CANTON, APRIL, 1866.





→ A TALE OF SHAMOUNI. ←

---



GRANDMA, I have hung up the curtains,  
And tacked the new carpet down,  
Made fruit cake white as a snow-drift,  
Sweet crullers and crumpets brown—  
Enough, at least, for the Christmas feast,  
When the dear ones come from town.

There's golden cream in the pantry,  
And a score of tarts and pies,  
And every limb of the Christmas tree  
Is hung with a tempting prize ;  
I can almost see the joy and glee  
In the happy children's eyes.

Now, grandma, tell me a story—  
A story, weird and wild,  
Of the olden days when you were young,

## A TALE OF CHAMOUNI.

And mother a little child,  
With her voice so low and her face aglow,  
So angel-sweet and mild.

“Ah, Bettina, I was dreaming  
That I heard the North wind blow  
Over my native mountains,  
Over the fields of snow,  
As I heard it once at the Christmas-tide,  
Full many a year ago.

“There lived in a little chalet,  
At the foot of a mountain sheer,  
A hale young man and blithesome wife,  
Not older than you, my dear.  
Ah, that was a notable Christmas-tide ;  
That was a notable year.

“Through all the days of November,  
Never a shower of snow  
Crowned the brow of the lower Alps,  
And, down in the vales below,  
The grass was as green, in shade and sheen,  
As summer grass may grow.

“‘Wife,’ Heinrich said, one morning,  
As cheery and bright as May,  
‘I promised to hunt the chamois  
With Conrad and Carl to-day.  
Take precious care of the baby dear,  
I shall not be long away.’

## A TALE OF CHAMOUNI.

“ He belted his blouse around him,  
Took his hunting-horn and gun,  
And said: ‘ We can go to the Jardin  
And back, ere the day is done.’  
Then bent his head o’er the cradle-bed,  
And kissed his little one.

“ ‘ Nay, love,’ his good wife pleaded,  
‘ It is late to hunt, you know,  
And all night long I was dreaming  
A dream that betokened woe.  
Put up your gun and hunting-horn,  
And say you will not go.’

“ ‘ Not go? The boys are waiting,  
And, for shame, I could not say :  
My wife has dreamed of trouble,  
And I can not go to-day.  
Now, give me, dear, a good-luck cheer ;  
I shall not be long away.

“ ‘ Take care of my little Minnie.  
Adieu,’ and he was gone.  
The light from her blue eyes faded,  
And her face grew gray and wan :  
She knew full well why the shadow fell,  
Ere the weary day was gone.

“ She waited and watched the mountains,  
Waited and watched the sun,  
And when the clock, on the mantelpiece

## A TALE OF CHAMOUNI.

Rung out the hour of one,  
The sky and the air were as bright and fair  
As when the day begun.

“ ‘Oh, why,’ she sighed, ‘am I troubled?  
Whence cometh this nameless fear?  
Is it a token of sorrow—  
A warning of danger near?  
Nay; all is bright, and with sunset light  
My Heinrich will be here.’

“And then she sung to the baby  
That prattled upon her knee,  
A quaint, old song, of a sailor  
That sailed away to sea;  
Sailed far away from his love one day,  
And never back came he.

“But before the song was ended,  
The wind went shrieking by;  
A shadow fell on the hearthstone,  
Fell over the mountains high,  
And a cloud went forth from the dreary North  
And swept the light from the sky.

“ ‘The storm!’ she cried, ‘O heaven!  
Ah, this is my dream of woe.  
It is dark on the brow of the Flegere,  
Dark in the vale below.  
O God! provide, protect and guide  
My Heinrich to-night in the snow.’

## A TALE OF CHAMOUNI.

“ Wilder the wind went wailing,  
Deeper the snowdrifts fell,  
Heaping the heights and hollows,  
Leveling dike and dell ;  
When the day was done, or the night begun,  
No human soul could tell.

“ And when the cold, gray morning  
Looked down on the dreary scene,  
You could scarcely see a landmark,  
Or tell where one had been,  
For trackless snow was above and below,  
And trackless snow between.

“ But what of the brave young hunters,  
Who merrily went their way,  
By the Mauvais-Pas to the Jardin,  
That sunny yesterday ?  
There was warmth and light in their homes that  
night,  
But the hunters—where were they ?

“ A wail was heard in the village—  
A piteous wail, and then  
The hardy sons of the mountains  
Went forth from hill and glen,  
With their hunting horns and alpenstocks,  
To seek the missing men.

“ Up and away by the Boissons,  
Over the Mere de Glace,  
Down in the dismal gorges,

## A TALE OF CHAMOUNI.

Wherever a man might pass,  
You could hear the beat of their mail-clad feet—  
But they found them not, alas !

“All through the night and the darkness,  
With many a torch aflame,  
They wound their horns and shouted,  
But only the echoes came  
From hollow and hill and frozen rill,  
Repeating an empty name.

“At length they returned to the village  
With slow, uncertain tread,  
And the bravest man among them,  
In trembling accents said :  
‘We have done our best. God give them rest—  
For surely our friends are dead !’

\* \* \* \* \*

“The days keep coming and going,  
However we joy or grieve,  
And sometimes what they take away  
Is less than what they leave ;  
So twice seven days went on their ways,  
And brought the Christmas eve.

“And Gretchen, alone in her cottage,  
Was sorrowing, sad and sore,  
For the dear one under the snowdrift,  
For the step that came no more.  
‘Alas,’ she sighed, ‘no Christmas-tide  
Was ever so sad before !’

## A TALE OF CHAMOUNI.

“Just then she heard in the roadway  
The fall of a well-known tread,  
And a voice, that failed and faltered,  
Out of the darkness said :  
‘Gretchen ! Gretchen ! Gretchen !’  
Was it the voice of the dead ?

“Nay, nay ; when the house-door opened,  
She uttered a joyful cry,  
For Heinrich, pallid and ghostly,  
Whispered, ‘ Dear wife, it is I.  
In the land of death, God gave me breath ;  
In the grave I did not die.’

“ She drew him in from the darkness,  
To the hearthstone warm and bright ;  
She chafed his cold, blue fingers,  
Kissed his brow and lips so white ;  
And the happiest three in Chamouni  
Were in Heinrich’s home that night.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ He said : ‘ I had killed a chamois,  
And was on my homeward way,  
When the swift, black wing of the tempest  
Obscured the light of day ;  
I thought of my life, of child and wife,  
And, dying, tried to pray.

“ ‘ I was swept down, down from the glacier—  
How far I can never know ;  
I found myself in a cavern

## A TALE OF CHAMOUNI.

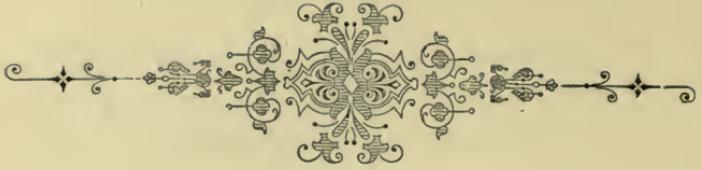
Bounded and barred with snow,  
And heard the roar, as the storm went o'er,  
Like thunder above and below.

“ ‘Stunned, dizzy and all bewildered,  
As one might wake from the dead,  
I felt the smart and the throbbing  
Of many a wound that bled.  
The snow and the air had a lurid glare,  
And the rocks seemed burning red.

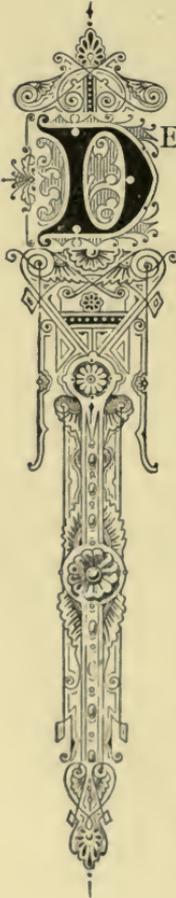
“ ‘And then, I lapsed into slumber  
That soothed away my pain,  
And woke with a sense of hunger  
That did not come in vain,  
For by my side, securely tied,  
Was the chamois I had slain.

“ ‘And this was food for the hunter—  
A precious, priceless store.  
I slaked my thirst from the snowdrift,  
And needed but little more,  
Until, at length, God gave me strength  
To open my prison door.’

“ Bettina, shall I tell you  
Who these happy people were?  
In all their joys and sorrows,  
Thy grandma had a share,  
And, darling, that is Heinrich,  
Asleep in his easy chair.’”



✧ \* \* \* \* \* ✧  
\* \* \* \* \* ✧



KEEP searcher after truth, whilst thou art min-  
ing  
The hidden realm of thought,  
The world's great heart is silently enshrining  
The jewels thou hast wrought.

I never gazed upon thy face impassioned,  
Nor held thy hand in mine ;  
I know not, reck not, how the Maker fashioned  
Thy spirit's mortal shrine.

Nor do I wish the knowledge, won by asking—  
Thy lineage, state or place ;  
I know—it is enough—that thou art tasking  
Thy powers to bless our race.

TO A POET.

Oh, I have listened to thy songs enchanting,  
    Until they rapt my brain ;  
And my full heart, all trembling, throbbing, panting,  
    Joined in the grand refrain.

From these I learn thou wouldst not laud a tyrant,  
    To share a scepter's power ;  
That thy free spirit is a bold aspirant  
    To win a prouder dower.

That in the wrongs and wretchedness of others  
    Thy sympathies bear part ;  
That all the oppressed, the suffering, are the brothers  
    Of thy true, noble heart.

That where the beacon-star of Faith is burning,  
    Thy hope soars up sublime,  
Beyond the twilight of the Now, discerning  
    The coming better time.

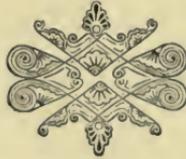
It is thy glorious privilege, thy duty,  
    To sow with magic pen  
On life's rough wayside seeds of moral beauty  
    To bless thy fellow men :

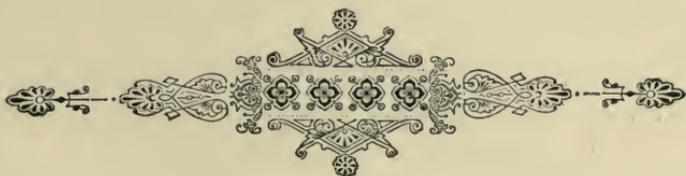
To teach that virtuous boldness, that reliance  
    On justice, truth and right,  
That never falters in its deep defiance  
    Of tyrant wrong and might.

TO A POET.

Faint not, but be thine efforts still directed  
To compass great designs,  
And be the sunlight of thy soul reflected  
From other hearts and minds.

Until the arm of young Reform has broken  
Abuses old and strong,  
And earth, the renovated, wears no token  
Of cruelty and wrong.





→ WHAT SAITH THE VOICE? ←



—+—

WHAT saith the voice, which is not in the  
thunder,  
Not in the lightning that burns from the  
sky,  
Not in the earthquake that rends lands  
asunder,  
Not in the whirlwind that sweeps madly  
by?  
From the wild storm apart,  
Still, small and loving,  
Down in the silent heart,  
Teaching, reproving—  
What saith the voice?

What saith the voice, where the wretched  
are reaping  
Life-long diseases from hunger and cold—

## WHAT SAITH THE VOICE?

Where chilly death-dew from grim walls is weeping  
Over cold hearth-stones, all green-grown with mould,  
Down in the city's lair,  
Down in the cellars,  
Where faint and fetid air  
Poisons the dwellers—  
What saith the voice?

What saith the voice, where child-labor is cheating  
Life of its dew-drops, its sunshine and flowers ;  
Where many a baby-heart, languidly beating,  
Barters for bread its young, beautiful hours?  
Where, from the early dawn,  
Little blue fingers  
Toil and keep toiling on  
While the day lingers—  
What saith the voice?

What saith the voice, to the lordly drones wasting  
Treasure and time in luxurious ease ;  
Dwellers in palaces, men who are tasting  
Pleasure's bright wine even down to its lees?  
In the gay revel's glare,  
Is joy abiding?  
Comes no white angel there  
Mournfully chiding?  
What saith the voice?

Hear ye no voice, whose high teaching and holy  
Bids you go forth to the struggle and strife ;  
Cheering the languishing, lifting the lowly,  
Who perish of want on the highways of life?

WHAT SAITH THE VOICE?

Hard by the gilded gates,  
Pitiful, pleading,  
Many a Lazarus waits—  
Pass not unheeding.

What saith the voice?

What saith the voice, to the Dives who measure  
Life's future years by the weight of their gold;  
Who have no idol, no God but their treasure?  
Fools! while they worship, their last hour is told.

Gold is but sordid dust,  
Worth small endeavor;  
Priceless the soul that must  
Live on forever.

Thus saith the voice.

What saith the voice, where fierce warriors have striven  
Till blood stains the rivers and blackens the sod;  
Where many a noble heart passes unshriven  
From the hot strife to the presence of God?

Does not the ghastly stain  
Nothing can smother;  
Whisper forever: "Cain,  
Where is thy brother?"

What saith the voice?

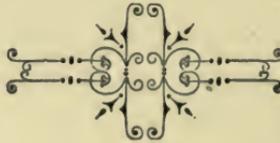
What saith the voice, to the duellist, daring  
The vengeance of God at false honor's command?  
Is there no blight on the life he is bearing?  
Is there no blood on his death-dealing hand?

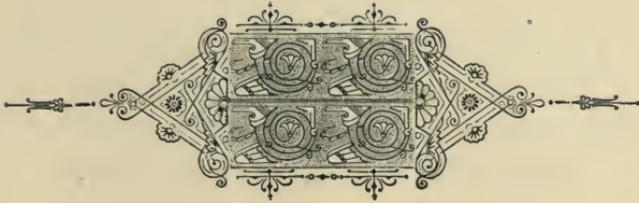
## WHAT SAITH THE VOICE?

Is there no final cost,  
Though no man chide him?  
Walks not a gory ghost  
Ever beside him?  
What saith the voice?

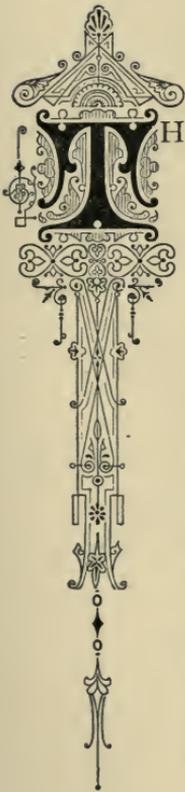
What saith the voice, to the gifted who tower  
In God's best endowments above the great throng;  
Men who have eloquence, passion and power,  
Hope in the future, and hearts brave and strong?  
Work, or the soul will rust,  
Die of inanity;  
Knowing that God is just,  
Work for humanity.  
Thus saith the voice.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.





❖ TO A FRIEND. ❖



THANKS for the priceless offering thou hast brought!

It is a wreath of sweet, poetic flowers,  
By the kind hand of partial friendship wrought  
Amidst the witchery of fancy's bowers.

But wherefore hast thou hidden in the earth  
The talents God bestowed on thee, so long?

Does thy proud spirit deem of little worth  
Its blessed heritage, the gift of song?

Was it thy choice to win the prize of fame  
Far from the sunny paths of glorious art;  
To write in sterner characters thy name,  
On that cold monument, the world's great heart?

TO A FRIEND.

Was it thy choice to leave the singing brooks,  
The breezy hillside and the shady glen,  
The violet-scented banks and quiet nooks,  
For the broad thoroughfares of busy men?

Or was it stern necessity compelled  
Thy lingering footsteps from the vales and streams  
Of fancy's Aidenn, where the bards of eld  
Lived, loved, and sung their own immortal dreams?

Endowed with genius, and that inner sense  
Which apprehends the beautiful, thou art  
Begirt, inwrapt with all the most intense  
And passionate feelings of a poet's heart.

And art thou happy in the ceaseless roar  
Of this cold world's great Babel? Canst thou find,  
Amidst its hollow smiles and heartless lore,  
Food for the cravings of thy towering mind?

Thou canst not. There are moments when thy soul,  
Uprising in the strength that God has given,  
Spurns from its pinions earth and earth's control,  
To listen to the melodies of heaven.

In the still chambers of the solemn night,  
When daily care has set thy spirit free,  
Visions of beauty, glorious as the light,  
Like holy vestals minister to thee.

TO A FRIEND.

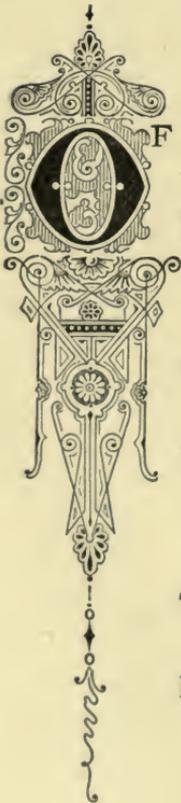
But, oh! with all thy gifts of mind and heart,  
Since thou art tending to the shadowy shore,  
Neglect not to secure "that better part"—  
The crown of life enduring evermore!

INDIANAPOLIS, 1854.





✧ THE DEAD. ✧



OF all who have crossed the river, and learned  
the eternal lore,  
Not one has returned to tell us of the land  
on the other shore.

Not a single hand has lifted the curtain that  
hangs between ;  
Not a voice revealed the wonders that no  
human eye hath seen.

They know we are working, waiting and  
weeping along life's way,  
But never come back to tell us how long we  
have still to stay.

## THE DEAD.

Alas! have they all forgotten their old familiar friends?  
Does the beautiful love they cherished expire where the  
earth-life ends?

Or still do they watch and tend us with a love refined,  
intense,  
That eludes the dull perception of our grosser human  
sense?

There are, who have seen, in visions, the dead in their  
human guise,  
With a pallid, shadowy glory on motionless lips and eyes;

But this was only in seeming—for if such a thing could  
be,  
There is one, by the throne of heaven, who would some-  
times come to me.

I questioned the stars, that wander through limitless  
realms of space,  
And besought the Euroclydon to tell me her dwelling  
place.

The stars looked down through the darkness, the winds  
went wandering by—  
Folded their wings where they listed, but made me never  
reply.

I have prayed and watched and waited, and called to  
Heaven her name,  
And stilled my pulses to listen, but never an answer came.

## THE DEAD.

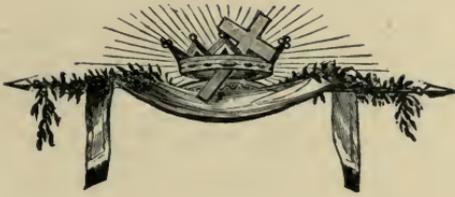
Never the wave of a garment, nor a white wing passing  
by,  
Nor fall of the lightest footstep, nor sound of the faintest  
sigh.

Never a luminous shadow, nor a whisper light as air,  
Nor the sense of an unseen presence, answered my yearn-  
ing prayer.

And the seers have all been dreaming—for if such a thing  
could be,  
She would come from the throne of Heaven, for a little  
while, to me.

INDIANAPOLIS, FEBRUARY, 1865.





→ THE LAST SUPPER OF THE GIRONDISTS. ←



FROM many a costly lamp the red light shone  
Upon the massive vaults of cold, gray stone,  
Chasing the shadows from the prison hall,  
Where doomed ones met, at life's last festi-  
val.

Menials, with pallid faces, dressed the board  
In gorgeous splendor ; sparkling wine was  
poured

From jewelled goblets ; viands rich and  
rare,

Prepared by skillful hands, with dainty care,  
Sent up delicious odors ; radiant flowers,  
Gathered by gentle hands, in summer  
bowers,

Exhaled from crystal vases rich perfume,  
Like Spring's sweet breath throughout that  
living tomb.

The young, the gifted and the brave were  
there ;

## THE LAST SUPPER.

The loving and the loved, nerved to endure and dare  
The morrow's fearful doom. No quailing eye  
Revealed the struggling spirit's agony!  
No pallid cheek, no darkly knitted brow  
Betrayed what stoic lips would disavow  
In those last trial hours. Did they forget  
The sweet homes, far away, where once they met  
The gentle and the beautiful? Apart,  
In the still chambers of the inner heart,  
Was there no shrinking from death's gloomy dower?  
Had human love no talisman, no power,  
To stir the fount of feeling, till bright tears  
Flowed to the starry dreams of other years?  
Were the sweet names of mother, sister, wife,  
Erased from out the tablet-leaves of life?  
Or, did the pure, effulgent star of faith  
Light up the valley and the shades of death;  
Revealing, far beyond, the blessed shore,  
Where weary ones find rest forever more?  
Alas! they had no hope of future bliss;  
No vision of a brighter world than this;  
No trust in Him, whose arm is strong to save;  
No dream of Heaven; no light beyond the grave.  
Cold, false philosophy, had schooled and crushed  
Their noblest aspirations. It had hushed  
The still, small voice of conscience; graven deep  
Upon the spirit's shrine, "Death is eternal sleep."  
Yet, as the last few hours of life went by,  
From that strange scene of mimic revelry,  
Thought vaguely trembled out upon the broad,  
Wild chaos of conjecture, seeking God;

## THE LAST SUPPER.

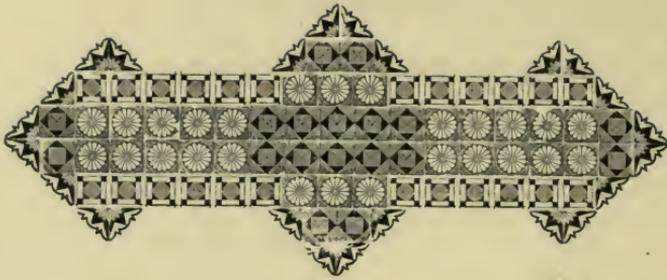
Or, striving on weak pinion to explore,  
By reason's light, some dim and shadowy shore  
Beyond the grave. O, none may ever know  
The height, the depth of that unuttered woe,  
That made the heart all desolate the while  
Stern stoicism taught the lips to smile.  
Swift o'er the revel passed the night away,  
And feeble glimmerings of their final day  
Stole through the reeking prison; even then,  
The iron hearts of those misguided men  
Bowed not before their Maker; pealing high  
A hymn to Freedom, they went out to die!  
Beside the murderous guillotine they gave  
Their last farewell to friends, sky, earth and wave,  
And passed, together, to one common grave.



Twenty-two Girondists, by birth, talents and culture the flower of France, imprisoned in the dungeons of the Conciergerie, were condemned at midnight, on the 30th of October, 1793, to die by the guillotine, at sunrise the next morning.

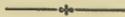
They marched back from the tribunal to the prison singing the "Marseillaise," which was the signal agreed on to announce to their fellow-prisoners their doom. As the dirge-like wailings of the song pealed through the dismal corridors and penetrated to the remotest cell, white, haggard faces were pressed to the iron gratings, and tearful voices bade the singers farewell.

A wealthy friend, who had escaped proscription, had promised them a sumptuous banquet the night after their trial, whatever the result might be. He kept his word, and preparations were made for their last supper. Servants entered, bearing brilliant lamps, covered the long, oaken table with a splendid cloth, and placed on it the richest viands, the most delicious fruits, the choicest wines and the fairest flowers. It was a strange scene. The radiant light, the reeking vaults, the splendid supper, surrounded by condemned men—wasted, unshorn and tattered from long confinement. Still they kept up their courage. Toasts were offered, speeches made and songs sung, till the light of their last day glimmered through their grated windows.



→ POEMS WRITTEN IN GENEVA. ←

IN 1855.



SAT on the Isle of Rousseau,  
With the dear ones by my side,  
When life was bright with the promise  
Of its pleasant summer-tide.

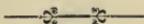
The sunshine gleamed on the terrace,  
And the ramparts gray and old,  
And cast on the stately statue\*  
A shimmer of paly gold.

The lake, like a silver mirror  
With pictured boats asail,  
Reflected the sheen of the valleys green,  
And the mountains high and pale.

\* The statue of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

POEMS WRITTEN IN GENEVA.

The south wind sung in the poplars,  
And the glad waves sung below,  
But that beautiful day is far away  
In the years of long ago.



IN 1875.

I sit on the Isle of Rousseau,  
And the lights and shadows fall  
On the same old stately statue,  
On the same old gray-grown wall.

The dead leaves patter around me,  
But never a sail goes by,  
And the troubled lake lies sobbing  
Beneath a frowning sky.

The mists hang low on the mountains ;  
The bloom of the vales is sped.  
Alas, for the days so far away !  
Alas, for the dear ones dead !

The north wind wails in the poplars ;  
The waves below make moan.  
I can but weep, for the tryst I keep,  
In the stranger's land, alone.

GENEVA, DECEMBER, 1875.





→ STELLA TO HER LOVER. ←

---



FORGET me! oh, forget me!  
By the bitterness of tears,  
By the strength of love that dies not  
Through the lapse of dreary years,  
By the pangs of disappointment,  
By the weariness of care,  
By the broken heart's lone watchings,  
By the darkness of despair,  
By the pains of separation,  
By the gnawings of regret,  
By the blessedness of heaven,  
I charge thee to forget.

By the silent stars that witnessed  
The fervor of our vows,  
By the breeze that sang so sweetly  
To the whispering forest boughs,

STELLA TO HER LOVER.

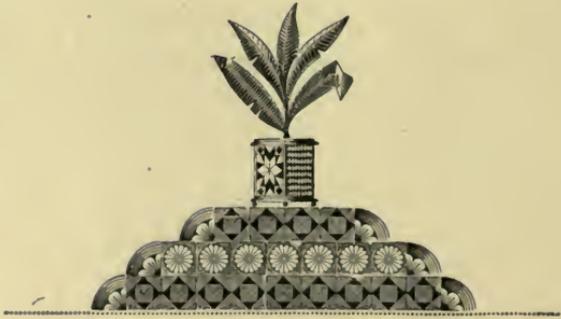
By the music of that river  
That lulled us with its tone,  
By the hills we climbed together,  
By the forests dim and lone,  
By the pleasant paths we threaded  
When the gorgeous sun had set,  
By all things bright and beautiful  
I charge thee to forget.

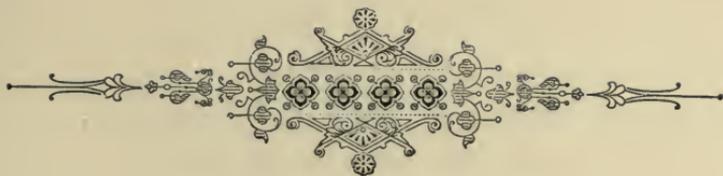
Forget me, love ; forget me,  
And cease the idle quest ;  
Fly, fly the dream that haunts thee,  
And will not let thee rest.  
By the promptings of thine honor,  
By the strength to me denied,  
By thy hatred of the evil,  
By thy manhood, by thy pride,  
By the mastery of genius,  
By thy peace before we met,  
By thy truthfulness, thy purity,  
I charge thee to forget.

Forget me ; yes, forget me !  
This is all the boon I crave ;  
Give the fruitless vows we plighted  
To oblivion's darkest wave ;  
Rend the ties too wildly woven  
Round our kindred souls apart,  
Turn my shadow from thy pathway,  
Tear my image from thy heart.

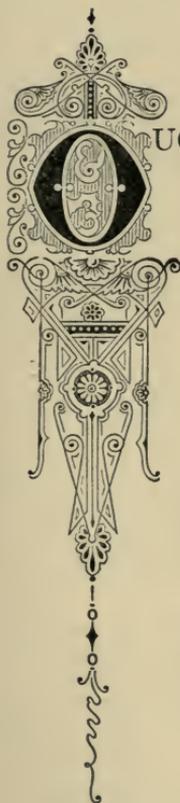
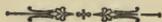
STELLA TO HER LOVER.

By the joys that came and faded,  
By the hopes that rose and set,  
By the present, past and future,  
I charge thee to forget.





→ А ДАУ АТ ОУСНУ, ОН ЛАКЕ ЛЕМАН. ←



OUCHY, Lusonium's port, henceforth thou art  
A strangely woven link in memory's  
chain ;  
A thought, associated in my heart  
With leaden skies, cold winds and driz-  
ling rain,  
And loneliness, which is almost a sense of  
pain.

We had been wandering for some pleasant  
days  
Between fair Vevay and old Villeneuve ;  
Had slept at Clarens, where Lord Byron  
lays  
The birthplace of such witching, won-  
d'rous love  
As is not found on earth, beneath it, nor  
above ;

## A DAY AT OUCHY.

Had rambled over Chillon's hoary pile,  
And seen the chain that bound poor Bonnivard ;  
Had climbed a mountain many a weary mile  
To see the donjon-keep of Chatelard ;  
And stood beside the tomb where slumbers St. Bernard ;

Till, weary grown of bastion, bridge and moat,  
Of ivy-covered tower and dungeon cave,  
We had resolved to take the morning boat,  
And, in despite of adverse wind and wave,  
Retrace our footsteps home to beautiful Geneve.

For this, we hurried down from old Lausanne,  
With trunks in order, hearts and hopes elate,  
And, never dreaming of the cruel ban  
Written against us in the book of fate,  
Arrived at Ouchy's quay three minutes just too late.

Too late, too late—the rain was falling fast ;  
The mad lake lashing half its waves to spray ;  
A chill northeaster rushing rudely past ;  
The streets bemired ; the sky a gloomy gray ;  
The steamboat gone, alas, and we compelled to stay !

But every desert waste has some green tree,  
And darkest clouds conceal some ray of light,  
And life hath flowers that mortals never see ;  
And so we cast about, as best we might,  
To see which point of view in our mishap was bright.

## A DAY AT OUCHY.

And first, the fine old Auberge, where we stayed,  
Was in a campaign, full of ancient trees  
And winding walks and fairy bowers, made  
For pleasant weather and luxurious ease ;  
But, in the pelting rain, of small avail were these

Then we could see the lake in wild uproar,  
And watch the phases of the somber clouds,  
And catch the outlines of the farther shore,  
Where hoary Alpine peaks loomed up in crowds,  
Like grim, gigantic ghosts, enwrapped in murky  
shrouds.

And then there was a castle by the quay,  
With curious windows laced with iron bars,  
Dark vaults, paved courts, and watch-towers tall and gray ;  
A brave old stronghold of the feudal wars,  
A relic full of years and honorable scars.

I tried to people it with warlike men,  
Armed with broad battle-axes and long bows ;  
I held my breath to listen, now and then,  
For sounds of hurrying feet and sturdy blows ;  
But Fancy would not wake, nor dream in her repose.

And then I turned away and tried to woo  
The timid muse to weave a woof of rhyme ;  
But I could find no subject, old nor new,  
Merry nor serious, simple nor sublime,  
That would evolve a thought, or wring from words a  
chime.

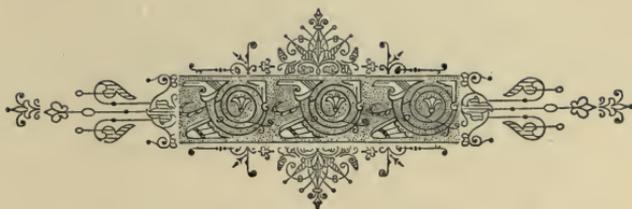
## A DAY AT OUCHY.

And so I counted o'er and o'er again  
The lofty loopholes in the old square towers ;  
And tried to learn the music of the rain,  
And sympathized with piteous-looking flowers ;  
And so the day dragged on its lonely weary hours.

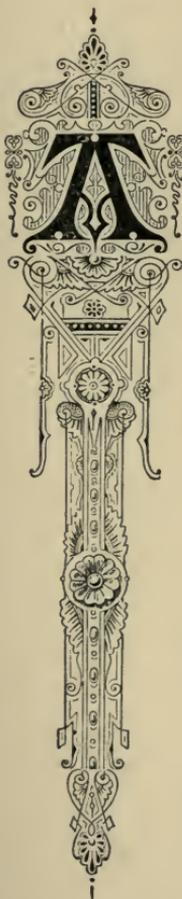
Thus, ancient Ouchy, were the linkets wrought  
Of that electric chain that surely binds  
Thy somber aspect to my world of thought ;  
And faithful memory evermore assigns  
Thy name a place among my life's far pilgrim shrines.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, 1855.





→ LET US BE GLAD WHILE WE MAY. ←



TRUCE to all sighing,  
Our moments are flying—  
Let's speed them with laughter away.  
The waves of life's river  
Return again never ;  
Then let us enjoy what we may.

Nor dim the light shining,  
By foolish repining,  
Because it will not always stay.  
It may be to-morrow  
Will bring us some sorrow,  
Then let us be happy to-day.

We all have our crosses,  
Our trials and losses ;  
The best and the wisest are they

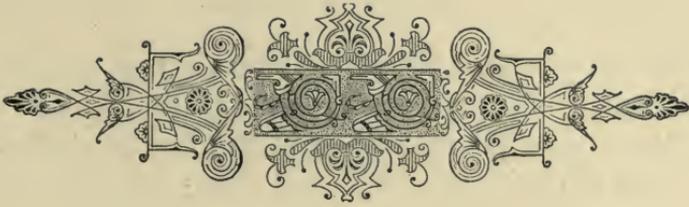
LET US BE GLAD.

Who humbly thank Heaven  
For what it has given,  
And gather life's bloom by the way.

The heart's fairest flowers  
Are nursed by the showers  
We weep on life's dubious way ;  
And Hope's brightest rainbows  
Are born of our pain-throes :  
So, let us be glad while we may.

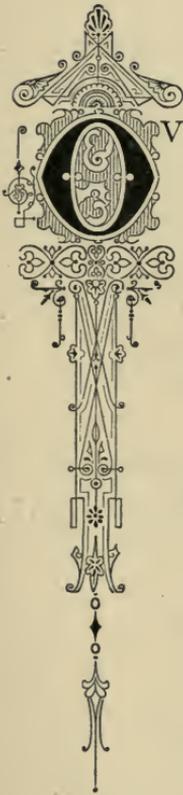
INDIANAPOLIS, 1862.





❖ TWO SCENES. ❖

— ❖ —  
IN A PALACE.



OVER the moorland the wind shrieketh drearily,  
Ice-jewels glitter on heather and thorn ;  
Pale is the sunlight, that flashes out fitfully  
Over a dome where an infant is born.

Fold silken robes round the little one carefully ;  
Lay him to rest on his pillows of down ;  
Watch o'er the sleep of that scion of royalty,  
Born to inherit a scepter and crown.

Shut out the light, that the room may be shadowy ;  
Fold silken curtains around the proud bed ;  
Ladies in waiting, step softly and silently ;  
Let not a word in a whisper be said.

## TWO SCENES.

Joy in the palaces lighted so brilliantly ;  
Beauty and bravery are revelling there ;  
Wine, in the jewel-wrought goblets, foams daintily—  
All things proclaim that the king has an heir.

Joy in the villages—church bells ring merrily,  
Rockets are lighting the sky with their glare,  
Bonfires are crackling, cannon are thundering,  
Children are shouting “Long life to the heir.”

Down-trodden millions, go join in the revelry ;  
Go, in despite of the fetters you wear.  
Vassals and beggars and paupers, right joyfully  
Flutter your tatters—the throne has an heir.



### IN A HOVEL.

Over the moorland the wind wailleth mournfully ;  
Ice-jewels glitter on heather and thorn ;  
Pale is the sunlight that trembles out fitfully  
Over a hut where an infant is born.

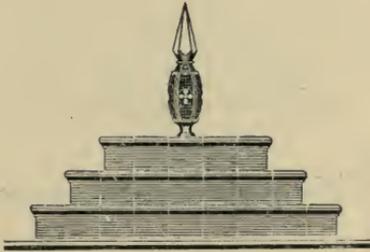
None heeds his wailing, although it sounds pitiful ;  
None shields his form from the wind, cold and wild ;  
Heir to privation, scorn, ignorance, poverty—  
Dark is thy destiny, plebeian child.

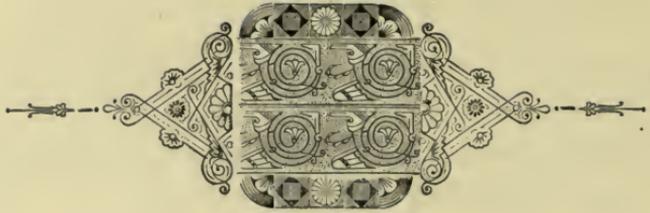
Child, in the pitiless ranks of humanity,  
Fatherless, friendless and homeless art thou ;  
Even the bread that is dealt to thee scantily,  
Thrice must be earned by the sweat of thy brow.

## TWO SCENES.

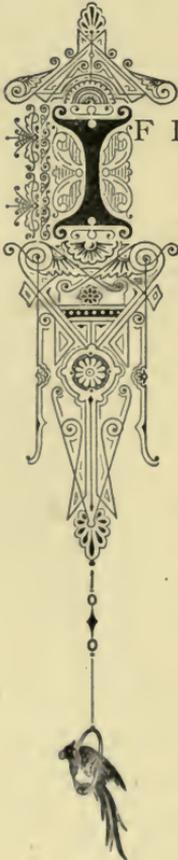
Cold is the hovel—the hearthstone is emberless ;  
    Creaks the old door as it moves to and fro ;  
O'er the poor bed, where the mother lies shivering,  
    Busily flutters the white-fingered snow.

Pale is the cheek of the famishing sufferer,  
    Passing from poverty's vale to the grave ;  
Better by far had she died in her infancy,  
    Ere to the millions she added a slave.





## IF I WERE THE LIGHT OF THE BRIGHTEST STAR.



IF I were the light of the brightest star  
That beams in the zenith now,  
I would tremble down from my home afar  
To kiss thy radiant brow.

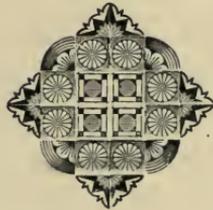
If I were the breath of a fragrant flower,  
With a viewless wing and free,  
I would steal away from the fairest bower,  
And live, love, but for thee.

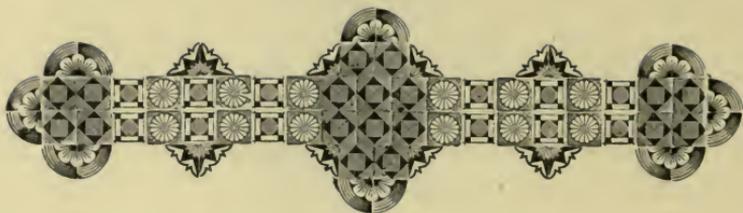
If I were the soul of bewitching song,  
With a moving, melting tone,  
I would float from the gay and thoughtless  
throng,  
And soothe thy soul alone.

If I were a charm by a fairy wrought,  
I would bind thee with a sign,  
And never again should a gloomy thought  
O'ershadow thy spirit's shrine.

IF I WERE.

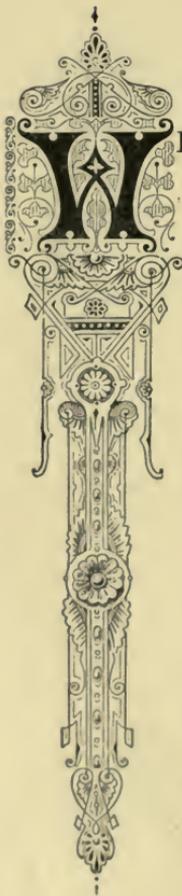
If I were a memory, without alloy,  
I would linger where thou art ;  
If I were a thought of abiding joy,  
I would nestle in thy heart ;  
If I were a hope, with the magic light  
That brightens the future far,  
I would make thy path on earth as bright  
As the paths of angels are.





❖ W A R. ❖

— ❖ —  
THE DEVIL.



WELL met, good friend ; I sought thee even  
now.

THE SPIRIT OF WAR.

And wherefore greet me with a frowning  
brow ?

Art not content with what I have achieved ?  
Have I not filled the orders I received ?

Have I not scourged the land from shore to  
shore,

Until its shuddering waters blush with  
gore :

Until the air is rife with dying groans,  
And the earth big with dead men's moulder-  
ing bones ;

Till night is weary of the widow's wail,  
And human sorrow is an idle tale ?

## WAR.

### THE DEVIL.

Ay, thou hast done all this, and more, I know ;  
And yet, methinks, thy steps move wondrous slow.  
The earth has well-nigh made around the sun  
Two revolutions since the work begun  
In this fair land ; yet there is little done.  
What are the boasted trophies in thy train ?  
Bethink thee now : A hundred thousand slain ;  
A path of desolation here and there ;  
The sounds of battle dying in the air ;  
Fair homes despoiled ; the voice of woe and wail—  
These give me no sensation, all are stale !  
On, on ! nor stay thy devastating tread  
Till thou canst count me full a million dead.  
Spoil their highways, burn hamlet, village, town ;  
Sack their fair cities, tear their churches down ;  
Where there are homes to waste or hearts to feel,  
Send forth the flaming fagot, flashing steel ;  
Plough up their fertile fields with shot and shell,  
Make their fair land the vestibule of hell.  
On, on ! I long to see the infernal play—  
In Hades it shall be a holiday !  
On ! over hill and valley, river, plain,  
Where there is life pour thou the leaden rain.  
Leave them no remnant of their lustful wealth,  
No trust in God, no love, hope, strength nor health ;  
Bring ruin, desolation on the land,  
Till famine stalk from ocean strand to strand,  
And men shall stand by their uncoffined dead,  
And vex the ear of Heaven with cries for bread !



→ HO + GENEVA ←\*



Ay, level the green-grown bastions,  
And pull down the hoary wall,  
And fill up the ancient fosses,  
And bid the old watch-towers fall—  
Should'st thou ever need protection  
From the crimson sword of war,  
Thy sons are a better bulwark,  
A nobler defense, by far.  
As firm as their native mountains,  
As free as their Leman's waves,  
They will die for the homes and hearth-  
stones  
Where they could not live as slaves.

Ay, level the green-grown bastions,  
And pull down the hoary wall,  
And fill up the ancient fosses,  
And bid the old watch-towers fall.

\* On the removal of the ancient Swiss fortifications.

TO GENEVA.

In the shadow of mighty nations  
Thy voice led the clarion cry  
That appealed to God for freedom,  
Or death where the brave may die!  
Thou hast broken the chains of the tyrant,  
Thou hast planted the seeds of truth,  
And, although thy head is hoary,  
Thy heart is the heart of youth.

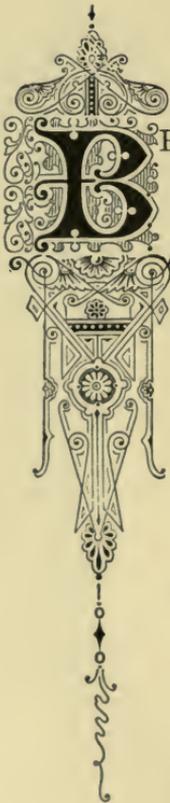
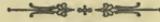
Thank Heaven for Winkelried, Reding,  
And cherish their memories well,  
And forget not the men of Uri,  
Stauffacher, Melchthal and Tell.  
The light of thine olden glory  
Still burns on thy peerless brow,  
And the arm that defied oppression  
Was never stronger than now.  
Then, level thy green-grown bastions,  
And pull down the hoary wall,  
And fill up the ancient fosses,  
And bid the old watch-towers fall.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, 1856.





↔ DEDICATION + ODE. ↔



BROTHERS, rejoice! for our task is completed,  
After the pattern appointed of yore ;  
Let the reward to the Craftsmen be meted,  
While with thanksgiving we bow and  
adore,  
Low at the feet of Him,  
Throned where the Seraphim  
And the archangels sing anthems of praise.  
Born of the lowly dust,  
Wanting in faith and trust,  
How shall we worship Thee, Ancient of  
Days!

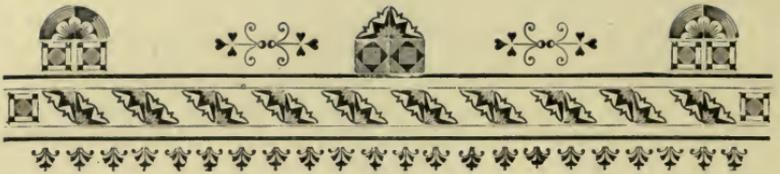
Darkly we grope through the twilight of  
being,  
Weary we wait for the day dawning  
bright ;

## DEDICATION ODE.

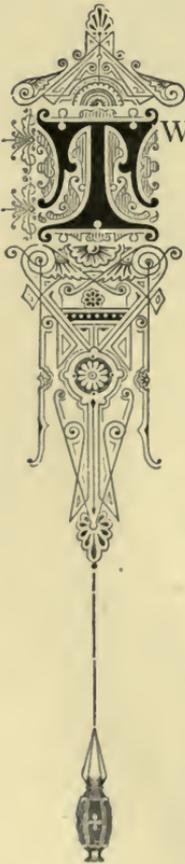
Father Omnific, Supreme and All-Seeing,  
Come to thy Temple and fill it with Light.  
Write here thy great New Name,  
Kindle the altar flame,  
Sacred to Thee in the most holy place ;  
And where the cherubs fling  
Light from each golden wing,  
Leave us the Ark with its Symbols of grace.

Show us the truth and the pathway of duty ;  
Help us to lift up our standard sublime,  
Till earth is restored to the Order and Beauty  
Lost in the shadowless morning of time.  
Teach us to sow the seed  
Of many a noble deed ;  
Make us determined, unflinching and strong ;  
Armed with the sword of right,  
Dauntless amid the fight,  
Help us to level the bulwarks of wrong.

Prompt us to labor, as Thou hast directed,  
On the foundation laid sure in the past ;  
And may " the stone which the builders rejected "   
Crown our endeavors with glory at last.  
Then, at the eventide,  
Laying the Square aside,  
May we look calmly on life's setting sun ;  
And at the Mercy Seat,  
Where ransomed spirits meet,  
Hear from the Master the plaudit, " Well done ! "



\*:TWOTH GRAVES.\*←



TWO little mounds of common earth heaped  
up where they are sleeping ;  
A simple slab of marble at the head,  
their two names keeping ;  
Two rose trees drooped at either side, their  
monthly bloom bestowing ;  
Some pansies and verbena flowers in  
royal purple glowing.

And this is all which now appeals to sight  
or senses human,  
Of him who was the noblest man, of her  
the sweetest woman,  
That ever for a little time, a time too quickly  
flying,  
Brightened the world by living in't, or  
darkened it by dying.

## TWO GRAVES.

He walked along life's common ways, a meek and quiet  
spirit,

Filling his years with noble deeds, for which he claimed  
no merit ;

His faithful heart bore bravely on through many a fiery  
trial,

And earth was poorer when his light faded from time's  
broad dial.

But she was gifted with rare gifts creative, far discerning,  
And faith in God, that tempered all the lights of human  
learning ;

A lovely, lofty womanhood, with gentle, child-like sweet-  
ness ;

A life, not measured by its years, rounded to full com-  
pleteness.

He left us when the frost of age had marred life's summer  
bowers ;

She, when her feet had scarcely brushed the dew-drops  
from its flowers,

Round him the evening shadows fell meet for the weary-  
hearted ;

Round her the morning sunlight shone, and with her all  
departed.

The little house we built for them is very plain and lowly :  
Its roof is simply thatched with grass, but every blade  
is holy ;

## TWO GRAVES.

It has no vestibule nor hall, no hearthstone, door nor lattice,

Yet well befits their uses, its appointments and its status.

I stand a-near it many a time, and speak fond words of greeting ;

Then listen, but I only hear my own wild pulses beating.

And oft I weep for love and loss till all my soul is shaken :

They never try to soothe me now ; alas ! they never waken.

They waken not at morning's dawn, nor yet at day's declining ;

Alike to them is storm and calm, cloud-shadow and sun-shining.

They take no note of winter's snows nor summer's trailing greenery—

Ah, no, they sleep too well below to think of earthly scenery !

O Death ! O Sorrow ! ye are strong ; but God, who all created,

Is stronger still. He will restore what ye have desolated.

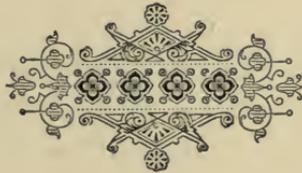
They loved Him, trusted Him, and gave their all to His dear keeping ;

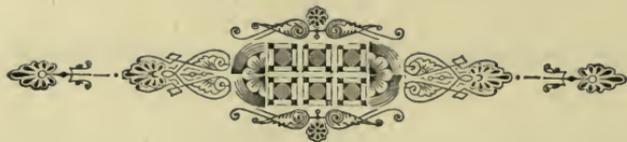
Their names are on His hands, and He will waken them from sleeping.

## TWO GRAVES.

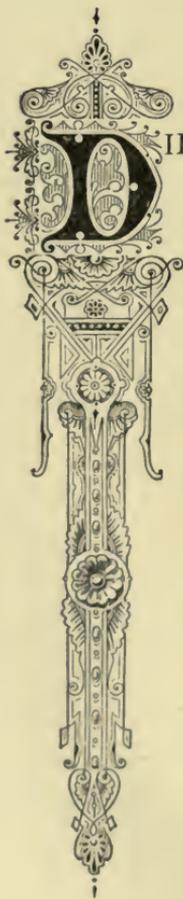
And oft I think how sweet 'twill be when the long night is  
over,  
When Christ shall come in majesty, His jewels to  
recover ;  
That they will see each other first to life and love return-  
ing,  
Look in each other's eyes, clasp hands, and say again,  
“Good-Morning.”

INDIANAPOLIS, MAY, 1865.





→ JOHN + B. + NORMAN. ←



—+—  
DIED, JOHN B. NORMAN. Had I read aright?  
“Surely, dear Lord, it can not be,” I said;  
So full of life and strength but yesternight,  
This evening silent, pallid, pulseless,  
dead!

Perchance he lingers on the verge of life;  
Perchance he only sleeps and will awake.  
Speak to him tenderly, O stricken wife;  
He may reply to thee for love's dear sake.

Nay, in response to thy fond, yearning cry,  
He does not lift his hand nor turn his  
head;  
No life-light trembles back to lip or eye,  
No heart-pulse stirs in answer. He is  
dead!

JOHN B. NORMAN.

Dead, in the flower and promise of his prime,  
While yet his sky was clear, his pathway fair ;  
Midway the summit he essayed to climb,  
Leaving the burden he alone could bear.

O eyes that see no beauty on the earth !  
O hearts that drink the wormwood and the gall !  
God help ye by your lonely board and hearth,  
Since he is gone beyond love's fond recall.

For he was tender, gentle, mild and meek,  
And yet, withal determined, brave and strong  
To help the helpless, to protect the weak,  
Uphold the right and trample down the wrong.

Lacking his gentle voice, his genial face,  
Your day has lost its music and its light ;  
And far away into unmeasured space,  
The brightest star has vanished from your night.

Alas, our human eyes can only see  
The grave wherein we lay him still and stark ;  
By that dim portal of the life to be,  
We stand like children crying in the dark.

Why was his gentle heart, his gifted mind,  
Freighted with hopes and aspirations high  
To bear the cup of blessing to mankind,  
Called from our midst so soon? O Father, why?

JOHN B. NORMAN.

Working and waiting for a brighter day,  
For all things good and true that might be won ;  
Why did he faint and falter by the way?  
Why fold his hands before his work was done?

God only knows, He only understands—  
We seek to know His wondrous ways in vain ;  
But all our names are written on His hands,  
And some day He will make the mystery plain.

By the Eternal Majesty that said,  
“I am the resurrection and the life,”  
We know that our beloved friend, though dead,  
Still lives beyond this world of gloom and strife.

Still lives, and we shall see his face again,  
The same, but shining with angelic light,  
When we, too, waken by our Father's grace,  
Beyond the sorrows and the shores of night.

And as we go, a sorely stricken band,  
To lay him down beneath the senseless sod,  
Faith lifts the shadow with her lily hand,  
And whispers, “Trust him to the love of God.”

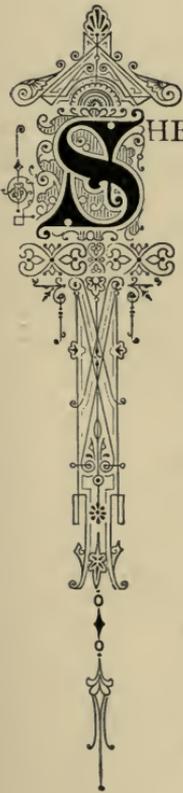
ELM-CROFT, JANUARY, 1870.





❖ MARRIED + A + YEAR. ❖

I.



HE sat on the stile in the eventide,  
In the shade of the beeches, weeping  
sore—

A fair young widow—a fairer bride  
That day but one little year before.

The cushat cooed in the autumn leaves,  
The katydid told her story again,  
The swallows twittered around the eaves,  
And the partridge piped in the ripened  
grain.

But she gave no heed, in her wild desire,  
To their joyous songs or their flashing  
wings ;  
For the hand of sorrow had swept life's lyre,  
And discord trembled from all its strings.

## MARRIED A YEAR.

“O Life,” she murmured, “thy way is long  
To the desolate heart and bleeding feet,  
And every milestone will find a tongue  
To tell of the days that were once so sweet.

“O Earnest, darling! by all our love,  
By the bitter woe of my broken heart,  
By the strength of death, by the heavens above,  
I adjure thee to tell me where thou art!”

### *II.*

The daylight died on a couch of gold,  
The sweet winds sighed in the meadow grass,  
And the Lynn sang on, as it sang of old,  
When they heard it together—alas! alas!

He went to the war when the roses spread  
Their glowing hearts to the summer sun;  
Before their petals were withered, dead,  
A battle was fought and a victory won.

She tried to remember his last, fond tone,  
The last expression his dear face wore,  
When he left her there by the stile, alone,  
And went from her sight, to return no more.

Their wedded happiness, quickly sped,  
Was a beautiful dream she could not recall;  
“He fell at the front,” his companions said,  
And she was left desolate—this was all.

### MARRIED A YEAR.

They buried him down in the Southern land,  
But they could not tarry to mark the place  
Where the souging rain and the reeking sand  
Lay heavy and cold on his bright young face.

### III.

Twilight came over and lighted the stars  
At the gates of a thousand worlds on high,  
And the moon looked down through the purple bars  
That lingered and faded along the sky.

The wind was asleep in the beechen leaves,  
The moonlight had drifted over the hill,  
The swallows were quiet beneath the eaves,  
And all but the babbling Lynn was still.

The cattle had long gone up from their beat,  
And were safely housed in the barnyard shed ;  
But there was a sound of approaching feet—  
O Father in Heaven ! she knew his tread.

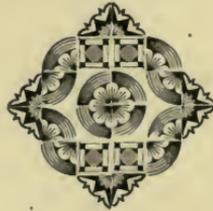
Down by the Lynn he is coming now,  
Over the stepping-stones, up through the lane ;  
Living or dead, she knows that brow,  
Living or dead, he is hers again !

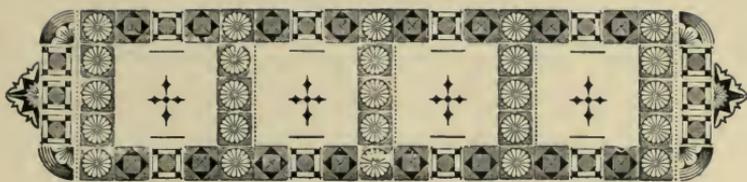
A word, a sob, and his arms are wound  
Round the gentle form of his fair young wife :  
The dead is alive, the lost is found,  
And Joy from Despair brings a crown of life.

MARRIED A YEAR.

Not from the grave in a nameless place,  
An unquiet ghost, to his home came he ;  
But, with skeleton form and death-like face,  
From a Southern prison at last set free.

INDIANAPOLIS, MARCH, 1865.





→ THEY + MET. ←

---



HE thought of him for years before they met ;  
She loved him long before she saw his  
face ;

His name was, like a precious jewel, set  
With treasured things in memory's holy  
place ;

His songs had breathed upon her heart, and  
cleft

The rock whence pure and silent waters  
stole ;

They came inspiring higher life—they left  
Enkindled on the altar of her soul,  
A living spark of that electric fire  
That scintillated from his glorious lyre.

In lonely watches of the solemn night,  
When, save her trembling heart-strings,  
all was still,

## THEY MET.

His thoughts were ever round her, pure and bright,  
As angels sent to guard her life from ill ;  
And she had felt their presence and their power,  
As some sweet strain of music floating by,  
As the rich fragrance of a dewy flower,  
Or the pale starlight trembling from the sky ;  
Like spotless vestals at her spirit's shrine  
They ever ministered in things divine.

Oft did she wonder how the form would seem  
That did a soul so beautiful enfold ;  
Was it as lovely as a radiant dream,  
Or cast in nature's sternest, coarsest mould ?  
Had he a glowing cheek, a forehead high,  
A lip the model for the sculptor's art ?  
And did the speaking radiance of the eye  
A nameless beauty to the whole impart ?  
She only knew his soul was full of fire,  
And made sweet music like a wind-swept lyre.

She scarcely hoped that they would ever meet,  
For fate had drawn between them many a bar ;  
But she could read his lays, so wild and sweet,  
And love him as she loved some distant star.  
He was to her as sunlight to a bird,  
As sweetest night-dew to a thirsty flower ;  
A zephyr, breathing where bright leaves are stirred ;  
A rainbow, bending o'er a sparkling shower ;  
A something beautiful, but undefined ;  
A thought, a joy, a memory enshrined.

## THEY MET.

Years passed—how many changes did they bring!

And still those gifted spirits dwelt apart;

But she, like some wild bird, had learned to sing

The bright, warm dreams that trembled o'er her heart;

Her thoughts had followed his in many a flight,

By fancy's sunny bowers and sparkling streams;

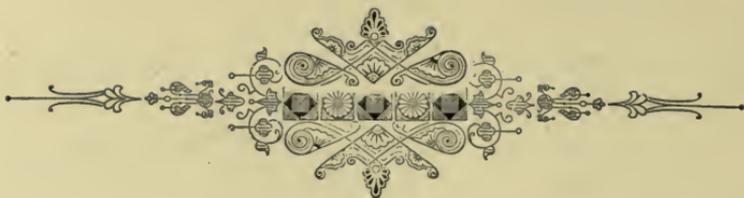
Her soul, like his, had worshipped all things bright,

And she had dreamed the same bewitching dreams;

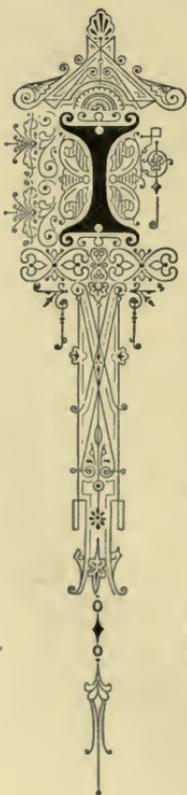
Till like two hues in heaven, when day is done,

Their spirits met and mingled into one.





❖ KINDRED SPIRITS. ❖



— ❖ —

KNEW two beings in this world of care—  
Twin souls, whose pilgrim paths were far  
apart ;  
The one was brave and strong, the other  
fair,  
And both endowed of Heaven with many  
rare  
And priceless attributes of mind and heart.

They dwelt apart, yet they were formed to  
be .

In love's mysterious unity combined ;  
He was a casket of rich gems, and she  
Possessed, unwittingly, the only key  
That would unlock the treasure to man-  
kind

## KINDRED SPIRITS.

Her soul was like a fine, unfolded flower,  
Hiding its sweetness from the common view,  
Shrinking alike, from shadow and from shower,  
He, like the morning sunshine, had the power  
To give it fairer bloom, diviner hue.

Apart, their lives by common interests spanned,  
Were fretted, wasted in a smouldering fire ;  
United, they had been prolific, grand,  
Sweeping the world's great heart-strings as the hand  
Swept the melodious chords of Memnon's lyre.

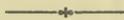
And so they lived and died, with harps unstrung.  
Haply they never knew that God had given  
To each a poet's soul, a poet's tongue,  
Nor even dreamed of songs they might have sung  
Before the singers, at the gate of heaven.

BEECH BANK, DECEMBER, 1879.





❖ DOUBT ❖



Ever you chance, on life's highway,  
To meet the infidel, Doubt,  
Take up your weapons and drive him away ;  
For if you permit him to stop and stay,  
He will blow Faith's taper out.

His hair is gray, but his eyes are bold,  
And his bearing wondrous wise ;  
He plagued the prophets and saints of old,  
And the martyrs down in their prisons cold,  
With the seeming truth of the tales he told—  
All learned from the father of lies.

He says the world is an earthquake's spawn,  
And that life was made by chance ;  
That man was a fish in the ages gone—  
That he changed to an ape, and still  
changed on  
To his present grand advance.

## DOUBT.

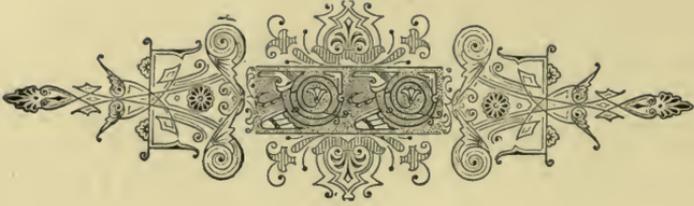
He says the myriad worlds on high  
Are only a learned dream ;  
That there is no earth, nor air, nor sky ;  
That we do not live ; that we do not die ;  
That we are not what we seem.

He stealthily entered Eden's bower,  
Disguised as an angel fair ;  
And when Adam and Eve, in an evil hour,  
Listened and lost their holiest dower,  
And fled from the sword of Almighty Power,  
He followed the ruined pair.

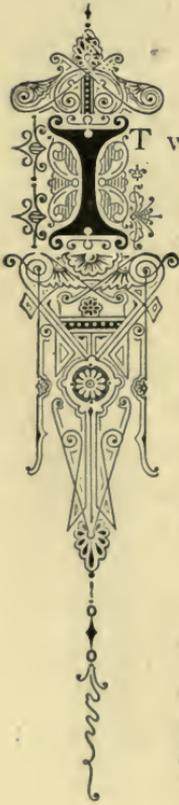
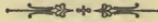
He has hunted and haunted all mankind,  
Down the paths of time since then ;  
Perverting the truth, misleading the blind,  
And leaving confusion and wreck behind  
In the hearts and homes of men.

He comes sometimes on his viewless wings  
To the peasant's poor abode ;  
He stands with the great by the throne of kings,  
And sits with the Christian that prays and sings  
In the holy house of God.

Oh, then, beware, if you chance to meet  
The vagrant infidel, Doubt ;  
Disguised as a saint, so mild and meek,  
He may come when your heart is weary and weak ;  
But if you permit him to stop or speak,  
He will blow Faith's taper out.



→ LITTLE RALPH. ←\*



T was when the year was old,  
When the grass was sere and brown,  
When the autumn winds went wild and  
cold,  
Over the woodland, over the wold,  
Shaking the dead leaves down—

That a dainty, baby face,  
A spirit undimmed by stain,  
A form of touching and tender grace,  
Came from some brighter and better place  
Into this world of pain.

With a brain to thrill and ache,  
With a soul to fall or rise,  
A heart to love, to suffer, to break,  
Two dimpled hands to refuse or take  
From life a blank or prize.

♦ Ralph Bolton.

## LITTLE RALPH.

And O, for a Sybil's art—  
For a Sybil's eye to see  
What power will rule in this new made heart,  
What path is traced in his young life's chart  
By the finger of Destiny?

“O beautiful eyes,” I said,  
“How can ye learn to weep?  
O little white feet, how learn to tread  
Where the strongest, bravest feet have bled  
From thorn-wounds sore and deep?”

While thus our love and our fears,  
With questioning vain and wild,  
Went trembling into the unborn years,  
Dreaming of pitiless troubles and tears,  
His sweet lips only smiled.

And the dainty, baby face  
Grew lovelier day by day ;  
The lips smiled on with a tender grace.  
And we held him close in love's embrace  
Till the angels came that way.

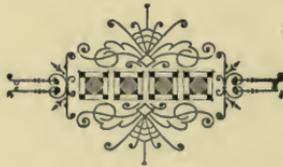
They came on a winter night,  
When the stars were cold and dim,  
And bore him away on their pinions white,  
Out of the darkness, into the light—  
The home of the Cherubim.

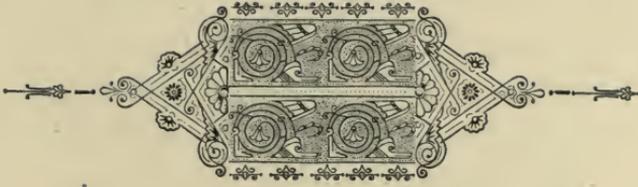
LITTLE RALPH.

Though his days were few and fleet  
On the shadowy shore of Time,  
He still lives on, and his little feet  
Will learn to walk in the life complete  
Of a brighter, better clime.

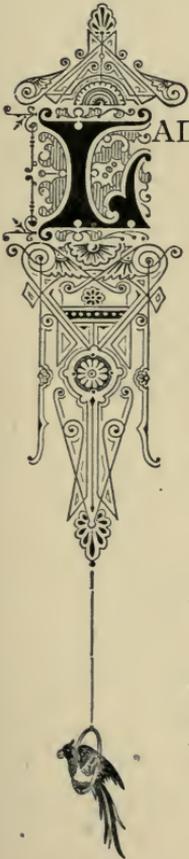
And the dimpled hands, instead  
Of striving for earthly prize—  
Of daily toiling for daily bread,  
Shall gather the golden fruitage shed  
From the trees of Paradise.

CANTON, MISSOURI, 1866.





→ SHE FOUND HIS GRAVE. ←



LADY, I watched and waited for a word,  
A step, that never came by night or day,  
Until, with stricken heart and brain, I heard  
News of Antietam's battle, far away,  
And knew the form I fain had died to shield,  
Was lying mangled on that bloody field.

I wondered then why those who crave to  
die  
Are left, and others called who wish to  
stay.

There was no light for me in earth or sky,  
No past, no future, neither night nor day ;  
My all of life, my soul and self were gone,  
And yet this wretched heart kept beating on.

\* \* \* \* \*

## SHE FOUND HIS GRAVE.

I sat one eventide, with listless gaze  
Fixed on the line that bounds yon long sea-reach,  
Thinking of him and all the old, bright days,  
Till I recalled the fashion of his speech,  
And seemed to hear the slumberous summer air  
Whispering his tender words at parting there.

“O, love,” I cried, in bitter agony,  
“Where, where, in all illimitable space  
Art thou to-day? Not all of thee could die.  
Where is thy home? Where is thy dwelling-  
place?”  
And starting up, I know not why nor how,  
Beheld him standing there where you stand now.

No, lady, no; I was not self-deceived.  
I saw his face as surely and as well  
As I see yours, by that dark wall relieved.  
With outspread arms I flew to him, and fell—  
Not in the fond embrace I met of yore,  
But frightened, shivering, fainting on the floor.

When I awakened from that death-like swoond,  
The room was shrouded in intensest night;  
In strange bewilderment, I gazed around  
As one who suddenly had lost his sight.  
And soft and low a dear voice seemed to sigh:  
“Death holds this secret, sweet—Love can not die.”

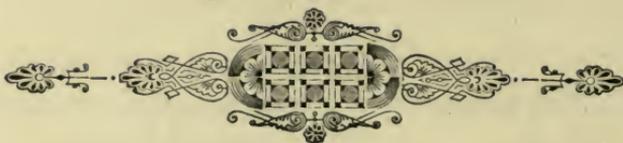
## SHE FOUND HIS GRAVE.

They found me lying prone upon my face,  
With all my raven hair bleached snowy white,  
And scarce in line or lineament could trace  
The countenance I wore but yesternight ;  
Yet I lived on—it was our Father's will—  
Grief only saps the heart, it does not kill.

Thenceforth my life had but one single aim,  
My lips one prayer, my heart one boon to crave ;  
And so, for many years I went and came,  
But yesterday I found my hero's grave—  
Found it all starred with daisies, where the air  
Makes a soft murmur, like the voice of prayer.

I knelt and kissed my darling's lowly bed,  
And laid my burning cheek above his breast ;  
“ Oh, I have found thee, my lost love,” I said ;  
“ My pilgrimage is ended—let me rest.”  
And all the fever's fire, and all the pain  
Drifted away from weary heart and brain.

He sleeps in the green valley where he fell,  
Breasting the surges of a fiery tide,  
Where scarce a living man was left to tell  
How gallantly he fought, how bravely died.  
Lady, my task is done ; before the dawn  
My soul shall follow where its love has gone.



→ WAITING+AND+WEAVING. ←



SINCE Death has taken all the best  
That life and love had given to me,  
I often feel a strange unrest—  
A nameless longing to be free,  
To solve the wondrous mystery  
That lies beyond the shadowy bar.  
I know my lost ones live and are  
Together in some land, some star,  
Incircled by a golden zone ;  
But, ah, the path is dim and far,  
And I am weary and alone,  
And in my weariness have grown  
Reckless of what I might achieve,  
But still I wind my thread and weave.

Weave warp and woof of checkered  
thought,  
But nevermore as once I wrought,  
When e'en the simplest of my lays

## WAITING AND WEAVING.

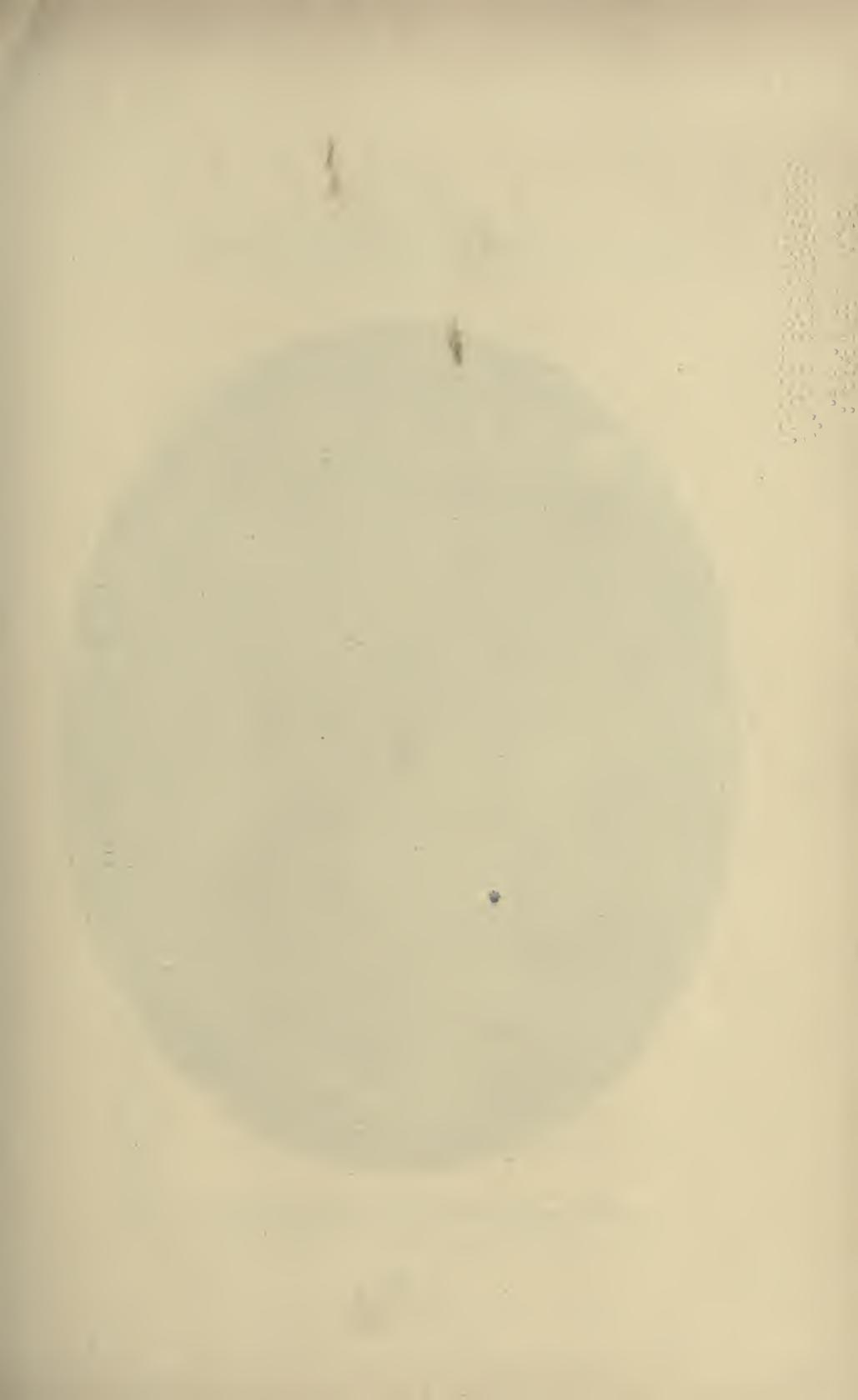
Won loving lips to word of praise.  
'T were bootless now to count the cost  
Of what I won or what I lost ;  
But when the gloom of twilight falls  
Along the evening's dusky walls,  
And every throb and every thrill  
Of Nature's heart seems hushed and still,  
Or only heard as in a dream,  
The sweet, low laughter of the stream,  
My faithful memory recalls  
The linaments of each dear face  
That love still holds in fond embrace,

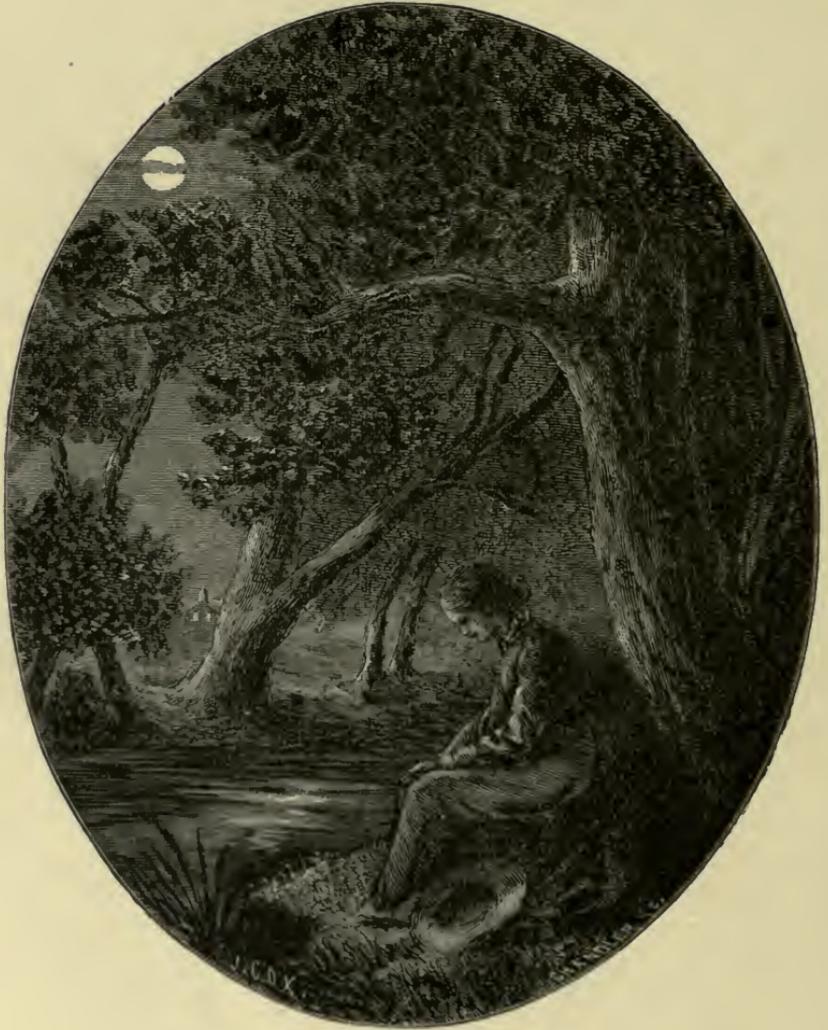
And, talking to myself, I say  
Of one, "She was so young, so dear !  
Her life had only reached its May ;  
Why did the Father summon her ?  
The world has many older folk,  
Weak, tottering forms with snowy hair ;  
Sad faces, seamed with toil and care,  
And hearts aweary of life's yoke.  
If Death, instead, had summoned hence  
From pain and sorrow one of these,  
Who only drink life's bitter lees,  
It had been best to human sense.  
Her work was surely needed here ;  
Why did the shadow fall on her ?"  
He knoweth well who loves us best,  
Nor dare I question His behest ;  
Yet in my loneliness I grieve,  
And, weeping, wind my thread and weave.

## WAITING AND WEAVING.

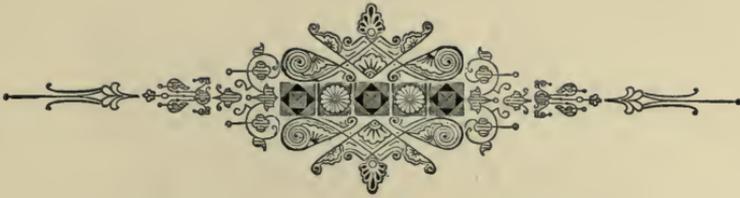
And of another, dearer still,  
Large, gifted, true of heart and mind,  
With conscious power and iron will,  
By reason ruled, by love refined,  
I can but say, "O noble heart!  
O soul, that left no counterpart,  
Thy longer stay hath blest mankind.  
The harvest fields of earth are white,  
And yet the reaper is not blind,  
Nor walking in the night;  
He knoweth whom to take and leave."  
And so I wind my thread and weave;  
But nevermore as once I wrought,  
When fervid fancy kindled thought,  
And heart, and hope, and love kept time,  
To the wild measure of my rhyme.

It little recks to count the cost  
Of what is won or what is lost;  
But if my muse has plucked a flower  
That did not bloom in Eden's bower,  
Has struck new light from some old thought,  
Or found a gem not overwrought,  
Through all the years since Homer sung,  
The busy world will find a tongue  
To give me fitting credit, when  
I walk no more with living men,  
My heart and harp alike unstrung.  
I am content to wait till then  
For judgment on what I achieve,  
And so I wind my thread and weave.

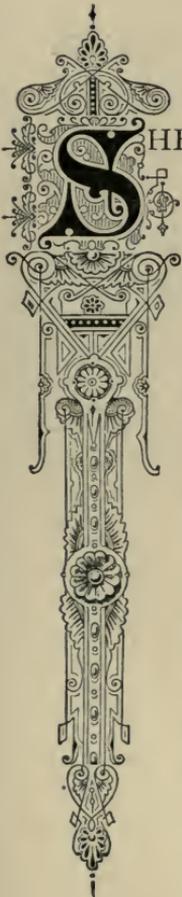
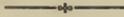




“ SHE SAT ALONE ON A COLD, GREY STONE.”



❖ L O S T ❖



HE sat alone, on a cold, gray stone,  
Where the river made a desolate moan.

The sycamore trees stood white and bare,  
Like sheeted ghosts in the dusky air.

A black cloud floated along the sky,  
And a night-bird uttered a dismal cry.

Sadly she thought of the innocent time,  
Wildly she wept for her shame and crime.

Darker and deeper the shadows grow—  
He promised to meet her an hour ago.

She sat alone on the cold, gray stone,  
And the river flowed with a sadder moan.

She heard the hum of the distant town,  
The patter of dead leaves falling down.

## LOST.

She heard the toad in the long, dank grass,  
But never his tread—alas! alas!

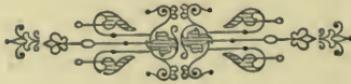
The morning came, with its golden light,  
To the sycamore trees, so bare and white.

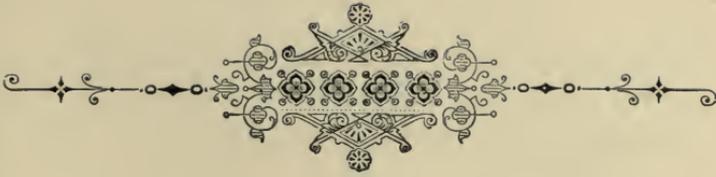
The mists that slept on the river's brim  
Went up like the wings of the cherubim.

The water-lilies, so cold and fair,  
Were tangled with tresses of bright brown hair.

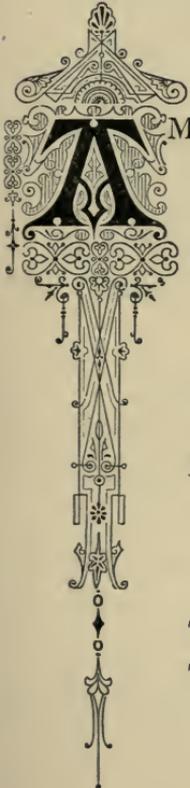
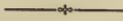
The osiers bent, with a quiet grace,  
Over a form with a still, white face.

The river flowed with a desolate moan,  
And dead leaves fell on the cold, gray stone.





❖ LIVING MEMORIES. ❖



M I bewildered with mesmeric sleep,  
Till life's surroundings are not what they  
seem?  
Has my poor brain grown dizzy, till I keep  
Vigil with phantoms? Surely some glad  
beam  
Of morning light will wake me from a  
dream,  
And I shall find thee near me, love, once  
more!  
They told me thou wert dead, but still I  
deem  
That when a few long, weary days are o'er,  
Thou wilt return to me from that far, shad-  
owly shore.

## LIVING MEMORIES.

Through the still chambers of the solemn night,  
My spirit seeks thee fearless and alone—  
Seeks thee with yearning cry. Is there no might  
In human love, no holy word, no tone,  
To reach thee in the distant, dim unknown?  
Hast thou forgotten me? Thou wert and art  
The magnate of my being; we had grown  
Into one mind, one soul, one loving heart,  
Which neither life, nor death, nor time, nor space can  
part.

Could I live o'er again a single day  
Of all the pleasant years I spent with thee;  
Could I by watching, waiting, hear thee say  
The least word thou didst ever speak to me;  
To hear thy coming feet, to turn and see  
Thy dear eyes, with the old affection rife,  
To lean my aching head upon thy knee,  
And hear thy low voice fondly call me wife—  
Oh, this were worth all, all the poor remains of life?

Together we went forth amidst the flowers  
And sunshine of life's spring, together heard  
The witching song of hope in summer bowers;  
Feeling, emotion, passion, stilled or stirred  
Our hearts in unison; one thought, one word,  
Moved both alike to pleasure or to pain.  
We saw our idols broken, we interred  
The hopes we fondly nursed for years in vain;  
Then why didst thou go hence, or why did I remain?

## LIVING MEMORIES.

I may seem to the busy world the same ;  
    May care and toil and strive, but not for gold ;  
May sing my simple rhymes, but not for fame ;  
    May smile, but never as I smiled of old ;  
    For an unmoving shadow, dark and cold,  
Lies on my hearthstone ; the lone path I tread  
    Is haunted by sad memories ; damp and mould  
Grow on the altar fondest love once fed,  
And my heart's passion-flower is planted by its dead.

I stood beside thee when thy work was done,  
    When the pale angel came from God and laid  
His hand upon thy heart. A glory shone  
    From heaven upon thy cold, white face, and made  
    A halo round us as we wept and prayed.  
Leaning on Faith, the meek-eyed and the mild,  
    Thou didst put off life's garment, undismayed,  
And sink to sleep as some pure-hearted child  
Wearied with idle toys which had too long beguiled.

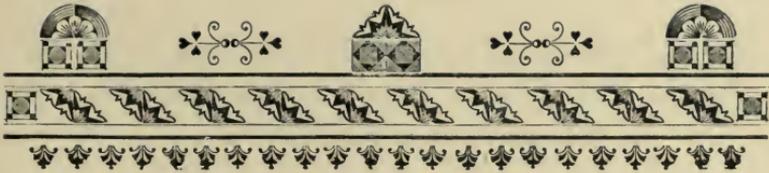
Men may forget that thou hast lived and wrought  
    Thy life-task well ; thine was no lofty aim,  
Yet thou wert good and true in deed and thought,  
    Seeking no praise, incurring little blame ;  
    With an unselfish heart and spotless fame,  
Thou didst walk humbly to life's close sublime ;  
    And so it recks not how or when thy name  
Is blotted from men's hearts by dust and rime,  
And dashed by ebbing waves from the frail sands of  
    Time.

## LIVING MEMORIES.

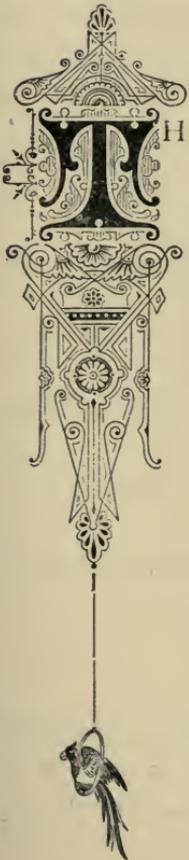
Day follows day, with night and purple dawn,  
And the sweet witchery of starry eyes ;  
And evermore the old world hurries on,  
While the pale reaper gathers in the sheaves  
Of his perpetual harvest. Some he leaves  
To wait and weep awhile ; but Time's poor dower  
Is only lent till the tried heart achieves  
Its work below. And, by God's grace and power,  
I shall rejoin thee, love, when death crowns life's last  
hour.

INDIANAPOLIS, JANUARY 25, 1859.





→ EDGAR + A. + POE. ←



THEY have laid thee down to slumber, where  
the sorrows that encumber  
Such a wild and wayward heart as thine,  
can never reach thee more ;  
From the weariness and sadness, from the  
fever and the madness,  
Of a life that knew no gladness, to a bright  
and blessed shore—  
To the wondrous joy and beauty of the dis-  
tant Aidenn shore,  
Thou art gone forevermore.

Thou wert like a meteor glancing through  
a starry sky, entrancing,  
Thrilling, awing rapt beholder with the  
wondrous light it wore ;  
But the meteor has descended, and the  
“Nightly” shadows blended ;

EDGAR A. POE.

For the fever-dream is ended, and the fearful crisis o'er—  
Yes, the wild, unresting fever-dream of human life is o'er ;  
Thou art sleeping evermore.

Ocean, earth and air could utter words that made thy  
spirit flutter,  
Words that stirred the hidden fountain welling in thy  
bosom's core ;  
Stirred it till its wavelets sighing, wakened to a wild reply-  
ing,  
And in numbers never dying sung the heart's unwritten  
lore—  
Sung in wild, bewitching numbers, thy sad heart's unwrit-  
ten lore,  
*Now* unwritten nevermore.

There was something sad and lonely in thy mystic songs,  
that only  
Could have trembled from a spirit weary of the life it  
bore ;  
Something like the plaintive toning of a hidden streamlet  
moaning,  
In its prisoned darkness moaning, for the light it knew  
before—  
For the fragrance and the sunlight that had gladdened it  
before,  
Sighing, sighing evermore.

To thy gifted spirit dreaming came a strange effulgence  
beaming,  
Beaming, flashing from a region mortals never may  
explore ;

EDGAR A. POE.

Spirits led thee in thy trances through a realm of gloomy  
fancies,  
Giving spectres to thy glances man had never seen before ;  
Wondrous spectres, such as human eye had never seen  
before,  
Were around thee evermore.

Thou didst see the starlight quiver over many a fabled  
river ;  
Thou didst wander with the shadows of the mighty dead  
of yore ;  
And thy songs to us came ringing like the wild, unearthly  
singing  
Of the viewless spirits winging o'er "the night's Pluto-  
nian shore"—  
Of the weary spirits wandering by the gloomy Stygian  
shore,  
Singing dirges evermore.

Thou didst seem like one benighted, one whose hopes  
were crushed and blighted,  
Mourning for the lost and lovely that the world could not  
restore ;  
But an endless rest is given to thy heart so wrecked and  
riven,  
Thou hast met again in heaven with the "lost" and loved  
"Lenore"—  
With the "rare and radiant maiden whom the angels call  
Lenore ;"  
She will leave thee nevermore.

EDGAR A. POE.

From the earth a star has faded, and the shrine of song is  
shaded,  
And the muses veil their faces, weeping sorrowful and  
sore ;  
But the harp all rent and broken left us many a thrilling  
token—  
We shall hear its numbers spoken, and repeated o'er and  
o'er ;  
Till our hearts shall cease to tremble, we shall hear them  
sounding o'er,  
Sounding ever, evermore.

We shall hear them like a fountain tinkling down a rugged  
mountain,  
Like the wailing of the tempest mingling with the ocean's  
roar,  
Like the winds of autumn sighing when the summer  
flowers are dying,  
Like a spirit voice replying from a dim and distant  
shore—  
Like a wild, mysterious echo from a distant, shadowy  
shore,  
We shall hear them evermore.

Never more wilt thou undaunted wander through "the  
Palace haunted,"  
Or the "cypress vales Titanic" which thy spirit did  
explore :  
Never hear the "Ghoul" king dwelling in the ancient  
steeple telling,

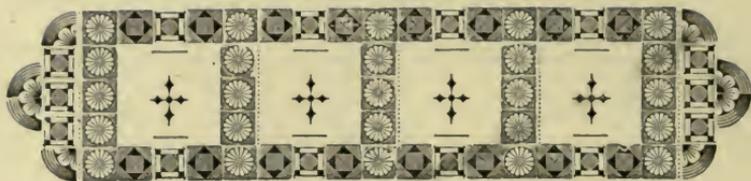
EDGAR A. POE.

With a slow and solemn knelling, losses human hearts  
deplere—  
Telling “in a sort of Rhunic rhyme” the losses we  
deplere ;  
Tolling, tolling evermore.

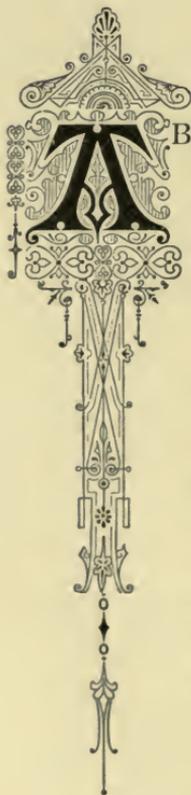
If a “living human being” ever had the gift of “see-  
ing”  
The “grim and ghastly” countenance his “evil” genius  
wore,  
It was thee, “unhappy master, whom unmerciful disas-  
ter  
Followed fast, and followed faster, till” thy “songs one  
burden bore—  
Till the dirges of” thy “hope one melancholy burden  
bore,  
Of never, nevermore.”

INDIANAPOLIS, NOVEMBER 1, 1849





## → INFANTICIDE. ←



ABOVE us the clouds are wild and black,  
The winds are howling on our track,  
The shivering trees are bare and bleak,  
My heart is sick, and my limbs are weak,  
Wandering wearily, wearily.

They turned me away from the rich man's  
door,  
Haggard and hungry, cold and poor.  
There was feasting, laughter and song  
within ;  
But they turned me away, in my tatters  
thin,  
With thee, thou pledge of my shame and  
sin—  
Away, where the wind sobs drearily.

## INFANTICIDE.

My heart was cold, and the demons came,  
With their livid lips and their eyes of flame ;  
They told me to murder thee, child of shame,  
And laughed till my brain whirled dizzily.

They followed my path through the drifted snow,  
Taunting, and mocking, and gibbering low :  
“ There is peace and rest where the cold waves flow  
Far down o'er the white sands busily.”

I felt their breath on my tortured brain ;  
They tore my heart and I shrieked in vain ;  
They whispered : “ Death is the end of pain ;  
Fly, fly to the grave's security.  
The world will turn from the hideous stain  
That mars thy womanly purity,”

They bade me remember the bright old time,  
My cottage home in a foreign clime,  
The friends I lost by my love and crime,  
Till, smothering my soul's humanity,  
I grasped, in the strength of my deep despair,  
Thy neck, my babe—it was soft and fair ;  
But the warm blood curdled and blackened there,  
To witness my wild insanity.

How quiet, rigid and cold thou art !  
I lay thy head on my fainting heart,  
And kiss thy lips, with a quivering start !  
My hand—God ! let me not think of it !

## INFANTICIDE.

I have seen thee smile, I have felt thy breath ;  
Can I feel it now? O death, pale death !

Thy lethean cup, let me drink of it !

We'll make us a bed in the snow so deep ;  
The frost with a shroud will cover us ;  
The winds will lull us to dreamless sleep,  
And the stars, in their far-off homes, will keep  
Their beautiful night-watch over us.

\* \* \* \* \*

Where is the father of that dead child,  
That sleeps where the winds wail mournfully?  
He left the woman his love beguiled—  
Is the monster loathed, contemned, reviled?  
Does the world regard him scornfully?

He is revelling now where the lamps are bright,  
Where the hours go by in a festive flight,  
And the gleeful song rings merrily.  
They wish him joy on his bridal night,  
And warm, young hearts beat cheerily.

The bride is a creature of love and youth,  
With an eye of light and a lip of truth,  
And a fair form moulded slenderly ;  
Her heart is a fountain of kindly ruth,  
That flows for the suffering tenderly.

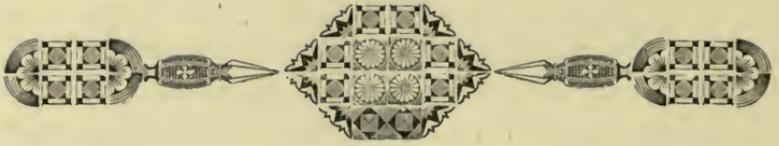
## INFANTICIDE.

Oh, little she dreams that a wretch defamed,  
Deceived, dishonored, betrayed, ashamed,  
By the strength of the bridegroom's oath once claimed  
The love she is fondly cherishing.

For he is a model of manly grace,  
With the sounding name of a noble race ;  
He has power, and fame, and fair, broad land,  
And there is no blood on his jewelled hand  
To tell of the lost one perishing.

Where censers breathe and jewels shine,  
They pledge him now in the rich, red wine ;  
But never by token, or word, or sign,  
Allude to his victim's history.  
They fill the cup to the sparkling brim,  
With life and pleasure and fame for him.  
The future is bright ; let the past be dim,  
And wrapped in a fearful mystery.





→ HE + IS + GONE. ←



ONE that we love has gone  
From the dear old home to-day,  
Into the world alone :  
May God direct his way !  
Gone to life's busy marts,  
Never again to find  
The love of truer hearts  
Than those he leaves behind ;  
Never again to see  
The light of childhood's joy,  
Never again to be  
A merry-hearted boy.  
Gone to the din and strife,  
Dreaming the dreams of youth ;  
Gone to the battle of life,  
Bearing the shield of truth.  
  
Gone on a passing wave,  
In manhood's morning prime,  
Gifted, determined, brave,  
A-down the stream of time ;

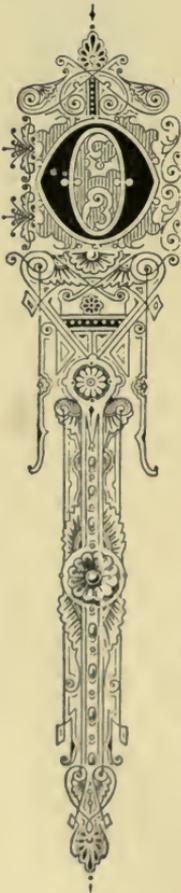
## HE IS GONE.

With noble aims in view,  
    A strong and steady hand,  
A soul to dare and do  
    Whatever he has planned.  
Our Father, send, we pray,  
    An angel guide with him,  
To teach his feet the way  
    When it grows rough and dim.  
And with the toil and care,  
    Uncertain hopes and fears,  
Send sunshine here and there  
    Along his coming years.

His chamber, bright of old,  
    Is strangely still and lone ;  
Its light is drear and cold,  
    Its singing-bird has flown.  
We miss a pleasant word,  
    A snatch of some old tune,  
A face by hearth and board  
    That brought the light of June.  
Darker the twilight falls  
    To find the echoes dead  
That once along the halls  
    Loved to repeat his tread.  
But where the dear ones meet,  
    When light without grows dim,  
We keep a vacant seat  
    And welcome warm for him.



## THE SNOWFLAKE.



BEAUTIFUL snowflake! fold thy wings,  
And tell us what thou hast seen  
Of the hidden realms and mysterious things  
Where thy fairy feet have been?

“Long, long ago I had my birth  
On a mountain hoar and high;  
With a burst of mirth I sprang from the  
earth  
To the light of a summer sky.

“With my merry mates I danced along  
To the bright vales far away;  
We were young and strong, and sung a  
sweet song  
To the gentle flowers of May.

## THE SNOWFLAKE.

“Away in the golden noontide beam,  
In the shadows weird and wild,  
Through gloom and gleam I danced with the  
stream,  
Like a happy-hearted child.

“I never recked of cloud nor storm,  
Till the south wind came one day,  
And changed my form with his breath so warm  
To a mist, and bore me away.

“I was not alone, and our blue simars,  
Up-trailing from vales and rills,  
Were woven with bars of the midnight stars  
In a crown for the ancient hills.

“I was changed again by mystic art,  
As the nightly hours rolled on,  
And woke with a start in a rose's heart,  
When the stars went out at dawn.

“Brighter and fairer the young rose grew,  
And I loved her, that happy hour,  
With a love as true as a drop of dew  
E'er bore to a peerless flower.

“But the sunlight came from the morning skies  
To our bower of love and bliss,  
Bedazzled my eyes with his wondrous guise,  
And bore me away with a kiss ;

## THE SNOWFLAKE.

“Away, away, o’er hill and plain,  
Where the skylark never sings ;  
But I came again in the summer rain  
That painted the rainbow’s wings.

“From my airy height I chanced to light  
In a torrent wild and free,  
And I slept that night by the soft moonlight  
In the arms of the mighty sea.

“I heard the voice of the angry waves  
As the storm-king thundered by,  
And I saw the graves in the hidden caves  
Where the lost and lovely lie.

“I dreamed of the bright things far away,  
And sighed for my love in vain,  
Till I strove with the spray, one winter day,  
And was changed to a mist again.

“But, alas ! the earth was bleak and cold,  
The winds went wailing by,  
And the clouds were rolled in many a fold  
Along the dreary sky.

“‘Oh, where is my beautiful love?’ I sighed,  
‘I have sought her to and fro.’  
Then a voice replied, ‘Thy blossom-bride  
Died a thousand years ago.’

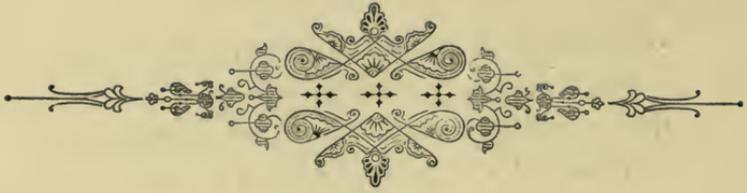
## THE SNOWFLAKE.

“And where is the gentle stream that sprung  
From the hoary mountain’s brow—  
The stream that sung, when I was young—  
Where, where is my old home now?”

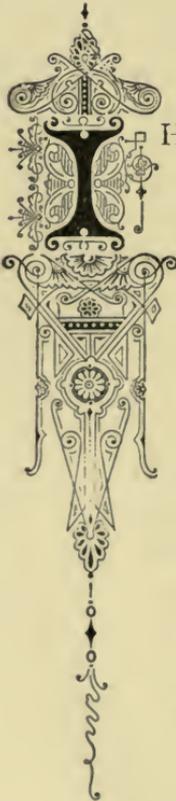
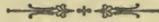
“Alas! for me no friends remain;  
No home, no love below!  
I sighed in vain, with a bitter pain,  
And froze to a flake of snow.”

INDIANAPOLIS, JANUARY, 1861.





❖ THE LAST NIGHT. ❖



HOLD it still in my heart's embrace,  
But I see it most in my hours of gloom—  
A shrouded form, with a still, white face,  
As I saw it last in that darkened room.

The beautiful forehead is calm and cold,  
The eyes are closed, but not to sleep ;  
The lips have a firmer, sadder fold—  
Oh, my heart would break if I could not  
weep.

Heavy and damp is the silvered hair—  
It will bleach no more in the storm and  
sun ;  
The hands are clasped with a listless air—  
They toiled for us, but their work is done.

## THE LAST NIGHT.

He bade us adieu in the cold, gray dawn ;  
Love was the burden of word and tone ;  
His poor heart beat as the day rolled on—  
When the twilight came we were all alone.

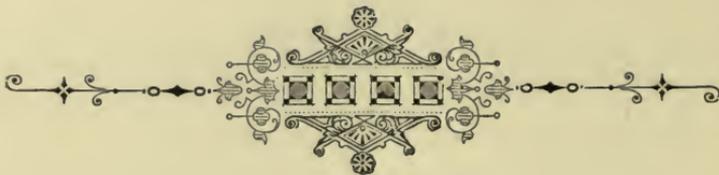
Never till then, in the bygone years,  
Had he disregarded our lightest sigh ;  
But now we lavished our love and tears  
On lips that murmured no fond reply.

Stricken, despairing, weary and weak,  
We watched and wept through the pitiless night,  
Shrinking from thoughts that we dared not speak,  
Dreading the dawn of the morrow's light.

Dreading the future so cold and dim,  
With its trials, sorrows and cares unknown ;  
We had hoped to gather its flowers with him—  
How should we walk in its paths alone ?

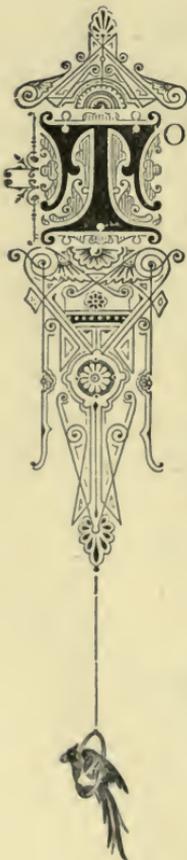
How should we sit where the cheerful rays  
Of the home-fire gleamed on his vacant seat ?  
How go forth in the streets and ways  
That still bore the impress of his dear feet ?

Never, no never, can time efface  
That time of parting, and pain, and gloom,  
Nor steal from my heart of hearts that face,  
As I saw it last in that silent room.



→ LOFTY + AND + LOWLY. ←

RHYMES WRITTEN ON MEISSEN CHINA.



—+—  
T OO often the hollow pomp and show  
Of people of wealth and fashion,  
Excites in the toilers down below  
Emotions of envious passion.

We look from our horny, sun-browned  
hands,  
Where the stain of labor lingers,  
To the sparkling gems and golden bands  
That circle their soft, white fingers,

And wonder how we should feel to live,  
Like them, in a round of pleasure,  
With all the baubles that gold could give  
To amuse our elegant leisure.

## LOFTY AND LOWLY.

With dainty dinners and dainty clothes,  
And dainty servants to dress us ;  
Dainty couches, *couleur de rose*,  
And dainty friends to caress us.

We do forget that the cup of life  
With jewels and gold may glitter,  
Though filled with sorrow, and care, and strife,  
Till its every drop is bitter.

Forget, as we wearily trudge along,  
Bearing our tiresome burden,  
That the slow are swift, the weak are strong,  
To win the eternal guerdon.

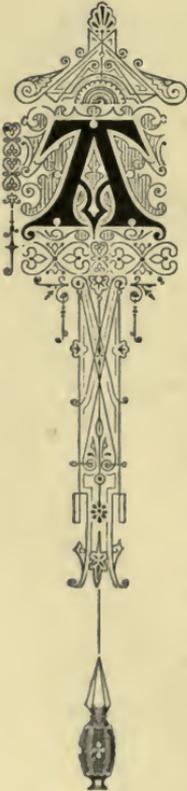
Forget that Jesus, the crucified,  
Was homeless, and poor, and lowly ;  
That common labor was glorified  
By His stainless hands, and holy.

Forget, when we suffer wrong and loss,  
That God maketh all things even,  
That never a soul without a cross  
Can enter the gates of Heaven.

DRESDEN, SAXONY, MARCH, 1873.



→ WHY THE BLUSH ROSE IS IMPERFECT. ←



—+—

WHITE rose, from her morning dream  
Awakened by the amorous air,  
Beheld her image in a stream,  
And blushed to see herself so fair.

Then proudly tossed her regal head  
And spread her bosom to the sky,  
And, whispering to herself, she said :  
“ Behold how beautiful am I ! ”

And thus it was at day's eclipse,  
A zephyr found her proud and vain ;  
Touched her bright petals with his lips,  
And left thereon a burning stain.

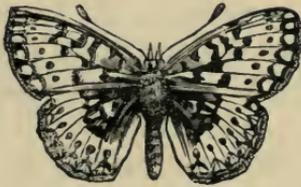
WHY THE BLUSH ROSE IS IMPERFECT.

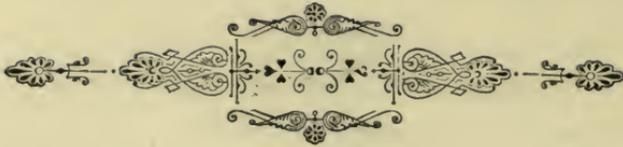
The beauty felt the smart, and cried :

“ Though thou hast kissed me to betray,  
The dew will come at eventide  
And wash the cruel stain away.”

But never dew nor summer rain  
Could her lost purity restore ;  
And still she wears the fatal stain  
That mars her beauty evermore.

DRESDEN, SAXONY, FEBRUARY, 1873.





→ COLONEL JAMES P. DRAKE. ←



I.



FROM out the voiceless chambers of the Past,  
Where time has buried all life's brightest  
years,  
Memory recalls some days, not overcast  
With care and sorrow, weariness and  
tears,  
And I live over many a pleasant hour,  
That bears the fragrance of some rare,  
sweet flower  
Pluckt from the tree of life in summer's  
bower.

The interests of the Present pass away,  
And that which was, but is not, seems to  
be ;  
Dead hopes revive, old thoughts resume  
their sway,  
And by the soft, uncertain light I see

COLONEL JAMES P. DRAKE.

The genial faces I was wont to meet,  
When hope was new and life was fair and sweet,  
And we went down its paths with buoyant feet.

Then, once again I meet thee, O my friend!  
In all the vigor of thy manhood's prime;  
Thy face, where sympathy and goodness blend,  
As I beheld it in the dear old time;  
And, dreaming on in Fancy's Vision Land,  
I hear thy voice in greeting kind and bland,  
And feel the clasping of thy friendly hand.

*II.*

Methinks we speak of stirring scenes and men  
That are not found to-day upon life's stage;  
Of questions and opinions, vital when  
Time told the measure of the golden age,  
When mighty Webster, rare Roanoke and Clay,  
Marshall, Calhoun, and lesser lights than they,  
Were in the bright meridian of their day.

An age of gifted men, of deeds sublime,  
That sowed broadcast along the world's highway  
A goodly harvest, for all coming time,  
That thousands, millions, reap with joy to-day:  
When broad, young States from savage wilds were  
won,  
Till Freedom, reaching to the setting sun,  
Threw her strong arms around fair Oregon.

COLONEL JAMES P. DRAKE.

When far away beneath blue Southern skies,  
Where brave men waged a fierce, unequal war,  
We saw, above the battle smoke, arise  
The blood-stained banner of the lonely Star,  
And heard the voice of kith and kindred plead  
For help, protection, in their hour of need.  
That prayer was answered well, in word and deed.

*III.*

And in that self-devoted Spartan band,  
Who pledged their lives on honor's holy shrine,  
To rescue from its thralldom that fair land,  
There was no braver heart, O friend, than thine.  
Heaven guarded thee through dangers dark and dire,  
By land and sea, and war's baptismal fire,  
And brought thee home unscathed to love's desire.

Men reap in peace the harvest sown in blood,  
Corn grows and ripens on the battlefield,  
And children play where once the bivouac stood,  
With bits of broken lance and battered shield ;  
The deeds of gallant men, love's parting tears,  
Last, fond embraces, grim and ghastly fears  
Are buried in the graves of long-gone years.

And in the bosom of a pleasant land,  
Where fair magnolias drop their fragrant snows,  
Thy noble heart and generous, open hand,  
Have found at last the sweetness of repose.

COLONEL JAMES P. DRAKE.

Sleep well ; thou wilt not waken till the dawn ;  
But while the hearts that knew thee best beat on,  
Fond love will wake to weep that thou art gone.

*IV.*

No hand can lift the shadow from thy hearth,  
No power restore the sunshine to thy door,  
Since death has written, over all the earth,  
The cruel legend, "Never, nevermore!"  
But love, immortal love, will seek its own,  
And those whose souls to thine, thro' years, had  
grown,  
Will find thee somewhere in the great unknown.

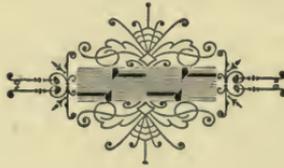
It is not long to wait ; our years are few.  
Time speeds along his course with flying feet.  
Naught can the life of yesterday renew,  
And no to-morrow will to-day repeat.  
It is not long to wait, nor far to go,  
Yet to the lonely ones that loved thee so,  
All time, all space is full of weary woe.

Thy pathway lay not always in the light,  
But come what would, thy great undaunted soul  
Was true to its conviction of the right,  
As the magnetic needle to the pole.  
Thou didst not learn the truth from seer or sage,  
From cabalistic lore or sacred page ;  
It was thy guiding star from youth to age.

COLONEL JAMES P. DRAKE.

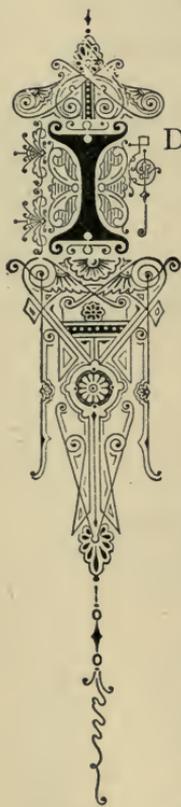
And charity was of thy life a part ;  
It touched and tuned the fibers of thy brain,  
Folded its snow-white pinions in thy heart,  
And sung to thee, always, love's sweet refrain.  
The homeless turned to thee in their distress,  
The helpless widow and the fatherless ;  
The stricken aged named thee but to bless.

BEECH BANK, SEPTEMBER 18, 1879.





❖ MORNING LAND OF LIFE. ❖



DWELT in a bright land, far away—  
A beautiful morning land,  
Where the winds and wild birds sung all  
day,  
And the waves, repeating their roundelay,  
Danced over the golden sand.

I know the paths o'er its low, green hills,  
The banks where its violets grow,  
The osier clumps by its laughing rills,  
And the odor its every flower distils,  
Though I left it long ago.

I know where the sibyl Summer weaves  
The charm of her sweetest spell ;  
Where the soft south wind and the low-  
voiced leaves  
Make a touching plaint, like a sprite that  
grieves  
In the heart of a rose-lipped shell.

## MORNING LAND OF LIFE.

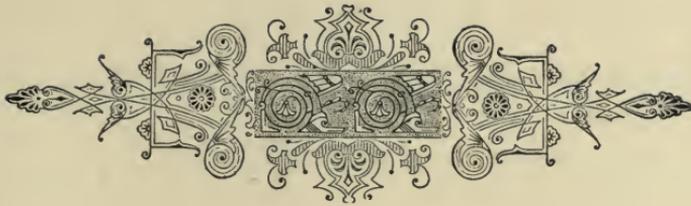
I know the cliff where the lichen clings,  
And the crimson berries grow ;  
Where the mists are woven in rainbow rings,  
And the cascade leaps with its snowy wings  
To the shadowy pool below.

But, alas ! for me its pleasant bowers,  
And the radiant bloom they wore,  
The birds that sung, and the sunny showers  
That kissed the lips of the fair young flowers,  
Are never, nevermore !

Ah, no ! the heart that has learned for years,  
The lore of sorrow and pain ;  
The eyes bedimmed by time and tears,  
The lips grown pale with unspoken fears,  
Can never return again.

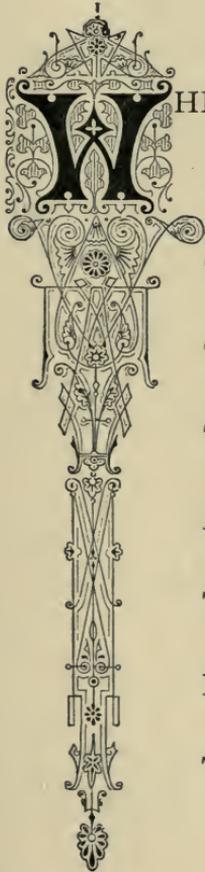
Yet, Eden home of the Eden time,  
When my lonely heart rebels,  
Thy voices come, through the rust and rime  
Of the weary world, like the soothing chime  
Of distant Sabbath bells.

And when my path in the future seems  
With clouds and darkness rife,  
I wander away, in my waking dreams,  
To thy dewy bowers and sunny streams  
Sweet Morning Land of Life.



❖ To MRS. LOVE. ❖

ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE, DECEMBER 25, 1871.



WHEN I met thee, gentle lady, in the days of  
long ago,

This world of ours was fairer than it  
seemeth now, I trow.

The meadow grass was greener, the sky a  
deeper blue,

The stars in the heaven were brighter—  
brighter every drop of dew ;

The shining rills and rivers sung a softer  
melodie,

As they went, arrayed in diamonds, to  
their bridal with the sea.

The birds made sweeter singing midst the  
summer-scented leaves,

Richer gold and crimson curtains hung  
around the dying eves,

The winds dropped fonder kisses on the  
lips of fairer flowers,

TO MRS. LOVE.

And love wove richer garlands down the pathway of the  
hours ;

The frosts and snows of winter o'erflowed with joy and  
glee ;

There was laughter in the raindrops, there was laughter  
in the sea.

O the charm, the joy of living in the glory and the glow  
Of the days we left behind us, in the bloom of long ago !

The future may be pleasant, but it never can repay  
The freshness and the beauty that the past has swept  
away.

We may understand in Heaven all life's sorrow, all its  
cost ;

We may find amidst the angels, the angels we have lost ;  
But will they wear the semblance of the same dear forms  
they wore

When they faded from our vision to the bright Elysian  
shore ?

Shall we know them by their voices, by their faces still so  
dear ?

Will they clasp our hands and greet us, as they used to  
greet us here ?

Faith answers to my yearning : " In some blessed world  
above,

Thy heart shall find its treasures, by the instincts of its  
love."

So, in God's good grace believing, I trust and wander on,  
Through the shadows of the twilight, to the glories of the  
dawn.

TO MRS. LOVE.

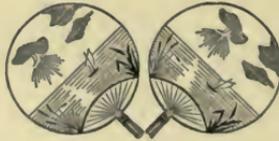
But, sometimes in my dreaming, comes a soft, uncertain  
    strain,  
Trembling from the walls of heaven. I know the sweet  
    refrain,  
And seem to hear the footsteps that may come no more  
    below,  
And listen to the voices of the happy long ago.  
Thus my weary heart is cheated, in the vision land of  
    sleep,  
One bright, delicious moment—but, alas! it wakes to  
    weep.  
O, the sky has lost its sunshine, the stars are dim and  
    cold,  
And the world to me, in seeming, is growing gray and  
    old.  
The fancy that beguiled me wears a fetter on her wing,  
And the harp I touched to music once has many a broken  
    string.

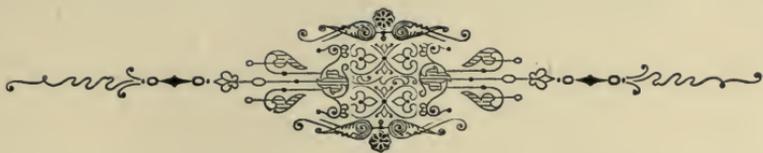
But thine, O gentle lady, is a brighter, better way ;  
The hope that walked beside thee down the flowery paths  
    of May,  
Has never failed or fainted in the radiant hours of June,  
And thy life has had few shadows from its dawning to its  
    noon.  
No storm has dimmed thy spirit, no mildew stained thy  
    flowers,  
And sweetest birds are singing still, among thy summer  
    bowers.  
Love dwells with pleasant duty, peace sits beside thy  
    door ;

TO MRS. LOVE.

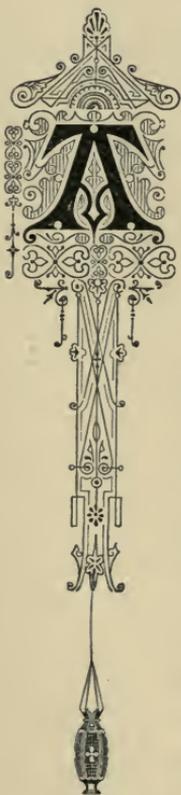
The past is bright behind thee, the future bright before.  
But the fairest rose that bloometh some touch of blight  
    may bear :  
The lightest heart may sometimes faint beneath unwonted  
    care.  
Life's sweetest cup is mingled with bitterest drops of gall,  
And the shadow of a cloudlet on the brightest path may  
    fall.  
But if all that seemeth lovely, lofty, tender, pure and  
    good,  
Unselfish, true and worshipful in full-orbed womanhood,  
Might win the fairest human lot our Father could assign,  
The light, the joy, the paradise, dear lady, would be  
    thine.

DRESDEN, SAXONY, JANUARY, 1872.





↗ NOTE THE BRIGHT HOURS ONLY. ↖



LESSON beautiful, sublime,  
And worth the soul's enshrining,  
Is this: "I take no heed of time,  
Save when the sun is shining."  
These motto-words a dial bore,  
And wisdom never preaches  
To human hearts a better lore  
Than this short sentence teaches.  
As life is sometimes bright and fair,  
And sometimes dark and lonely,  
Let us forget its pain and care,  
And note its bright hours only.

There is no grove on earth's broad chart  
But has some bird to cheer it;  
So hope sings on in every heart,  
Although we may not hear it.

NOTE THE BRIGHT HOURS ONLY.

And if to-day the heavy wing  
Of sorrow is oppressing,  
Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring  
The weary heart a blessing.  
For life is sometimes bright and fair,  
And sometimes dark and lonely ;  
Then let's forget its toil and care,  
And note its bright hours only.

We bid the joyous moments haste,  
And then forget their glitter ;  
We take the cup of life, and taste  
No portion but the bitter.  
But we should teach our hearts to deem  
Its sweetest drops the strongest ;  
And pleasant hours should ever seem  
To linger round us longest.  
As life is sometimes bright and fair,  
And sometimes dark and lonely,  
Let us forget its toil and care,  
And note its bright hours only.

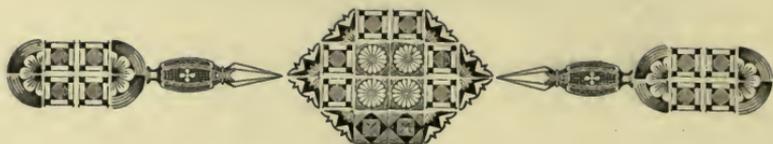
The darkest shadows of the night  
Are just before the morning,  
Then let us wait the coming light,  
All boding phantoms scorning.  
And while we're passing on the tide  
Of Time's fast ebbing river,  
Let's pluck the blossoms by its side,  
And bless the gracious Giver.

NOTE THE BRIGHT HOURS ONLY.

As life is sometimes bright and fair,  
And sometimes dark and lonely,  
We should forget its pain and care,  
And note its bright hours only.

INDIANAPOLIS.





→ TO MRS. WILLIAM J. BROWN. ←

ON HER BIRTHDAY.



BY a not uncommon freak of fate  
I can not mend,  
Your invitation came too late  
To enable me, in proper state,  
To honor the day you celebrate,  
My old-time friend.

It would do no good to fume and fret,  
To pout or pine ;  
But for many a day I shall regret  
That I was not with the friends who met  
To keep your birthday fete—and yet  
The loss was mine.

You have traveled nearly as far as I  
On life's highway.  
We met when our summer sun was high,



TO MRS. WILLIAM J. BROWN.

The promise fair for a cloudless sky ;  
But two-score years have flitted by  
    Since that far day.

We did our best, in those old, dead years  
    That went and came ;  
The world was not, as it now appears,  
But we had our cares, our hopes and fears,  
Our short-lived joys and bitter tears,  
    Our praise and blame.

We wrought in the storm, the wintry blast  
    And burning sun ;  
Hoped on, when our sky was overcast,  
Clung, on the wreck, to the tottering mast ;  
The storm is spent and the danger past—  
    But what is won?

The loss, too surely, outweighs the gain  
    For which we strove ;  
Some cherished memories still remain.  
The graves we made, with tears and pain,  
And some odd links of the broken chain  
    Of household love.

But the dear old friends have nearly all  
    Now passed away  
Beyond the reach of our love's recall ;  
Beyond the shadow, beyond the thrall  
Of the countless ills that needs must fall  
    Along life's way.

TO MRS. WILLIAM J. BROWN.

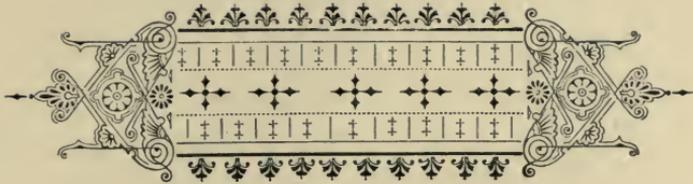
With the friends we won in the paths of youth,  
    Life's brightness ends ;  
We tried and trusted their love and truth,  
But, alas ! for love, and loss, and ruth,  
We shall find their like no more, in sooth—  
    Age makes no friends.

We know, by the milestones on the way  
    We twain have passed,  
And eke by the sunset's lessening ray,  
And by the lengthening shadows gray,  
That the twilight of our busy day  
    Is falling fast.

Would we start again where we begun  
    When hope was high—  
Where the first fair thread of life was spun,  
In the rosy light of the morning sun,  
And strive for the guerdon we have won?  
    So would not I.

Our lives are not as we hoped and planned,  
    In good and gain,  
But a Father leads us by the hand,  
Through darkening paths of the evening-land,  
And what we have failed to understand  
    He will make plain.

BEECH BANK, JANUARY 8, 1879.



→ **A** PIONEER + GRANDMOTHER. ◀



LADY sat in a boudoir,  
In a costly easy chair,  
With many a fold of dainty lace  
Falling around her aged face,  
And shading her snow-white hair.

Over the Gobelin carpet,  
The pictures and mirrors bright,  
Tables with mother-of-pearl inlaid,  
And amber curtains of rare brocade,  
Trembled a golden light.

A bird, in a gilded network,  
Was singing a plaintive strain,  
Of murmuring brooks and whispering  
breeze,  
Learned far away, in the plantain trees  
It never should see again.

## A PIONEER GRANDMOTHER.

But the lady sat as dreaming,  
Or watching the embers' glow.  
While her thoughts went back through many years,  
To the loves and labors, the hopes and fears,  
Of a home in the long ago.



And again she lulled her baby  
To sleep at the close of day ;  
Prepared her husband's evening meal,

## A PIONEER GRANDMOTHER.

Then filled her distaff and turned her wheel  
Till the evening stole away.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Grandmother,” said little Cora,  
“Grandmother, why do you sigh?”  
And then, as she stroked the wrinkled face  
With her dimpled hands and childish grace,  
“Was you ever as small as I?”

“And were you obliged to study  
Hard lessons the livelong day?  
And did your governess scold and frown  
Because you happened to tear your gown,  
Or soil your hands at play?”

“And if you ran in the garden,  
Chasing a bird or bee,  
Was she sure to say, ‘O naughty girl!  
You have tossed your hair quite out of curl;  
You shall not go down to tea?’”

“Come, sit you down, little Cora,  
And I’ll tell you something new.  
I was seventy-five years old last May,  
Yet I remember, as yesterday,  
When I was as small as you.

## A PIONEER GRANDMOTHER.

“ We lived in a wild, new country,  
In a settlement just begun ;  
My best was a linsey-woolsey gown,  
And my hands and face were cherry brown,  
With working in wind and sun.

“ Our home was a rude log cabin,  
With many a crack and patch ;  
A loft and a poplar puncheon floor,  
An earthen hearth and a clapboard door,  
With a string and a white-oak latch.

“ Our one little oblong window,  
Where the wind and the sun could pass,  
Was opened and shut with a sliding board ;  
For a pioneer could ill afford  
A sash frame, putty and glass.

“ Without, through the livelong winter,  
Went ringing my father's ax ;  
Within, the cards and warping-reel,  
The flying shuttle and spinning wheel  
Sung songs to the wool and flax.

“ We children worked in the clearing,  
As busy as bees, all day,  
Piling and burning the chips and brush—  
But after our supper of milk and mush,  
Had time to study and play

## A PIONEER GRANDMOTHER.

“A game of ‘Puss wants a corner,’  
In the shellbark hickory light,  
And we huddled down in the chimney nook,  
With our one old slate and spelling book,  
And learned to read and to write.

“Then, in the beautiful springtime,  
Up with the birds at morn ;  
We fed the chickens and milked the cows,  
Prepared the dinner or followed the plows,  
Dropping and covering corn.

“But O, in the plenteous harvest,  
In the summer’s golden prime ;  
When we bound the sheaves or raked the hay,  
And hauled it home at the close of day,  
We had the merriest time.

“I married a brave, young farmer,  
With neither land nor gold,  
And carded my fleeces, spun and wove,  
In my humble home, a-light with love,  
Till your father was five years old.

“Since then, by chances and changes,  
No thought of mine had planned,  
I floated up, on the tide of fate,  
To the plane of those who live in state,  
And rule with a golden wand.

A PIONEER GRANDMOTHER.

“But my heart, with a weary longing,  
Turned from palace, hearth and hall,  
To the cabin home, with its simple ways,  
And the honest love of the dear old days—  
The happiest days of all.

“For the sphere we live in, darling,  
Like the beautiful world of art,  
Has faultless coloring, taste and tone—  
And faultless forms in marble stone,  
But rarely a human heart.”

BEECH BANK, MARCH 14, 1874.





→ NO LITTLE BAPTISTE RITZINGER ←



LITTLE dimpled form and face,  
Folded now in love's embrace,  
Who thy horoscope can trace?

Eyes as darkly, brightly blue  
As twin pansies, wet with dew,  
When the morning sun shines through.

Baby brow, so smooth and fair,  
Fringed about with silken hair ;  
Dainty lips, like rosebuds rare.

Tiny, tender hands and feet,  
White as lilies and as sweet ;  
Little heart that has not beat

One whole year among the flowers,  
Summer sunshine, winter showers,  
Of this shadowy land of ours.

## LITTLE BAPTISTE RITZINGER.

Where thy future lot shall be,  
What the years will bring to thee,  
Nor sage nor sibyl can foresee.

Though thy pathway may be fair,  
None are free from toil and care ;  
Every soul has much to bear.

Last fair scion of thy race,  
Though thine eyes may never trace  
Love-light on thy father's face,

Happy that thou art his son,  
Strive to do as he has done,  
And achieve the meed he won.

Bearer of the same sweet name,  
Heir to his unsullied fame,  
More than this thou scarce could'st claim.

Not in seeming, but in sooth,  
Lay the cornerstone of Truth,  
In the building of thy youth.

Learn whatever man may learn ;  
Speech embody, thought discern,  
Where the lamps of science burn :

That thy manhood may be grand,  
Not as builded on the sand,  
But a tower of strength to stand.

LITTLE BAPTISTE RITZINGER.

Stand in majesty and might  
For the good, the true, the right,  
Guiding others by its light.

Store thy mind with treasures rare ;  
Train thy heart and hand to bear ;  
Work awaits thee everywhere.

There are lands no eye hath seen ;  
Seas where man has never been ;  
Boundless harvest fields to glean.

There are songs no lip has sung ;  
Facts untaught by human tongue ;  
Mines of golden thought unsprung.

There are planes and heights sublime,  
Where no foot has dared to climb,  
In the metes and bounds of time.

There is warp and woof to weave ;  
Truth from error to retrieve ;  
Much for brave hearts to achieve.

Much to do in word and deed,  
By the sowers of good seed ;  
Men of whom the world has need.

Little, dainty human flower,  
Shielded now from sun and shower,  
Child of love in love's own bower ;

LITTLE BAPTISTE RITZINGER.

These strange words I write to thee,  
All unbidden came to me,  
In poetic prophecy.

Thou may'st find their meaning when,  
Eloquent of tongue and pen,  
Thou shalt help thy fellow-men.

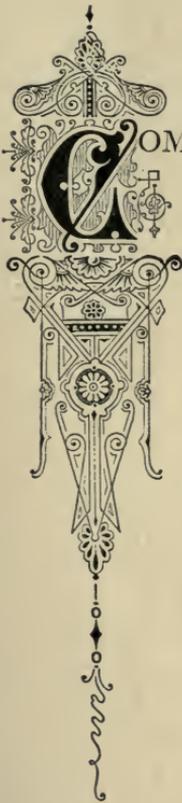
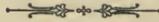
Help them to receive their sight  
Who are walking in the night  
Or in dim, uncertain light.

BEECH BANK, JUNE 18, 1878.





❖ INVOCATION. ❖ ←



COME to me, gentle muse. Hast thou forsaken  
The heart that trembled in thy smile so  
long?

Come, touch my spirit harp-strings, and  
awaken  
The spell, the soul, the witchery of song.

Too long have I been bound in care's  
dominion ;

Thou, only thou, canst break the strong  
control ;

Come, with thy radiant brow and starry  
pinion,  
And bring again the sunlight to my soul.

## INVOCATION.

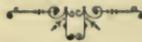
Come to me. Life is all too dark and dreary  
When thou, my guiding spirit, art not near ;  
Come—I have sought thee till my heart is weary,  
And still I watch and wait—appear, appear !

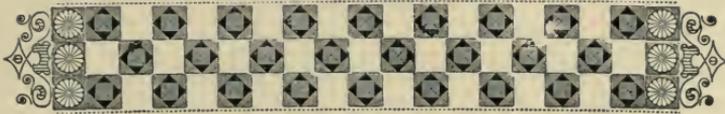
Come to me when the star-gems are adorning  
The sable curtains of the midnight sky ;  
Come, when Aurora decks the halls of morning  
With gorgeous folds of crimson tapestry.

Come to me when the fervid sun is glowing  
In noontide splendor over hill and glade ;  
Come—I will meet thee where cool streams are flowing  
In tranquil beauty through the forest shade.

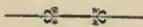
Come to me in the purple gloom of even,  
When flowers are sleeping on the green earth's breast ;  
When peace hath spread her wing o'er earth and  
Heaven,  
And zephyr sighs not in his dreamless rest.

Come, let us wander in a world ideal,  
Where Eden's bowers are given to our sight,  
And forms too bright, too glorious to be real,  
People a world of loveliness and light.





❖ SLANDER. ❖



*I.*



THE hoary frost may touch with chilling finger  
The fairest flower that blooms beneath  
the skies,  
And leave a mildew on its breast to linger,  
Despoiling all the radiance of its dyes.  
The dew's pure tears, the gentle zephyr's  
sighs,  
Are powerless to obliterate the stain.  
It sears and cankers, till the blossom lies  
A wreck of faded beauty on the plain,  
Never to glad the earth with its sweet  
breath again.

*II.*

And thus it is with woman's reputation—  
Her brightest ornament, her richest  
dower,  
A breath, a little word of defamation,

## SLANDER.

Though spoken in a whisper, has the power  
To blight it as the frost may blight the flower ;  
To hush the voice of love, whose magic tone  
    Could cheer her spirit in its saddest hour ;  
To dim the star that o'er her pathway shone,  
And leave her broken heart all desolate and lone.

### *III.*

No life is free from faults—to err is human ;  
    But what in man is scarcely deemed offense,  
The world condemns as heinous in a woman.  
    Gossip awakens, straining soul and sense,  
    And goaded on to madness by suspense,  
Weaves wonders in her tissue, day by day,  
    Till curiosity becomes intense  
To know the time, the manner and the way,  
That some frail human heart was wiled and led astray.

### *IV.*

Perchance the tattler, busily retailing  
    Vile rumors, viler hints, designs to show  
In the broad light of some one one's fault or failing,  
    Himself, as pure and spotless as the snow.  
    Alas, for human weakness—is this so?  
How can the tree be good that bears such fruit?  
    Can bitter water from sweet fountains flow?  
These test, no sophistry can e'er refute,  
And they should speak aloud, to keep the slanderer  
    mute.

## SLANDER.

### V.

Alas, how many a burning tear has started,  
How many a life-drop from the heart been wrung ;  
How many a woman, pure and gentle-hearted,  
Has died of poison from a slanderous tongue !  
It clings to high and low, to old and young ;  
It breathes from lips as fair as opening flowers ;  
Then is it like the serpent hid among  
The fragrance and the bloom of Eden's bowers.  
An angel clothed in light, with Satan's hellish powers.

### VI.

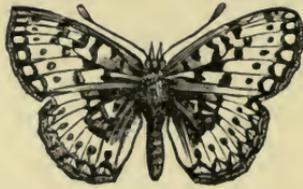
O, for the blessed charity that smothers  
The tares our selfishness has blindly sown,  
That leads us, when we scan the lives of others,  
To look within and scrutinize our own.  
If all our feelings, thoughts and deeds were known,  
How would we steal away with crimson shame,  
Like those of old, who dared not cast a stone  
On the frail creature who incurred their blame,  
Knowing their hearts were worse than her's they  
would defame.

### VII.

None but the Omniscient Eye, the Eye All-seeing  
From man's creation to his destined end,  
Can judge impartially a human being,  
Or tell the goal to which his footsteps tend.

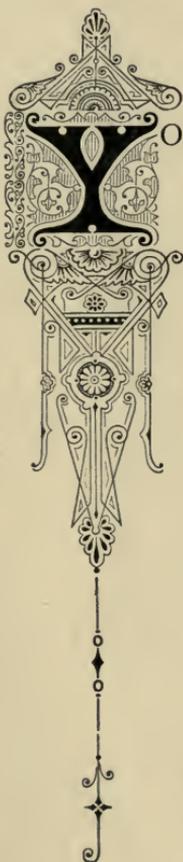
## SLANDER.

We only know that good and evil blend  
In human hearts, like mingled light and shade ;  
That all have faults and foibles to amend.  
Then let us cease to censure and upbraid,  
And give the weak support, encouragement and aid.





→ TO MISS LOU M. RANKIN. ←



OUR present to me shall a souvenir be,  
A treasure, a charm, with sweet memories fraught ;  
In its rose-hues I trace the blush on your face,  
When it lights from the soul with beautiful thought.

Its pearls, gleaming bright, on a ground lily white,  
Are symbols of purity, goodness and truth ;  
And its figure and air, so graceful and fair,  
Remind me of gentleness, beauty and youth.

As dainty it seems, as if wrought of the dreams  
That come when the brain fails its empire to keep,

MISS LOU M. RANKIN.

And Fancy alone takes her seat on the throne,  
With scepter and crown, in the kingdom of sleep.

O what shall I say, that would ever repay  
This offering of friendship, unselfish and true?  
I've nothing to bring, save the poor song I sing;  
But pray let me tell you what fain I would do:

If I were the king of some island, where Spring  
Keeps her brow ever white and her heart ever green,  
In the freshness and sweetness of beauty's completeness,  
I'd crown you with myrtle and make you my queen.

I would build you a bower of every fair flower  
That gives out its odorous wealth to the air;  
Where the troubadour breeze, coming in from the seas,  
Would kiss your fair brow and caress your brown hair.

I would carpet its floors and curtain its doors  
With the radiant banners that hang in the skies;  
That hang far away, where the slumberous day,  
Like a king on his couch, in the purple light dies.

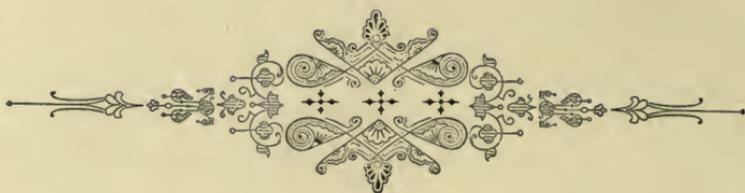
There, care should not borrow a thought of the morrow,  
Nor dream of the past, or the future annoy,  
But elegant leisure and innocent pleasure  
Should bury each day in a cycle of joy.

MISS LOU M. RANKIN.

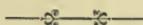
The murmur of rills, stealing down from the hills,  
Should lull you to slumber delicious and light,  
While the waves, hand in hand, knelt down in the sand,  
And worshipped the stars in the chambers of night.

BEECH BANK, MARCH 6, 1876.

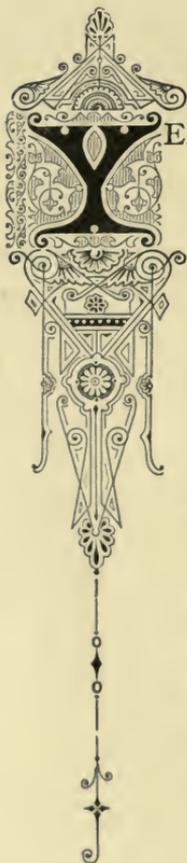




❖ LIFE'S CHANGES. ❖



I.



YEARS ago, when flowers were flinging  
Fragrance over vale and hill,  
Sat a maiden in a bower,  
At the starry twilight hour ;  
Music from her soul was winging,  
Merry as a wild-bird's trill.  
In my dreams I hear her singing  
Like a minstrel angel still.

Never, in a poet's trances,  
Gleamed a creature half so fair  
As that gentle girl reclining  
Where the blossom-boughs were twining,  
Pouring out her radiant fancies,  
Like sweet odors on the air ;  
Never did the old romances  
Paint a face and form so rare.

## LIFE'S CHANGES.

While she sung the raven lashes  
Half-concealed her azure eyes,  
And the fitful light of feeling  
To her fair young cheek came stealing,  
Like the sunlight when it flashes  
Softly from the summer skies—  
Like the sunlight when it flashes  
Where a pleasant shadow lies.

Seemed her lips like rosebuds showing  
Crimson leaves but half unfurled ;  
And like midnight shadows darkling,  
Where the spotless snow lies sparkling,  
O'er her neck and bosom flowing,  
Raven ringlets curled.  
Oh! she was too pure, too glowing,  
For a sad and weary world.

### II.

Young and happy hearts were meeting,  
In an ancient vaulted hall,  
Where the radiant light was beaming,  
Where the sparkling wine was streaming,  
And the fairy moments fleeting—  
Fleeting free from sorrow's thrall ;  
Holy love was fondly cheating  
Life in that ancestral hall.

There a brow was bound with roses,  
Pure and spotless as the snow ;  
There the sacred vows were spoken—

## LIFE'S 'CHANGES.

Vows that must remain unbroken  
Till the busy journey closes  
    On the pilgrim path below,  
Till the weary heart reposes  
    From its throbs of joy and woe.

### *III.*

There was sorrow, there was sighing,  
    By a darkened cottage hearth ;  
Sorrow for a treasure given  
To its resting-place in Heaven ;  
Sorrow for a blossom dying,  
    Dying almost at its birth ;  
Bitter wailing, weary sighing,  
    Ye are voices of the earth.

There a stricken mother, weeping,  
    Sat beside a cradle bed,  
Where an infant lay, in seeming,  
Hushed to quiet rest, and dreaming  
Dreaming of the angels keeping  
    Vigil there, with silent tread.  
Will it ever wake from sleeping?  
    Not till God awakes the dead.

### *IV.*

Years went by, and I was wending  
    Through a churchyard's deepening gloom,  
On a pleasant summer even,  
When the starlight came from Heaven,

## LIFE'S CHANGES.

Like a gentle spirit tending  
    Fairy blossoms in their bloom ;  
And I saw a woman bending  
    By a willow-shaded tomb.

In her tresses, closely braided,  
    Mingled many a thread of white ;  
And her brow, once bright with gladness,  
Wore the starless gloom of sadness ;  
Lip and cheek were withered, faded—  
    Faded by the spirit's blight ;  
Long and raven lashes shaded  
    Eyes no longer glad and bright.

Death, the ruthless one, had riven  
    Every kind and kindred tie.  
Every blessed hope adorning  
Life's all-bright, bewitching morning,  
One by one to dust were given,  
    As the weary years went by ;  
Not a trust had she but Heaven,  
    Not a longing but to die.

## V.

And that faded widow, keeping  
    Vigil by the graves alone,  
Was the lovely maiden singing  
Where the blossom-boughs were clinging—  
Was the bride with pulses leaping  
    Free to love's delicious tone—

## LIFE'S CHANGES.

Was the childless mother, weeping  
O'er the hopes that Death had strown.

These, I said to Death and Sorrow,  
Are the changes ye can bring.  
Death replied: "Poor, finite mortal,  
I unclothe the blessed portal  
Of a bright and glorious morrow,  
Of a never-fading spring;  
And the light that Faith may borrow  
Ever robs me of my sting."

Sorrow answered to my chiding,  
While the tear-drops filled her eyes:  
"Though I make life's pathway dreary,  
Till the human soul grows weary,  
'Tis that sinful hearts, confiding  
In their idol-gods, may rise  
To the blessedness abiding,  
Never-ending, in the skies."

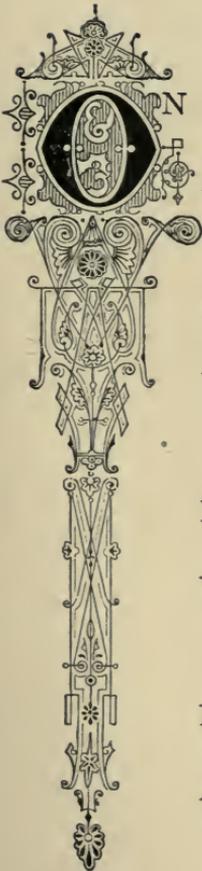
INDIANAPOLIS, AUGUST, 1849.





❖ IN MEMORIAM. ❖

JOSEPH V. LINGLE.



ON the sea of life sails many a bark  
Freighted with sorrow and pain,  
And they still sail on, thro' storm and dark,  
For little of good or gain.

But a beautiful ship, with pennants bright,  
From the harbor sailed away,  
When the sea reflected the golden light  
Of a cloudless summer day.

It was manned with Aspirations high,  
And the radiant Hope of youth,  
With Genius, Honor and Purity,  
And the captain's name was Truth.

It sailed away with a precious freight,  
And promise of great renown.  
Alas! for the stern decrees of fate,  
The beautiful ship went down!

IN MEMORIAM.

Went down, O God, in a summer sea,  
With never a wave to fret—  
When a favoring wind was fair and free,  
And the snowy sails all set.

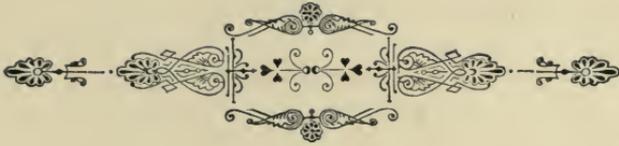
Went down in the sight of the loving eyes  
And the hearts that yearned to save ;  
From the rosy light of morning skies  
To the darkness of the grave.

And the sorrow-freighted barks sail on,  
Through storm and blinding spray ;  
God only knows why that fairest one  
Went down in the sea that day.

He only knoweth to count the cost  
Of the priceless wealth it bore.  
And what the living and loving lost,  
That time can never restore.

BEECH BANK, APRIL 3, 1880.





→ PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE. ←



VOYAGER upon life's sea,  
To yourself be true,  
And where'er your lot may be,  
Paddle your own canoe.  
Never, though the winds may rave,  
Falter nor look back ;  
But upon the darkest wave  
Leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm,  
Stem the hardest gale ;  
Brave of heart and strong of arm,  
You will never fail.  
When the world is cold and dark,  
Keep an aim in view,  
And toward the beacon mark  
Paddle your own canoe.

## PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

Every wave that bears you on  
To the silent shore,  
From its sunny source has gone  
To return no more.  
Then let not an hour's delay  
Cheat you of your due ;  
But, while it is called to-day,  
Paddle your own canoe.

If your birth denied you wealth,  
Lofty state and power ;  
Honest fame and hardy health  
Are a better dower.  
But if these will not suffice,  
Golden gain pursue ;  
And, to win the glittering prize,  
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame  
From the hand of fate?  
Would you write a deathless name  
With the good and great?  
Would you bless your fellow-men?  
Heart and soul imbue  
With the holy task, and then  
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant wrong,  
In the world's free fight?  
With a spirit brave and strong,  
Battle for the right ;

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

And to break the chains that bind  
The many to the few,  
To enfranchise slavish mind—  
Paddle your own canoe.

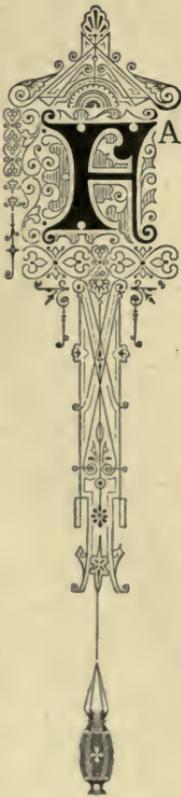
*Nothing great is lightly won;  
Nothing won is lost;  
Every good deed, nobly done,  
Will repay the cost.  
Leave to Heaven, in humble trust,  
All you will to do;  
But if you succeed, you must  
Paddle your own canoe.*

WASHINGTON, D. C., 1853.





→ UNION + FOREVER. ←



HAIR banner of our native land,  
Shall thy proud stars and stripes be riven  
By faction's voice and treason's hand?  
No, no ; forbid it, Heaven !  
Forbid it, ye who bravely hurled  
Defiance at the oppressor's ban,  
And won for this broad Western World  
Freedom, the rights of man.  
Forbid it, ye who proudly reap  
The harvest sown by patriot, sage ;  
Show to all time that ye can keep,  
Unstained, your glorious heritage.  
Speak, children of the brave and free ;  
Speak out and let your watchword be  
Union forever !

## UNION FOREVER.

By every pallid face that turns  
From burdens it can bear no more ;  
By every weary heart that yearns  
To find a home on Freedom's shore ;  
By every high and hoary throne  
Where tyranny's red banner waves ;  
By every bitter tear and groan  
Of Europe's fair-browed slaves ;  
By common interest, kindred ties ;  
By every altar, home and hearth ;  
By all you cherish, all you prize—  
The hope of heaven, the peace of earth ;  
Speak, children of the brave and free—  
Speak out, and let your watchword be  
Union forever !

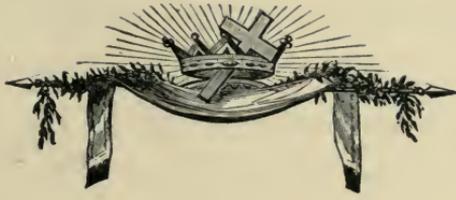
Now is the time for action ! Tread  
The path our country's fathers trod ;  
Guard well the shrine to which it led,  
And leave the rest to God,  
Trusting that his Almighty Power  
Will stay the rage of faction's might,  
Roll back the clouds that o'er us lower,  
And say : " Let there be light !"  
Now is the time for action—strike !  
Not in hot wrath, with flashing swords,  
But be your warfare Christian-like,  
Your weapons, soothing words.  
Let every land and every sea  
Echo the watchword of the free,  
Union forever !

## UNION FOREVER.

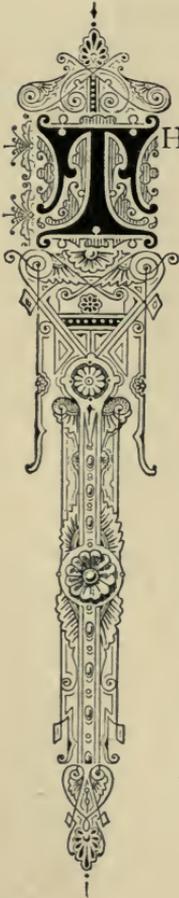
Shall old despotic throne and crown,  
Rejoicing, see the accursed hour  
That dims forever the renown  
Of fair Columbia's power?  
Shall the mute suffering, voiceless woe,  
And the white faces of the slain,  
Who died for freedom long ago,  
Appeal to you in vain?  
No! by their memories proud and grand,  
By all that makes, by all that mars  
The growing greatness of our land,  
Part not the stripes and stars!  
But speak, speak out, till land and sea  
Repeat the watchword of the free,  
UNION FOREVER!

INDIANAPOLIS, MARCH, 1861.





→ RANDOLPH + STEPHEN + ROACHE. ←



THE summer has returned again to nurse the  
fair young flowers ;  
The birds that sung to thee last year, sing  
in the same green bowers ;  
The sweet wind from the sunny South sighs  
where it used to kiss thee ;  
Thou wert akin to these bright things, and  
well, I ween, they miss thee.

And now, when Nature's gentle heart in  
life renewed rejoices,  
Perchance they woo and call thee back with  
their harmonious voices ;  
But all in vain they woo and call at rosy  
morn or even,  
There is no loveliness on earth to win thee  
back from Heaven.

RANDOLPH STEPHEN ROACHE.

The hearts that break and bleed for thee with tender,  
speechless yearning ;

The eyes that only wake to weep look not for thy return-  
ing.

To them the day dawns drearily, the evening hours move  
slower,

The voices of the winds and waves sing sadder songs and  
lower.

They meet familiar faces by the home-hearth brightly  
glowing,

But miss a form, a footstep, that was ever coming, going ;  
And they try to still old memories—alas, the vain  
endeavor !

The rooms, the board, the hearthstone are empty, and  
forever.

This world has need of such as thou—true, generous,  
nobly daring—

To lighten burdens fainter hearts and feebler hands are  
bearing ;

To fill its lofty places, guide the wayward, lift the lowly,  
And sow the seeds of truth and right, where goodness  
ripens slowly.

But could we see thee as thou art, in thine immortal  
beauty,

And comprehend thy larger work, thy grander field of  
duty,

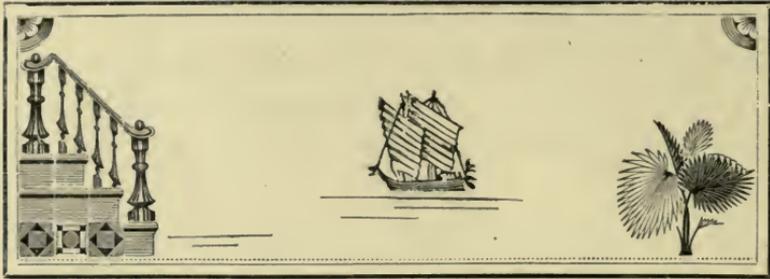
RANDOLPH STEPHEN ROACHE.

Thy gifted soul developing, expanding, growing stronger,  
We should not weep and vainly wish thine earth-life had  
been longer.

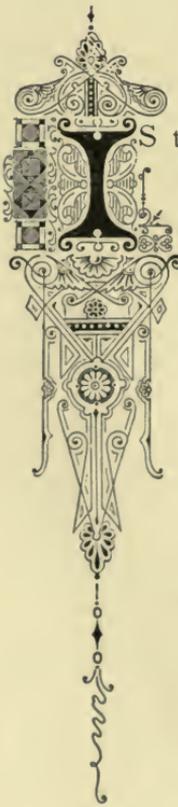
Longer to suffer, weep and wait, to reap and garner sor-  
row,  
To count the dreams of yesterday, the pledges of to-  
morrow,  
To struggle for some gilded prize not worth the toil of  
winning ;  
To waste along life's weary way the wealth of its begin-  
ning.

We should rejoice that thou wert saved ere life had lost its  
brightness,  
Ere time and care had dwarfed thy soul, or sin had stained  
its whiteness ;  
But in our human tenderness, and in our mortal blindness,  
We can not see thy glorious gain through God's unerring  
kindness.

And in the shadow of thy home, Hope veils her face and  
falters,  
While weeping Love tries vainly to rebuild her broken  
altars ;  
But Mercy holds the bitter cup a Father's hand hath  
given,  
And Faith stands pointing up to thee, safe by the throne  
of Heaven.



→ TO MISS MARY LOVE. ←



— — — — —  
S there aught of bright and fair,  
Gentle, tender, pure and rare,  
Bewitching, fairy,  
On the earth or in the air,  
That my fancy might compare  
To thee, sweet Mary?

Not the rich and regal rose,  
In whose heart the nectar flows  
For every comer ;  
Nor that flower which only blows  
On the breast of Alpine snows,  
Unknown to Summer ;

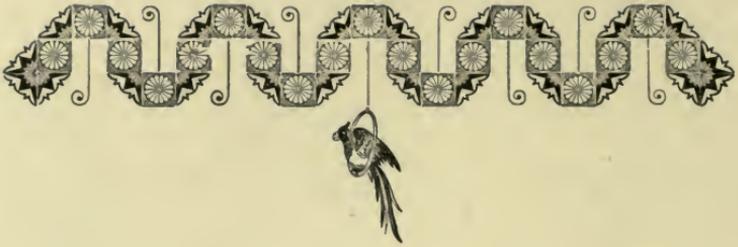
Not the odor-freighted breeze,  
Wooing sweets from tropic trees,  
With fond caressing ;

MISS MARY LOVE.

Nor the sunshine on the seas—  
Ne'ertheless thou art like these,  
A joy, a blessing.

BEECH BANK, 1880.





❖ DIODATI. ❖\*



HAVE seen thee, Diodati ;  
I have wandered in thy bowers ;  
I have mused in the cool shadows .  
Of thy venerable pines ;  
Have inhaled, in starry twilight,  
The sweet fragrance of thy flowers,  
And listened to thy voices,  
O most beautiful of shrines !

In a fair and fertile valley,  
Cradled in by snow-capped mountains,  
Thou art sleeping in the sunshine  
Of a cloudless summer sky ;  
While the gallant, graceful Leman,  
Gathering up thy sparkling fountains,  
Kneels at thy feet and worships,  
With his glorious minstrelsy.

\*The residence of Lord Byron in 1816, where he wrote "Manfred," and the third canto of "Childe Harold."

## DIODATI.

I have revelled in thy beauty  
Till my very soul is laden ;  
But grander, higher interests  
To thee and thine belong ;  
For thou wert the home of genius,  
Thou hast been a poet's Aidenn,  
And thy groves, to me, seem vocal  
With the glory of his song.

He has dreamed sweet dreams of beauty  
'Neath these summer-garnished arches ;  
He has seen the radiant visions  
Which poetic fancy weaves ;  
He has heard the night-wind singing  
In the green glooms of these larches,  
And caught the soft responses  
Of the trembling, low-voiced leaves.

He beheld, from this same terrace,  
Clouds and darkness, lake and mountains,  
Lightnings, winds and waters revelling,  
With a fierce, terrific mirth ;  
Heard the voices of the thunder,  
And the laughter of the fountains,  
Pealing out as if rejoicing  
Over "a young earthquake's birth."

He could see the giant Jura,  
With his head so high and hoary,  
Wrapped away in folded shadows  
On the bosom of the night :

## DIODATI.

Or encircled with far flashes  
Of a wild and ghostly glory,  
As the watchfires of the storm-king  
Blazed aloft, from crag and height.

Clouds and tempest, winds and waters,  
Ere the morning's dawn ceased raging,  
And the lovely face of nature  
Was unsullied by a scar ;  
But the mad, ungoverned passions  
In that poet's heart kept waging  
With life and with humanity  
A longer, wilder war.

Thou hast seen him, Diodati,  
With his cold and haughty bearing ;  
With his nobly gifted spirit,  
Tortured by its self-made strife,  
Worshipping some earth-born idol,  
Of the good and true despairing,  
Till he mingled deadly poison  
In his bitter cup of life.

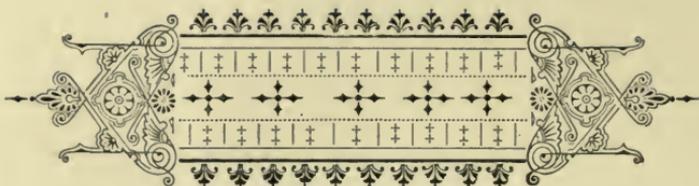
Yet he loved and sought the praises  
Of the world he shunned and hated,  
And his soul, though all perverted,  
Was aglow with starry thought ;  
With feeling, power and passion,  
He adorned and he created,  
And beautified life's pathway  
With the gems his genius wrought.

## DIODATI.

He has left no trace, no footprints,  
In thy paths so often threaded ;  
There is neither shrine nor tablet  
Here, engraven with his name ;  
But the least of thy surroundings  
To the world's great heart is wedded,  
And thy marble walls will perish  
Long before his glorious fame.

GENEVA, NOVEMBER, 1855.





→ T O + M R . + A N D + M R S . + O . + B . + R \* \* \* \* N . ←

ON THEIR MARRIAGE.



AND in hand ye twain must go  
Through the shadow and the glow,  
By a pathway none may know.

Pluck the roses by the way,  
Hoard their fragrance while ye may;  
Summer will not always stay.

Autumn follows, sure and fast,  
With its bitter frost and blast,  
Spoiling where the summer passed.

Winter, too, with icy feet,  
Comes to shroud the fair and sweet,  
In his snow-cold winding-sheet.

MR. AND MRS. O. B. R \* \* \* \* N.

Walk together down the years,  
Sharing all your hopes and fears,  
Joys and sorrows, smiles and tears.

Naught can break the links that bind  
Heart to heart and mind to mind  
In the duty God assigned.

Toil and care may sear and blight ;  
Age may bleach your tresses white ;  
Love will keep your hearthstone bright.

Walk together, hand in hand ;  
There are lions in the land,  
That your strength can scarce withstand.

Ye will meet them, day and night,  
In the darkness, in the light :  
Keep your weapons always bright.

Love that lives through dearth and gloom,  
Giving out its sweet perfume  
By the deathbed, at the tomb,

Like a flower by wind and rain  
Broken, scattered on the plain,  
Dead, will never live again.

Guard your treasure by the way ;  
Name it in the prayers ye pray ;  
Nurse it by the words ye say.

MR. AND MRS. O. B. R \* \* \* \* N.

By life's losses and its gain,  
By its pleasure and its pain,  
Charm the charmer to remain.

By the happiness men prize,  
By remorse that never dies,  
Guard your own fair paradise.

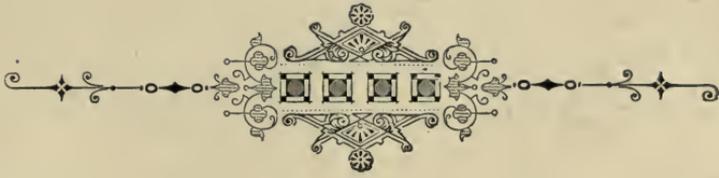
Whatsoe'er ye lose or win,  
Let no serpent, born of sin,  
Leave a trail or trace therein.

Let no harsh or hasty word  
In its blooming bowers be heard,  
To frighten thence its singing bird.

Let no summer storm arise  
In the brightness of its skies  
To dim the light of loving eyes.

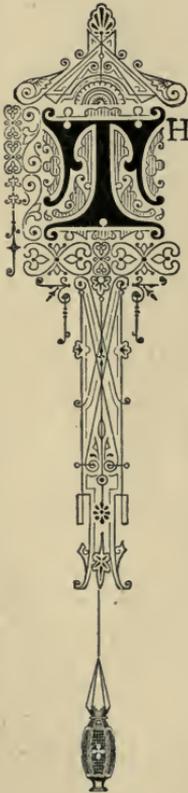
BEECH BANK; JUNE 7, 1878.





▷ DEATH OF COLONEL D. B. MOE. ◁

ADDRESSED TO HIS WIFE.



— ❖ —

THE light has flown from your home hearth-  
stone,  
Its song is hushed and its flowers are  
dead ;  
And, all alone, in your grief and moan,  
You listen in vain for a dear one's tread.

His place is there, and his empty chair,  
The pictures he prized and the books he  
read,  
And memory brings from her precious  
things  
The tender tones of the words he said.

But his face, so bright with love's own light,  
Comes never in through the open door,

COLONEL D. B. MOE.

And your sad heart pines, as the day declines,  
For the loving voice you may hear no more.

He clasped your hand in a fairy land,  
All rife with the hopes and dreams of youth,  
And his every thought, with affection fraught,  
Was laid on the altar of trust and truth.

And down the years, with their smiles and tears,  
Through all the sorrows and joys of life,  
Next to his love for the Lord above,  
He cherished his darling, his own true wife.

Faithful and strong to redress the wrong  
That threatened the home-land loved so well,  
He led a host, not counting the cost,  
Where the best and bravest fought and fell.

Day after day, on the world's highway,  
He walked in the light of a noble fame,  
And time will write on his tablets bright  
The glorious deeds that crown his name.

His race was run in the storm and sun :  
His soul was ripe for a higher life :  
To die was gain, and his heart's last pain  
Was the thought of leaving his child and wife.

With blessed trust in the Lord, all just,  
And true to the promise His love has given,

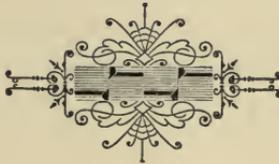
COLONEL D. B. MOE.

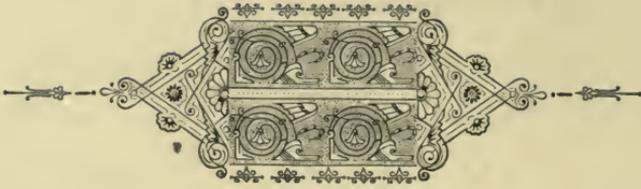
He left the earth, with its dust and dearth,  
For his beautiful home prepared in heaven.

\* \* \* \* \*

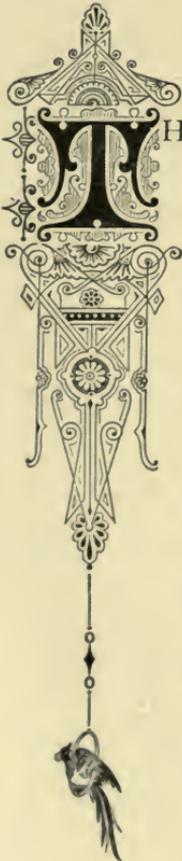
His work begun below will be done  
Where pain and sorrow have no control ;  
And his love so pure will live and endure,  
And grow with the growth of his deathless soul.

BEECH BANK, JUNE 7, 1878.





❖ LIFE. ❖



THEY say we should not tell the young  
That life is full of sorrow ;  
That if the sky be bright to-day,  
A storm will come to-morrow ;  
That Love's delicious morning dream,  
And Fancy's fine ideal,  
Are mockeries of the actual,  
The hard, unlovely real.

That Disappointment follows fast  
The footsteps of Ambition ;  
That Hope's fair promises are false,  
And come not to fruition ;  
That Fame is but an idle breath,  
And lofty place and power  
Are evanescent as the bow  
That spans a summer shower.

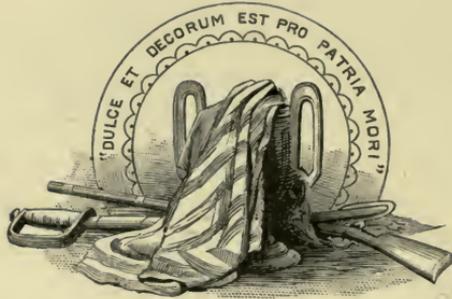
## LIFE.

That no man goes the way he would,  
Nor wins the thing he wanted ;  
That brightest paths are set with thorns,  
And fairest threshold haunted ;  
That when we nearly grasp the prize  
We sought with long endeavor,  
Some seeming trifle bears it thence,  
Beyond our reach forever.

That all the way to three-score-ten,  
From life's serene beginning,  
Is paved by every human soul  
With failures, faults and sinning ;  
That all we get to have and hold,  
When death shall loose life's fetter,  
Is worthless, save our trust in God  
For something surer, better.

BEECH BANK, JUNE, 1876.





“THE LITTLE HERO”

❖ JOSEPH R. T. GORDON. ❖

KILLED IN BATTLE, AT CAMP ALLEGHENY, DECEMBER 13,  
1861.



— ❖ — ❖ — ❖ —

FROM the wall of a stately mansion, a fair  
young face looks down,  
Dight with the cap of a soldier, that seemeth  
a fitting crown,  
With firm resolve on his beardless lip, and  
truthful eyes dark brown.

By the smouldering fire of genius, by the  
manly strength and grace,  
By the innate truth and honor portrayed in  
his boyish face,  
You know that his blood claims kindred  
with the blood of a noble race ;

JOSEPH R. T. GORDON.

That his mind and heart are dowered with a wealth  
beyond fine gold,  
That came from the souls of heroes, warm, generous, true  
and bold,  
Who fought for the right, and conquered, in the shadowy  
days of old.

There needeth no gift prophetic, no wave of sorcery's  
wand,  
To show that his future pathway will be upward, onward,  
grand,  
To the loftiest plane of manhood, where the good and  
true may stand.

Would you know whose life-like semblance is shrined in  
that golden frame ;  
On his country's roll of honor you will find inscribed the  
name  
Of a noble boy, a hero, who died for his country's fame ;

Who marched to the field of battle when the sunshine of  
life's May  
Unclosed the hearts of the roses that bloomed along his  
way,  
And the beautiful hope of boyhood dreamed of a long,  
bright day.

To his soldier-father's letter, full of sore regret and tears,  
Tender words of admonition, trembling hopes and fears,  
Lest his course should mar the promise of fair fruit in  
future years,

JOSEPH R. T. GORDON.

The boy's reply, unfinished when the fatal fight begun,  
Found in his gory garment, when the field was lost and  
won,  
Sealed with his life, was worthy of the noblest Roman's  
son.\*

Thus it ran: "Remember, father, that your counsel  
sowed the seed,  
In the training of my childhood, that has ripened to this  
deed,  
In defense of our dear Union, in its time of utmost need.

You taught me to love my country ; trained me to be brave  
and true,  
In every word and action that a man may say or do,  
For the sake of human freedom. Father, I but follow  
you."

But, alas! for the brave young spirit, for its hope and  
high emprise,  
For the hand that lost its cunning—the light of the dark-  
brown eyes,  
• And the promise of noble manhood. Alas, for the sacri-  
fice!

---

\* His father had said to him that with his unformed habits of life and thought, he feared he had just about thrown himself away ; but hoped that he might be mistaken, and that he would labor to convince him that he was. To this letter Joseph wrote a response, which came home in his bloody coat pocket unfinished ; but it contained this vindication of his motives: "You seem to be at a loss, my dear father, to understand my motive for volunteering ; but, I think, if you will remember the lessons which for years you have endeavored to impress upon my mind, that all will be explained. "When you have endeavored ever since I was old enough to understand you, to instruct me—not only by precept but by example—that I was to prefer freedom to every thing else in this world, and that I should not hesitate to sacrifice any thing, even life itself, on the altar of my country when required, you surely should not be surprised that I should, in this hour of extreme peril to my country, offer her my feeble aid."

JOSEPH R. T. GORDON.

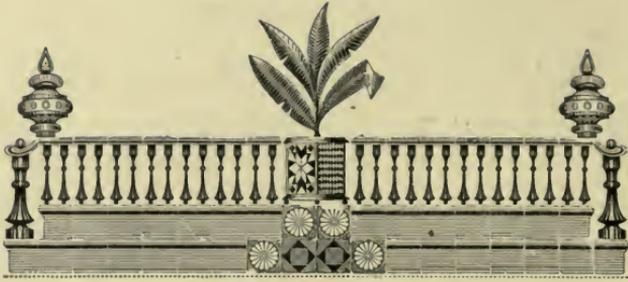
He stood in the front with the bravest, in the battle's  
    seething hell,  
Unawed by the cannon's thunder or the hail of shot and  
    shell,  
And there in the fiery tempest, the fair boy fought and  
    fell!

We turn from the life-like picture, with a sense of sorrow  
    deep ;  
From the still invisible presence, that will haunt us in our  
    sleep ;  
From the beardless lip, the earnest eyes, we turn away to  
    weep ;

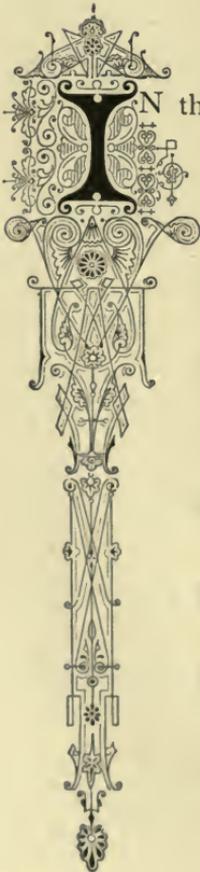
To weep for the life-long sorrow of his father's house and  
    heart ;  
For the love that lives and lingers when its ties are rent  
    apart ;  
For the wounded soul whose sickness is beyond the  
    healer's art ;

To weep for the land we cherish, so sadly and sorely  
    crost ;  
For her noble sons that suffered, for the best, the bravest,  
    lost  
Defending her holy birthright, in the war's red holocaust.

BEECH BANK, JANUARY, 1880.



→ I CAN NOT CHOOSE BUT SING. ←



IN the silence of the midnight,  
Midst the voices of the day,  
Visions of the bright and lovely  
Ever round my spirit play ;  
Breezes from the vales of Eden  
Come and fan me with their wing,  
Till my soul is full of music,  
And I can not choose but sing.

When a sparkling fount is brimming,  
Let a fairy cloud bestow  
But another drop of water,  
And a wave will overflow ;  
When a thirsty flower has taken  
All the dew its heart can bear,  
It distributes the remainder  
To the sunbeam and the air.

I CAN NOT CHOOSE BUT SING.

Well, I know I am not gifted  
With the fervor and the fire  
To enrapture and astonish  
Like the masters of the lyre ;  
But my unpretending music  
May a ray of comfort bring  
To a heart oppressed with sadness ;  
Then, in pity, let me sing.

Like the murmur of a streamlet,  
Like the carol of a bird,  
My songs may be too humble  
To be heeded when they're heard ;  
But they made my heart forgetful  
Of its sorrow and its pain,  
In the years that have departed,  
And were therefore not in vain.

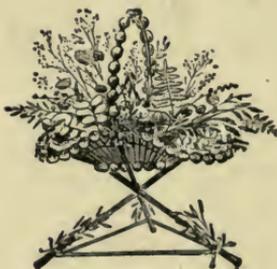
Oh, I can not say I never  
Sigh to gain a deathless name ;  
There is something most bewitching  
In the laurel-wreath of fame ;  
But I know, if I could win it,  
And entwine it on my brow,  
That I should not be as happy  
Or as light of heart as now.

For it is so bright and glowing  
That it dazzles and deceives,

I CAN NOT CHOOSE BUT SING.

Whilst a thousand thorns are hidden  
By the sparkle of its leaves.  
No, I can not hope to reach it,  
With my faint and feeble wing,  
But my soul is full of music,  
And I can not choose but sing.

1849.





→ THE NEWS OF A DAY. ←



GREAT battle! *Times Extra!*" the newsboy  
cried ;

But it scarcely rippled the living tide  
That ebbd and flowd in the busy street,  
With its throbbing hearts and its restless  
feet.

Again through the hum of the city thrilled :  
"Great battle! *Times Extra!* Ten thou-  
sand killed !"

And the little carrier hurried away  
With the sorrowful news of that winter day.

To a dreary room in an attic high  
Trembled the words of that small, sharp  
cry ;  
And a lonely widow bowed down her head  
And murmured, "Willie, my Willie, is  
dead !"

THE NEWS OF A DAY.

“Oh, darling, it was not an idle dream  
That led me, last night, to that dark, deep stream,  
Where the ground was wet with a crimson rain,  
And strewn all over with ghastly slain!  
The stars were dim, for the night was wild,  
But I threaded the gloom till I found my child.

“The cold rain fell on his upturned face,  
But the swift destroyer had left no trace  
Of the sudden blow and the quick, sharp pain,  
But a little wound and a crimson stain.  
I knew that his beautiful life was gone,  
But my soul stood there, as the night wore on,  
Till they tore the flag from his clasping hand,  
And covered him up with the blood-stained sand.

“Willie, O Willie! it seems but a day  
Since thy baby-head on my bosom lay;  
Since I heard thee prattling soft and sweet,  
And guided the steps of thy tottering feet.  
Thou wert the fairest and last of three—  
But the Father in Heaven has taken thee;  
And thy boyish face lies cold and white,  
By the deep, dark river I saw last night;  
Where they tore the flag from thy clasping hand,  
And covered thee up with the blood-stained sand.”

\* \* \* \* \*

She read the names of the missing and slain—  
But one she read over again and again;

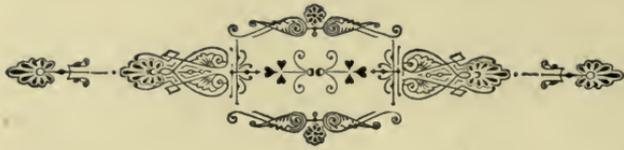
## THE NEWS OF A DAY.

And the sad, low words that her white lips said  
Were: "Company C, Willie Warren, dead!"  
The world toiled on through the busy street,  
With its aching hearts and unresting feet;  
And night came down to her cold hearthstone,  
But she still read on, in the same low tone;  
And still the words that her white lips said  
Were, "Company C, Willie Warren, dead!"

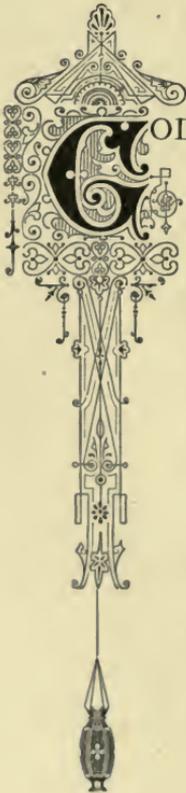
The light of the morning chased the gloom  
From the emberless hearth of that attic room;  
And the city's pulses throbbed again—  
But the mother's heart had forgotten its pain.  
She had gone through the gates to the better land,  
With that terrible list in her pale, cold hand,  
With her white lips parted, as last she said:  
"Company C, Willie Warren, dead!"

INDIANAPOLIS, 1863.





→ HARRIS'S MIRROR OF INTEMPERANCE. ←



— — — — —

**G**OD speed thy mission, pictured scroll,  
Till thou hast taught, on every shore,  
And graven on every human soul  
Thy high and holy lore.  
Go boldly to the proudest board,  
Where the red wine is gayly poured,  
And midst the revel's gorgeous glare  
Whisper to each young heart, beware!  
Crime, madness, death lies hid beneath  
The jeweled goblet's sparkling wreath.

Go tell how one, a noble youth,  
With radiant brow and sunny hair,  
Whose heart was full of love and truth,  
And brave to do and dare,  
Went forth, in life's sweet morning hours,

## MIRROR OF INTEMPERANCE.

Upon a path of fairy flowers,  
Dreaming a thousand glowing dreams  
Of Eden lands and sparkling streams,  
And all things beautiful and fair,  
That Fancy paints in earth and air,  
Till his poetic, fiery soul,  
Spurned sober reason's calm control.

Tell how he won a gentle bride,  
    To grace his ancient marble hall ;  
Tell of his station, wealth and pride,  
    And then portray his fall.  
And first he quaffed in pleasure's bowers  
The social glass, to speed the hours ;  
Till, half unwittingly its slave,  
He tottered to a drunkard's grave.

Go show the felon's dreary cell,  
    Where first the ruined one awoke  
To memories he could never quell,  
    Until his mad heart broke.  
Memories of home and happy days,  
Of childish prattle, childish plays,  
And his young wife, with love-lit brow.  
Home, children, wife—where are you now !  
He shrieked, and wildly cursed his fate—  
O God, his home was desolate !

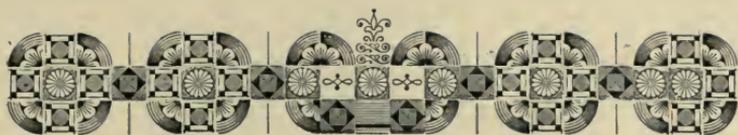
His children begged, from door to door,  
    His maniac wife was barred and banned ;

## MIRROR OF INTEMPERANCE.

He was a murderer—human gore  
    Reeked on his red right hand.  
Then foulest fiends of darkness came,  
Hissing in scorn his branded name,  
And telling over, one by one,  
The dire misdeeds his hands had done,  
    Till madness fired the throbbing brain.  
One blow, one struggle, and he died—  
A drunkard, murderer, suicide.

Go tell of hovels, damp and old,  
    Where Heaven's own light is feebly shed ;  
And children, shivering with the cold,  
    Cry all day long for bread.  
Go tell of woman's sacred trust,  
Unheeded, trampled in the dust ;  
Of holy love, that still lives on,  
When joy and peace and hope are gone,  
And like the ivy, would conceal  
The wounds it has no power to heal.

Go tell of weary, wasted years,  
    Of blind suspicion, jealous rage,  
Of broken vows, repentant tears,  
    And premature old age ;  
Of haggard want and squandered wealth,  
Of trembling limbs and ruined health,  
Of shattered mind and blighted name,  
Of ragged beggary and shame,  
And whisper : All these ills are thine,  
Foul spirit, soul-destroying wine !



❖ REMORSE. ❖



It has walked beside me long,  
With its white lips never speaking ;  
When it came, my heart was strong—  
Now its chords are slowly breaking.  
When the daylight dawns or dies ;  
When the stars set, when they rise ;  
Wheresoe'er my path may be,  
That pale phantom walks with me—  
Pointing backward to the Past ;  
Pointing with unmoving finger  
To the Past—  
The irrevocable Past.

When I lock and bar the door  
Of my chamber, high and lonely,  
Where the loved ones come no more,  
And my footsteps echo only ;

## REMORSE.

Suddenly a darkness falls  
On the floor and on the walls,  
And it stands beside my chair,  
With a cold, unearthly stare,  
Pointing to the buried Past ;  
Pointing with its bloodless finger  
To the Past—  
The irrevocable Past.

When I walk the city's street,  
Where the tides of life are flowing,  
To the measured fall of feet  
Ever coming, ever going ;  
There between me and the light  
Walks the spectre, cold and white,  
With its stony, staring eyes,  
Shutting out the blessed skies.  
Pointing to the shadowy Past ;  
Pointing with its dim, dead finger,  
To the Past—  
The irrevocable Past.

“ Hence ! ” I said, “ and come no more ;  
I am sorrow-sick and weary.  
My heart aches—aches to its core ;  
All my way is lone and dreary.  
Hence, and hide thee from the sun !  
Sin can never be undone ;  
Else had bitter pain and woe  
Exorcised thee long ago.”

REMORSE.

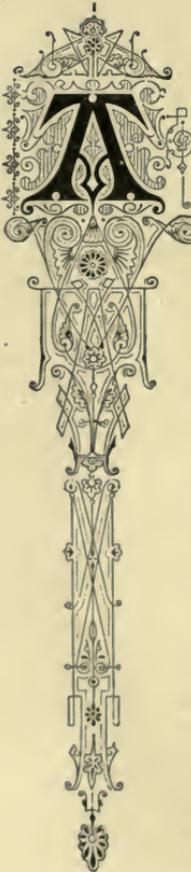
Still it pointed to the Past ;  
Pointed from the living Present  
To the Past—  
The irrevocable Past.

1865.





✽ AT REST. ✽



HEART, as noble as ever beat  
In a woman's bosom, pure and sweet,  
Is still to-night.  
Lips, ever gentle and kind and true,  
Hands ever ready to give and do,  
Are cold and white.

Feet that had wandered east and west,  
Weary and worn with a fruitless quest,  
Will go no more.  
A loving mother, a helpful wife,  
Faithful and true to the end of life,  
Is gone before.

I loved her well, in her life's fair May,  
When sunshine drifted along her way,  
And hope was rife.  
I loved her still, in the darker years  
That brought disaster, loss and tears  
To her young life.

## AT REST.

With patient effort and will resigned,  
She took up the burden Heaven assigned,  
    And ever strove,  
Through sheen and shadow, blast and blight,  
To make the home and hearthstone bright  
    With tender love.

Where some have faltered and failed, she stood  
Firm in the strength of her womanhood,  
    With noble aim,  
Working and waiting along the way,  
For a clearer sky, a brighter day,  
    That never came.

Whilst others went, from a lower plane,  
To the tempting heights she had hoped to gain,  
    'Neath brighter skies,  
She kept her way, with a quiet mien,  
Nor sighed for the state that might have been  
    Her well-earned prize.

Modestly shunning the public gaze,  
Caring but little for idle praise  
    Or idle blame,  
She won the fairest and best renown,  
The purest jewel in woman's crown,  
    A spotless name.

Her days are told and her work is done,  
In the winter's storm, the summer's sun;  
    The bourn is past.

AT REST.

And of all the days of life, the best  
Is the one that brings us endless rest,  
The very last.

Free and afar, in the heavenly lands,  
She has found a house, not made with hands,  
To her assigned ;  
And none that love her should wish her back  
To the weary waiting, pain and wrack  
She left behind.

BEECH BANK, NOVEMBER, 1878.

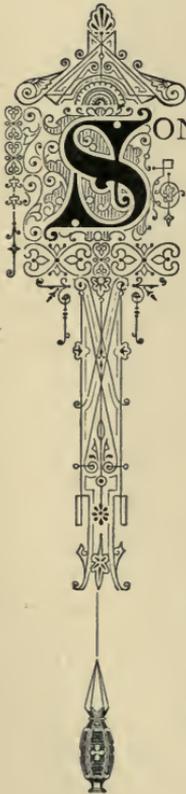




✽ AN + O DE. ✽

SUNG ON LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF MASONIC HALL,  
1848.

TUNE—"HAIL TO THE CHIEF."



SONS of a glorious Order, anointed  
To cherish for ages the ark of the Lord,  
Wearing the mystical badges appointed,  
Come to the Temple with sweetest accord.  
Come lay the corner stone,  
Asking the Lord to own  
Labors that tend to his glory and praise ;  
Long may the mercy seat,  
Where angel-pinions meet,  
Rest in the beautiful temple ye raise.

Brothers united, to you it is given  
To lighten the woes of a sin-blighted  
world ;  
Far o'er the earth, on the free winds of  
Heaven,  
Now let your banner of love be unfurled.

AN ODE.

Write there the blessed three—  
Faith, Hope and Charity,  
Names that shall live through the cycle of time ;  
Write them on every heart,  
Make them your guide and chart  
Over life's sea to the haven sublime.

Go forth befriending the way-weary stranger,  
Brightening the pathway that sorrow hath crossed,  
Strengthening the weak, in the dark hour of danger,  
Clothing the naked and seeking the lost,  
Opening the prison door,  
Feeding the starving poor,  
Chiding the evil, approving the just,  
Drying the widow's tears,  
Soothing the orphan's fears—  
Great is your mission, in "God is your trust."

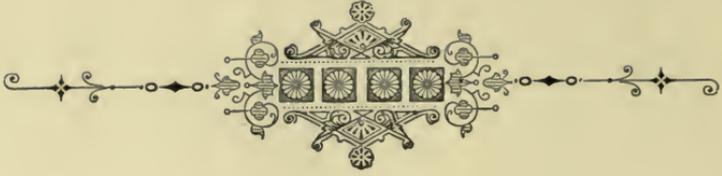
Go, in the spirit of Him who was holy,  
Gladden the wastes and the by-ways of earth,  
Visit the homes of the wretched and lowly,  
Bringing relief to the desolate hearth.  
Bind up the broken heart,  
Joy to the sad impart,  
Stay the oppressor and strengthen the just ;  
Freely do you receive,  
Freely to others give,  
Great is your mission, in "God is your trust."

Go forth with ardor and hope undiminished,  
Ever be zealous, and faithful, and true ;

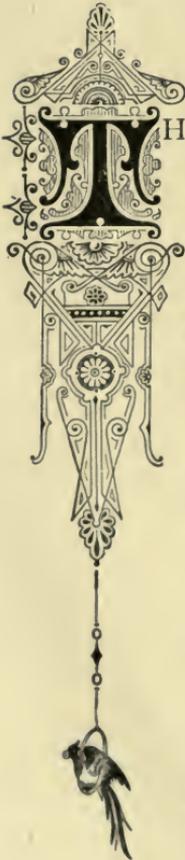
AN ODE.

Still, till the labor appointed is finished,  
Do with your might what your hands find to do.  
Narrow the way and strait,  
Is Heaven's guarded gate,  
Leading the soul to the regions of love.  
There with the spotless throng,  
Swelling the triumph song,  
May you be found in the Grand Lodge above.





→ A CHRISTMAS STORY. ←



HE nightly shadows, dark and cold,  
Fell round a hovel low and old ;  
The wind came through the broken door  
And scattered snowflakes on the floor,  
And whispered in an elfin tone,  
From shattered thatch to cold hearthstone,  
Whereon a woman sat and prest,  
A hungry baby to her breast,  
And drew the rags, in closer fold,  
Around a little five-year-old  
That crouched and shivered at her feet.  
“Mamma,” he lisped, in accents sweet,  
As lip, and cheek, and eye grew bright :  
“Will Trismas tum to-morrow night?”

“Yes, Benny, dear,” the mother sighed,  
And turned her pallid face aside,

## A CHRISTMAS STORY.

As if she strove to hide the tears  
That came with thoughts of brighter years.  
“Mamma, I wist,” said little Ben,  
“At we tould go to seep till den ;  
We’d find a ’ittle jag of wood  
To make a fire, and somesing dood  
To eat for break’ast, dest because  
I writed to Old Santa Caus  
A letter, dest my very best,  
And hided it in Robin’s nest,  
Away up in the cedar tree,  
Where ’ittle birdies used to be.”

The mother, as her eyes grew dim,  
Asked: “What, dear, did you write to him?”  
“I writed: ‘Santa: Papa’s dead.  
I’s hungry ; pease to bring some bread,  
And dest a ’ittle wood and tea  
For mamma, and some boots for me ;  
My feet is freezing told,’ and den  
I writed: “I is ’ittle Ben.’”

\* \* \* \* \*

As dawned the light of Christmas day,  
O’er mount and moorland, cold and gray,  
O’er frozen stream and leafless wold,  
O’er stately hall and hovel old,  
A little tawny, frowsy head  
Was lifted from a tattered bed,  
And two large, shining, childish eyes,  
Brim full of wonder and surprise,

## A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Beheld a hearthstone warm and bright,  
Where frost was woven yesternight,  
And saw a little table spread  
With golden butter, snowy bread  
And ruddy apples. Could it be?  
Yes, there was mamma making tea!  
It was no dream, and such a shout  
Of boyish joy and glee rang out,  
As startled with its merry din  
The little snow-birds peeping in,  
Or gayly hopping here and there,  
As if they waited for a share  
Of that delicious Christmas fare.

Then Benny, kneeling by his bed,  
Folded his little hands and said  
His morning prayer: "Amen"—a pause,  
"And pease, dood Lord, bless Santa Caus."

Soon Benny spied a basket hid  
Behind the door; he raised the lid  
And found a woman's dress and shawl,  
Warm woolen hood, and—last of all—  
O joy! a boy's full suit of clothes,  
Nice mittens, bran new boots and hose,  
And, on the collar of the coat  
Was pinned the letter Benny wrote;  
But where that little waif had blown,  
Or who replied, was never known.

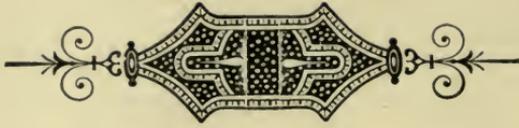
## A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Perhaps some tender heart and hand  
Had picked it up in Fairyland.

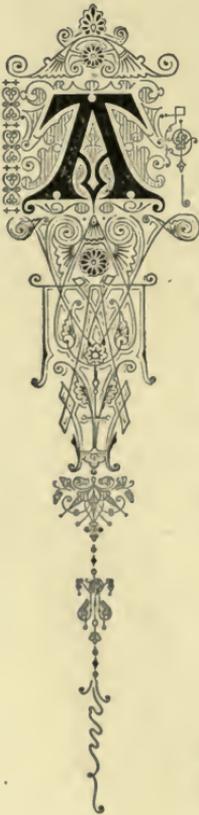
How Benny looked when he was drest  
In boots and breeches, coat and vest,  
And how he stirred the crackling fire,  
To see the ruddy flames leap higher,  
And how the baby crowed and cooed,  
As if it fully understood,  
While mamma put the things away,  
And softly sung a Christmas lay,  
Is more than I have words to say.

BEECH BANK, DECEMBER, 1879.





⇒ULIK AND THE KING OF PANDEMONIUM.←



BOON, O King," cried a fiend one day,  
"To make God's creatures forget to pray ;  
Something to blast and blacken the scope  
That lies toward Heaven through Faith  
and Hope ;  
Something to madden the heart and the  
brain,  
With the fever, the fire of infernal pain,  
Till men, bowed down to thy and scepter  
and rod,  
Forswear the allegiance they owe to God."

"Ho, caitiff! I thank thee," the king made  
reply,  
"And henceforward hold thee my loyal  
ally.  
A thought so gigantic, a scheme so malign,  
Is worthily born in this kingdom of mine.

## ULIK AND THE KING OF PANDEMONIUM.

“Go down to the lake in the valley of Zell—  
Its waves are the brightest, the hottest in hell—  
And fill thee a measure, to suit thy desires,  
Of the wrath that flows up from unquenchable fires ;  
And hie thee away to the earth with swift feet—  
I know, O good Ulik, the task will be sweet.  
My seal for the nonce, but remember to sow  
The poison broadcast wheresoever you go.  
'Tis subtle, insidious, and strong to diffuse  
Its bane through the earth and the air, till the dews  
Shall drink it at midnight, and give it at morn  
To the veins of the vine, to the heart of the corn ;  
Till men from the wealth of their harvests distil  
A liquid to torture, to madden, to kill.

“Ha, ha ! How the fire-flood will burn in each vein ;  
Will dwarf the strong muscles and shrivel the brain ;  
Will rend the fond tendrils of kindred apart,  
And dry up the fountain of love in the heart :  
Will sear the quick senses and deaden the soul,  
Till reason grows dizzy and loses control,  
Till appetite reigns over honor and pride,  
And conscience—God’s monitor—ceases to chide.

“Ha, ha ! How the strong man shall shiver and shake,  
And see frightful visions asleep and awake.  
Pale phantoms shall mock him with gibber and grin,  
And follows his footsteps without and within ;  
Shall mock him with laughter and horrible ire,  
Till his brain is distraught and his nerves are on fire.

## ULIK. AND THE KING OF PANDEMONIUM.

“Forms hideous and ghastly, of goblin and ghoul,  
Shall clutch him with fingers misshapen and foul.  
Strange adders, barbed serpents and loathsome things  
Crawl round him at night in their slime-reeking rings ;  
Crawl over his bed, coil his pillows about,  
Till, closing his eyes, he would fain shut them out.  
Then, shuddering down in the darkness, he sees,  
In the depths of his soul, things viler than these.

“So the fire-plague will burn for a few brief years,  
And leaving a pathway of ashes and tears,  
The soul of the drunkard, through anguish and strife,  
Shall go to its God from the cesspools of life.”

### TWO THOUSAND YEARS AFTER.

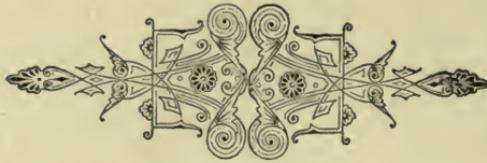
“All hail to the king ! Let the fiends rejoice  
In the heart of hell.” It was Ulik’s voice.  
“I have sown the seed from the East to the West,  
Wheresoever a human foot hath prest ;  
In the Northland’s frosts, in the Southland’s heats,  
Wherever a pulse of the old earth beats ;  
In the yellow corn, in the purple vine,  
I have sown the seed—be the glory thine !  
Already it bears in each land and clime,  
A plentiful harvest of sin and crime—  
A harvest of pestilence, blight and bale,  
Of violence, bloodshed, weeping and wail,  
Of desolate homes and perverted lives,  
Of famishing children and murdered wives,

## ULIK AND THE KING OF PANDEMONIUM.

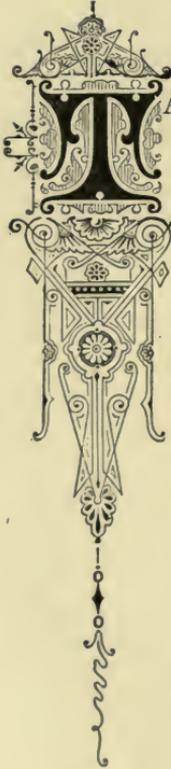
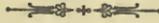
Of blighted affection and ruined hope,  
Of dungeons and death by the gallows rope.  
O, the seed is sown, and the charm works well—  
Ha, ha! let the devils rejoice in hell.”

CANTON, Mo., MAY, 1866.





## → A FARMER'S PROTEST. ←



TAX, tax! assessment and tax!

We can not get on with these burdensome  
packs,

Fettered by law to our brains and our backs,  
In these hard times.

We toil every hour of the day with our  
might;

Think, worry, contrive and conjecture all  
night,

But find no relief on the left or the right,  
In these hard times.

While the tax, like an ogre colossal in size,  
With a myriad of hands and a myriad of  
eyes,

Consumes us, regardless who lives or who  
dies,

In these hard times.

## A FARMER'S PROTEST.

If dollars or ducats bloomed out on the trees—  
If greenbacks came down on the wing of the breeze,  
We could pay this enormous assessment with ease,  
    In these hard times.

If gold-dust were sown in the soil and the sands,  
We would willingly shoulder our picks and our pans,  
And dig the amount with our horny, brown hands,  
    In these hard times.

But if we could find sale for our horses and cows,  
Our hayrakes and harrows, carts, wagons and plows,  
The corn in our crib, and the hay in our mows,  
    In these hard times.

When we came to pay over the price of them all,  
The sum would be found so exceedingly small  
That the cormorant tax would still hold us in thrall,  
    In these hard times.

Should we sell the last bed, the last table and chair,  
Pot, platter and pan, with the clothes that we wear,  
And adopt the costume of the primitive pair,  
    In these hard times ;

Even then, this unsatisfied, pitiless tax,  
Like Shylock, would point us to figures and facts,  
And claim every ounce of the pound it exacts,  
    In these hard times.

## A FARMER'S PROTEST.

Alas, for thee, beautiful land of the West!  
That Heaven, like a bride, for her bridal has drest;  
And, alas, for thy people so severely opprest!  
In these hard times.

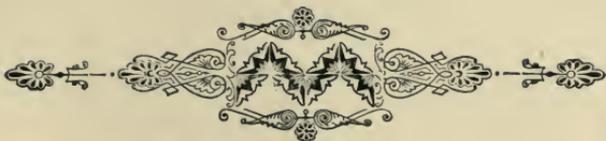
The poor man is taxed for the roof on his shed,  
For the pig in his sty, for the sheet on his bed,  
While his famishing children are crying for bread,  
In these hard times.

The widow that toils in the heat and the cold,  
Must pay, on her pitiful chattels enrolled,  
As much as the chattels would bring, duly sold,  
In these hard times.

And even the rich man has cause to complain  
Of the measures that bring this exorbitant drain  
On the wealth he has toiled half a life to obtain,  
In these hard times;

It were better to live on some isle in the sea,  
With the friendly Malay or the gentle Feejee,  
Where the fruits of the earth and the waters are free,  
In these hard times.

Or to wander away with a Bedouin band,  
O'er desolate plains of Saharian sand,  
Than to grapple with tax in this beautiful land,  
In these hard times.



## ❖ MY PICTURE. ❖



RESOLVED to have my picture—  
Dressed myself with dainty care,  
Tried to smooth away my wrinkles,  
Tried to curl my scanty hair ;  
Donned a costly velvet jacket,  
Prankt my head with cluny lace,  
Tried to call up all the sunshine  
Of my nature to my face.

As I did not wish my picture  
Like a milkmaid, nor a queen,  
Too simple nor too dignified,  
But something just between,  
I assumed an easy posture,  
And a cool, nonchalant air,  
And assumed to look unconscious,  
Or as though I did not care.

## MY PICTURE.

Then I whispered, "Bread and butter,"  
Just to get my lips in shape,  
But the muscles would keep moving,  
And I felt the light escape ;  
For the artist re-arranged me,  
Spied, and changed my pose at will,  
Pushed my shoulders back and forward,  
Clamped my head to keep it still.

But a shock of electricity  
Through every fiber run,  
And my heart was wildly throbbing  
Ere the picture was begun.  
But I held my breath and squinted,  
Until everything was blue—  
I was sitting for my picture then,  
And that is all I knew.

You may guess, from such beginning,  
That the grand result would be  
A shadow, unlike any one,  
And least of all like me.  
There is not a line of beauty,  
Not a touch of tender grace,  
Not a vestige of expression  
In this heavy, stolid face.

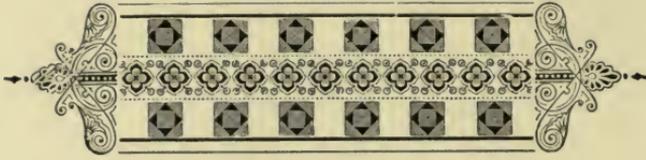
The eyebrows have no character,  
The mouth is large and weak,  
A certain over-quantity  
Mars under-jaw and cheek ;

MY PICTURE.

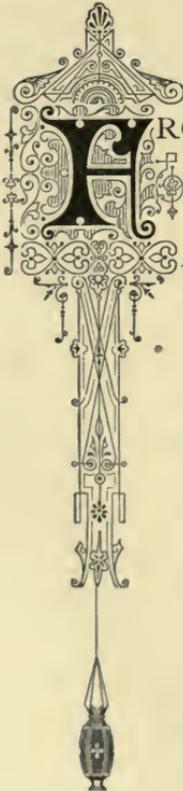
The eyes are small and watery,  
With neither shade nor shine,  
And the nose, I think, if possible,  
Is uglier than mine.

DRESDEN, SAXONY, FEBRUARY, 1872.





❖ MARCH. ❖



FROM the meadow, glebe and wold,  
Fettered stream and pulseless mold,  
Take thy fingers, icy cold,

March.

Cruel tyrant, fierce and bold,

March.

We are tired of wind and rain,  
With their pitiful refrain,  
Wailing over hill and plain,  
March.

To the frozen Arctic main,

March.

We are tired of frost and snow,  
Driving, drifting to and fro—

## MARCH.

Gloom above and gloom below,  
March.

Fold thy tattered robes and go,  
March.

Tired of yellow fog and haze,  
Starless nights and sunless days,  
Dripping eaves and miry ways,  
March.

Thou hast naught to love or praise,  
March.

Take thy banners from the skies,  
Let us see the old sun rise,  
Let us know when daylight dies,  
March,

With thy dreary sobs and sighs,  
March.

Earth awaits a sunny queen,  
From the South, in robes of green.  
Thou art standing just between,  
March,

With thy winds so cutting keen,  
March.

Frozen fallow field, and how  
Hidden germ and leafless bough

MARCH.

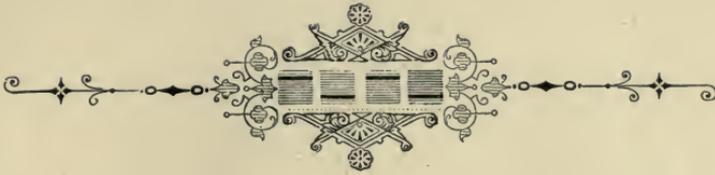
Long for thy departure now,  
March,  
With thy snow-wreaths round thy brow,  
March.

No soft South wind wandering free,  
No sweet song of bird or bee,  
No fair blossom greeteth thee,  
March.  
Thou art feared on land and sea,  
March.

Human eye can never trace  
Aught of beauty or of grace  
In thy haggard form and face,  
March.  
Most unkind of all thy race,  
March.

ELM-CROFT, MARCH, 1869.

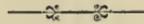




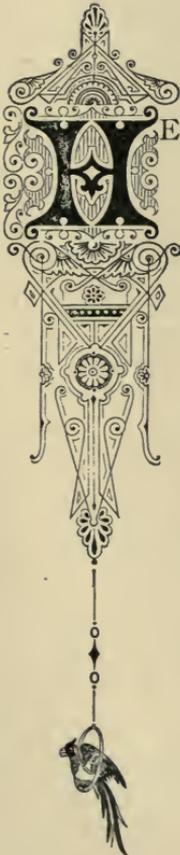
## THE PASTOR;

OR,

ALTENBERG AND LEONA.



I.



He was our pastor—learned, gifted, good ;  
Meek as the humblest member of his  
flock ;  
A tower of strength that firmly, grandly  
stood  
On Christ, the Eternal Rock.

He held the feeble hand, the failing heart ;  
Cared for the stranger, fed and clothed  
the poor,  
And, by his generous sympathy, shared part  
Of all the ills they bore.

No earthly honors, neither wealth nor fame,  
He sought to win, but rather turned aside,  
As counting all unworthy, save the name  
Of Jesus crucified.

## THE PASTOR.

One day, conversing with his gentle wife  
Of his untiring labor, ardent zeal,  
The perfect abnegation of his life  
For God and human weal.

She answered: "Yes, for many happy years,  
This faith and hope in God have walked with him ;"  
And then she paused, the while, with tender tears,  
Her earnest eyes grew dim.

"And yet," she added, "once he led the van  
Of those who spread the fallacy abroad,  
That all things great are possible to man,  
Without the help of God.

"This infidelity, inbred in youth,  
Grew, with his early manhood, fierce and strong ;  
But I will tell you how he found the truth—  
The story is not long.

### II.

"He was of ancient lineage, proud and high,  
'Born in the purple' as the poet saith ;  
Nursed in the lap of wealth and luxury  
That knew no need of faith.

"Yet he was generous, gentle, brave and kind,  
Helping, as he believed, with might and main,

## THE PASTOR.

To lift the least and lowest of mankind,  
To some broad, lofty plane.

“ His thoughts soared up, like eagles, to the sun ;  
Weighed tawny stardust on the mountain cones,  
And followed wayward comets as they run  
Their course through golden zones.

“ He read the writing that the hand of God  
Traced on the firm foundations of the earth,  
Ere bud or blossom pranked the new-made sod,  
Or lowest life had birth.

“ He sought the subtle love of nature's laws  
To gauge her forces, find her hidden springs,  
Trace her results back to their primal cause,  
And know her secret things.

“ And not contented with the knowledge won  
By patient seeking in earth's secret nooks,  
Through hieroglyphics ages rolling on  
Left in unwritten books,

“ His reason sat in judgment, and arraigned  
To its tribunal the eternal plan  
That wisdom's self conceived and love ordained  
To ransom ruined man.

“ Gifted with wondrous eloquence of speech,  
Learned in philosophy of seer and sage,

## THE PASTOR.

His glowing argument had range and reach  
That few could rightly gauge.

### *III.*

“And when we met, one golden afternoon—  
Met on a cliff, where I had dared to climb  
To hear some sea waves chant, in Elfin tune,  
Some grand old Gothic rhyme.

“He said, ‘Behold, O friend, this scene is fair ;  
That low, green hill, half veiled in purple mist,  
Whereon the maples and the sumachs wear  
Scarlet and amethyst ;

“‘Yon reach of meadow lands, fair glebe and glade,  
Dotted with snowy lambs and spotted kine ;  
That old brown homestead nestling in the shade  
Of tree and climbing vine ;

“‘That distant coast that seems to meet the sky  
Among the golden mountains of the West ;  
Yon long sea-reach, where wan waves sob and sigh,  
Because they find no rest ;

“‘And nearer, see that lichen-bannered ledge,  
At whose brown feet a sparkling streamlet runs,  
Kissing the lilies, peeping through the sedge,  
Like crowds of cloistered nuns.

## THE PASTOR.

“Ah, friend, this world of ours is good and fair  
In its appointments, and their temperate use ;  
That there is pain and sorrow, want and care,  
Proves only its abuse.

“That some men are uncultured, mean and base ;  
That some are sordid, selfish and unkind ;  
That some are fell destroyers of their race,  
Proves only they are blind.

### *IV.*

“We come into the world unstained and pure  
As those fair blossoms by the brooklet sown,  
With gifts that should a higher life insure  
Than man has ever known.

“But when the mind begins to comprehend  
The scope and purpose of its powers astute,  
They curb its aspirations, lest they tend  
To crave forbidden fruit.

“They will not let us climb to lofty heights,  
Those wise and reverend teachers of our youth ;  
They close the door and quench the kindling light,  
Lest we should see the truth.

“They lead us where they say, our feet should tread ;  
They teach us what to think, what to believe ;  
Warn us of thousands lost who were misled  
By false lights that deceive.

## THE PASTOR.

“ ‘They tell us, “Thus and thus saith God ;” and so,  
The fountain head of knowledge closed and sealed,  
We may not question more nor seek to know  
What He hath not revealed.

“ ‘They bind our winged thoughts with fetters wrought  
By Superstition, in his monkish cell,  
And fill our minds with dreams, by priestcraft taught  
Since fabled Adam fell ;

“ ‘Load us with old opinions, stale conceits,  
And fables, grown realities by use ;  
Dogmas and forms that age to age repeats,  
As mysteries abstruse.

“ ‘They teach us that the Uncreated One,  
With whom is no beginning and no end ;  
Around whose throne eternal circles run,  
Myriads of worlds extend,

“ ‘Was incarnated, of a woman born,  
To make atonement for the guilt of man,  
Who had repaid His love with slight and scorn,  
Since human life began.’

## V.

“ ‘The waves went chanting low along the beach ;  
The scented south wind flitted idly by,  
And I sat listening to his affluent speech,  
That waited no reply.

## THE PASTOR.

“ But when, in mocking words, he dared to speak  
Of Him who is of my soul's life a part,  
I felt the hot blood ebbing from my cheek  
To my indignant heart.

“ ‘ Friend, have you well considered this?’ I said ;  
‘ Though words are sometimes little more than  
sound,  
We should be wary how we idly tread  
On consecrated ground.

“ ‘ That Christ, our Lord, was pure and good and  
wise  
Above all other men, none will deny.  
This being granted, how could He devise  
And propagate a lie?

“ ‘ If He were not, in essence, God and man,  
Not what His lips declared Himself to be,  
Tell me, O sage, O sophist, if you can,  
Whence? Wherefore? What was He?

“ ‘ Determine what He was by what He did ;  
Let all His words and works bear witness : wrest  
Proof from His foes, that nothing may be hid  
From truth's severest test.

“ ‘ And if the tree He planted bear or bore  
Poisonous blossoms and unwholesome fruit,  
Fair on the surface, rotten at the core,  
Dig up the baneful root.

## THE PASTOR.

“‘If the unfailing fountain He unsealed,  
Like the Dead Sea, is bitter to the taste ;  
If men, by therein bathing, are not healed ;  
If barren wild and waste

“‘Are not refreshed and gladdened by its flow ;  
If in the desert sands and solitude  
It make not fruitful trees to bloom and grow,  
Then is the source not good.

“‘Demons and devils, by His presence awed,  
Trembled and hastened to obey His will,  
Nature beheld her Maker and her God,  
And winds and waves were still.

“‘Go, follow him to Bethany a-near,  
Where Martha met Him by the way, and cried  
In bitter anguish, “‘Lord, hadst thou been here,  
My brother had not died!’” .

“‘Go with Him to the sepulchre wherein  
Four days and nights His friend beloved had slept,  
And see humanity, unstained by sin,  
Sorrowing when Jesus wept.

“‘But when, at His command, a tremor ran  
Through death’s cold heart, and that insensate clod  
Arose, came forth a living, breathing man ;  
Behold the Omnific God!’

## THE PASTOR.

### VI.

“He seemed to ponder, but he answered not,  
Or only murmured in an undertone,  
As if unwittingly he had forgot  
He was not quite alone.

“‘Happy, thrice happy, but whose hearts receive  
This simple faith in Him whom men reviled  
And crucified. Would I, too, could believe,  
Even as a little child.’

“And gazing earnestly toward the sky,  
As he were questioning the realms of space,  
He sighed: ‘A taint of infidelity  
Is in my blood and race.’

“And then he turned and said, as if ashamed  
Of having shown such weakness: ‘Nay, in sooth  
I may be wrong, but have sincerely aimed  
To find and know the truth.’

“He was above my little sphere so far,  
That, looking up to him, my eyes grew dim;  
I was a wayside blossom, he a star;  
And yet I pitied him.

“I pitied him, that seeing, he was blind,  
That, being free, was bound with many a thrall;

## THE PASTOR.

That, having gracious gifts of heart and mind,  
Yet lacked the best of all.

### VII.

“I read his printed words, and, in despite  
Of my conviction that they would ensnare,  
My thoughts, like moths, went hovering round the  
light—  
So dangerous, yet so fair.

“With glowing hues, his wonder-working pen  
Painted bright pictures of the fair and good ;  
The while he set before his fellow men  
A feast of poisonous food.

“I said: ‘I will avoid him and forget  
These subtle arguments that give me pain ;’  
But whensoever by choice or chance we met,  
I listened rapt again.

“Till, shall I own it? Was it overbold?  
No matter now—the memory is sweet ;  
My heart poured out its treasures, all untold,  
Unasked, at this man’s feet.

“I knew our paths, that lay so far apart,  
Could never meet on earth, and yet it seemed  
That we should be united, heart to heart,  
Somewhere—and so I dreamed.

## THE PASTOR.

“And, in my dream strange aspirations came,  
Not for applause of men nor golden gain—  
A nobler purpose and a loftier aim  
Inspired my teeming brain.

“My thoughts took higher range and larger scope ;  
I saw a work for heart, mind, soul and pen,  
And life grew brighter with the blessed hope  
Of doing good to men.

“Of the assumption of the rich and strong,  
The degradation of the poor and weak ;  
Of want, of wretchedness and cruel wrong,  
I had the right to speak.

### VIII.

“For I was cradled by a poor man’s hearth,  
Where daily labor earned our daily bread ;  
Hunger and want were sponsors at my birth,  
Cold nightly made my bed.

“I saw the rich man’s children at their play,  
And I was stung by taunting word, and frown,  
And mocking laughter, as they turned away  
From my poor, faded gown.

“My mother tried to soothe me when I wept,  
For in my childish heart one thought was sore ;  
It haunted me in dreamland, when I slept,  
And whispered, ‘ You are poor.’

## THE PASTOR.

“She said: ‘My daughter, I foresee a day,’  
And then the tender mother wept and smiled,  
‘When these same mockers will be proud to say  
They knew you as a child.’

“Dear soul, she did not see the tidal wave  
That brought to me a priceless argosy ;  
The years that nursed the blossoms on her grave,  
Fulfilled her prophecy.

“So I inherited the right to speak  
Of want and suffering, ignorance and wrong ;  
To help the helpless, to uphold the weak,  
By my free gift of song.

“And whenso'er my busy fancy caught  
A vision of the coming better-day,  
I tried to paint it, wondering as I wrought,  
If he would read my lay.

“He gave my thought too often shape and tone,  
And much I questioned wherefore this should be ;  
For, like a splendid statue wrought in stone,  
He was no more to me.

“I sowed my seeds beneath God's gracious sky,  
Along the world's highway and busy mart,  
Trusting their bloom would gladden some sad eye,  
Refresh some weary heart.

## THE PASTOR.

“ But, in the pauses of my work and brain,  
When love and happiness seemed far and dim,  
And all my earnest labor futile, vain,  
My thoughts went out to him.

### *IX.*

“ At length, I know not how the knowledge came,  
Came like a starbeam to the brow of night,  
That I, a maiden of low birth and name,  
Found favor in his sight.

“ But when, he said: ‘ Come, dear Leona, come,  
And make an Eden in my lonely life,  
Bring beauty, bloom and music to my home,  
As my beloved wife ;’

“ I could not answer for a little space,  
For he was more than all the world to me ;  
I dared not lift my eyes to his dear face,  
Yet sighed, ‘ It can not be.

“ ‘ Keep thou my love ; it was not lightly won,  
And will be true to thee, in deed and word.  
But O, I can not give my hand to one  
Whose lips revile my Lord.’

“ He turned and slowly walked along the path,  
With knitted brow, as he were sore aggrieved,  
And murmured, ‘ What and wherefore is this faith  
That I have not received?

## THE PASTOR.

“ ‘Nay, I can not believe—t’were vain to try,’  
And looking sadly in my tear-stained face,  
He said, ‘This taint of infidelity  
Is in my blood and race.’

“ Much more we said, it boots not to repeat ;  
His arguments were eloquent, but vain ;  
I put away the cup so tempting sweet,  
God knows with what deep pain.

“ When long, gray shadows fell aslant the hills,  
And setting sunshine drifted soft and bright  
Along the level leas and fretting rills,  
To kiss the world good-night,

“ With one long look, one final clasp of hands,  
Poor, mute interpreters of sorrow sore,  
We parted where the waves, on sodden sands,  
Knelt, murmuring, ‘Nevermore !’

## X.

“ I heard men praise him, but we never met ;  
He left his home and traveled far away,  
But through no chance or change did I forget  
That twenty-fifth of May.

“ And ever when it came, one heart at least  
Lived o’er again its pangs of parting pain,  
And, at the self-same hour, kept lonely tryst  
Where we had kept it twain.

## THE PASTOR.

“Once, as I sat there, when the sunset shed  
A rain of amber light on sea and shore,  
Dreaming of all he looked and all he said  
That time three years before,

“I heard a well-known footstep—could it be?  
Was he not journeying in a foreign land?  
Nay, I beheld the face so dear to me,  
And felt his clasping hand.

“‘I did not hope to find you here,’ he said;  
‘But, as I wandered, thinking of the past,  
Followed unwittingly the path that led  
To where I saw you last.’

‘Then, as the vesper chimes died soft and sweet,  
And starlight came and kissed the pallid sea,  
Sitting together on the same old seat,  
He told this tale to me.

## XI.

“‘There was a proud, stern man, unused to yield,  
Found cold and stark, or so the legend saith,  
Among the dying, on a battlefield,  
Wounded and nigh to death.

“‘Who kindly bore him thence, he never knew,  
Nor how the days thereafter, went and came;  
Pallid and cold, the feeble breath he drew  
Scarce fanned life’s flickering flame.

## THE PASTOR.

“ ‘ But when, from that deep void of nothingness,  
The torpid fibers of his heart and brain  
Were stung and stirred to life and consciousness  
By throes and pangs of pain.

“ ‘ He heard a gentle footstep, light as air,  
And felt the pressure of a woman’s hand,  
But knew not wherefore he was lying there,  
Confined with splint and band.

“ ‘ He tried to tax his memory, but it reeled,  
And all his thoughts went wandering, vague and  
weak,  
His eyes were darkened and his lips were sealed,  
He could not move nor speak.

“ ‘ And then he slept again the dreamless sleep  
Only vouchsafed to weary heart and brain,  
When life stands by her citadel to keep  
At bay the powers of pain ;

“ ‘ And wakened, wondering if he had not crossed  
The fabled river to the unknown shore ;  
Behind, all track and trace of time were lost—  
He seemed to live no more.

“ ‘ Thus Life and Death the equal battle fought  
For many days—he did not know how long ;  
But in the fiery conflict he was taught  
That God alone is strong.

## THE PASTOR.

“ In all the changes of his life's eclipse,  
That gentle woman hovered round his bed,  
Held the cool cordial to his burning lips,  
And bathed his aching head.

“ He heard her footsteps falling all day long,  
Like rose-leaves shaken by the summer breeze,  
And deemed her voice sweet as a love-bird's song  
Among the tropic trees.

“ That she was full of tenderness and grace ;  
Was gentle, pitiful and angel kind,  
He knew by heart, but never saw her face,  
Because his eyes were blind.

“ He owed her life for life, and more, he said,  
Than all a life's devotion could requite,  
For the sweet Christian charity that led  
His soul from dark to light.

“ Not forms and creeds did she essay to teach  
The sick soul trembling on the verge of time ;  
But, in the simplest words of human speech,  
Asserted truths sublime.

“ When he, despairing, sighed : “ It is too late.  
I have rebelled against the Holy Name.”  
She said : “ The mercy of our Lord is great.  
The blessed Savior came.

## THE PASTOR.

“To seek the lost and lowly ; suffered, died  
For aliens, rebels, outcasts stained with sin,  
And left the door of Mercy open wide,  
That all may enter in.”

“Then, humbly kneeling by his lowly bed,  
She prayed for light and love and pardon free,  
And when the prayer was done, the sick man said :  
“ Dear Lord, remember me !”

### XII.

“I asked: ‘And did he never see her face,  
Nor learn her name, wherefore and whence she  
came?  
Left she no track, no clue whereby to trace  
Her dwelling place and name?’

“Nay, in the latest hour of that long night,  
When blind and splint and bandage were with-  
drawn,  
And he beheld again the blessed light,  
His gentle nurse was gone.

“But now he knows his angel, whence she came ;  
He traced her by this little band of gold,  
His blessed talisman, it bears a name—  
“Leona Leigh”—Behold!

“You said, Leona—it is years ago—  
But I remember every solemn word ;

## THE PASTOR.

You said: "I can not give my hand to one  
Whose lips revile my Lord.'"

"Then, as our eyes grew dim with happy tears,  
And gladsome waves went singing o'er the sands,  
We pledged each other, all life's future years,  
And once again clasped hands."





→ JOHN + BAPTISTE + RITZINGER. ←



HE beautiful home he made is there,  
Begirt by a stately lawn,  
But over its beeches bleak and bare,  
Winter is trailing his hoary hair,  
And brown leaves thrill to the icy air,  
A plaint for the summer gone.

And all night long the wild winds go  
Sobbing around the eaves,  
The waves of the streamlet murmur low  
A sadder song than they used to know,  
Like the voice of one that grieves.

The birds that sang in the forest bowers  
To brighter skies have fled,

JOHN BAPTISTE RITZINGER.

And the golden-hearted lily flowers,  
That held their cups to the summer showers,  
And dreamed of the stars in stilly hours  
Of the purple night, are dead.

But spring will come as the world goes round,  
With silver-sandaled feet ;  
Her buried treasures will all be found,  
The flowers and forests robed and crowned  
With beauty and odors sweet.

The winds on a thousand harps will play  
Their sweet old melody,  
And the waves will chant a roundelay,  
As they weave their crowns of pearly spray,  
And link their hands to dance away  
To their bridal with the sea.

But he who cherished each shrub and tree,  
Who loved each nook and turn  
Of shadowy valley, sunny lea  
And babbling brooklet—will he see  
The riant spring return?

Nay ! flowers may bloom in the fair home-place,  
And tuneful wild birds sing ;  
But the light of his beloved face,  
His gentle voice, and the tender grace  
Of his clasping hand, his fond embrace,  
No change, no charm can bring.

JOHN BAPTISTE RITZINGER.

When the days of his years were bright,  
His dream of the future grand :  
In voiceless hours of a summer night  
He calmly passed from our human sight,  
Away to the unknown land.

Alas, for the loss, the grief, the tears,  
Of fond hearts stricken sore,  
Whose love will listen adown the years,  
For the one dear voice it never hears,  
For the step that comes no more.

From the ruthless wreck of bright days flown,  
Their memory will recall  
A glance, a smile, a tender tone,  
Or a loving word of the darling gone :  
These priceless treasures are still their own—  
Alas, that these are all.

His life, in its every act and aim,  
Was lovely to its close,  
No taint of wrong, no breath of blame  
Sullied the whiteness of his fame,  
Leaving the light of a spotless name,  
He went to his repose.

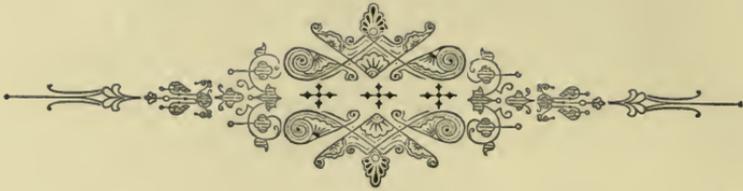
Farewell, O noble, genial heart !  
For thee there is no more pain.

JOHN BAPTISTE RITZINGER.

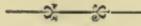
Death gave thee life's immortal part,  
And love shall find thee where'er thou art,  
God rest thee—wiedersehen.

BEECH BANK, FEBRUARY, 1878.





→ THE SEWING GIRL. ←



I.



IN a garish, fetid chamber,  
Strewn with satins, lawns and pearls,  
On a chill night in November,  
Sat a group of sewing girls.

Through the long and lonesome hours  
Ceaselessly their fingers plied,  
Fitting laces, gems and flowers,  
To adorn a fair young bride.

Midnight's solemn time departed  
Ere their work was well begun,  
And they listened, heavy-hearted,  
To the old bell tolling one.

Bending down their sad, pale faces,  
Straining wearily their sight

## THE SEWING GIRL.

O'er the silks and Mechlin laces,  
By the gas-lamp's piercing light.

Still they wrought, with none to pity—  
Wrought with fingers cold and blue,  
Till above the slumbering city,  
Loud and long the bell tolled two.

### *II.*

There was one slight creature sharing  
Silently that unreprieve ;  
One whose blighted life was wearing  
Very swiftly to its close.

From the light so strong and dizzy  
Wearily she drew apart,  
For a burning pain was busy  
Gnawing, gnawing at her heart.

Where the heavy window-curtain  
Half concealed her with its fold,  
And the red light fell uncertain,  
She sat shivering with the cold.

Till, the silken lashes stealing  
O'er her eyes so blue and mild,  
She went forth, in sleep's revealing,  
Once again a little child,

## THE SEWING GIRL.

### *III.*

Through the copses and the meadows,  
Where the breezes sung all day,  
While the sunshine and the shadows  
Nursed the fair young flowers of May ;

Where the fragrant grass was springing  
In the early summer time,  
And the minstrel streamlet singing  
To itself its own sweet rhyme ;

Through the tangled hazel bushes,  
Where the clustering wild grapes hung,  
And the yellow-breasted thrushes  
Loved to rear their twittering young.

### *IV.*

Morning's ruddy sunlight kissed her,  
Through the cloudy window-pane,  
Ere the weary toilers missed her  
Who would never toil again.

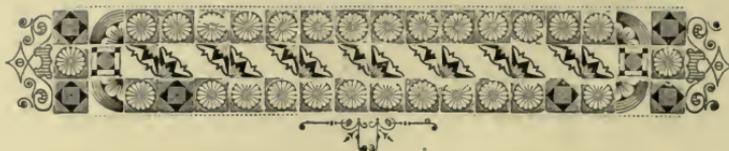
Wondering much they gathered round her ;  
On her lips there was no breath,  
And the fearful spell that bound her  
Was the dull, cold sleep of death !

## THE SEWING GIRL.

On her cheek the tear-drop gleaming  
Was the last to sorrow given,  
As her gentle soul went dreaming  
With the angels up to Heaven.

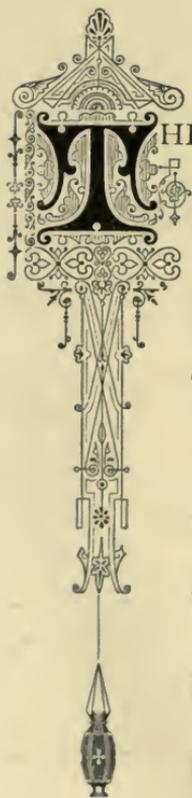
INDIANAPOLIS, 1850.





⇒ I + CAN + NOT + CALL + HER + MOTHER. ◀

SET TO MUSIC.



THE marriage rite is over,  
And though I turned aside,  
To keep the guests from seeing  
The tears I could not hide ;  
I wreathed my face in smiling,  
And led my little brother  
To greet my father's chosen,  
But I could not call her mother.

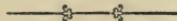
She is a fair young creature  
With a meek and gentle air,  
With blue eyes soft and loving,  
And silken, sunny hair ;  
I know my father gives her  
The love he bore another,  
But if she were an angel,  
I could not call her mother.

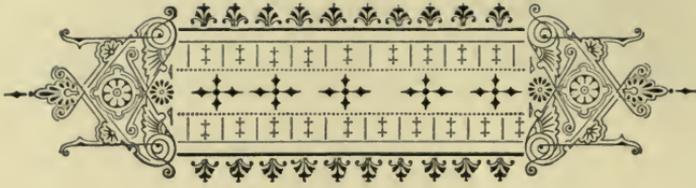
I CAN NOT CALL HER MOTHER.

To-night I heard her singing  
A song I used to love,  
When its sweetest notes were uttered  
By her who sings above ;  
It pained my heart to hear it,  
And my tears I could not smother  
For every word was hallowed  
By the dear voice of my mother.

My father, in the sunshine  
Of the happy days to come,  
May half forget the shadow  
That darkened our old home ;  
His heart no more is lonely,  
But I and little brother  
Must still be orphan children—  
God can give us but one mother.

They've borne my mother's picture  
From its accustomed place,  
And set beside my father's  
A younger, fairer face ;  
They've made her dear old chamber  
The boudoir of another,  
But I will not forget thee,  
My own, my angel mother.





❖ MY HOUSE. ❖



CURIOUS clay-built tenement,  
Thou art no longer fresh and fair ;  
Thy time-stained walls are bowed and bent,  
Thy windows much the worse for wear.

Thy sunken eaves, discolored thatch,  
Distorted portal, creaking stair,  
And columns, marred by seam and scratch,  
Are ruined all, beyond repair.

And yet, me seems, it is not long  
Since thou wert new, erect and right—  
Thy jointed timbers firm and strong,  
Thy facade fair, thy windows bright.

Now thou art shaken by the storm,  
And pervious to the wind and cold ;  
No fires within can keep thee warm,  
Or free thy walls from damp and mold.

## MY HOUSE.

Yet, in this ruin, grim and gray,  
My soul sits dreaming pleasant dreams,  
Of some fair country far away,  
Beyond the hills where sunset gleams.

And often when the stars appear,  
And silence falls on fields and fells,  
Listening, she hears, or seems to hear,  
In that fair land the vesper bells.

And in her dream she hears the tread  
Of friends beloved gone before,  
And knows they are not lost, not dead,  
But dwellers on that unseen shore.

And, ever as the sweet bells chime,  
She longs to break earth's bars and bands,  
To find, in that celestial clime,  
Her home—her house not made with hands.

BEECH BANK, AUGUST, 1875.





❖ HENRY + CLAY. ❖ ←



HERE is mourning by our altars,  
There is silence in our halls—  
Weeps the genius of our country,  
Weeps the warder on her walls ;  
Bright young eyes are dim with sorrow,  
Strong, brave hearts are sad and lorn,  
Wherefore comes the heavy shadow?  
Wherefore do the people mourn?

Is our happy land invaded?  
Does the ruthless foeman's tread  
Desecrate our sacred hearthstones  
And the green graves of our dead?  
Is the battle clarion pealing  
O'er our sunny plains and hills?  
Does the life-blood of our brothers  
Mingle with our sparkling rills?

## HENRY CLAY.

No ; there is no clarion pealing,  
And we hear no foeman's tread ;  
But our land is clad in sackcloth,  
For a noble champion dead—  
One she cradled on her bosom,  
In her hour of doubt and fear,  
When her brow was bound with shadows,  
When her way was dim and drear.

One who, with her brave defenders,  
Strove with heart, and mind, and might,  
And a trust that never faltered  
In the cause of human right.  
One who lived to see her sitting,  
With her ensign stars unfurled,  
Like a city on a mountain,  
Giving light to all the world.

He has fallen at the zenith  
Of his glory and renown,  
Ere a single leaf had faded  
In his radiant, laurel crown,  
But the work that Heaven appointed  
To his long, long life is done,  
And his weary soul is resting  
In the starry goal it won.

With adoring love for Freedom,  
Scorn of old Oppression's rod,  
And a genius fused and kindled  
At the altar of our God,

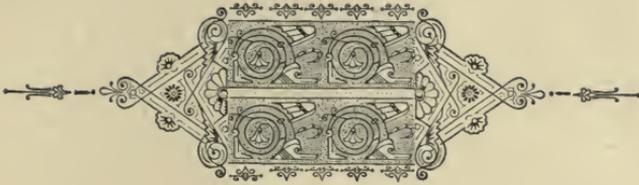
HENRY CLAY.

He could sweep the human heart-strings,  
As the minstrel sweeps the lyre,  
To all passions, all emotions,  
By his soul's electric fire.

Never, in our country's forum,  
Blazed a brighter, broader light ;  
Never fought a braver spirit,  
In the battle for the right.  
Lay him down to sleep in Ashland,  
With his broken household band—  
Pilgrim feet to that Medina  
Will go forth from many a land.

INDIANAPOLIS, JULY, 1852.





→ RALPH FARNHAM'S LAST DREAM. ←



IN the midst of his children's children, by the  
home-fire's cheerful blaze,  
An old man sat in an easy chair, dreaming  
of by-gone days ;  
Dreaming of wearisome marches, by flood,  
morass and wold ;  
Where many a brave heart fainted with  
hunger, and thirst, and cold ;  
Dreaming of midnight watches in the dreary  
drizzling rain,  
And the hum of his comrades' voices, that  
he never should hear again ;  
Of the smouldering fires of the bivouac, the  
sentinel's measured tread,  
The smoke and roar of the battle, and the  
faces of the dead ;  
Of the fair young son of his neighbor, who  
fought and fell by his side,

## RALPH FARNHAM'S LAST DREAM.

And the sacred message he gave him to his girl-love when  
he died.

He saw the face of the maiden grow as cold as death, and  
as pale,

As he sat by her father's hearthstone and told her the  
cruel tale.



“Ay, ay!” in his sleep he murmured, “she was fair and  
he was brave,

But she faded away like a blossom, and we made him a  
soldier's grave.

## RALPH FARNHAM'S LAST DREAM.

But we routed the British legions and sent them over the  
sea,

For the God of battles helped us, and our native land was  
free.

My children, I have been dreaming a dream that gave me  
pain :

I thought I was young, and a soldier fighting for Freedom  
again.

I saw the tents and the banners, and the shining ranks of  
the foe,

And the crimson tracks our poor recruits left on the frozen  
snow.

But is it true, this rumor, or only an idle tale?

Do they talk of dissolving the Union? Ah, well may  
your cheek grow pale ;

And well may an old man tremble, and his heart beat  
faint and low,

When he thinks of the price it cost us some four-score  
years ago !

I have watched its growing greatness through a life of  
many years,

But I never forgot that its blessings were purchased with  
blood and tears .

I never forgot the privations of four-score years ago,

When the naked feet of our poor recruits left crimson  
tracks in the snow.

I never forgot their faces, and I seem to see them still,

Who looked straight into the face of death at the battle of  
Bunker's Hill.

And so the home of Marion is first to break the band,

That bound the beautiful sisterhood of our beloved land ;

RALPH FARNHAM'S LAST DREAM.

The children of the heroes around whose memory clings  
The glory of King's Mountain, Cowpens and Eutaw  
Springs?

I saw our blessed banner, with its white and crimson bars,  
When fair South Carolina was one of the thirteen stars ;  
And if ever that constellation is marred or rent in twain,  
It would blast the sight of these poor old eyes to see its  
folds again.

If God has forsaken our country, the only boon I crave  
Is that He will delay its ruin till I have gone down to the  
grave ;

For I could not breathe with traitors, nor turn my face to  
the sun,

Nor dwell in the land of the living, when these States are  
no longer one."

INDIANAPOLIS, APRIL, 1861.





→ JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES. ←

---



HE sleeps! O God, I thank thee for this hour!  
And now, I pray thee, nerve my feeble  
hand,  
And, in thy mercy, give thy servant power  
To smite the desolater of our land.

Hath he not purposed in his impious heart,  
To waste thy people with the sword and  
flame?

To rend thy sanctuary's veil apart,  
And break the altar graven with thy  
name?

O Thou whose throne is lifted up on high—  
Our fathers' God, our strength, our  
shield, our trust,  
In glorious might and majesty draw nigh,  
And raise thy suffering children from the  
dust.

## JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES.

Hark! Heard I not a footstep stealing near?  
Or was it but the whispering wind? My brain  
Coins dreadful images! Away with fear!  
Stern Holofernes must not wake again.

He mutters execrations low and deep,  
And o'er his face strange shadows come and go,  
As though the demons mocked him in his sleep,  
With horrid visions of the world of woe.

His proud lip quivers, his flushed cheek grows pale.  
Quails his fierce soul before a spectre band?  
Or is he startled by the low, wild wail  
Of those who fell beneath his reeking brand?

I grasp his battle-falchion; it must drink  
His life-blood from the fountain. This I owe  
To earth and Heaven; and yet, O God! I shrink,  
With woman's fearfulness, to strike the blow.

Be strong, my soul! Night waneth to its close,  
And I have bound me, that to-morrow's sun  
Shall bring dismay, confusion to our foes.  
So help me, Heaven! Thank God, the deed is  
done!

Now, let Assyria's minions wail and weep,  
And sing sad dirges o'er thee, pulseless clod!  
Tears, lamentations, can not break the sleep  
That binds thy heart, proud scorner of our God.

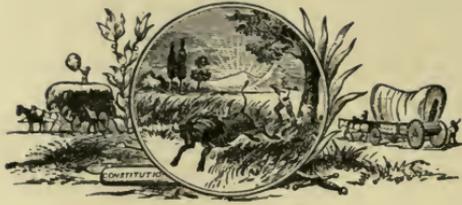
## JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES.

If in the hour of triumph thou hadst died,  
They might have borne thee thence upon thy shield,  
With waving banners, pæans, pomp and pride—  
A glorious hero, from the battlefield.

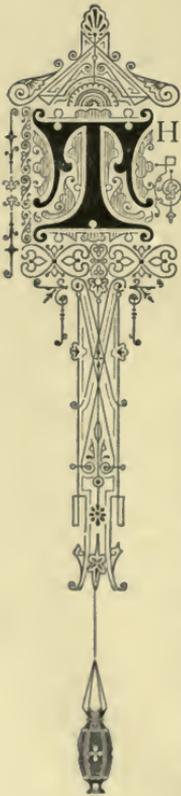
But righteous Heaven, in wrath, denied the last  
And dearest boon to thee, that warriors crave ;  
And most ignobly thy dark soul hath passed  
From Bacchanalian feasting to the grave.

Now let Bethulia raise the triumph-strain,  
And let the heathen shout, in all their coasts—  
A woman of the Israelites hath slain  
The mighty captain of Assyria's hosts.





❖INDIANA.❖



THOUGH many laud Italia's clime,  
And call Helvetia's land sublime,  
Tell Gallia's praise in prose and rhyme,  
And worship old Hispania ;  
The winds of Heaven never fanned,  
The circling sunlight never spanned  
The borders of a better land  
Than our own Indiana.

Encrowned with forests grand and old,  
Enthroned on mineral wealth untold,  
Coining her soil to yellow gold,  
Through labor's great arcana,  
She fosters commerce, science, art,  
With willing hands and generous heart,  
And sends to many a foreign mart  
Products of Indiana.

## INDIANA.

Where late the birchen wigwam stood,  
Or Indian braves their game pursued,  
And Indian maids were won and wooed,  
    By light of soft Diana,  
Fair cities as by magic rise,  
With church towers pointing to the skies,  
And schools that charm the world's wide eyes  
    To fair young Indiana.

And, where some fifty years ago,  
The settler's wagon lumbered slow  
Through mud, and mire, and frozen snow,  
    O'er hillside and savannah,  
The steam car, with its fiery eyes,  
Like some mad demon pants and flies,  
Startling the echoes with its cries  
    Throughout all Indiana.

Not to old realms, with palace piles  
And crowned kings—nor sea-girt isles,  
Wherein perpetual summer smiles  
    On bread-fruit and banana,  
Could we, in word or thought compare,  
The free domain, the balmy air,  
The silver streams and valleys fair,  
    Of genial Indiana.

With kindly word and friendly hand  
She welcomes sons of every land,

## INDIANA.

From Hammerfest to Samarcand,  
From India to Britannia ;  
And many a toiler, sore opprest  
In olden lands, has found his quest—  
A happy homestead—on the breast  
Of fruitful Indiana.

She gives the hungry stranger bread ;  
Her helpless poor are clothed and fed  
As freely as the Father spread  
The feast of mystic manna.  
The sick in body, wrecked in mind,  
The orphaned child, the dumb, the blind,  
A free and safe asylum find  
In generous Indiana.

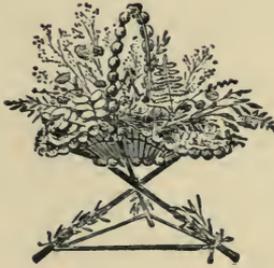
Her gentle mothers, pure and good,  
In stately homes or cabins rude,  
Are types of noble womanhood ;  
Her girls are sweet and cannie ;  
Her sons, among the bravest, brave,  
Call no man master, no man slave—  
Holding the heritage God gave  
In fee to Indiana.

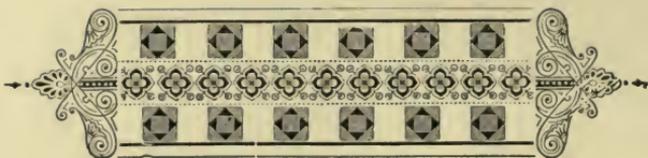
But even while our hearts rejoice  
In the dear home-land of our choice,  
We should, with one united voice,  
Give thanks, and sing Hosanna

INDIANA.

To Him whose love and bounteous grace  
Gave to the people of our race  
A freehold, an abiding place,  
In fertile Indiana.

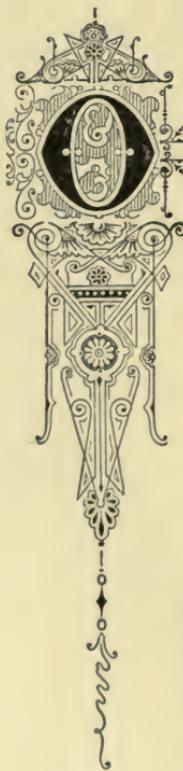
BEECH BANK, AUGUST, 1879.





→ LITTLE + ROBERT + CHURCHMAN, ↻

OF HILLSIDE.



LITTLE wanderer from a clime  
That lies beyond the bound of time,  
In some fair zone ;  
Thou didst not come with sword in hand,  
With herald, knight or armed band,  
To take possession of the land,  
To thee unknown.

And yet thou hast subjected all  
Of kith and kindred, great and small,  
In nursery, parlor, boudoir, hall,  
To thy sweet sway.  
Without a word, without a sign,  
Thy wants and wishes they divine,  
And all they have to give is thine,  
By night or day.

LITTLE ROBERT CHURCHMAN.

They serve thee well, and not through fear  
Of pain or penalty severe

That thou couldst bring—  
Nor hope of good thou couldst impart ;  
But for the sake of what thou art,  
Love builds thy throne in every heart,  
And crowns thee king.

Aye, crowns thee king of Babyland—  
King of the home, the household band,  
And never monarch grown and grand  
Was half so sweet,  
From spotless brow and silken hair  
And dainty lips, beyond compare,  
And hands like Alpine snow-flowers rare  
To dimpled feet.

Once, little one, I knew right well  
The sunny realm where thou dost dwell  
In pleasant dreams,  
But that was in the Long Ago,  
And time and care have changed me so,  
That, for the nonce, I do not know  
E'en how it seems ;

Nor how the fair, young flowers and leaves,  
That sibyl summer wears and weaves,  
To thee appear ;  
Nor if the zephyr, wandering free,

LITTLE ROBERT CHURCHMAN.

Whisper sweet messages to thee,  
In tones, whose tender melodie  
    We can not hear.

Perchance the sky, to us so blue,  
To thee wears some diviner hue,  
With golden pathways gleaming through,  
    As twilight falls ;  
Perchance thine eyes, so new and bright,  
With stronger vision, clearer sight,  
Discern the angels on the height  
    Of jasper walls.

O Babyland, so calm, so fair,  
So free from sorrow, sin and care ;  
Who would not wish to linger there,  
    In happy thrall?  
Where none are great or over-wise,  
Nor struggling for the hollow prize,  
That manhood seeks and fate denies  
    To nearly all.

But, little prince, thou canst not stay  
In pleasant Babyland alway ;  
    Heaven has assigned  
A broader path, for by-and-by  
God only knows where it may lie,  
Within what land, beneath what sky,  
    But thou wilt find

LITTLE ROBERT CHURCHMAN.

Sufficient work for hand and head,  
Where hearts are wrecked and tears are shed  
Above the living and the dead ;

    And I do pray  
That thy wee hand may then be strong  
To grapple old misrule and wrong,  
And help the helpless ones that throng  
    The world's highway.

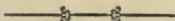
And may thy heart, so pure and new,  
Be ever pure, and ever true

    To work and wait.  
There is a prize for all who dare  
To strive, to suffer and to bear ;  
A crown for hero brows to wear,  
    In spite of fate.

Then, darling, I shall not be here,  
But, may be, from some higher sphere,  
That seems so far, but is so near,

    I may look through  
And see thee, clothed with manhood's might,  
Armed with the truth, in broader light,  
Doing brave battle for the right,  
    The good, the true.

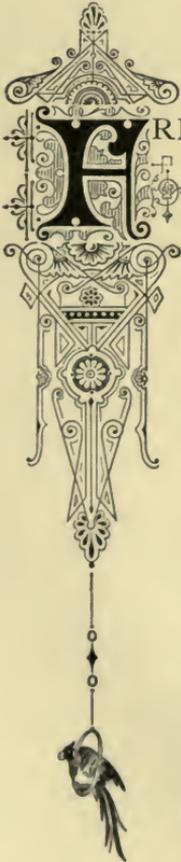
BEECH BANK, OCTOBER, 1878.





## ❖ LAYING THE CORNER STONE ❖

OF A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.



— ❖ —

RIENDS, while we lay the corner stone,  
Whereon a lofty fane shall rise,  
Hope utters in an undertone  
Her golden prophesies.

Says: "Here a Phoenix shall be born,  
With glowing heart and eagle eyes,  
And wings where radiant thoughts shall  
burn,  
As stars along the skies."

And day and night, through years to be,  
From this fair temple of its birth,  
It shall go forth by land and sea,  
Over the broad, green earth.

With touching tales of love and truth,  
With earnest pleadings for the poor,

## LAYING THE CORNER STONE.

Beguiling age, restraining youth,  
Teaching from door to door.

Warning the present by the past,  
Far seeing with prophetic sight;  
And when the sky is overcast,  
Saying: "Let there be light."

Shielding the innocent, the weak,  
Pointing the shame of sin and crime,  
Teaching all men to think and speak,  
In every land and clime.

Searching the deepest mine of thought,  
Comparing, scanning, weighing all  
The gems that gifted minds have wrought,  
Of good, or great, or small.

Unawed by law of clan or creed,  
Unswayed by forms of Now or Then,  
Working and taking earnest heed  
For the sole good of men.

A faithful warder on the walls  
That guard our country's jewels rare,  
To stir the world with clarion calls  
When danger threatens there.

## LAYING THE CORNER STONE.

To guard through darkest days and nights,  
Through good and ill, through bar and ban,  
The glorious charter of our rights—  
The eternal rights of man.

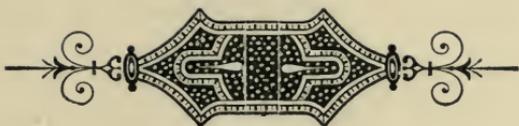
A leader, faithful to his trust,  
To guide aright in storm or calm,  
Bearing aloft from soil and dust,  
Fair Freedom's oriflamme.

Leaving the old, dead past behind,  
Bridging the space from clime to clime,  
And ushering in with heart and mind  
The coming, better time.

And, stronger than the warrior's sword,  
And mightier than the monarch's crown  
Shall be the thunder of his word,  
To trample error down.

To mold perverted minds anew,  
To rend the bigot's veil apart,  
And write the pure, the good, the true  
Deep in the world's great heart.





❖ THE END. ❖

---

I.



WHY was she waiting and watching there—  
Watching alone in the ghostly night?  
Her form was haggard with want and care,  
Her face was drawn and ashen white.

Why did she shudder and wring her hands,  
And strain her eyes through the window  
pane?  
There was nothing in sight but the sodden  
lands—  
Nothing astir but the wind and rain.

She was watching the path that leads from  
town,  
And listening to hear her husband's  
tread ;  
Shivering with cold in her tattered gown,  
And keeping vigil beside her dead.

THE END.

II.

“O God,” she pleaded, “if I must bear  
This weary woe till my heart shall break,  
In tender compassion hear my prayer,  
And save my husband for Jesus’ sake.

“In happier days he loved me well ;  
He was good and true, in heart and mind,  
Till, tempted beyond his strength, he fell—  
Pity him Lord, he is mad and blind.”

Stirring the coals to a feeble glow,  
She drew a shawl from the pallid face  
Of her child, that died three hours ago,  
And took it up in a fond embrace.

And murmured, kissing the waxen brow,  
And tenderly parting the silken hair :  
“There is nothing left to love me now ;  
My burden is more than I can bear.

“O dainty hands and dimpled feet,  
Always so busy with prank and play !  
O lips that lisped so soft and sweet :  
‘Mamma, I love oo,’ but yesterday !

“How can I tear you from out my heart,  
And lay you under the cold, dark sod ?

## THE END.

How can I live when we are apart,  
My darling baby? Help me, O God!

“Dreary and cold is the way before,  
With nothing to lose, nothing to win;  
O, Father in Heaven, open the door,  
And let a weary wanderer in!”

### III.

She sat as the long, weird hours went by,  
With her sad eyes fixed on the window pane;  
But she ceased to hear the night wind's sigh,  
And the dreary drip of the winter rain.

When morning dawned on the misty moor,  
A drunkard, maddened with poisoned rum,  
Came blindly staggering through the door  
Of the wretched hut he called his home.

If he saw his pale wife sitting there,  
He took no notice, nor deigned to speak,  
But crept, as a beast might creep to his lair  
From hunting blood hounds, wounded and weak.

### IV.

By trembling lips the news was told,  
And neighbors came with hurrying feet,  
And arrayed the sleepers still and cold,  
In the folds of a simple winding sheet.

## THE END.

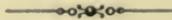
And many a pitying tear was shed  
For those whom death had failed to part,  
As they laid the baby's sunny head,  
Close to the mother's silent heart.

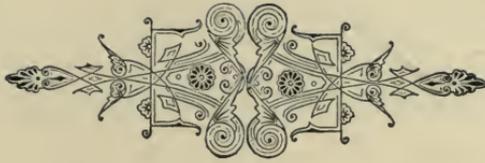
At length the drunkard awoke and said :  
"Alice, I'm sick ; I must have some rum,  
Or this burning pain will burst my head.  
Alice ! I say—are you deaf and dumb ?

"Ho, they are coming for me—see there !  
The devils are coming hot from hell—  
See, see ! how their eyeballs burn and glare !"  
And he sprung to his feet with a fearful yell.

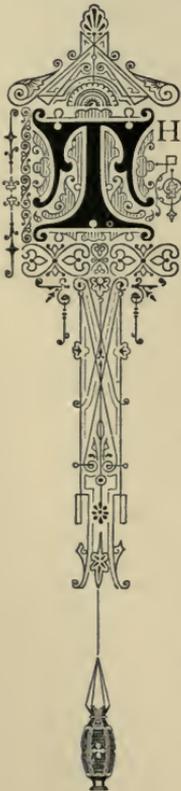
With face as white as the face of death,  
The maniac stood subdued and cowed—  
Stood staring around with bated breath,  
Then clutched the folds of the snowy shroud.

"What ! Have I killed her at last ?" he said,  
O cursed drink, is this the end ?  
A pistol shot—and the man fell dead  
By the murdered wife, his one, last friend.





→ INVOCATION TO THE WEST WIND. ←



—\*—

THOU comest from the West-land, O gentle  
Autumn breeze,  
And bearest thou some message from my  
home beyond the seas?

Hast passed the little cottage where my  
earthly treasures dwell?  
Then stay, O wind, and tell me, "They are  
happy, they are well."

Hast seen my little Ada, with her gentle,  
tender face?  
My fiery-souled Helena, and the toddling  
baby Grace?

## INVOCATION.

Were they playing in the sunshine beside the cottage  
door?

Or dancing down the pathway that I may tread no more?

Were they seeking spotted pebbles along the rippling rill?  
Or gathering red and russet leaves around the low, green  
hill?

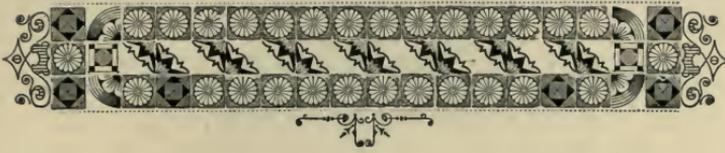
Didst toss the tangled ringlets of each sunny little head?  
Were they singing—were they talking? Prithee, tell me  
what they said.

Ah, no! Thou goest toying with the faded Autumn  
leaves,  
And whispering down the fallow to the shocks of golden  
sheaves.

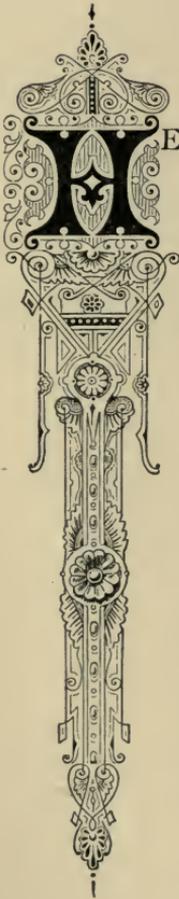
For every fern and floweret along the grassy lea  
Thou hast a little story, but never a word for me.

DRESDEN, SAXONY, OCTOBER, 1872.





→ **A** ÷ **L E T T E R** . ←



ERE is a letter from Mistress Love,"

I said: "May the good Lord bless her.  
May the beautiful souls in Heaven above,  
With their snow-white wings, caress her.

"May all the genii of earth and air  
With their choicest gifts attend her,  
To make the days of her life as fair  
As her heart is true and tender ;

"To smooth the path of her coming feet,  
Forefend the shadow of sorrow,  
Make all the dreams of her sleeping sweet,  
And crown with a joy each morrow.

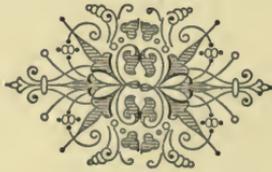
"May the Love she won as a fair young  
bride  
In a fond embrace enfold her,  
And through every change of time and tide  
Grow dearer in growing older.

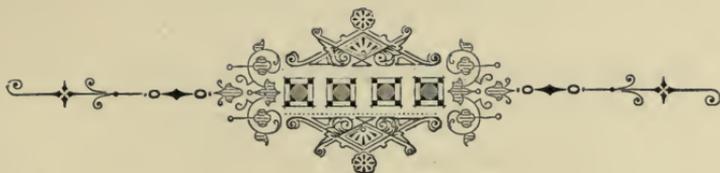
A LETTER.

“And when the summer is past and gone,  
In the beautiful autumn weather,  
May they walk where the falling leaves are strown  
To the end of the way together.”

My heart is glad, and my hand makes haste  
To answer her graceful letter,  
For the kindly words her fingers traced  
Have made me happier, better.

BEECH BANK, APRIL 4.

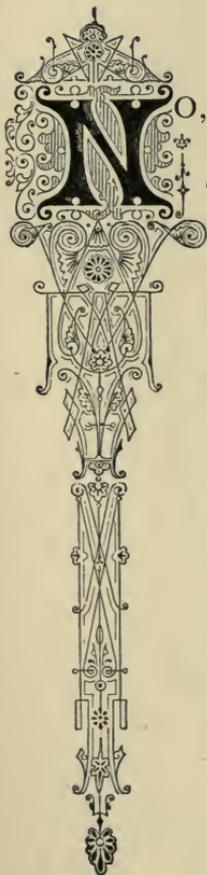




→ CORINNE + TO + OSWALD. ←

---

I.



O, Oswald, no! I can not see thee now.  
I have been very ill; I am too weak  
To look unmoved upon thine altered brow.  
For countless worlds I would not hear  
thee speak  
Cold words of courtesy; and wherefore seek  
To see this wrecked, this faded form again?  
My eyes are dim, and on my sunken  
cheek  
Hot, bitter tears for thee, shed all in vain,  
Have left behind a deep, unalterable stain.

Oh, I have tried in vain to teach my heart  
To cast away its idol—to forget  
What thou hast been, what even now thou  
art;  
For my wild thoughts cling fondly round  
thee yet.

CORINNE TO OSWALD.

Oh, would to God that we had never met,  
Or that we had not parted! My sad soul  
Feeds on its disappointment and regret,  
Without the power to weaken or control  
The tide that bears it on to life's unchanging goal.

It was no idle fancy, lightly wrought,  
That my too fervent heart bestowed on thee.  
No, it was life's best treasure fondly sought,  
Erewhile, by gallant men on bended knee  
With burning words, and yet my thoughts were free—  
Free as the tuneful birds that soar to Heaven,  
Free as the waters dancing o'er the sea,  
Free as the starlight of a summer even—  
Till all my soul's deep truth and trust to thee were given.

II.

I sighed for fame, and won it; but, alas!  
It did not bring my life the blessing sought.  
Like some bright phantom in a magic glass,  
By wizard spells and incantations wrought,  
It came and faded as a passing thought.  
E'en in my hours of triumph and of pride,  
I felt that such a dream was dearly bought,  
And from the pomp and glare I turned aside,  
And wildly, vainly wept for what fate still denied.

We met. I did not hear the applause, the praise  
That told my triumph to the bending skies;

## CORINNE TO OSWALD.

I stood entranced, enraptured in the gaze,  
The worship beaming from thy glorious eyes.  
The meed of song, the glittering laurel prize,  
Till then a gaud of little worth to me,  
Save as an empty, lonely, heart's disguise,  
I learned to value, deeming that must be  
A treasure, which could win admiring looks from thee.

I listened to thy love, and day by day  
Thy presence wrought a witchery in my brain,  
Till one by one my old dreams passed away,  
And forms of beauty wooed my thoughts in vain.  
I took no note of river, hill nor plain ;  
I heard no bird-song in the summer grove,  
No music in the fall of summer rain ;  
There was no joy in life, no star above,  
No blossom on the earth for me without thy love.

There came a change ; and in the dear old bower,  
Where our fond souls had mingled many a day,  
We met again to spend a parting hour.  
Unnoted twilight came and passed away,  
And still we lingered there, in fond delay,  
To syllable that bitter word, farewell !  
Sad thoughts and wild imaginings held sway,  
And when " God-bless thee " from thy pale lips fell,  
It seemed to my lone heart like hope's departing knell.

### III.

We parted, and I waited for thee long ;  
The Summer died, with all its fair young flowers

CORINNE TO OSWALD.

And pleasant voices ; birds forgot the song  
That sweetly charmed away the rosy hours ;  
Then Autumn mists hung round the mountain towers,  
And then deep-sobbing winds and wintry rain  
Shook down the russet leaves from faded bowers,  
And gentle Spring came back to hill and plain ;  
But still I waited, watched for thy return in vain.

At last I sought thee in thy fatherland,  
And in thine ancient halls one festive night  
I stood disguised, amidst the minstrel band ;  
A hundred lamps sent forth their mellow light,  
Rare jewels gleamed, and red wine sparkled bright,  
And music charmed the soul : but my heart died,  
And heavy darkness gathered o'er my sight  
As I beheld thy face, and by thy side  
A lady, cold and proud. O God ! she was thy bride !

Entranced I gazed, without the power to break  
The spell that bound my senses to the scene.  
I dreamed a dreadful dream, yet could not wake  
To comprehend what was nor what had been ;  
I only knew there was a bar between,  
My life and thine, forever ; love's strong power,  
The only prop on which my soul could lean,  
Was crushed and broken in that fatal hour.  
And this was man's reward and hapless woman's  
dower !

That hour of anguish passed, and still I lived—  
Lived on, though life's vitality had flown.

CORINNE TO OSWALD.

I had been falsely, cruelly deceived,  
And my existence, in an hour, had grown  
A dreary desolation, all bestrown  
With undistinguishable hopes and fears.  
Amidst the wreck I stood alone, alone,  
Trying to pierce, through bitter, blinding tears,  
The dull cold mist that hung o'er all life's future years.

*IV.*

Repentent now, thou hast returned to ask  
Forgiveness, and I weep to hear it said  
That thou art ill. Oh, would it were my task  
To move beside thy couch with gentle tread;  
To smooth thy pillow, hold thine aching head,  
And whisper loving words! May she whose right  
It is to watch and tend thee in my stead,  
Deem it her chiefest glory and delight,  
To make thy path on earth all beautiful and bright.

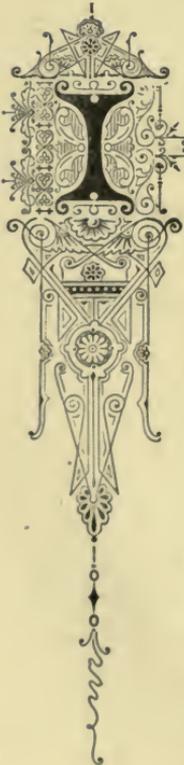
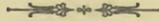
But we shall meet once more—once more to part,  
Not as we parted in the sunny past,  
When love sung syren lays to either heart,  
And wizard hope a soft enchantment cast  
O'er all the future, brightening to the last  
Sweet hour of life. No, Oswald, thou hast given  
A keener sting to Death's unpitied blast,  
And soon this trembling heart, all wrecked and riven,  
Must fail, without one hope of meeting thee in Heaven.

INDIANAPOLIS, SEPTEMBER, 1852.



→ THE GRAVE OF CALVIN FLETCHER, ←

A PIONEER.



STAND, O friend, where they laid thee  
When thy warm, true heart grew chill,  
When the hand that wrought so bravely  
Forgot to obey thy will.

I speak, but thou dost not answer ;  
I call, but thou dost not come ;  
The low wind sings in the grasses,  
But thine eloquent lips are dumb.

And is this all? Was the spirit  
That strove for many a year  
In the front rank of life's battle,  
Quenched like a taper here?

## GRAVE OF CALVIN FLETCHER.

Is there nothing—no hereafter?  
Is the life of the soul so small?  
Are our human hopes and guerdons,  
In the years of earth-life, all?

Is there nothing higher, better,  
Where a clearer light shall show  
The full intent and the meaning  
Of problems unsolved below?

Was a soul that wrought so grandly,  
A heart so faithful and true,  
Dispensed to the winds and waters,  
While so much remained to do?

Nay, nay; by the truth of Jesus,  
By the holy lips that said:  
“He that in me believeth  
Shall live though he were dead.”

Thou art not here; thou art risen  
Beyond this shadowy shore,  
And this monumental marble  
Marks the robe thy spirit wore.

Thou wert called to higher labor,  
Called a grander trust to fill,  
And the soul that never faltered  
Is doing its duty still.

GRAVE OF CALVIN FLETCHER.

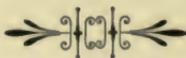
By a sight beyond the human,  
By a sense I can not name,  
I perceive thee, greater, grander,  
Glorified, and yet the same.

Drinking from unfailing fountains  
That supreme, unlettered lore,  
Which flows, without beginning,  
Without end, forevermore.

And I hope ere long to meet thee,  
With my little household band,  
Where the Lord will teach His children  
What they failed to understand.

Where the good, the true, the perfect,  
To our human souls denied,  
Shall be found in all their beauty,  
And the spirit satisfied.

BEECH BANK.





❖ CALL THE ROLL. ❖



WHO is ready for the onset?

Who, with helmet, sword and shield,  
Will go forth to conquer Error,  
On life's battlefield?

Who will strike at Superstition,  
In his goblin-haunted cell,  
And unloose the myriad victims  
Fettered by his spell?  
Call the roll.

Who will strive, on God relying,  
With unwavering faith and hope,  
To pull down the gory scaffold,  
And the gallows rope?  
Who will break the yoke of bondage,  
And unbar the prison door,  
Saying to the trembling sinner,  
"Go and sin no more?"

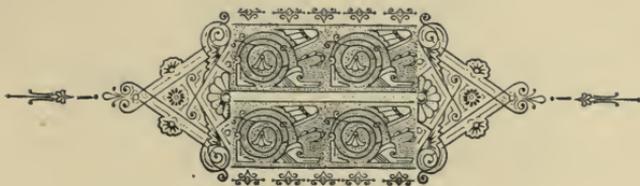
Call the roll.

## CALL THE ROLL.

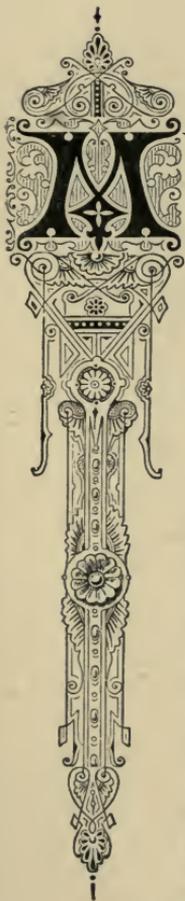
Who, forgetting self, will listen  
To sweet charity's appeal?  
Who will labor for the lowly  
With untiring zeal?  
Casting bread upon the waters,  
Not for human praise,  
Trusting Heaven again to find it,  
After many days?  
Call the roll.

Who will put what God has given  
To the wisest, noblest use?  
Who will clothe the homeless orphan,  
Fill the widow's cruse,  
And, like him of old Samaria,  
Help the stranger in his need,  
Reckless of his name and nation,  
Reckless of his creed?  
Call the roll.

Who, when slander's tongue is busy  
With an absent neighbor's name,  
Will excuse his faults and failings,  
And defend his fame?  
Who will view poor human nature  
Only on the brightest side,  
Leaving God to judge the evil  
Charity would hide?  
Call the roll.



## ❖ THE MURDERER. ❖



MY feet were planted on his path ;  
The fever's fire was on my brow ;  
My blood was seething in its wrath ;  
I knew no more, nor do I now  
Remember how the deed was done.  
A shriek aroused me from my trance ;  
My pulses trembled, one by one ;  
But such a scene as met my glance !

O God ! there—there ! I see it yet !  
Would that I could one hour forget  
That marble brow, that eye's fixed stare,  
Those matted locks of raven hair,  
That crimson vest, that gory knife,  
And her, his beautiful young wife,  
In tearless, hopeless, mute despair,  
Kneeling like some pale statue there !  
My hand had made the wreck, and I  
Beheld it all and did not die.

## THE MURDERER.

'Tis long since then, and I have roved  
Far from the valley of my birth,  
Alone, forsaken and unloved,  
A blot upon the broad, bright earth.  
And still the spell that bound my sight  
To the wild horrors of that night,  
Remains unbroken, and that scream—  
The wise may call it fancy's dream ;  
I reckon not, for it was to me  
A deep, a dread reality.  
I heard it at a certain hour  
In lighted hall and lonely bower ;  
I heard it on the sea at night ;  
I heard it in the noontide light ;  
In sun or storm, in calm or gale,  
I heard that woman's hopeless wail.

If agony and burning tears,  
And deep remorse for long, long years,  
Could make accusing conscience cease,  
I might have known the balm of peace ;  
But neither grief, remorse nor time  
Can bring oblivion of my crime.  
No, no ; the black, condemning scroll  
Is writ in fire upon my soul.  
Oh, I have striven to wander back  
In fancy o'er life's faded track,  
To the bright, blessed days of youth  
With all their innocence and truth !  
But all in vain ; for first and last,

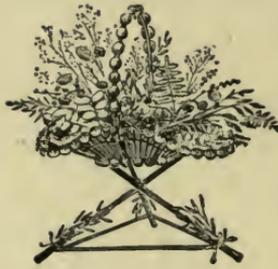
## THE MURDERER.

Amidst the chaos of the past,  
My memory only deigned to trace  
That stiffening form and pallid face.  
Upon the sea and on the land  
I saw the blood upon my hand,  
And felt—ay, and I feel it now,  
The mark of Cain upon my brow.

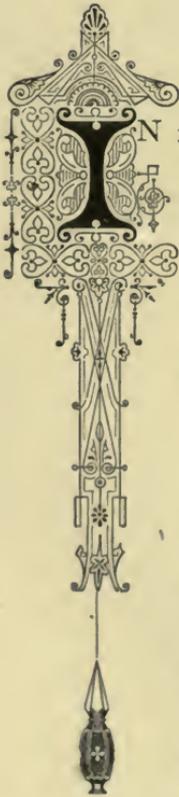
All that the human heart can bear  
Of grief, of anguish and despair—  
All that can sear and scathe and blight,  
And wrap the soul in rayless night,  
My soul has felt and still must feel,  
Till death shall set the final seal  
Upon the record of a life  
Of crime, and wretchedness, and strife.

INDIANAPOLIS, JULY 29, 1848.





## →A ÷ VISION.←



IN my sleep I had a vision  
Of a brighter world than this ;  
Of a realm whose vales Elysian  
Woody the soul to endless bliss.  
Hope could sing of nothing fairer  
Than this soft, bewitching isle ;  
Fancy dreamed of nothing rarer,  
And she furl'd her wings awhile.

It had crystal streams and fountains,  
Glens and grottos, cool and deep,  
Where the shadows of the mountains  
Lay on violets, asleep ;  
Bright-winged birds, in fairy bowers,  
Carol'd love-songs wild and sweet,  
While the odorous orange flowers  
Fell like snow-drifts at our feet.

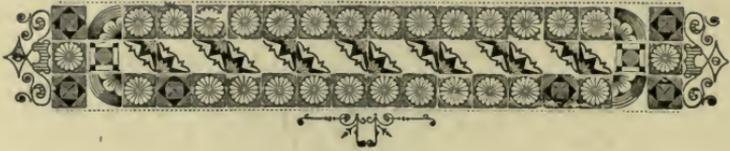
## A VISION.

Glad waves sung through golden gleam, and  
Perfumed winds went singing by ;  
And in that delicious dreamland  
There were only thou and I—  
Thou and I together straying  
Through each shady glen and grove ;  
Two enraptured souls a-Maying  
In the paradise of love.

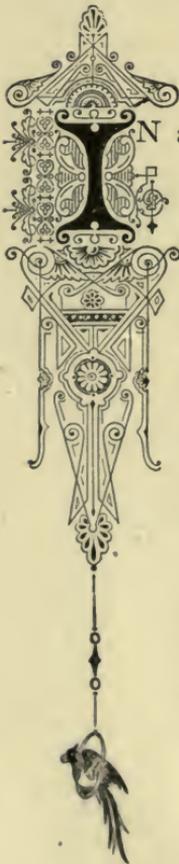
Then our hearts forgot the sorrow,  
Toil and care of bygone years,  
And the prospect of the morrow  
Brought us neither doubts nor fears.  
Joy, that would not brook concealing,  
From thine eyes like sunlight stole ;  
And the iris-wreath of feeling  
Was the cestus of my soul.

Words of love, though wild and burning,  
Seemed but trite and feeble things,  
And I learned thy fond heart's yearning  
By the trembling of its strings.  
Never can our waking senses  
Such ecstatic joy receive,  
For an hour like this condenses  
All the pleasure life can give.

JANUARY, 1850.



→ THE MOTHER-IN-LAW. ←



IN a year long gone by, with its blessing and  
ban,  
There lived in a city a model young man,  
Who tenderly wooed and bewitchingly  
smiled,  
Till he won the warm heart of an only child ;  
And a well-to-do widow, named Mrs. Ker-  
shaw,  
Was cast for the role of his mother-in-law.

She willingly gave him her daughter's fair  
hand,  
And with it a deed to her home, house and  
land,  
For, "Mother," he said, in the tenderest  
tone,  
"You never could live in that great house  
alone."  
The lady assented, and little foresaw  
The risk of becoming a mother-in-law.

## THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

So he sent down his parcels and property traps—  
A trunk and a hat-box, a boot-jack and wraps,  
Shirt fronts without buttons, socks out at the toes,  
Some eau de Cologne and pomatum de rose,  
To the cosy old homestead where Mrs. Kershaw  
Was to figure thereafter as mother-in-law.

That lady soon found that she nothing had won,  
Save the onerous task of supporting a son,  
Who feasted and fared like a king in his hall,  
And never made mention of money at all,  
But welcomed with gusto and ready guffaw,  
Sarcastical flings at his mother-in-law.

She paid for the fuel, and settled the bills  
For meat, bread and butter, for powders and pills.  
She made and she mended from morning till night,  
And was up and at work with the earliest light,  
While he lay a-dreaming of failure or flaw  
In the breakfast prepared by his mother-in-law.

If anything vexed him at home or away—  
The tone of a dun, or a letter's delay ;  
If the cakes were too heavy, the coffee too cold,  
The steak over-done, or the eggs over-old,  
This lord of the manor would jabber and jaw,  
And blow off his wrath on his mother-in-law.

If babe took the measles, or cook took a huff ;  
If clouds threatened rain, or the east winds were  
rough ;

## THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

If tuneful mosquitos annoyed him at night ;  
If his hair were too long, his trowsers too tight,  
Or his collar too broad by the width of a straw,  
He snapped like a shark at his mother-in-law.

Whenever he happened to stay at the club  
Till long after midnight swung over its hub,  
And only got home when the stars, pale and wan,  
Were fainting away in the light of the dawn—  
If his wife said a word, he declared he foresaw  
A Caudle prepared by his mother-in-law.

If wife chanced to find, as she mended his coat,  
In a scented envelope a rose-colored note,  
Beginning, "My Darling," and ending, "My Sweet,"  
That he chanced to pick up (O, of course) in the  
street,  
To her tremulous questions he answered "O pshaw!"  
But looked daggers and guns at his mother-in-law.

When some one declared Mr. Lo an old shirk  
For making his women do all the hard work,  
He thought to himself he would willingly wear  
A scalp at his waist and a plume in his hair,  
Would sleep on a bearskin, eat buffalo raw,  
To be lord for awhile of his mother-in-law.

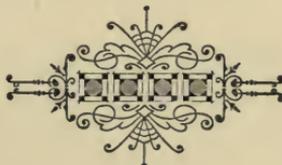
He wished in his heart—and believed it no crime—  
We had kept to the rule of the Puritan time,

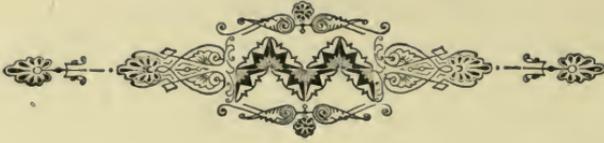
## THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

When every old woman, grown wrinkled and gray,  
Was considered a witch and put out of the way ;  
For by a conclusion so easy to draw,  
He could quickly get rid of his mother-in-law.

The lady lived on, but whenever he read  
A notice that some ancient woman was dead,  
He envied the mourners her exit made free,  
And waited and wondered how long it would be  
Till Death, in compassion, would put out his paw,  
And finish the course of his mother-in-law.

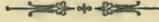
BEECH BANK, MARCH, 1876.





❖ BABY + NETTIE. ❖

TO HER PARENTS.



It is more than a year since you missed her,  
The youngest, the fairest, the best ;  
Since you folded her small hands and kissed  
her,  
And laid her away to her rest.

Yet often, when evening is closing,  
You turn with the old, loving care,  
To the little ones sweetly reposing,  
Still hoping to find Nettie there.

But Nettie, so daintily molded,  
With eyes full of marvelous light,  
Wee hands, like twin lilies half folded,  
And little feet dimpled and white,

BABY NETTIE.

With her winsome and delicate graces,  
The darling pet lamb of the fold,  
Is far from love's tender embraces,  
Alone in the night and the cold.

Alone? Nay, aloft with the angels,  
To whom life eternal is given ;  
At home with God's blessed evangel ;  
At home with her kindred in Heaven.

They lead her beside the bright river,  
Through groves yielding manna and balm ;  
Where the white-robed redeemed sing forever,  
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.

And there, in the light and the glory  
That falls from the crystalline throne,  
They tell her the wonderful story  
Of Jesus, the crucified One.

And how He was born of a woman,  
A child full of wisdom and grace,  
A man very God, very human,  
Who died to redeem a lost race.

How He loved little ones, and caressed them,  
While here on this earth He abode,  
And said, as He tenderly blessed them :  
"Of such is the kingdom of God."

## BABY NETTIE.

And Nettie, the wee, baby daughter,  
That left you a few months ago,  
Through lessons the angels have taught her,  
Knows more than the wisest below.

Knows more than the old Grecian sages,  
Who plodded and toiled from their youth,  
Through Nature's illustrated pages,  
To find but the semblance of truth.

Knows more than the humble believer,  
Who walks by the light God has given,  
Of the joy that increases forever—  
Of the wonders and glories of Heaven.

Then grieve not that Nettie was taken,  
Ere sin marred her soul with a stain ;  
You will meet her again when you waken  
Beyond earthly sorrow and pain.

ELM-CROFT, 1871.





❖ PROFESSOR MORSE. ❖ \*



— ❖ —

DIDST thou desire to die and be at rest—  
Thou of the noble soul and giant mind?  
Hadst thou grown weary in the hopeless  
quest  
Of blessedness that mortals seldom find?  
Had care, and toil, and sorrow, all com-  
bined  
• To bring that sickness of the soul that  
mars  
The happiness that God for men designed,  
Till thy sad spirit spurned its prison bars  
And pined to soar away amidst the burn-  
ing stars?

\* Professor Morse once said to a friend "Ten years ago I would gladly have availed myself of any divine authorization to terminate a life of which the possessor was weary." There is a sermon in this chance remark, as the world would have lost a priceless discovery, and himself fame and fortune, by a death thus prematurely self-chosen.

PROFESSOR MORSE.

Perchance an angel sought thee, in that hour,  
A blessed angel from the World of Light,  
Teaching submission to Almighty power,  
Whose dealings all are Equal, Just and Right.  
Perchance Hope whispered of a future, bright  
And glorious in its triumph. Soon it came.  
A world admiring hailed thee with delight,  
And learning joyed to trace thy deathless name  
Upon her ponderous tomes in characters of flame.

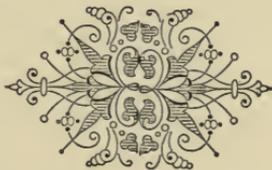
Thou brightest meteor of a starry age,  
What does the world not owe thee? Thou hast  
wrought  
For scientific lore a glowing page ;  
Thy mighty energy of mind has brought  
To man a wondrous agent ; it has taught  
The viewless lightning, in its flight sublime,  
To bear upon its wing embodied thought,  
Warm from its birthplace, to the farthest clime,  
Annihilating space and vanquishing e'en time.

Didst thou look down into the shadowy tomb  
And crave the privilege to slumber there,  
Unhonored and forgotten?—thou, on whom  
Kind Heaven bestowed endowments rich and rare?  
Was life a burden that thou couldst not bear?  
A lesson this to those whose souls have striven  
With disappointment, sorrow and despair,  
Until they feed on poison, and are driven  
To quench the vital spark that Deity hath given.

PROFESSOR MORSE.

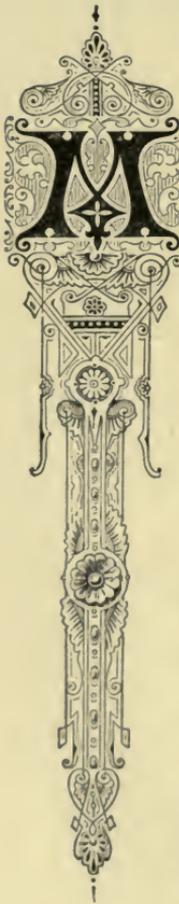
And it should teach our restless hearts how dim  
And erring is our finite vision here ;  
Should make us trust through humble faith in Him  
Who sees alike the distant and the near.  
When storm-clouds gather o'er us, dark and drear ;  
When lightnings flash and winds are wild and high,  
No radiant beam of sunshine comes to cheer ;  
But when the wrecking tempest has gone by,  
God sets the blessed bow of promise in the sky.

1849.





→ THE + MIRACLE + OF + NAIN. ←



MORN dawns on old Judea, soft and fair ;  
There is a holy quiet in the air ;  
The storied hills and valleys are as bright  
As if the curse of sin had left no blight  
Upon the old earth's heart ; yet there is pain  
And weary toil, and hopes that bloomed in  
vain,  
And darkened homes, where lonely Rachels  
keep  
Love's vigil by their dead, and wail and  
weep  
Uncomforted.. Even now a funeral train  
Winds slowly, sadly thro' the gates of Nain.  
The mourner is a widow, bowed with grief  
And anguish that deny the poor relief  
Of bitter tears. With slow, uncertain tread  
And pallid face she walks behind her dead,  
Taking no interest in the far or near,  
Since there is nothing left to love or fear.

## THE MIRACLE OF NAIN.

She had been happy once ; had heard the mirth  
Of joyous children round her humble hearth.  
But, ah ! the reaper came ; his shadow fell  
Upon the little band she loved so well,  
And all its tender ties were rent apart.  
The chosen partner of her life and heart  
Went out forever ; then the children fair,  
Whose little feet made sweetest music there,  
Faded away, till only one was left.  
O how her heart, so broken, so bereft,  
Wound its torn tendrils round that only child—  
Her all, her beautiful, her undefiled !  
He was for her the solitary beam  
Of light and gladness on life's troubled stream.

He grew in strength and beauty, through the hours  
That passed so swiftly, with their dreams and flowers,  
To early manhood ; his old mother's hope,  
Her stay, support and staff adown life's slope.  
But Death, insatiate, claimed another prey,  
And he, the last, the loveliest, passed away.  
She saw the fading cheek, the parting breath ;  
She saw the fatal sign and seal of Death ;  
And when she knew his loving soul was gone  
Beyond recall, her bleeding heart beat on.  
She folded him once more in fond embrace,  
Scanned every lineament of his dear face,  
Kissed the cold, marble brow, the pallid cheek,  
And icy lips that had no word to speak,  
And then, went forth to lay his fair, young head  
In the lone city of the silent dead.

## THE MIRACLE OF NAIN.

But who is He, that way-worn traveler?  
Whence came the man, and wherefore is he here?  
His garb is poor and humble, but His face  
Is full of wondrous majesty and grace.  
Why do the bearers of the dead stand still?  
What are the wondrous words that seem to thrill  
The heart-strings of the hearers? Is that breath  
That stirs that pulseless bosom? Mighty Death!  
The Son of God hath spoken, thou hast heard,  
And given up thy victim at His word.  
And now the life-tide rushes, free and warm,  
Through every vein of that cold, pallid form.  
The lip is tremulous, the brow grows bright,  
And the dim eye resumes its wonted light.  
Oh, who can tell the wild, the frantic joy  
Of that fond mother o'er her living boy!  
And is the hue of life upon his cheek?  
And can he see, and hear, and feel, and speak?

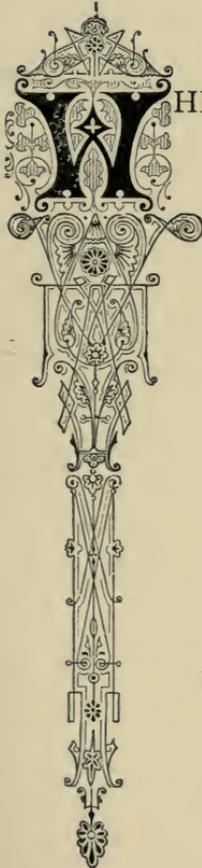
Great God! in human form, whose mighty power  
Called back the spirit in that triumph hour,  
What shall we say when Thou shalt come again,  
With twice ten thousand angels in thy train,  
To shake the solid earth, to rend the skies,  
And bid the myriads of the dead arise?

INDIANAPOLIS.



→ WHERE IS THY HOME, LOVE? ←

“IT IS HOME WHERE E’ER THE HEART IS.”—*Song.*



HERE is thy home, love? Where bright  
skies are flinging  
Rich, mellow light over tropical bowers,  
Where glad birds of beautiful plumage are  
singing  
And butterflies wooing the odorous  
flowers :  
Where the soft south wind strays,  
And palm leaves quiver,  
Through the long pleasant days,  
By some bright river—  
Is thy home there?

Where is thy home, love?. Where true  
men are braving  
Danger and death on the red battle-  
plain ;

WHERE IS THY HOME, LOVE? ♦

Where, in the cannon's smoke, banners are waving,  
And the wild war-horse is trampling the slain ;  
Where the dead soldier sleeps,  
    Wrapped in his glory ;  
Where the cold night-dew steeps  
    Faces all gory—  
    Is thy home there?

Where is thy home, love? Where ivy is climbing  
    Over old ruins, all moss-grown and gray ;  
Where at the vesper hour, deep bells a-chiming,  
    Summon the toil-weary spirit to pray ;  
    Where, as the darkness falls  
    Over the gloaming,  
    Through the dim cloister halls  
    Pale ghosts are roaming—  
    Is thy home there?

Where is thy home, love? Where billows are swelling  
    Over the caves of the fathomless deep ;  
Where, in their coral bowers, Nereids are knelling  
    Dirges where beauty and chivalry sleep ;  
    Where the storm's lurid light,  
    Fitfully gleaming,  
    Startles, at dead of night,  
    Men from their dreaming—  
    Is thy home there?

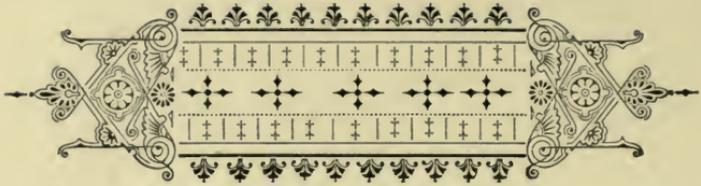
No, dearest love, no. Where kind words are spoken  
    In a wee cottage, half hidden by flowers ;

WHERE IS THY HOME, LOVE?

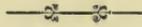
Where the dear household band still is unbroken,  
Where hope and happiness wing the glad hours ;  
From the cold world apart,  
Never more roving,  
In my adoring heart,  
Faithful and loving—  
There is thy home.

INDIANAPOLIS, APRIL, 1850.

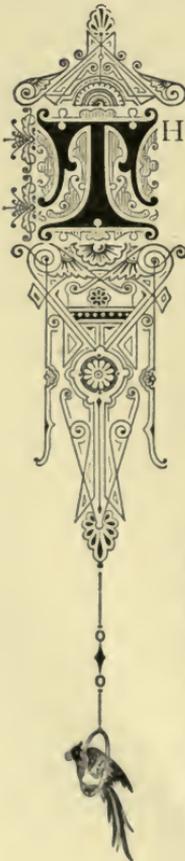




→ THE WRECK OF THE CENTRAL AMERICA ←



I.



THE storm-fires burn with a lurid glow  
In the sky above, in the sea below,  
And a threatening wind with deafening  
    roar,  
Besieges the steamer abaft and before.  
Her tall masts bend and her wet shrouds  
    rattle—  
God make the good ship strong for the  
    battle!  
    She is freighted with gold from mountain  
    mines ;  
But all the red gold this world enshrines  
Is worthless compared to the life she holds  
In six times a hundred sentient souls.  
The lofty, the lowly, the brave and fair ;  
Fathers, and mothers, and children are  
    there.  
Mariners, mariners ! watch and beware !

## WRECK OF THE CENTRAL AMERICA.

Ah, listen again  
To the wild refrain

Of the shrieking wind and the rattling rain !  
How the huge waves raven, grapple and roar ;  
How they hiss and writhe behind and before.  
They batter the keel and shake the strong beams,  
Leap over the bulwarks and gnaw the seams,  
While the steamer dashes their crests to spray,  
And tramples them down on her homeward way.

### II.

But what saith that sailor, hurried and pale?  
He tells the captain a terrible tale,  
For he starts, and his brow grows dark with care.  
No need to whisper it—speak it out, speak !  
“ Danger—aye, peril ! ” With white lip and cheek,  
Men turn to each other and murmur, “ A leak ! ”  
“ To the pumps ! to the pumps ! ” All hope lies there ;  
And a hundred men, with heart and hand,  
Hasten away to obey the command.  
The bilge-water gains, but the good pumps play,  
And the strong men toil through the livelong day ;  
And they still toil on through the grim, wild night,  
In the smoke and steam, with their faces white,  
While the storm-fires burn with a lurid glow,  
In the sky above, in the sea below.  
Faster and faster the bilge-water flows ;  
Hotter and hotter the stifling air grows ;  
But no man fails in the terror and strife—  
They battle for home, for loved ones, for life.

## WRECK OF THE CENTRAL AMERICA.

Bravely they battle,  
While the rent shrouds rattle,  
And the tall masts bend in the wind and rain,  
And the angry surges  
Chant death dirges  
Far away over the heaving main.

### *III.*

The water gains surely, higher and higher  
It creeps up the furnaces, reaches the fire,  
And simmering, sobbing, the red coals expire.  
The engines are silent, but brave hearts toil on ;  
The pumps have all failed, but hope is not gone.  
Foot to foot, hand to hand, weak, haggard and pale,  
With rope girdled buckets and barrels they bail .  
Bail, bail with faint hope now, but breathe not a fear,  
And white lips still tremble with words of good cheer ;  
No thought of exhaustion, of hunger or pain,  
Till they see but too well their efforts are vain.  
The water still rises, sweeps over the floors,  
Deluges the gangway, leaps in at the doors !  
The men fly before it, fly gasping for breath,  
While the black waves without  
Roar, raven and shout,  
And the wind and the rain  
Peal a fearful refrain  
To the anthem of Death !  
And the lost ship lies, with impotent motion,  
A life-freighted wreck, on a storm-mad ocean.

## WRECK OF THE CENTRAL AMERICA.

### IV.

O visions of land, with its old green hills,  
Its sunny valleys, trees, blossoms and rills—  
Of home far away, and the dear ones there ;  
Ye come to the doomed, in their deep despair,  
Down in the valley and shadow of Death,  
Counting their moments with tremulous breath,  
And waiting to die.

Ye come, when their beautiful hopes are dead,  
When the grave is yawning beneath their tread ;  
When they turn their wild, beseeching eyes  
From the angry sea to the angry skies,  
As the groaning ship is sinking under ;  
When the lightnings flash,  
And the rent spars crash,  
And the waves keep time to the ceaseless thunder.

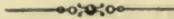
Hearken ! a cry !  
Louder than billows, than wind and rain,  
It rings like a joy-bell over the main :  
A sail ! a sail !—ho, the signal ! She nears.  
There is hope—there is hope, thank God ! and tears  
Bathe the pallid faces of noble men  
And women, who wept not through all, till then.  
The lifeboats are lowered, through blinding spray,  
And the women and children are borne away  
O'er the mountainous billows, weeping sore,  
For the dear ones left : they shall meet no more.  
They have passed the danger so nobly braved,  
And reached the ship. Thank God, they are saved !

WRECK OF THE CENTRAL AMERICA.

V.

The shadows of twilight are falling fast,  
The wind has died to a harmless blast ;  
But, alas ! alas ! for the sinking wreck,  
And the brave men left on its foam-washed deck,  
    Whose wild eyes strain  
    Through the storm, in vain,  
For the life-boats, the life-boats, that come not again.  
O pitiless ocean ! pitiless sky !  
Is there no help ? Must they die—all die ?  
Ay, the waves answer, with deafening roar,  
Grappling like demons behind and before ;  
And the wreck, with a sudden lurching motion,  
Goes down to the soundless deeps of ocean.  
To the gates of Death, to the walls of Heaven,  
A wild, despairing cry is driven.  
The waves that followed the lost ship's track  
Left her below and came surging back ;  
And the storm-sprites sung a requiem, then,  
O'er the graves of four times a hundred men.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, NOVEMBER, 1857.





## → MOSES' LAST LOOK OVER THE HILLS. ←

TO AN ARTIST.



WHEN the day is dead, dear lady,  
And the glooms of twilight fall,  
Oft my soul goes out to meet thee,  
In that ancient college hall.

Goes out, on Fancy's pinions,  
Through the boundless world of thought,  
To review the fair creations  
That thy cunning hand has wrought.

And enrapt as in a vision  
That my very heart pulse thrills,  
I behold the patriarch "taking  
His last look over the hills."

Over Canaan's fruitful valleys,  
Silver sands and sparkling streams,  
And cities girt with palm trees,  
Fair as Eden in our dreams.

MOSES TAKING HIS LAST LOOK.

Over all the land God promised,  
Many a hundred years before,  
To Abram's seed outnumbering  
The sands on the ocean's shore.

O man, whom God appointed  
To break the Egyptian thrall,  
And redeem His chosen people,  
Hast thou found the end of all?

Age has not impaired the vigor  
Of thy mighty heart and hand,  
But thy feet may never enter  
To possess the Promised Land.

Nay, thy pilgrimage is ended ;  
Now another fills thy place ;  
And thy soul is bowed with sadness,  
By the shadow on thy face.

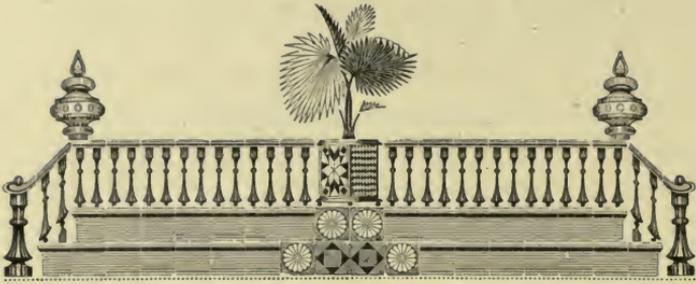
And standing amidst the mountains,  
Unattended and forlorn,  
Thou art like a stricken monarch  
Of his crown and kingdom shorn.

Alone ! Thou art not forsaken,  
For thy God is still thy friend,  
And thy life is but beginning  
Where to us it seems to end.

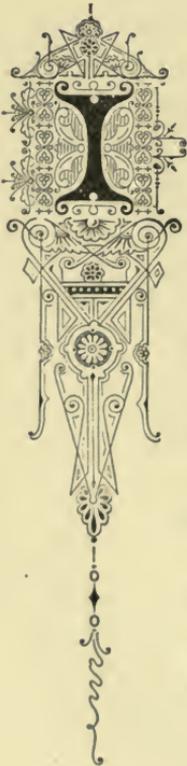
## MOSES TAKING HIS LAST LOOK.

And, ere Israel takes possession  
Of Jehovah's rich bequest,  
Thou shalt know the full fruition  
Of eternal love and rest.





## → THE LAND OVER THE RIVER. ↵



I AM going a lonely journey, to a country  
far away,  
And only wait for a summons that may  
arrive to-day ;  
I have never seen that country, but they tell  
me it is fair,  
And most of my friends and kindred have  
long been living there.  
Some went in innocent childhood, some  
when their hair was gray ;  
Some left us in chill December, and some  
in flowery May ;  
Some went ere their little fingers had  
learned to toil for bread,  
And some when their hearts were broken,  
and Hope and Joy were dead.

## THE LAND OVER THE RIVER.

I have waited, wished to join them, for many a weary  
year,

But when'er I think of starting, my heart grows weak  
with fear,

I am sure the land is fairer than any my eyes have seen,  
But dread a nameless something in the way that lies  
between ;

For the way leads through a valley of shadows, cold and  
gray,

From the sound of human voices, from the blessed light  
of day ;

Leads over a lonely river, with never an ebb or flow,  
Hung round with ghostly shadows no human soul may  
know.

But when my heart is weary of sorrow and suffering sore,  
I long for the rest and blessing of that dim and distant  
shore ;

I long for the rest and blessing, but never, quite, can  
say :

“My work is all completed ; I am ready to go to-day.”

I shall have no need of money, nor costly clothes to wear ;

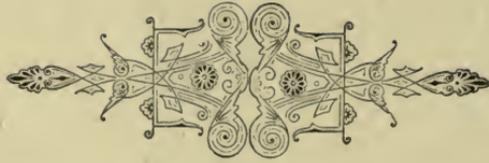
My raiment is provided, and a friend has paid my fare.

He is waiting to receive me, and give a title deed

To a mansion fair, and fitted with everything I need.

There is no more death nor sickness, nor sorrow, pain  
nor care,

In that land beyond the river. O, would that I were  
there !



❖ MISS MARTH A McCLURE. ❖



I'M thinking of the old, bright days,  
When we were girls together,  
When bloom bedight life's common ways  
And Hope made pleasant weather.

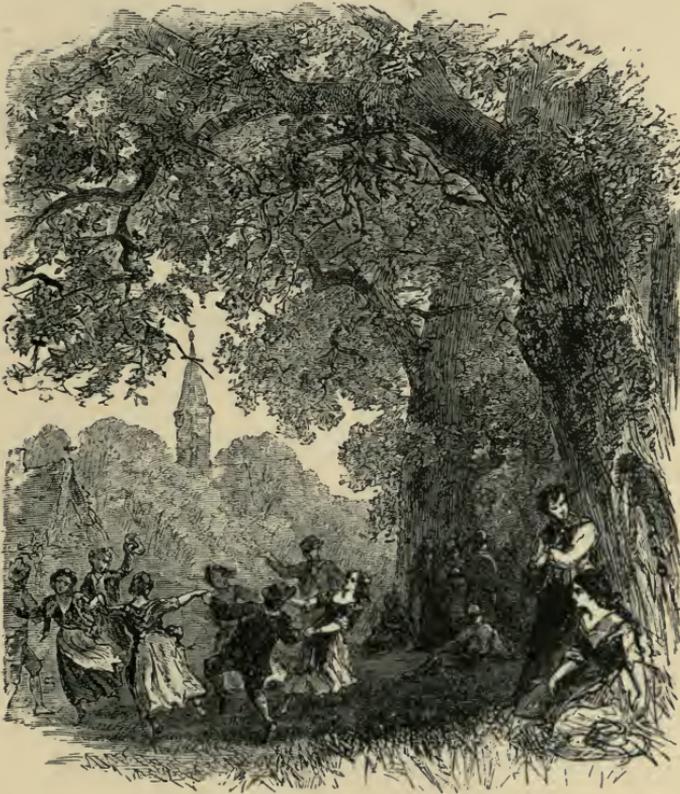
Again, within the country school,  
I con old Webster's pages ;  
Anon, Addition's Simple Rule  
My earnest thought engages.

Now comes the noon : the school is out—  
Two hours for play and pleasure ;  
With blind-man's buff, ball, ring and rout,  
We emphasize our leisure.

The time is up ; I hear the call.  
To books again returning,  
We range around the rough log wall,  
And gather scraps of learning.

MISS MARTHA McCLURE.

And so the world goes round, until  
The school for night suspended,  
I ramble down Mount Pleasant Hill,  
Up which at morn I wended.



Just as the sunset's golden sheen  
Falls over la belle river,  
And crowns the city, like a queen,  
In beauty throned forever.

MISS MARTHA McCLURE.

Ah, Martha, in those by-gone days  
The world was bright, in seeming,  
And gayly down life's morning ways  
Our glad young hearts went dreaming.

We scarcely knew the name of care,  
Knew less of pain and sorrow ;  
Love plucked to-day his roses fair,  
Hope promised more to-morrow.

But, ah ! the Present breaks the charm  
With which the Past had bound me,  
And finds me living on a farm,  
With five grandchildren round me.

They sing and play the same old plays  
We sang and played together,  
When bloom bedight life's common ways  
And Hope made pleasant weather.

Of all our merry schoolmates then,  
Some climbed to lofty places,  
And some adorned the ways of men  
With gentle Christian graces.

But many a one of those gay bands  
That laughed and sang in chorus,  
With silent lips and folded hands,  
Has journeyed on before us.

MISS MARTHA McCLURE.

And she\* who had us in her care,  
Whose word was law and duty ;  
Who sowed, with many a fervent prayer,  
The seeds of moral beauty—

Think you her grandly-gifted soul  
In endless silence slumbers?  
Not so ; in life's eternal goal  
She sings sublimer numbers.

And, ah ! dear school-mate, you and I  
Have fewer miles to travel ;  
Have fewer lions to go by,  
And fewer threads to ravel ;

Have fewer years, of bright or dark,  
Of peace or weary trial,  
Until the day that will not mark  
Its progress on Life's dial ;

Have fewer friends to love and leave,  
When Death remits Life's fever,  
And fewer hearts to moan and grieve,  
When we shall cross the river.

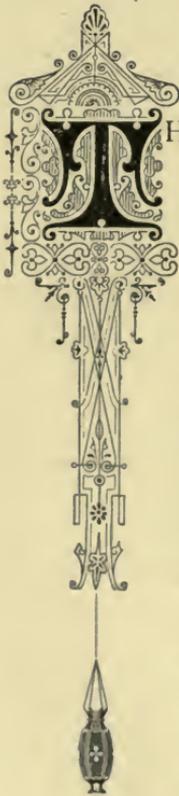
BEECH BANK, SEPTEMBER, 1878.

\*Mrs. Rebecca Hammond Lard.



❖ ONE NIGHT IN A LIFETIME. ❖\*

I.



THEY were all alone, two brothers,  
By a feeble, flickering light,  
In an empty, wayside hovel,  
At the ghostly hour of night.

Two soldiers, and one was dying  
In his blanket on the floor,  
With his knapsack for a pillow—  
His knapsack stained with gore.

The shadows crept to the hearthstone,  
And hung round the broken wall:  
And the dying man kept breathing—  
Kept breathing, and that was all.

\*An incident in the life of Major W. J. Richards.

## ONE NIGHT IN A LIFETIME.

### *II.*

Nay, his hand was feebly lifted,  
And his white lips whispered low,  
“I am watching, watching, brother,  
As I told you long ago.”

For, in dying, he remembered  
Once, when life was bright and sweet,  
He had said: “I will watch the moment  
When my pulses cease to beat.

“I will watch the last sensation  
By the power of human will,  
When the shadow falls around me  
And my human heart grows still.”

### *III.*

A bird in a blasted pine tree  
Complained, like a heart that grieves ;  
The wind sighed low at the casement  
And whispered around the eaves.

And the bright young life kept ebbing  
From the heart so true and brave,  
And the feeble breath grew fainter  
On every pulsing wave.

## ONE NIGHT IN A LIFETIME.

But again the white lips parted,  
And mutely seemed to say :  
“I am watching, watching, brother !”  
And the brave soul passed away.

He had met the silent angel,  
And together, hand in hand,  
They had left the path of earth-life  
For the far-off “better land.”

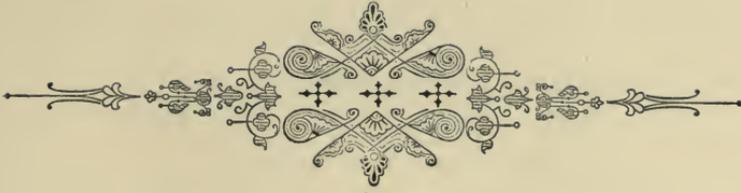
### *IV.*

The night without grew darker,  
The light within burnt low,  
And the heart of the lonely mourner  
Kept time to his weary woe.

As there in the awful silence,  
Kneeling by that lowly bed,  
He folded the cold hands fondly,  
And kept vigil by his dead.

He had stood in front of battle—  
He had seen his comrades slain,  
Where the very earth was drunken  
With a fall of crimson rain ;

Had looked on the pallid faces  
Of torn and mangled men,  
But the hardest, bitterest trial  
Of life was reserved till then.



❖ GENIUS AND TALENT. ❖ ←



GENIUS is a mighty fountain  
Gushing from a cloud-capt mountain ;  
Talent is a pleasant rill  
Winding round a sunny hill.

Genius rushes strong and wild  
Where the riven rocks are piled ;  
Talent wanders through a vale,  
Listening to the nightingale.

Genius hath a troubled seeming,  
Like a fevered brow in dreaming ;  
Talent hath a face so fair,  
That the stars are mirrored there.

Genius is forever pouring,  
Rushing, foaming, seething, roaring ;  
Talent sings a pleasing lay,  
As it glides along its way.

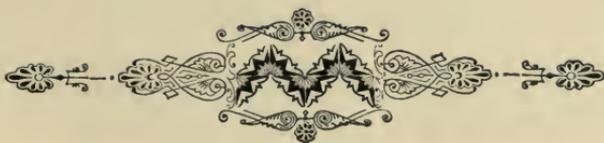
## GENIUS AND TALENT.

Genius gathers sparkling gems,  
Fit for angel diadems ;  
Talent gathers dewy flowers  
From imagination's bowers.

Genius, from its wild endeavor,  
Stoppeth, resteth, never, never ;  
Talent loiters oft to play  
With the rainbows on its spray.

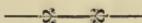
Genius, in its wild commotion,  
Sweepeth madly to the ocean ;  
Talent, with its brow so mild,  
Meets the wanderer, worn and wild,  
And the torrent and the river  
Merge and mingle there forever.



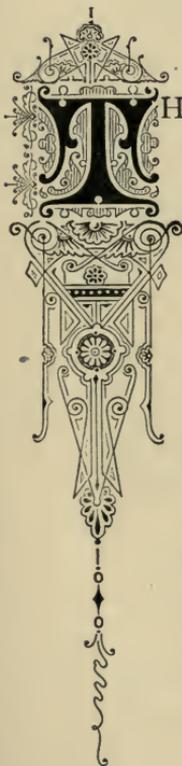


→ **A** SCENE IN IRELAND. ←

PUBLISHED IN THE INDIANAPOLIS SENTINEL, JANUARY 27,  
1847.



*I.*



THE wild wind shrieked o'er the dreary moor,  
And sang a dirge at the crazied door  
Of a hovel, bent with age so low,  
It seemed a hillock of drifted snow.

Within that hut, by the cheerless hearth,  
That once was gladdened with children's  
mirth,  
A desolate mother sat and prest  
A famished babe to her faded breast.

With her evening song, so low and deep,  
She had lulled her starving boys to sleep.  
Did they wander now, in happy dreams,  
By the flowery banks of purling streams?

A SCENE IN IRELAND.

Did they watch the golden fishes play?  
Mimic the notes of the bright birds lay,  
Or clamber up to the sunny bough,  
Where the ripened fruit seemed bending now?

No, no ; their visions were all unblest,  
For they tost and groaned in sad unrest ;  
And now there came from that lowly bed  
The muttered words of a prayer for bread.

Why did that mother so wildly start,  
And press her babe on her aching heart?  
That pleading sound, that whispered word,  
The inmost depths of her soul had stirred.

A moment passed, and her eyes, so wild,  
Were fixed again on her dying child.  
Softly she parted its golden hair,  
And pressed a kiss on its brow so fair.

Fondly she gazed in the deep-blue eye,  
That seemed too bright, too young to die ;  
Gently the cheeks grew pale and chill—  
She felt its heart, but each pulse was still.

And she knew the soul that God had given  
Had passed away to its rest in Heaven.

## A SCENE IN IRELAND.

### *II.*

Softly and brightly the sun's glad beam  
Came o'er the hill and the ice-bound stream,  
And the morning's frosty breath was rife  
With the stirring sounds of busy life.

The snow, as fair on the dreary moor  
As it came from Heaven the night before,  
Was broken now by the father's tread,  
As he wended home with his hard-earned bread.

He had labored well, had labored long,  
But his soul was brave, his arm was strong ;  
His heart was cheered by the blessed thought  
Of the loved at home, for whom he wrought.

Wearily, slowly, trudged he along,  
Singing the tune of a wild old song,  
But pondering deep in his heart the while,  
His children's joy and his wife's glad smile.

As the hearth was swept, the table spread,  
And the platter filled with precious bread,  
He saw in fancy the turf-fires's flame,  
He heard his prattler lisp his name,

A SCENE IN IRELAND.

And dreamed of joy till his heart forgot  
The toils and cares of the poor man's lot.  
Slowly he wended around the hill ;  
He stood by the door, but all was still.

He raised the latchet and gazed around ;  
'Twas surely strange that they slept so sound !  
There sat his wife, with her baby prest  
In quiet sleep on her faded breast.

He spoke ; she moved not. He raised her head ;  
She was cold and pale—his wife was dead.  
He did not speak, or move, or start ;  
Life's tide was frozen around his heart.

His brow grew dark with his soul's despair ;  
Light, hope, love, joy—all had perished there.  
His boys were locked in a fond embrace ;  
But well he knew by each pallid face,  
So quiet now, that the soul had flown.  
God ! oh, God ! he was all alone.

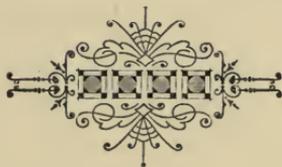
\* \* \* \* \*

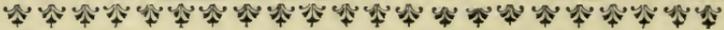
Daughters of Freedom, to you I bring  
A sad appeal for the perishing.  
Our kindred, neighbors and friends are they  
Who are suffering thus, though far away.

A SCENE IN IRELAND.

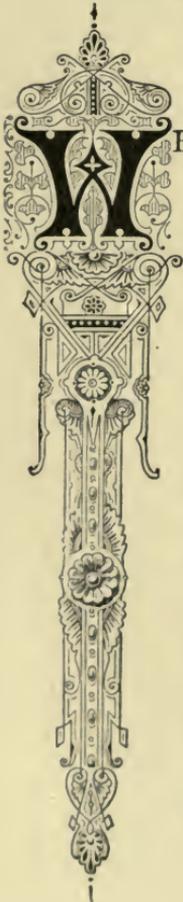
Perchance the price of the gem you wear  
In your shining braids of silken hair,  
Might life, health, strength and joy impart  
To a trembling sister's bleeding heart.

The blessed gift ye might soon forget,  
But the Lord of all will pay the debt.





❖ TO MY TRAVELING SHOES. ❖



— ❖ —

YE have journed, old companions, in the storm  
and in the sun,  
Many a weary way together since our part-  
nership begun.  
Ye were good and faithful servants, but no  
longer fresh and fair ;  
Time has marred your sheeny beauty,  
dainty shape and jaunty air.  
But, as some disabled soldier is beguiled  
from pang and pain  
By the sight of his good weapon, battered  
by the iron rain,  
Ye wile me from the present, with its care  
and trouble sore,  
To the pleasures, pains and perils of the  
days that come no more.  
We have crossed the sea together, paced the  
steamer's reeking deck,

TO MY TRAVELING SHOES.

When the heavens brooded darkness, the storm-wind  
threatened wreck ;

Nestled in our little cabin, with its light so cold and dim,  
Haunted by weird shapes and shadows, like sea serpents  
green and grim ;

Where the huge waves struck the bull's eye, and went  
howling on their way,

Like a troop of hungry demons disappointed of their prey.

O, that little whited cabin ! how it rollicked and careened,

While its mirror scintillated like the one eye of a fiend,

And its life-preservers, dangling from the ceiling to and  
fro,

Whispered horrible suggestions to the home-sick wretch  
below.

O, that odorous little cabin ! with its hard, uneasy bed,

Where I always wakened wondering if I were alive or  
dead,

Till I saw familiar garments strewn on sofa-back and  
stand,

That reminded me, thank Heaven, of the dry and solid  
land.

But when we were just as wretched as poor human souls  
can be,

We sighted dear old Cherburg, quiet Cherburg, by the  
sea.

And that night, in hoods and blankets, like five phantoms  
in a row,

We crept down the slippery gangway to the little tug  
below,

That looked, amidst the blackness around, above, beneath,

TO MY TRAVELING SHOES.

Like the fabled boat of Charon on the fabled stream of  
Death.

Our goodly ship had anchored full five weary miles from  
land,

Where we could not see each other, could not see a lifted  
hand,

For the sky was black above us and the sea was black  
below,

And the tug-boat, like a bubble on the waves, tossed to  
and fro.

And we heard the howling billows, felt the pattering of  
the rain,

As we sat there in our misery, too much frightened to  
complain.

Nevertheless, it bore us safely through the plashing rain  
and spray,

From the midnight on the ocean to the midnight on the  
quay,

Where, worn, and wet, and weary, in the darkness and  
the rain,

Every heart and limb a-shiver with anxiety and pain,

We were held as hapless fellows for some high offense  
enthralled,

Till our passports were examined and our baggage over-  
hauled.

Thence we wandered on, good bottines, over many a for-  
eign shore,

Famous in historic story, rich in scientific lore,

And immortal forms of beauty, precious, priceless and  
sublime,

TO MY TRAVELING SHOES.

That the Heaven-inspired creators left along the paths of  
time.

We have wandered far together, through the shadow and  
the sun ;

But we are a decade older, and our journeying is done.

Yet my memory holds her treasures, and recounts them at  
her will,

And my fancy, never weary, goes on many a ramble still ;  
Goes to palace parks and gardens, rich with odoriferous  
blooms ;

To grand, antique cathedrals, dim with many-colored  
glooms ;

Threads the high halls of the Louvre, with their treasures  
of old days ;

Reads the littleness of greatness on the graves of Pere  
la Chaise ;

Loiters in Place de la Concord, where the guillotine once  
stood,

Sending forth a fearful river of hot tears and human  
blood.

Then she flits to lovely Rhineland, with its purple-laden  
vines,

Its hoary feudal ruins, and its holy pilgrim shrines ;

And she sails a-down the Neckar, when the summer sun-  
shine, low,

Gives to Heidelberg and Kaiserstuhl a tender, rosy glow ;  
Threads the castle, now a ruin, but of old as fair and  
grand

As befitted the proud Palatine that ruled the Teuton land ;  
She refills the stately chambers, lonely, desolate and  
bare,

TO MY TRAVELING SHOES.

With the rich and royal company that whilom gathered  
there.

Then she threads the park at Wimar, with its sunshine and  
its bloom ;

Steals into Goethe "Garten-haus," and lingers 'round his  
tomb ;

Or, in Schiller's "Arbeit zimmer," with all holy memories  
fraught,

Reads the legends on the tapestry that royal fingers  
wrought

In honor of the truest heart, the soul of purest fire,

That ever dwelt in human guise or swept the poet's lyre.

Then she strays beside the Tiber, climbs St. Peter's lofty  
dome,

And muses in the Vatican, art's treasure-house, at Rome ;  
Loiters round the ancient Forum, scales the Coliseum's  
wall,

Where the many-colored lichens, like bright banners, float  
and fall,

When the full moon, high in Heaven, drifts her silver o'er  
the floor,

Where gladiators battled till the ground was dank with  
gore,

And a multitude of Christians sealed with blood their faith  
in God,

While an Emperor applauded, and the world obeyed his  
nod.

Then she flits beyond the city, with its noises and its frets,  
Where the tuneful heart of Shelley lies, beneath the vio-  
lets,

And the little marble monument from age to age repeats

TO MY TRAVELING SHOES.

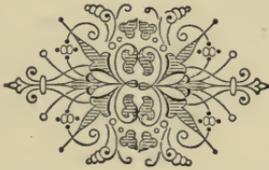
The last, despairing utterance of the broken-hearted  
Keats.

Thus, at home, beside the hearthstone, in my indolence  
serene,

I can shut my eyes and see again the places I have seen ;  
Can forget the wear and worry, cares and trials of the  
day,

And without the toil of going, live in countries far away.

BEECH BANK, 1877.

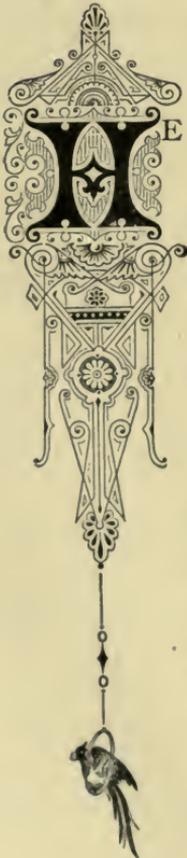




TO THE MEMORY OF

→ GENERAL WILGHMAN ASHURST HOWARD, ←

ON THE ARRIVAL OF HIS REMAINS AT INDIANAPOLIS.



— — — — —

E comes! But not as once he came,  
With beaming eye and brow,  
With waving banners, loud acclaim,  
Cometh the gifted now.  
With sable plumes and funeral train,  
With slow and solemn tread,  
They bear him to his home again,  
Our noble Howard—dead!

Toll, toll for him the mournful knell,  
Ye thousands who have hung  
Upon the thrilling words that fell  
From his entrancing tongue.  
Bring flowers, bedewed by many a tear,  
Wreathed with the cypress bough,  
And lay them on the lowly bier  
Where Howard slumbers now.

GENERAL HOWARD.

And ye who sat around his hearth,  
Where love's warm pulses beat  
In joy and sorrow, care and mirth,  
And is it thus ye meet?  
Ye have not seen his pleasant face,  
His manly form, for years ;  
He comes—instead of love's embrace,  
Ye greet him with your tears.

How shall the minstrel sing of him?  
How tell his peerless worth?  
She can but say : A star is dim,  
A light has passed from earth,  
The odor of a flower is spent,  
Lost is a music strain ;  
A tender, holy link is rent  
In fond affection's chain.

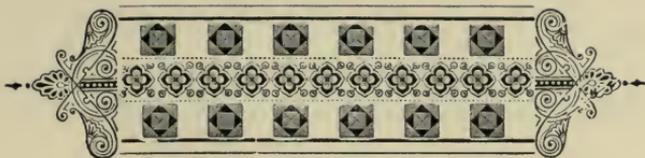
But, by the voice of well-earned fame,  
By bitter tears that start,  
We know "our Howard's" honored name  
Lives in his country's heart.  
And by the truthful words he said,  
The good seed he has sown  
Will grow and bloom, though he is dead,  
Round Freedom's cornerstone.

His country, faithful to her trust,  
Hath sought him where he fell,

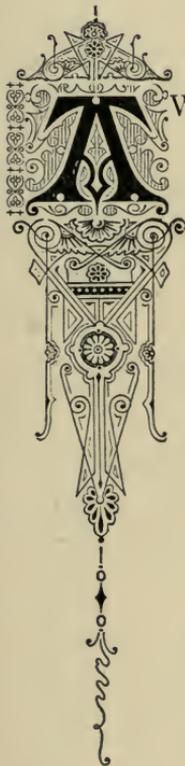
GENERAL HOWARD.

To hoard the angel-guarded dust,  
Of one she loved so well.  
And when the Present, old and gray,  
Shall be a by-gone age,  
His name shall shine with purest ray  
Upon historic page.





→ AWAY TO THE BATTLE OF LIFE. ←



WAY to the battle of life, my boy,  
While yet it is called to-day,  
For the years go out and the years come in,  
Regardless of all who may lose or win,  
Of all who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,  
To the myriads gone before ;  
You can hear the sound of their falling feet,  
Going down to the river where two world's  
meet—  
They go to return no more.

There is room for you in the ranks, my boy,  
And duty to you assigned ;  
Step into the front with a cheerful grace—  
Be quick, or another may take your place,  
And you shall be left behind.

## AWAY TO THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

There is work for you by the way, my boy,  
That you never can do again ;  
Work for the lowliest, loftiest men,  
With shuttle and spindle, ploughshare and pen ;  
Work for the hand and the brain.

The serpent will follow you close, my boy,  
To lay for your feet a snare,  
And Pleasure will sit in her fairy bowers,  
With crimson poppies and lotus flowers  
Enwreathing her golden hair.

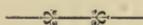
But, oh ! beware of her wiles, my boy,  
Beware of her Upas breath ;  
She has learned the lore of deception well ;  
But her steps take hold on the gates of hell—  
The kiss of her lips is death.

Then put on the armor of God, my boy,  
In the beautiful days of youth ;  
Put on the helmet, the breastplate and shield,  
And the sword that the feeblest arm may wield,  
In the cause of right and truth.

And go to the battle of Life, my boy,  
With the peace of the Gospel shod,  
And before high Heaven do the best you can  
For the great reward, for the good of man,  
For the crown and kingdom of God.



❖. W. + H. + BOWLES. ❖



I.



AREWELL, O friend of other, brighter days!  
My heart is lorn and sore  
To think that I shall meet on life's highways  
Thy pleasant face no more.

I can not realize that some fell blight  
Has fallen on thee so soon;  
That some grim shadow from the shores of  
night  
Has darkened all thy noon.

I can not realize that thou hast learned  
The secret Heaven conceals;  
That thy unfettered spirit has discerned  
What only death reveals.

Not many days ago we met, and said  
Kind greetings as we past;

T. H. BOWLES.

But, ah ! I dreamed not, as their accents sped,  
Those words would be our last.

*II.*

We look on thy pale brow and silent lips,  
We feel thy pulseless heart,  
Behold thy sealed eyes in dark eclipse,  
And wonder where thou art.

Not here ; nay, in the world of living men,  
That breathe, and feel, and move,  
Thou may'st be nevermore as thou hast been.  
Alas, for life and love !

When I recall the promise of thy prime,  
Thine aspirations high,  
I weep and say, alas, it was not time—  
But God, He knoweth why.

He comprehends the darkness that surrounds  
Our feeble human sight ;  
He understands the mystery that confounds  
Our sense of wrong and right.

Farewell, O friend of other, brighter years !  
My heart for thee is sore ;  
I can but give the tribute of my tears—  
Would I could give thee more.

T. H. BOWLES.

Would I could well portray thy genial heart,  
Warm, tender, generous, just ;  
Thy soul, that scorned dissimulation's art,  
Faithful to every trust.

Many will miss thee, as their tears attest,  
And mourn thy friendship lost,  
And those that knew thee longest, knew thee best,  
Will miss and mourn thee most.

But in the pleasant home where death has riven  
The holiest ties apart,  
Not all the pitying souls in earth or Heaven  
Can heal love's bleeding heart.

BEECH BANK, SEPTEMBER 23, 1878.





→A STREET ARAB'S PRAYER←



— — — — —

WO waifs upon the stream of time,  
Outcasts, without a home or name,  
Born in the haunts of sin and crime,  
Heirs to a heritage of shame ;  
Two wandering Arabs of the street,  
With tattered clothes and bare, brown feet.

One, crushed and mangled till the life  
Was slowly ebbing from his heart ;  
The other, racked with fever's strife,  
Beyond the healing power of art.  
Their pallid faces nestled there,  
Framed in a mass of tawny hair.

One murmured, with a plaintive sigh :  
“ Say, Bobby, did you ever hear

## A STREET ARAB'S PRAYER.

Of Jesus? Maybe when you die  
He'll come and take you up from here  
To Heaven, and there you wont be poor,  
Nor cold, nor hungry any more.

“At mission school I heard 'em say  
He goes about a-doing good,  
And if you'd ask Him, night or day,  
He'd come and help you all He could.  
Who knows but He'll come round to-night—  
And you would know Him, Bob, at sight.”

“No,” said the boy, whose eyes grew dim,  
“I don't know where the man might be ;  
And a great gentleman like Him  
Would hardly stop to speak to me ;  
But if He comes around, I'll try  
To ax Him—doctor says I'll die.

“I never heard of Him before ;  
But, Bill, if I could only walk,  
I'd try to find him. Shut the door ;  
It hurts me so I can not talk.”  
“Then, Bobby, just hold up your hand,  
And if He comes He'll understand.”

Up went the trembling hand to tell  
Needs that the white lips could not speak,

A STREET ARAB'S PRAYER.

Fluttered a moment there and fell—

Went up again ; but, ah ! too weak  
Was little Bob to hold it there ;  
And then he wept in his despair.

“ Don't try it, Bobby,” said his friend ;

“ Give me your hand ; I'll fix it up.”  
And with his pillow, end to end,  
He deftly improvised a prop ;  
And all night long the voiceless prayer  
Of that small hand was offered there.

And when the morning looked abroad,  
And sunbeams kissed that silent bed,  
The hand still pointed up to God,  
And little pauper Bob was dead.  
But, by his face so calm and fair,  
Men knew that Jesus had been there.





\*: ANECDOTE OF HORACE GREELEY. \*:\*



IN the multitude that gathered, waiting, watching round the cars,

Did they seek a fair resemblance of Apollo  
or of Mars?

Did they think the scintillations of a great,  
undaunted soul

Would surround him with a nimbus or a  
gleaming aureole?

Did they think, because his spirit has the  
power to enthuse

The heart of old humanity with larger,  
grander views,

That the mortal form that shined it must  
be cast in finer mold,

Arrayed as fashion dictates, and bedecked  
with gleaming gold?

\*A party of gentlemen, who went to the cars to meet Horace Greeley, were unable to find him, turned to a rough-looking countryman and asked if Horace Greeley was on the train. "That is my name," said the man with the slouched hat and weather-stained coat.

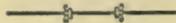
ANECDOTE OF HORACE GREELEY.

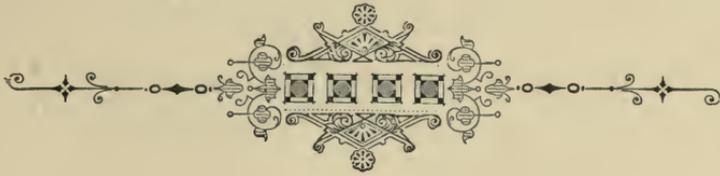
Little reck's it what ideal their imagination wrought,  
Their quest was unavailing for the brilliant form they  
sought,  
But they found a common mortal, in a well-worn coat and  
hat,  
Unpretending, unassuming—it was Greeley for a' that.

This should teach the useful lesson men too often over-  
look,  
That we should not by its cover judge the contents of a  
book.  
Horace Greeley is a volume, bound, I own, with little  
care,  
But containing on its pages things unique or very rare.

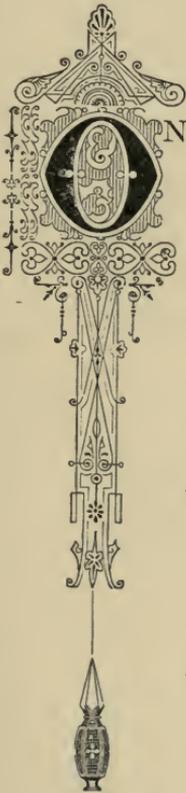
From my very soul I honor the imperial mind that braves  
The despotic laws that fashion makes to regulate her  
slaves ;  
And I pity him who never dares to bend or break a rule  
That etiquette has taught him in her dull and formal  
school.

1850.





❖ TO MRS. R. SWAIN, M. D. ❖



ONLY a woman, with a woman's heart,  
Gentle, impassioned, modest, pure and  
good ;  
Yet thou hast nobly dared to step apart  
From the old bounds prescribed to  
womanhood.

Hast dared to seek the long-forbidden lore  
That tolerates no priestess at its shrine.  
Wherefore? That thy soft woman's hand  
might pour  
Into life's poisoned chalice rich new wine.

A thousand tongues are busy with thy  
praise,  
A thousand true hearts bless thee, as they  
should ;

MRS. R. SWAIN, M. D.

These are thy witnesses along life's ways,  
These are the vouchers that thy work is good.

Is that not good which strengthens and revives  
Life's panting forces, purifies their spring ;  
Enters her tottering citadel and drives  
The usurper thence, leaving behind no sting ?

Ask the poor sufferer, battling with his pain,  
Longing for death to close his aching eyes,  
While fever's fire is burning in each vein,  
What is life's chiefest good, supremest prize ?

Will he not answer thee, full fast and fain :  
"Take all I have of power, position, wealth,  
But give my weary heart surcease from pain ;  
Leave me a beggar, but restore my health?"

O gentle hand, O sympathetic heart,  
In thy great mission never stop nor stay,  
Till God shall call thee to life's better part,  
Beyond the blight of suffering and decay.

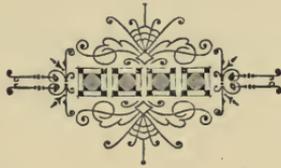
If persecuted, thou art not the first  
Of many tortured for the good they wrought ;  
There are, and ever have been, hearts a-thirst  
To bring the best and noblest works to naught.

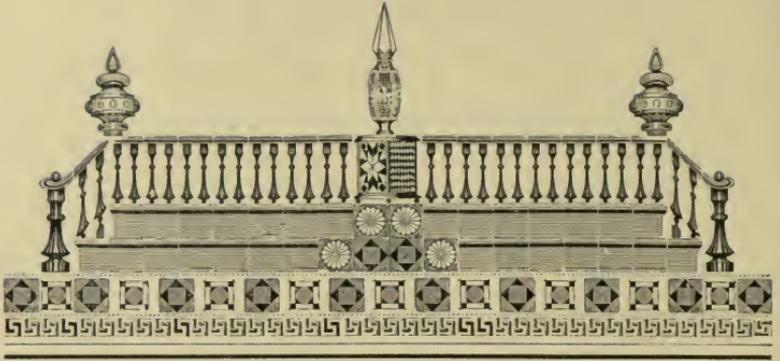
MRS. R. SWAIN, M. D.

It reck's not, lady ; bravely tread thy path,  
    Regardless of the jeers they fling at thee ;  
Did they not pour a hotter, redder wrath  
    On one who healed of old in Galilee ?

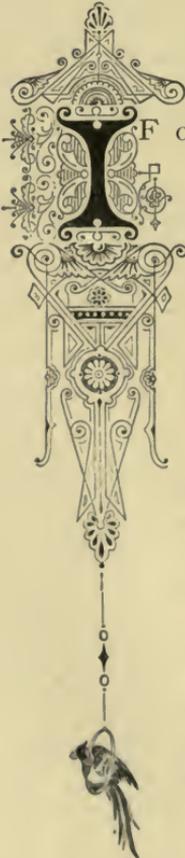
Where angels walk the earth in human guise,  
    The fire of persecution rages most ;  
But, like the fabled Phœnix, truth will rise  
    From the wan ashes of the holocaust.

BEECH BANK, JULY, 1878.





❖❖ COULD + WE ❖❖



— ❖ ❖ —

IF our dwelling were a palace  
Furnished with unbounded wealth,  
If the red wine in life's chalice  
Always flowed with perfect health,  
Could we feel for our sick neighbor,  
Who is meanly housed and poor,  
Or for him whose daily labor  
Keeps gaunt famine from his door?

If our raiment were the fairest  
That the Indies can afford,  
If the richest food and rarest  
Daily crowned our glittering board,  
Would our sympathies awaken,  
Would our velvet hands be spread  
For the outcast, the forsaken,  
Who have neither home nor bread?

COULD WE.

If our days were filled with pleasure,  
And our nights replete with peace,  
Should we ever learn to measure  
Pangs and pains that never cease?  
Or, if all we ask were given  
By the Father's bounteous grace,  
Should we ever think of Heaven  
As a better, happier place?

INDIANAPOLIS, 1861.





→ MRS. MELISSA GOLDSBERRY DOWNIE. ←



—\*—

MY brow, serene and white ;  
Eyes, weary of the light ;  
Lips that have no word to say,  
Since that fateful yesterday ;  
Tired hands and way-worn feet ;  
Heart that could no longer beat  
To anxiety and grief—  
Death has brought a kind relief.  
Nevermore this quiet brain  
Will respond to joy or pain ;  
Like a shattered harp, unstrung,  
All its melodies are sung.  
Form of our familiar friend,  
Down the years—is this the end?

In the dim, uncertain light,  
Lying, like a bride bedight,

MRS. MELISSA GOLDSBERRY DOWNIE.

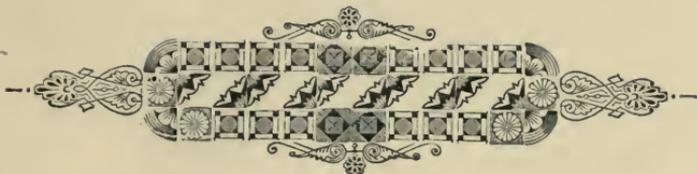
Crowned with blossoms pure and white,  
Soon to leave for some far shore,  
Whence thou wilt return no more.  
On thy calm and placid face,  
One who knew thee long can trace  
Something of the touching grace  
And expression, sweet and good,  
Of thy happy maidenhood,  
When thy feet went down the hours,  
Through the sunshine and the flowers.  
Nothing 'twixt the then and now  
Is imprinted on thy brow.  
Not the shadow of a care,  
Pain nor sorrow lingers there ;  
Not a tracery nor stain  
Of the tears that fell like rain ;  
Nothing, save thy silvered hair,  
Witnesseth of time and care.

Are the years that lie between  
As if they had never been?  
Doth no memory remain  
Of life's losses or its gain,  
Of its pleasures or its pain?  
Is the rest, so quickly won,  
In the new life just begun,  
So absorbing, so intense,  
As to wile away the sense  
Of the lights and shadows rife  
On the plane of lower life?  
We but know thy soul is free.

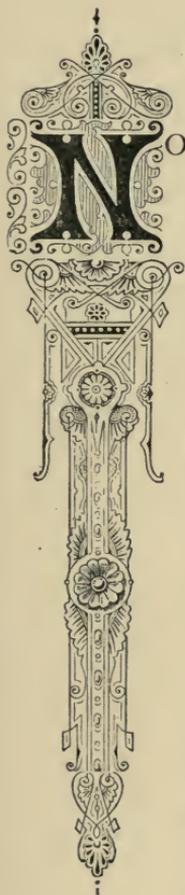
MRS. MELISSA GOLDSBERRY DOWNIE.

Love is fain to follow thee ;  
But thy path we can not see  
Through the boundless realms of space,  
To thy future dwelling place ;  
For the dust of earth-life lies  
On our hearts and on our eyes.

Thou hast duly done thy part,  
Generous mind and tender heart ;  
Sown, that other hands might reap ;  
Waked, that other eyes might sleep ;  
And however care opprest,  
Toiled that others might have rest.  
Warm as sunshine and as free,  
Was thy gentle charity ;  
Flowing out, in word and deed,  
To the helpless in their need ;  
Soothing sorrows not thine own,  
Reaping pain thou hadst not sown.  
Suffering bore a passport free  
To thy warmest sympathy ;  
Never pallid want nor pain  
Made appeal to thee in vain.  
While the hungry, shivering poor,  
Left a blessing at thy door,  
Angels put on record true  
Noble deeds no mortal knew.  
So thy human life was past,  
Shielding others from the blast,  
Self-forgetting till the last.



❖H: REPLY❖



O, no ; I am not lonely,  
From the busy world apart ;  
My pulses beat responsive  
To the great all-mother's heart,  
Far from the noise and bustle  
Of the Babel bourse and mart.

I love the gentle voices  
Of the brooklet and the breeze ;  
Love the shady vale, the hillside,  
And the grand old forest trees,  
And never could be lonesome  
In the company of these.

I have never seen a dryad,  
Never seen a faun or fay ;  
But in the cool, green woodlands,  
Are spirits blithe as they ;  
I hear the merry murmur  
Of their songs the livelong day.

A REPLY.

You want to know, dear lady,  
How on earth I spend my time?  
Well, since I'm in the humor,  
I will answer you in rhyme,  
But must premise, the story  
Will have nothing of sublime.

I make my bed at morning,  
Sometimes sweep the chamber floor,  
Pick up the scattered garments  
The little children wore,  
Fill and trim the coal-oil burner,  
And drive the flies outdoor.

Then air and dust the parlor,  
With plumes from turkey wings,  
And rearrange the nicknacks—  
Old, precious, priceless things,  
Reminders of far countries,  
And delightful wanderings.

I try to make a picture,  
With table, sofa and chair,  
Laying a book or a paper  
Carelessly here and there,  
To give to the tout-ensemble  
A cozy, home-like air.

Then I feed the baby chickens,  
White and yellow, black and gray :

## A REPLY.

Look up the dumpy ducklings  
Or the turkeys gone astray,  
Or read in the morning paper  
The doings of yesterday.

Or watch the sturdy ploughman,  
Afield at early morn,  
Plodding along the furrow,  
Stopping to straighten the corn,  
Or leading his horse to water  
At sound of the dinner horn.

Then hie me to the meadow,  
Where all hands are raking hay,  
Fearing the smallest cloudlet  
That obscures a solar ray,  
And hoping the rain will tarry  
Till harvest is stored away.

No, no ; I am not lonesome  
Living on my little farm ;  
Its labors are rewarded,  
And its duties have a charm  
To elevate the spirit  
And to keep affection warm.

And while my hands are busy  
With the work that must be done,  
Through my brain an undercurrent  
Of fancy seems to run,

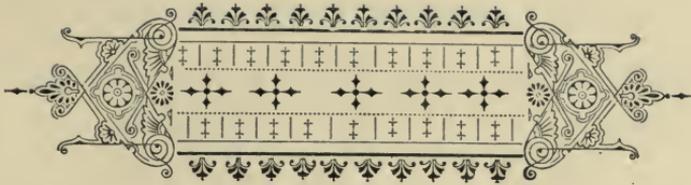
A REPLY.

Like a streamlet blossom-shaded  
From the ardor of the sun.

And when the shadows lengthen  
And climb the beechen hill ;  
When Nature lays her finger  
On her lips and all is still,  
I write the rhymic numbers  
That come and go at will.

BEECH BANK, JULY, 1879.





→ THE CHILDREN OF SUMMER. ←



THE April rain falling is wooing and calling  
The children of Summer to life and  
light ;  
And little feet clamber up from the still  
chamber  
Where, since November, they have slept  
in night.

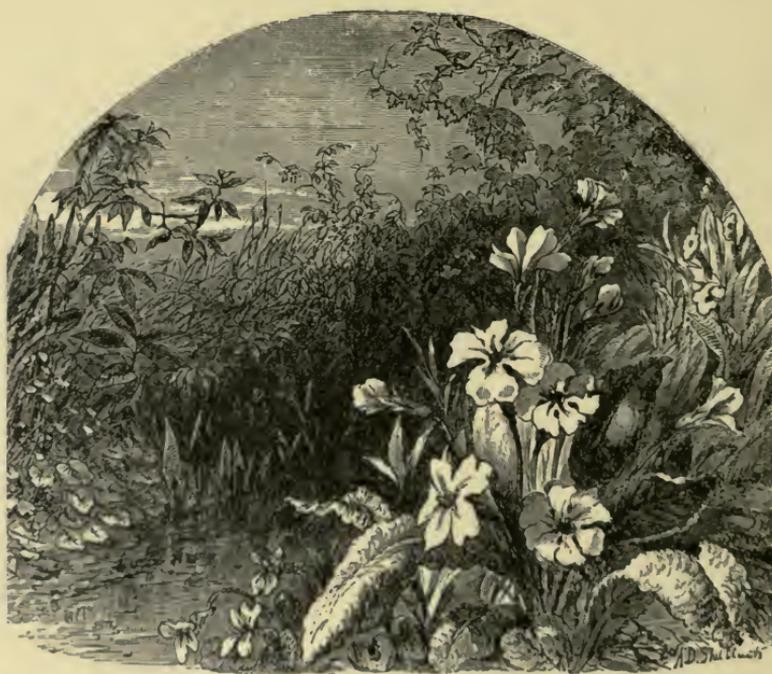
We shall hear the humming of their sweet-  
hearts coming,  
Afloat on the wing of the purple air,  
And see in the valleys, on hillsides and  
alleys,  
By hovel and palace, their faces fair.

In fallow and meadow, in sunshine and  
shadow,  
In prairies and woodlands, dingles and  
dells ;

## THE CHILDREN OF SUMMER.

Where lichens are clinging and summer birds singing,  
They will soon be ringing their fairy bells.

Some glowing and gleaming, some pensively dreaming,  
Some clinging close to their mother, the sod ;  
Some proudly aspiring, in queenly attiring  
To win the admiring gaze of their god.



In all hues and tinges, with ruffles and fringes,  
They are coming now from their seeming death.  
With their crowns and crosses, and mystical mosses,  
Bright silken flosses and perfumed breath ;

## THE CHILDREN OF SUMMER.

Some wearing white satin, with soft names in Latin,  
With garnets and pearls in their diadems ;  
Some in velvets, shining with silvery lining,  
Proudly reclining on emerald stems ;

Some cautiously creeping and daintily peeping,  
From under a stone or a thorny hedge ;  
Some veiling their faces with delicate laces,  
In lowly places, by marsh and sedge.

They are beautiful teachers, voiceless preachers  
Of the sweetest lessons the soul may learn ;  
For their life is a prayer to the Father whose care  
Fills their chalices fair from His golden urn.

Blessing the lowliest, crowning the holiest,  
Swing their censers in garden and grove ;  
Like angels weeping where the dead are sleeping—  
Like angels keeping the vigil of love.

On valley and mountain, by river and fountain,  
By wilderness ways and populous marts,  
They minister pleasure, and give without measure  
Delicious treasure from golden hearts.

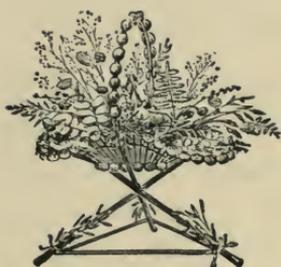
With their tender faces and odorous graces,  
They will bring the blessing of summer days  
To many an attic, where bards erratic,  
In dreams ecstatic, sing deathless lays.

## THE CHILDREN OF SUMMER.

Thank Heaven for the flowers that brighten earth's  
bowers!

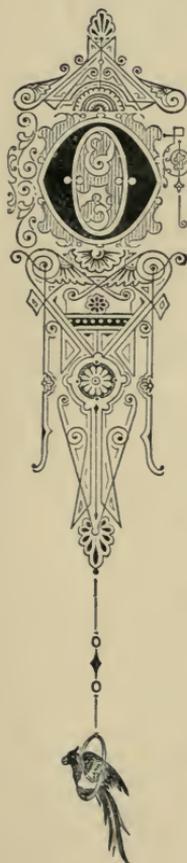
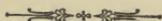
They are types of life below and above—  
Types dimly revealing God's merciful dealing,  
Signing and sealing his charter of love.





❖❖ TO THE FLOWERS. ❖❖

PRESENTED BY A FAIR GIRL.\*



WHY do you fade so soon, fair flowers?  
Is it for love of your native bowers?  
For your sweet companions blooming there ;  
For the golden sunshine's loving care ;  
For the twilight dew,  
So tender and true,  
And the soft caress of the purple air?

Do ye miss the shadows cool and deep  
Of leaves that whisper themselves to sleep?  
Or pine for the kiss of the soft starlight  
That trembled down, so still and white,  
From its home above,  
With its saintly love,  
To sleep in your hearts through the livelong  
night?

\* Miss Juliette Moore.

## TO THE FLOWERS.

Miss ye the song of the whippoorwill,  
The rhythmic chant of the meadow rill?  
Or the tinkling fall of summer rain,  
That thrilled your fibres to joy and pain,  
    With the merry beat  
    Of its silvery feet,  
And the plaintive tone of its far refrain?

Or, are ye bound by a magic spell  
To the maiden who tended and loved ye well?  
Miss ye the tread of her fairy feet—  
The thrill of her laughter, low and sweet,  
    And her gentle face  
    Aglow with the grace  
Of the tenderest heart that ever beat?

Pine ye for the dark brown eyes that shone,  
Like precious gems in Parian stone?  
For the dainty smile that seemed to break  
In ripples of light, for love's dear sake,  
    Round the ruby mouth,  
    As winds from the south  
Bedimple the breast of a quiet lake?

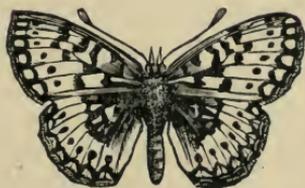
Her heart is as pure as thine, white rose,  
Her brow as fair as thy fragrant snows,  
Her thoughts like leaves in a sweet bud lie,  
Wrapped in a beautiful mystery,

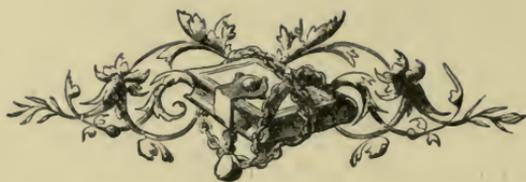
TO THE FLOWERS.

In purple and gold,  
Her love untold,  
Is hidden away from the cold world's eye.

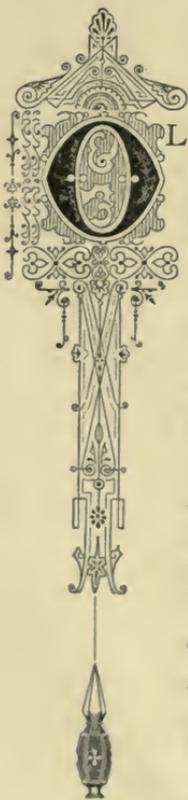
I pray that her future path may lie  
In the rosy light of a cloudless sky ;  
That tears and sorrow may never blight,  
Nor leave a stain on a soul so white ;  
That her cheek and brow,  
So radiant now,  
May be ever lovely in Time's despite.

BEECH BANK, FEBRUARY 23, 1880.





❖ CENTENNIAL ODE ❖



— ❖ —

OLD Time has written, with unerring hand,  
A hundred years upon the sea and land,  
Has written, on the pathway of the spheres,  
And on the walls of Heaven, a hundred  
years,  
Since, poor and friendless, feeble and forlorn,  
An infant nation to the world was born.  
England, its mother, blind with jealous  
wrath,  
And fain to sweep the intruder from her  
path,  
Loosed all her war dogs with its earliest  
breath,  
To hunt it down and worry it to death.  
The startled winds and waters swiftly bore,  
From land to land, from distant shore to  
shore,  
The muttered thunder of her lion's roar.

## CENTENNIAL ODE.

The Russian eagle flapped his sable wing,  
And croaked: "Beware, it is a dangerous thing  
To break allegiance to a rightful king."  
Italia hid herself among her flowers.  
Hispania sneered: "It is no quarrel of ours."  
The Porte Sublime exclaimed, from his divan:  
"Allah, il allah! Let him whip who can."  
Greece, bowed and burdened, could no succor give;  
But old Helvetia cried: "Vive l'enfant, vive;"  
And France, by human sympathy beguiled,  
Unfurled her fleur de lis, and kissed the child;  
And brave men nursed him, and his sponsors stood  
Through a baptism of fire, and tears, and blood.  
Aye, brave men nursed him, with heart, mind and  
    strength,  
Through nakedness and famine, till at length  
He grew in vigor, beauty, grace and size,  
A wonder and a glory in men's eyes.  
Frugal and self-reliant, wise and good,  
With sinews knit by toil to hardihood;  
With genius to devise and will to do,  
Fearless of danger, to his conscience true,  
He was, withal, a staunch republican,  
Who, in despite of every bar and ban,  
Stood forth to represent the rights of man.  
And holding all men equal, all men free  
To choose their government and rulers, he  
No homage paid to lineal royalty,  
To lofty birth, to kingly crown or creed,  
But held him noble, who in word and deed  
Was honest and sincere, upright and true,

## CENTENNIAL ODE.

In all that Heaven appointed him to do,  
While lordly rulers watched, with jealous eyes  
And grudging sympathy, his certain rise,  
And failed to comprehend the grand intent  
Of what they called "A wild experiment."  
He threw his starry banner to the breeze ;  
Sent out his armed ships to foreign seas ;  
Hurled back invasion, with an iron hand  
And lion heart, from his beloved land ;  
Maintained the right against tyrannic wrong ;  
Made his defenses and his bulwarks strong,  
And taught all men, upon the land and sea,  
To treat his stars and stripes with courtesy.  
Meanwhile he made just laws to govern all  
His numerous children, whether great or small ;  
Cared for their interest with paternal care,  
Removed the burdens that were hard to bear,  
And in the commonwealth gave each his share ;  
Encouraged science, industry and art,  
In field and forum, factory, mine and mart,  
And won from winds and waters, sun and soil,  
A wholesome competence by honest toil.  
His fame went out to countries far away,  
Where kings and kaisers held despotic sway,  
And many an eager heart and stalwart arm  
Forsook the ancient shop, the outworn farm,  
And ventured all upon the wild sea foam,  
To find in Freedom's land a freeman's home ;  
And, by degrees, the selfish old world grew  
Into fraternal feeling with the new,

## CENTENNIAL ODE.

Until the children of all climes, all lands,  
Beneath the stars and stripes, strike friendly hands ;  
And, as our hero prospered down the years,  
Beyond all human hopes, all human fears,  
He bought broad lands toward the setting sun,  
And added States to those already won ;  
Surveyed his coasts and measured mountain chains ;  
Mined yellow gold from earth's prolific veins ;  
Fostered all learning with a liberal hand,  
And built grand thoroughfares throughout the land ;  
Fettered the steam and curbed its stubborn force  
To wing his ships and speed his iron horse,  
From port to port, from busy mart to mart,  
O'er mighty rivers, through the mountain's heart,  
Until the clangor of his tread is heard  
At morn and midnight, startling beast and bird,  
From sea to sea, through every new-born State,  
From the Atlantic to the Golden Gate.  
The world has wiser grown since he began  
To assert the inalienable rights of man.  
The holy fire he kindled in the night,  
On Freedom's altar, is still burning bright,  
And all mankind see clearer in its light.  
The stale opinions of a primal day,  
And wrongs that bore from age to age their sway,  
Holding in leash the consciences of men,  
Are vanquished by free speech, free press, free pen.  
He made the lightning his obedient slave,  
To bear unuttered thought through wind and wave  
To every ocean, continent and clime,

## CENTENNIAL ODE.

With speed that laughs at space and outruns Time.  
Only a hundred years have gone their way  
Since the young child was born, that is to-day  
A giant, mighty, honored and renowned,  
Admired and feared to earth's remotest bound ;  
On every barren coast and sea-girt isle,  
Where the waves murmur or the sunbeams smile,  
On every mountain top and valley green,  
Wherever track or trace of man has been,  
The errant winds have syllabled his name,  
And unseen fingers chronicled his fame.  
And now his broad and beautiful domain  
Stretches away o'er mountain peak and plain,  
From boreal realms of bitter frost and snow,  
To climes where citrons and bananas grow :  
From Eastern hills that kiss the rosy dawn,  
To the fair, sun-down shores of Oregon.  
And Human Freedom, born of Love and Truth,  
Fair with the beauty of eternal youth,  
Waves the star-spangled banner in her hand  
Above the continent, from strand to strand.

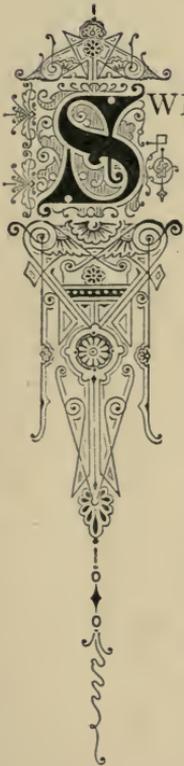
BEECH BANK, SEPTEMBER 27, 1875.





❖ LOVE. ❖

---



SWEET enslaver of the heart,  
Radiant spirit born above,  
Who can tell us what thou art,  
Winning, wildering, witching love?

Hope and memory, care and thought,  
Joy and sorrow, fear and pain,  
All mysteriously inwrought  
Are the linklets of thy chain.

Giver of our earliest breath ;  
Soother when our hearts are riven ;  
Mourner by the bed of death ;  
Porter at the gate of Heaven ;

LOVE.

Dweller by the cottage hearth ;  
Ruler in the palace bower ;  
Holiest gift of Heaven to earth,  
How transcendent is thy power !

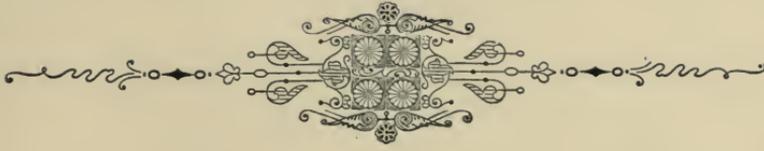
With thy soul-entrancing arts,  
Thou dost lead us willing slaves—  
Slaves with fetters on our hearts,  
From our cradles to our graves ;

Slaves that sigh not to be free ;  
Slaves that pine when thou hast flown ;  
For this world, bereft of thee,  
Is a desert dark and lone.

Fan us with thy wing divine,  
Wanderer from the realms above,  
While we worship at thy shrine,  
Winning, wildering, witching love.

INDIANAPOLIS, OCTOBER, 1850.





→Ποιήματα.←



THE south wind bears in at the lattice  
The breath of Italia's flowers,  
Recalling the days when together  
We roamed through the Doria's bowers.

The days when we strayed by the Tiber,  
And dreamed in the forum of Rome :  
Do you think of them now, darling Ada,  
Away in our dear Western home?

Do you think of your ramble with Lina  
To fabled Egeria's cave ;  
Or our tribute of tears when we gathered  
A blossom from poor Shelley's grave?

Do you think of our walks by the Arno,  
When the picture of sunset above  
Was painted below in the waters,  
As love is reflected by love ;

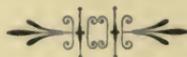
TO ADA.

Of our day in Fiesole's gardens,  
The stream singing on through the shade,  
The gray Tuscan wall where we rested,  
And the old Gothic church where we prayed?

We stretch out our hands to the future,  
And fly from the joys of the past ;  
And of all the bright dreams Hope has woven,  
The sweetest *is always* the last.

But the memory of beautiful hours  
Should stay when their moments have fled,  
And minister still, like the odors  
Of flowers, when their petals are dead.

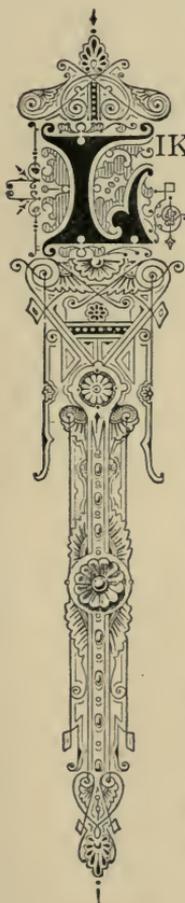
GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, 1858.





TO MISS ELISE MALEGUE,

OF GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.



LIKE the odorous breath of a rose in June ;  
Like the sweet refrain of a far-off 'tune ;  
Like a gentle breeze from a summer sea,  
The thought of thy loveliness comes to me,  
Dearest Elise.

In dreams I revisit thy wonderland ;  
I sit in the midst of thy household band,  
And whisper the love I could never say  
In the world's cold speech, in the light of  
day,  
Darling Elise.

I see the waves of thy blue Rhone flow,  
See thy glorious mountains crowned with  
snow,  
And wander again by thy storied lake,  
So fair, and yet fairer for thy sweet sake,  
Charming Elise.

MISS ELISE MALEGUE.

And I hope, with a hope undimmed by fear,  
That some happy day of an unborn year,  
I shall be permitted by God's good grace,  
To clasp thee again in a fond embrace,  
Gentle Elise.

That He who dwelleth in infinite light,  
May allot thee a path serene and bright,  
May love thee and lead thee from day to day,  
Is the wish I cherish, the prayer I pray,  
For thee, Elise.

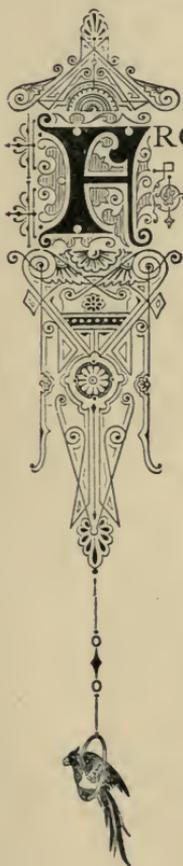
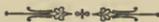
BEECH BANK, JUNE, 1876.





→ ON THE DEATH OF MRS. LOUISA WRIGHT. ←

TO HER HUSBAND, HON. JOS. A. WRIGHT.



FROM kindred and home, all alone, she is gone  
To a country unknown, save in story ;  
But her beautiful soul will awaken at dawn,  
To a new life of infinite glory.

We watched by her side through the last  
bitter night,  
Fond words of affection repeating,  
Till her lip lost its hue and her dark eye its  
light,  
And slowly her pure heart stopped beat-  
ing.

And, weeping, we followed her down to the  
shore  
Of the silent and shadowy river,  
But we saw not the boatman that carried  
her o'er,  
Nor the angels sent down to receive her.

MRS. LOUISA WRIGHT.

We saw not at parting a wave of her hand,  
For our vision was dim and uncertain ;  
We caught not a glimpse of the thitherward strand,  
When the messenger lifted the curtain.

We knew she had passed from the trials of earth,  
To the rest God has promised the weary :  
But wept when we thought of thy desolate hearth,  
And thy future so lonely, so dreary !

We wept for our friend, for the sweet, gentle face,  
With kindness and sympathy lighted ;  
The womanly tenderness, beauty and grace,  
That the Silent Destroyer had blighted.

We wept for her child, her one darling—bereft  
Of the love of a true, tender mother,  
Well knowing the void in his life she had left  
Could never be filled by another.

The voice that consoled thee, when trouble was sore,  
That made many a rough pathway even,  
Will thrill with its sweetness thy soul nevermore  
Till ye meet in the kingdom of Heaven.

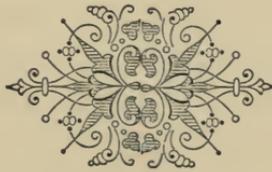
But she will be with thee again in the hour  
When trouble and care are oppressing—  
An angel commissioned by infinite power  
To brighten thy way with a blessing.

MRS. LOUISA WRIGHT.

And she will be with thee, wherever thou art,  
When the shadow of death darkens o'er thee,  
To whisper sweet comfort and peace to thy heart,  
Through the valley she traveled before thee.

Then bid her "Good-night," she has gone to her rest,  
Arrayed in love's perfect adorning ;  
It will be but a day, till at God's high behest,  
Thou shalt bid her a happy "Good morning."

INDIANAPOLIS, JUNE, 1852.





\* LEAVING SWITZERLAND. \*←



LEAVE thee, Switzerland, with many tears,  
And many blessings from my inmost  
heart ;

For thou hast been to me, some happy  
years,

A pleasant home, and evermore thou art  
The shrine of hopes and joys which were  
a part

Of my soul's life ; hopes, joys, not all in  
vain ;

And so God bless thee ! E'en these tears  
that start

At leaving thee are born of a sweet pain  
For that which was so bright, but may not  
be again.

I have found many friends in thee, fair  
land—

Friends whom I love and may not soon  
forget ;

## LEAVING SWITZERLAND.

And I shall turn e'en from the old home-band  
To those I leave behind with fond regret.  
Oh, shall we meet again as once we met?  
Will he be with us whose sweet smile did make  
Sunshine in every heart? My soul, awake;  
Thou must be brave and strong for his beloved sake.

God gives me light sufficient for to-day;  
Then let me trust His mercy and be still;  
If death and darkness wait along my way,  
Shall He not give me strength and grace to fill  
The measure of my task—to do His will?  
If my life's cup should mantle to the brim  
With bitterest drops that sorrow can distil;  
If my appointed path grow cold and dim,  
Shall it not lead my heart, my wayworn feet to Him?

Our pathway lies across the broad, deep sea,  
Whose angry waves no timid soul may dare;  
Help us to put our trust, O God, in thee;  
For wildest winds may rave if Thou art there  
With thine almighty power and sleepless care;  
And if to thee, All-Father, it seem best  
To call us hence, help us with faith and prayer  
To fold our earthly robes and take our rest,  
Waiting for thee far down in ocean's silent breast.

Adieu, sweet friends; adieu, Alps, lakes and streams!  
I bear your image in my heart's deep core;

## LEAVING SWITZERLAND.

And I shall often see ye in my dreams,  
Shall hear the rushing torrents and the roar  
Of the wild avalanche, till life is o'er.  
One last, long look, Mont Blanc ; my tearful eyes  
May see thy glorious beauty nevermore.  
Adieu, ye snow-clad towers and domes, that rise  
Like some white city, built against the opal skies.

Land of Stauffacher, Melthal, Furst and Tell,  
My young hope's whilom idol and its goal,  
There is a spirit in thine air, a spell  
Upon thine Alps, to waken and control  
The aspirations of the human soul  
To higher life. Thank Heaven, my pathway led  
Among thy shrines, where every nook and knoll  
Is hallowed by some noble heart that bled  
For human liberty. Peace to thy glorious dead !

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, APRIL, 1858.





## TO A FRIEND.

While ardent sunbeams darted through  
And caught away the trembling dew,  
And scores of wild birds seemed to sing  
Amidst the fragrant blossoming,

With one accord that sweetest word :

“Maria! Maria!”

The errant zephyr passing o'er,  
Perchance from lands beyond the sea,  
Just touched the viewless harp he bore

To low, delicious melody,

Dropped kisses on thy forehead fair,  
On lip and cheek and silken hair,

While graceful lilies, pure and sweet,  
Poured out their incense at thy feet,

And harebells rang, in fairy clang,

“Maria! Maria!”

“These fair things love thee, dear,” I said ;

“And each its simple offering brings.

For thee the flowers their odors shed ;

For thee the sweetest wood-bird sings,

Bright wavelets chant, soft winds caress,

Leaves spread their cool, green shade to bless,

And sunshine lends a softer gleam.”

All this I said, love, in my dream :

But dreams are wrought of waking thought,

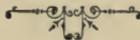
Maria! Maria!

TO A FRIEND.

O lady, if I were the king  
Of some delightful, unknown land,  
Incircled by perpetual spring,  
Unclouded skies and breezes bland,  
Where Love and Pleasure count the hours  
By opening buds and closing flowers,  
I'd follow thee, through shade and sheen,  
To woo and win thee for my queen,  
And thou shouldst be the world to me,  
Maria! Maria!

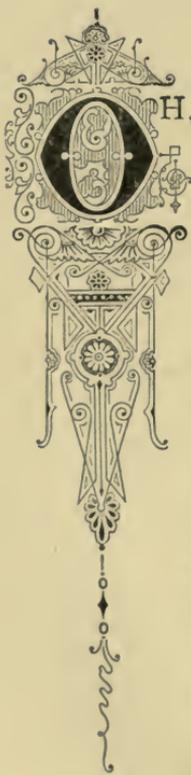
With rubies red as Etna's wine,  
With fairest pearls from Persian sea,  
And diamonds won from Orient mine,  
I'd crown thy brow right royally ;  
Thy silken robes of dainty dyes  
Should match the azure of thine eyes ;  
A thousand willing hands should spread  
The fairest flowers beneath thy tread,  
And Love alone should guard thy throne,  
Maria! Maria!

BEECH BANK, JULY 4, 1879.





← TO MRS. P. H. DRAKE. ←



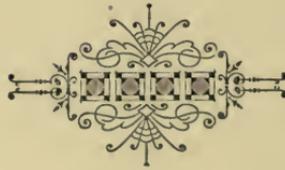
H, never, lady, had I met  
A face before where Heaven had set  
In liquid, wavy, fitful light,  
That thrilling, touching, undefined  
Sheen and shadow of the mind  
That trembled on thy brow ;  
But there was something wild and high  
In thy proud step and kindling eye;  
That made my very spirit bow.  
'Twas like the spell earth's daughters wore  
In old forgotten days of yore,  
When angels left their home above  
For woman's smile and woman's love.  
It seemed that thou wert sent to bless,  
And yet I seemed to love thee less  
Than softer beings round thee. They  
Had never caught a single ray

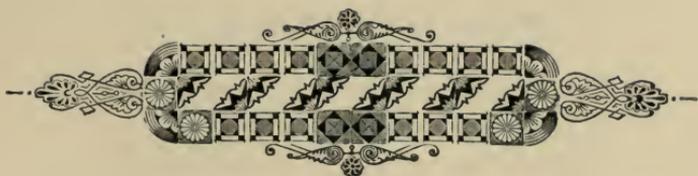
TO MRS. P. H. DRAKE.

Of that pure light that came from Heaven  
When thy proud intellect was given.  
Still they were beautiful ; their eyes,  
Like starlight in the evening skies,  
Half concealing, half revealing,  
Glowing depths of love's own feeling,  
Linger in remembrance yet,  
Like dreams I may not soon forget.  
Thou didst not mingle with the crowd,  
And many whispered thou wert proud  
Of thy surpassing beauty. Still  
I hovered round, against my will,  
Like one who struggles to be free  
From some strange charmer's witchery.  
Lady, I did not love thee then,  
Nor wish that we might meet again,  
For well I knew that wealth and state  
    And influence were thine,  
And deemed that they would separate  
    Thy starry path from mine.  
I did not dream that thou wouldst be  
The angel of my destiny ;  
That thy soft praises would inspire  
The music of my humble lyre ;  
That thou wouldst point to fame's proud chart  
    When darkness o'er my spirit stole,  
And pour the sunshine of thy heart  
    Upon my clouded soul.  
I did not know thine eye could melt  
    And bid the burning tear-drop start ;

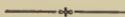
TO MRS. P. H. DRAKE.

That sympathy and kindness dwelt  
Like jewels in thy queenly heart,  
Casting afar their lovely beams,  
To light the dark, the troubled streams  
Of human anguish, human grief;  
I did not know thy cheek would pale  
At weeping sorrow's mournful tale,  
Nor that thy hand would give relief.





→ A P L E A S U R E F O R M Y F A R M L I F E . ←



**T**HANKS for your letter, dear friend of mine ;  
I have read and pondered every line,  
And its sweet persuasions half incline  
My heart to obey your calling.  
But the way is long, the days are cold,  
And prithee, lady, do not scold  
When I whisper : “ I am growing old—  
The leaves of my life are falling.”

With every sun that rose and set,  
I have thought of you since last we met ;  
I loved you then and I love you yet,  
With a love sincere and real—  
Not for the mystical light that lies  
On the red-ripe lips and radiant eyes,  
That poets worship and artists prize,  
Of a not-to-be-found ideal ;

## A PLEA FOR MY FARM LIFE.

But for the grace of a cultured mind,  
A heart by womanly love refined,  
That sees the foibles of humankind  
    With charity true and tender ;  
A soul as pure as an Alpine rose,  
Or the modest flower that only blows  
When the purple curtains of twilight close,  
    And the sun withdraws his splendor.

I should have written you, long ago,  
But must confess that my pen is slow  
To convey the thoughts that overflow  
    My heart to a heartless letter.  
Alas, how many I might have penned  
To old acquaintance and valued friend,  
In the idle hours I spare and spend  
    In vain resolves to do better.

And yet I am busy all the time,  
Mending a stocking, mending a rhyme,  
Freeing my chamber from dust and grime,  
    And sometimes writing a stanza ;  
Watching the boy that milks the cows,  
Tosses the hay from billowy mows,  
And turns out the old gray mare to brouse,  
    With her wee bit, brown bonanza.

Beside this doer of jobs and chores,  
I have had some workmen painting doors,

## A PLEA FOR MY FARM LIFE.

Repairing window, relaying floors,  
And planning rustic bridges ;  
Erecting porticos here and there,  
To give our farmhouse a city air,  
And placing ornaments neat and fair  
On the eaves and roof-tree ridges.

Mine was the task to superintend,  
But it seemed this work would never end—  
For some mechanics, you may depend,  
Are lazy and self-conceited.  
I followed their steps from early dawn,  
Till the latest light of day was gone,  
Encouraging, scolding, driving on,  
And with all was sadly cheated.

Does this seem common and coarse to you—  
As something a lady should not do?  
That view of the case is doubtless true,  
But I am a wayward creature.  
I never could see as others see ;  
My soul is erratic, wild and free ;  
A bird on the wing, a wave on the sea,  
Ruled by the law of its nature.

From what I have said, dear friend, you see  
There is little danger that ennui,  
Or anything else, will torture me  
For the want of occupation.

## A PLEA FOR MY FARM LIFE.

No, thanks to the little farm I own,  
Where part of my daily bread is grown,  
For body and mind in healthy tone,  
Through abundant recreation.

But the finest gold has some alloy,  
And over my sparkling springs of joy  
Comes, now and then a little annoy,  
That spices our care and labor.  
For instance, the flood that came to-day  
Carried a part of my fence away,  
And shattered the barn, well-stored with hay,  
Of my wealthy friend and neighbor.

But, nevertheless, I like my farm ;  
Its outdoor labors conceal a charm  
To ward off gossip and social harm,  
Political rant and treason.  
It is fresh and fair when spring is here,  
Rich when the harvest time is near,  
Poetic when autumn leaves grow sear,  
And grand in the winter season.

Here, free from all conventional rule,  
I can follow my fancy, calm and cool,  
And learn my lesson in Nature's school  
Of the golden lore she teaches ;  
Can learn from butterflies, birds and bees,  
From whispering leaves and errant breeze,

A PLEA FOR MY FARM LIFE.

And countless innocent things like these,  
Under the shade of my beeches.

There many a story the sweet wind tells  
To the low, green hills and purple dells,  
Where wild flowers ring their odorous bells  
And brown bees gather their treasure:



There bright birds chatter the livelong day  
Of beautiful South-lands far away,  
And wavelets murmur a roundelay,  
And dance to their own sweet measure.

A PLEA FOR MY FARM LIFE.

Nay, lady, though I would gladly come.  
I never tire of my rustic home ;  
Only a soul that is deaf and dumb,  
    Of forest and field grows weary.  
The loneliest place I ever found  
Is where society goes its round  
With gilded fetters of fashion bound,  
    Heartless, and soulless, and dreary.

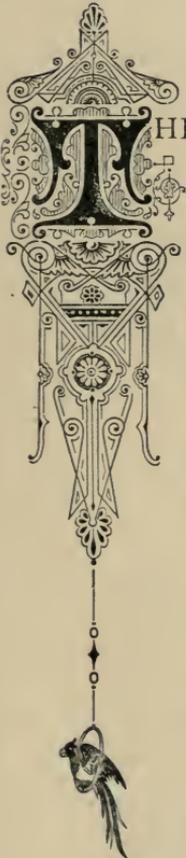
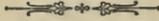
But, lady, I thank you all the same,  
And kiss the letter that bears your name ;  
I was just as happy when it came  
    As if I had found a treasure.  
I hold your love in my heart, and pray  
That the Lord may bless you day by day,  
Shed light and beauty along your way,  
    And give you of love large measure.

BEECH BANK, FEBRUARY, 1876.





❖ MY DAUGHTER. ❖



HE will of the Lord be done !  
But my burning tears will start,  
And from morning's dawn to the setting sun,  
I walk in the ways of life like one  
With a bruised and bleeding heart.

I remember, as in a dream,  
That the sunshine once was bright ;  
That I loved the stars and golden gleam  
That barred the valley and bound the stream  
On a purple summer night.

I remember the birds and flowers  
That came in the sweet spring time,  
When I threaded a path through fairy  
bowers,  
And hand in hand with the long bright  
hours,  
Went weaving some simple rhyme.

## MY DAUGHTER.

And then (oh, the days were fleet!)  
I remember a cottage hearth,  
Where I heard the patter of little feet,  
And the voice of my darling, low and sweet,  
That I hear no more on earth.

She staid but a little while  
In the garb that mortals wear,  
And we never knew till we missed her smile  
And the tender love that knew no guile,  
That an angel had been there.

She was tired and needed rest  
When her earthly task was done,  
And the folded robe on her gentle breast  
Trembles no more with her heart's unrest,  
Since the crown of life is won.

She sleeps with the bright brown hair  
Shading her pale, pure brow,  
And her face has a meek, forgetful air,  
Like that of a saint absorbed in prayer,  
From life and its interests now.

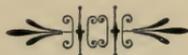
She went in the dreary night,  
And she seemed to go alone,  
For we could not see, with our human sight,  
The angels that guided her steps aright  
To the feet of the Holy One.

## MY DAUGHTER.

She will open her weary eyes,  
That were closed so dim and cold,  
To behold, with wonder and glad surprise,  
The beautiful fields of Paradise,  
And the streets of burnished gold ;

To see, by the jasper light,  
The throne of the great I Am ;  
And the walls of beryl and chrysolite,  
And the martyred saints in robes of white,  
That follow the blessed Lamb.

And there, where the ransomed dwell,  
And the weary find repose,  
I shall meet the darling I loved so well,  
With a love that tongue can never tell—  
That only a mother knows.





TO THE PARENTS OF

❖ LITTLE CARRIE RAY. ❖

"Suffer little children to come unto me."



LIKE a bud that bloomed when the day begun,  
And folded its leaves at the setting sun,  
Was the bright, brief life of your little one.  
You will miss her voice and her step, I  
know,  
As the days of the future come and go,  
For you never shall hear them again below ;  
But do not weep,  
She is only asleep,  
And the Father in Heaven her soul will  
keep.

Her heart has forgotten to throb and thrill ;  
Her little white hands are strangely still ;  
She has gone to her rest—it is God's will.  
The world hath sorrow, and trouble, and  
pain ;  
To live is to suffer and toil in vain ;

LITTLE CARRIE RAY.

Thank God, she has gone from it free from stain.  
And do not weep,  
She is only asleep,  
And the Father in Heaven her soul will keep.

Out of the darkness, the storm and the cold ;  
Out of the world, with its heart-aches untold ;  
She has gone, dear lamb, to the Savior's fold,  
Never to lose the rare beauty and grace  
Of a spotless soul, of a cherub face,  
Through the endless ages of endless space.

Then do not weep,  
She is only asleep,  
And the Father in Heaven her soul will keep.

She has prattled and sung through her short, bright  
day ;

It is evening now, she is tired of play ;  
Put the dear little shoes and toys away,  
Kiss her pure lips and her brow so white,  
Tuck her up tenderly, put out the light,  
And bid the wee darling a long " Good-night."

But do not weep,  
She is only asleep,  
And the Father in Heaven her soul will keep.

Write ye on the beautiful Hope, all riven,  
The blessed assurance our Lord has given :  
" Of such little ones is the kingdom of Heaven."

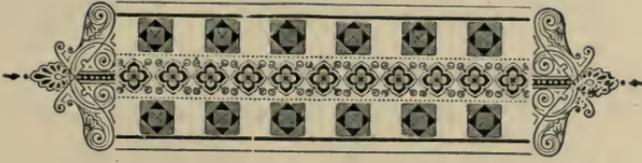
LITTLE CARRIE RAY.

And trusting His love, in the darkness wait,  
Assured, as God liveth, or soon or late,  
You will meet her again at the golden gate.

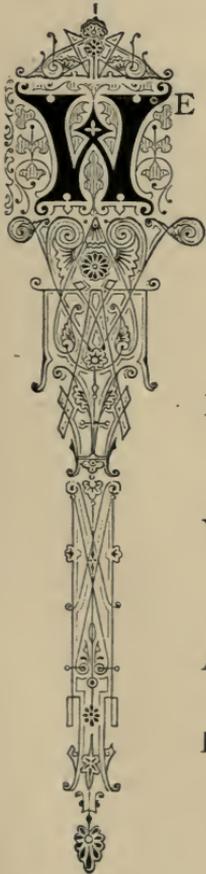
But do not weep,  
She is only asleep,  
And the Father in Heaven her soul will keep.

ELM-CROFT, JANUARY 23, 1869.





## THE LAST WORDS OF HON. DANIEL D. PRATT.



He will finish this another time,"

He said, with emotion he could not stay ;  
But the story, crowned with a thought sub-  
lime,  
Was finished then in the Lord's own  
way.

It simply told of a time and place  
Where a brave young heart on trial  
stood  
With a strong temptation, face to face,  
Eschewed the evil and chose the good.

A beautiful lesson of heart and pen—  
Not taught for a price in gold or fame,  
But to strengthen the hearts of tempted  
men,  
And stay young feet from the path of  
shame.

LAST WORDS OF HON. D. D. PRATT.

And he who had passed that hour supreme  
With a blameless conscience and stainless hand,  
Had gained a height in the world's esteem,  
Where only the noble few may stand.

Earnest and upright, trusted and true,  
He bridged no duty for ease or gain,  
But faithfully did what he found to do,  
And kept his record undimmed by stain.

And, looking back on the way he past,  
Through the shade and shine of storm and sun,  
To the humble home where his lot was cast,  
When the hopes and dreams of youth begun,

Where a tender mother's love had sown  
Good seeds when the morning dew was rife,  
And prayerfully laid the cornerstone  
Of a truly good and useful life ;

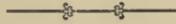
He felt the clasp of a gentle hand  
That drew him in by an unseen door,  
To the light and life of that blessed land  
Where the soul finds rest forevermore.

And the silent messenger of grace  
So quickly wrought the Eternal will,  
That those who looked on his pallid face  
Could never know when his heart grew still.

## LAST WORDS OF HON. D. D. PRATT.

Many will follow as years go by,  
And some will leave an immortal name ;  
But never a man will live and die  
With a truer heart or fairer fame.

BEECH BANK, JUNE, 1877.



(Extract from the article he dictated a few seconds before he died.)

"The old State Bank was chartered in 1834, and until its arrangements for remitting money had been completed, Mr. Fletcher's practice was to send his collections by private hand as opportunity offered. It was late in the fall of 1835 that, having collected for the different mercantile firms in Cincinnati about \$2,000, he sent me on horseback by the Lawrenceburg road to deliver to the several parties interested the money so collected. As I was passing the branch bank, then recently established, on the morning of my departure, the cashier hailed me and brought out some bundles of bank bills folded up, and stowed them away in my saddle bags, and handed me letters to the banks to whom the packages were to be delivered. He stunned me by saying they amounted to \$20,000. I suppose my friend Thomas H. Sharpe has forgotten the circumstance, but he was the officer of the bank who delivered the treasure. The matter had probably been arranged between him and Mr. Fletcher, but it was a great surprise to me to be intrusted with the charge of so much money. \* \* \* There was a moment, a supreme and critical one, when the voice of the tempter penetrated my ear. It was the old tempter that sung in the ear of Eve.

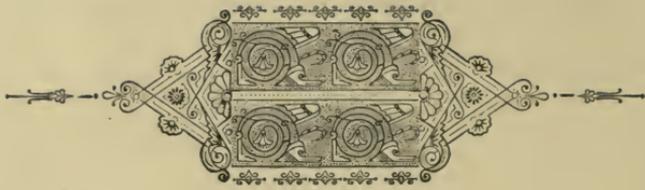
"It was when I reached the crown of those imperial hills that overlook the Ohio river when approaching Lawrenceburg from the interior. This noble stream was the great artery of commerce at that day, before a railroad west of Massachusetts had been built. What a gay spectacle it presented, flashing in the bright sunlight, covered with flatboats, with rafts, with gay painted steamers ascending and descending, and transporting their passengers in brief time to the Gulf of Mexico, the gateway to all parts of the world. I had but to sell my horse and go aboard one of these with my treasure, and I was absolutely beyond the reach of pursuit.

"There were no telegraphs then flashing intelligence by an agency more subtle than steam, and far outrunning it; no extradition treaties requiring foreign governments to return the felon.

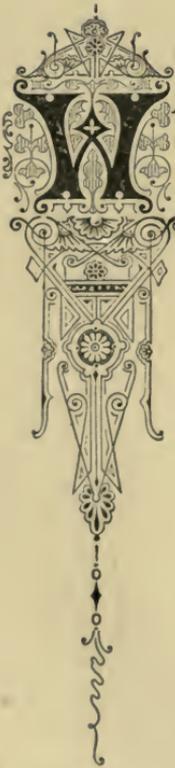
"The world was before me, and at the age of twenty-one, with feeble ties connecting me with those left behind, I was in possession of a fortune for those early days.

"I recall the fact that this thought was a tenant of my mind for a moment, and for a moment only. Bless God, it found no hospitable lodgment any longer. And what think you, gentle reader, were the associate thoughts that came to my rescue? Away, over rivers and mountains, a thousand miles distant, in a humble farm-house, on a bench, an aged mother reading to her boy from the oracles of God." \* \* \*

When the last word was written, he said to his amanuensis: "We will finish this another time," and died in a few seconds.



❖ LE CHATEAU DE PREGNY. ❖\*



AS it in thee, fair Pregny, other while,  
That Gallia's sorrowing Empress sought  
repose?  
And did thy wondrous loveliness beguile  
Her wounded spirit of its cruel woes?

Did she forget to weep for days gone by,  
Amidst the holy quiet of thy bowers,  
The golden sunshine of thy summer sky,  
The beauty of thy fountains, trees and  
flowers?

To muse, to dream on Lemman's shore; to  
grow  
Familiar with its voices, to behold  
Its face at morn with blushes all aglow,  
At evening crowned with coronals of gold;

\* The residence of Josephine, in Switzerland.

LE CHATEAU DE PREGNY.

To see the starlight bind, with silver bands,  
A myriad diamonds on the pebbly shore,  
Where the fair wavelets link their dimpled hands,  
And murmur softly: "We return no more;"

To hold communion with the Alps; to climb  
The vine-clad hills on which Mont Blanc looks down;  
To wed heart, mind and soul to the sublime,  
Methinks were recompense for a lost crown.

Ay, for a crown, with all its anxious cares  
And hollow guild, which she too well did prove;  
But not a nation's worship, blessings, prayers,  
Could recompense her slighted woman's love.

She could have borne, perchance, with wounded pride,  
To see another fill her regal throne;  
But, oh! to know that other was the bride  
Of him whose wedded love was once her own,

Wrought a wild agony of pride and pain,  
Tormenting jealousy, all bitter strife,  
And maddening thought that poisons heart and brain,  
And burns and cankers to the core of life.

Oh, in the loneliness of those sad days,  
Far from the pomp and glare of courtly strife,  
How wearily she turned a backward gaze  
On the strange panorama of her life!

## LE CHATEAU DE PREGNY.

She saw a summer island far away,  
With lofty palm trees and acacia bowers,  
Where, like a blossom's breath, a wild-bird's lay,  
Passed o'er her sunny heart sweet girlhood's hours.

Then, in an ancient minster, dim and grand,  
There was a white-robed priest, an organ's swell,  
And she did kneel and give her maiden hand  
And plighted troth to one who loved her well.

Then there was sudden woe and weeping sore,  
And a swift messenger, with white lips, said  
Her gallant husband would return no more ;  
He fought too well, too bravely—he was dead !

Then was a prison cell and brooding night,  
Damp walls, cold iron bars and stifling breath,  
And the deep groans of those whom morn would light  
By the blood-crimsoned guillotine to death.

Then there were jewelled lamps in palace halls,  
And gallant men and women famed and fair,  
Statues in niches, pictures on the walls,  
Red wine and revelry—and she was there.

Then there were pealing bells and nodding plumes,  
Triumphal arches, royal pageantry,  
High altars, waving censers, rare perfumes,  
Beauty, magnificence and chivalry ;

LE CHATEAU DE PREGNY.

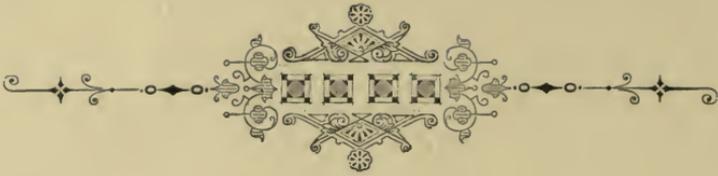
An armed host, with eagle banners furled ;  
Statesmen, archbishops, all the land's renown,  
And there the conqueror of half a world  
Placed on her peerless brow an empire's crown.

Then courtly men and noble dames were met  
In solemn conclave in a royal hall ;  
Some cheeks were pale, and many an eye was wet,  
And there was sorrow in the hearts of all.

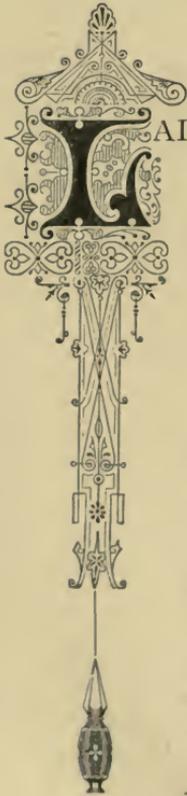
She entered there, the saddest and the last ;  
She wrote one little word—it sealed her fate,  
Dimmed all the present, blotted out the past,  
And left her future more than desolate.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, DECEMBER, 1855.





❖ NO + THE + LADY + OF + GLEN + MYLA. ❖ ←



LADY, in vain I task my simple muse  
To find the utterance Love is fain to seek,  
She only knows the language others use,  
The common words false lips too often  
speak,  
These lack the fire and fervor to reveal,  
The fond affection Death alone can seal.

Thou art my soul's ideal, pure and good,  
In mind and heart, in bearing, speech  
and mein ;  
A perfect type of noble womanhood—  
Kind as an angel, royal as a queen,  
Dispensing blessings, free as sun and air,  
To lighten burdens weaker ones must bear.

Earnest in effort, prompt at duty's call,  
Forgetting self in giving others aid ;

## LADY OF GLEN MYLA.

With tender sympathy for great and small,  
On whom affliction's heavy hand is laid,  
Adding to life a beauty and a grace ;  
Making the world a brighter, better place.

So, thou hast won my love, nor is it strange,  
Since, by the cottage hearth and palace hall,  
I have met many women, in life's range,  
But, never found thy peer, among them all ;  
Thanks be to Him, by whom our ways are set,  
That, in His Providence, our paths have met.

If I had power to weave a subtle charm  
To ward thee from all weariness and care,  
To keep thee and thy loved ones free from harm,  
And make thy future pathway bright and fair,  
No tear should ever dim thy tender eyes,  
No shadow darken in thy summer skies.

No gall should mingle in thy wine of life ;  
No touch of time bedim thy sunny brow,  
Long years should come and go, with gladness rife,  
And leave thee, fresh and fair, as thou art now,  
The center of a happy household band ;  
Queen of the fairest home in all the land.

The world, so full of trouble, loss and stain,  
Uncertain shadows, unavailing fears,

## LADY OF GLEN MYLA.

Where Hope is false, and Love begirt by pain,  
And every human path bedewed with tears,  
Should be to thee as lovely, as sublime,  
As Eden, in the morning hours of time.

I pray thee, do not deem as idle praise  
This honest tribute of a loving heart ;  
I crave no pardon for my homely lays,  
Save that they do not paint thee as thou art—  
Gentle, impassioned, tender, warm and sweet—  
Alas, I find the picture incomplete.

It lacks the finer tints, the nameless grace,  
The dainty lights and shades, that come and go  
Like fitful sunshine o'er thy gentle face,  
As gracious tides of feeling ebb and flow.  
Far better, Lady, could my muse express,  
The tout ensemble of thy loveliness,  
If, in my heart of hearts, I loved thee less.

INDIANAPOLIS, JUNE, 1879.

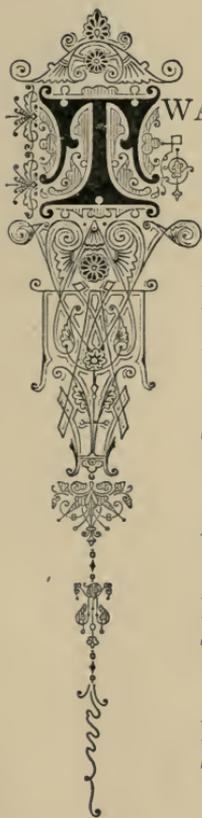




## → THE BRIDE ←

BY MRS. ADA BOLTON SMITH.

“Nur Liebe darf der Liebe Blumen brechen.”—*Schiller*.



—\*—  
T WAS Christmas Eve. Within a Gothic church,—

Whose walls were wreathed with fragrant evergreen,

And holy words in living verdure shrined,  
With many friends we waited for the pair  
Upon whose love that hour would set its seal.

Then pealed the organ forth a joyous strain ;

And with the music's thrill we saw them come.

From out the setting of her snowy veil  
The pearl-pure face of the young bride  
looked forth,

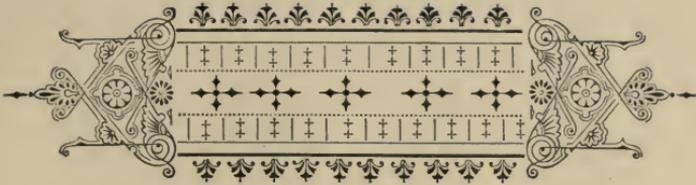
Fairer and sweeter than the orange buds  
That bound the silken waves of her dark hair.

## THE BRIDAL.

Hid was the soft eyes' lustre 'neath the lids  
Whose downcast lashes swept her virgin cheek ;  
But round her tender mouth there dwelt a look  
Of rest unutterable and perfect trust.  
And he in whom she trusted walked by her  
In all the pride of manhood. On his brow  
Shone the clear light of tenderness untold,  
And deathless love for her, his own, his bride !  
The wondrous words were said—she bore his name—  
When, turning from the altar, slow they passed  
Beyond my sight into their bright new world.  
I did not follow with the smiling train  
Of those who gave them joy ; for silent tears  
Were in my eyes, and on my lips a prayer  
To Him, who came to men upon this night,  
For these, my friends, that He would bless their home  
With health, success, and perfect happiness ;  
And crown their lives with every heavenly gift.

CHRISTMAS, 1862.





❖ IN MEMORY OF A PIONEER ❖\*



RIEND of the olden time!

With the kind messenger that came to-day,  
Thy weary feet have turned from earth,  
away,  
To some celestial clime.

He found thee, full of years—  
Long years of alternating light and shade;  
Of hopes that budded, blossomed but to  
fade,  
Bright smiles and bitter tears.

Of those whose lots were cast  
Amidst the Western wilds, when savage  
wrath  
Left death and desolation in its path,  
Thou wert among the last.

\*Mrs. Mary Warrick Brown.

IN MEMORY OF A PIONEER.

Among the last who stood,  
Where rang the war-whoop in the border strife,  
When gleaming tomahawk and scalping knife  
Were red with kindred blood.

When thou hadst seen the dome,  
The stately mansion, mart and city rise,  
As by enchantment 'neath the sunny skies,  
That spanned the Red Man's home ;

When peace and plenty crowned  
With Christian temples, forums, college halls,  
The lovely land that ancient legend calls,  
"The dark and bloody ground."

Our Father's kind behest  
Called thee from weary days and nights of pain  
To thy reward, the guerdon and the gain  
Of endless peace and rest.

The friends who met of yore  
Around thy board and hearth, in converse sweet,  
When hand clasped hand and hearts in union beat,  
Shall meet there, nevermore.

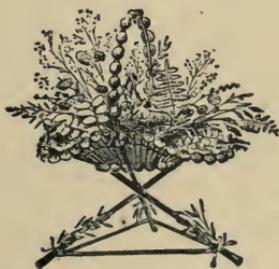
From thine accustomed place  
The sunshine of the olden days is flown—  
We miss a kindly word, a pleasant tone,  
A dear, familiar face.

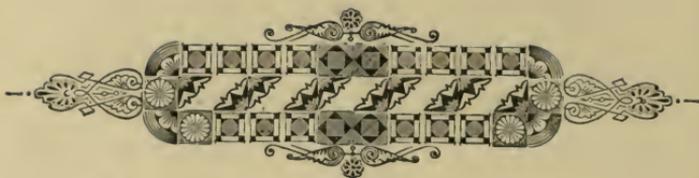
IN MEMORY OF A PIONEER.

Sleep on! In coming years,  
The West, the proud, the beautiful, the free,  
Upon her brightest page shall number thee,  
Among her pioneers.

Farewell, true, generous heart!  
Amidst the precious things we treasure here,  
The priceless jewels, Memory holds most dear,  
We shrine thy name apart.

Love mourns and would repair  
The ties that Death's relentless hand hath riven,  
But Faith unveils her brow, looks up to Heaven,  
And joys to see thee there.





❖ TO MISS ESTHER MALEGUE, ❖

OF GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.



— ❖ —  
HAT shall I call thee? My sunbeam, my  
star?

Nay, one is too transient, the other too far.

Shall I call thee a dew-drop, a joy a de-  
light,

A rose-bud, a song-bird, a beautiful sprite?

Nay, love, I will call thee a rainbow that  
spanned

My heart and my life, in a lone, foreign  
land,

For tender and faithful, far-reaching and  
free

As the sign of God's promise, thy love was  
to me.

TO MISS ESTHER MALEGUE.

If I knew how the earth woos a bright, summer shower ;  
How the sunshine makes love to a tender, young flower ;

If I knew the sweet speech of the odorous breeze,  
When it dimples with kisses the star-lighted seas ;

Knew the murmurous music, so tender and deep  
Of the waters that lull the white lilies to sleep ;

If I knew how the sprite in a rose-tinted shell,  
Sings its loves and its losses so wildly and well ;

I could tell thee, O purer and fairer than these,  
How devoutly I love thee, my fair Genevese.

If I were a knight, brave as knights were of old,  
I would bear thee away to some beautiful hold,

Where care never troubles, and Love counts the hours,  
In perfect repose on a dial of flowers.

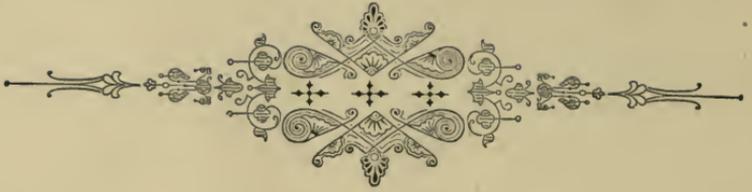
In this fairy-like palace, so richly arrayed  
With tapestry woven of sunshine and shade—

With columns of cedar and daisy pranked floors,  
High Gothic-arched windows and crystalline doors,

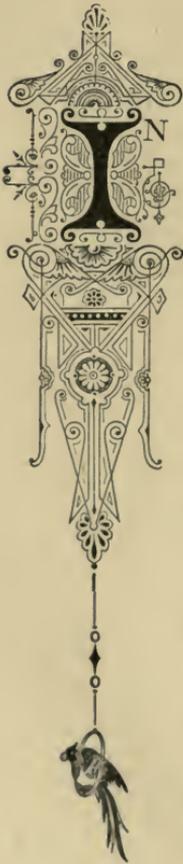
With towers and terraces, lofty and fair,  
And gold-gleaming banners afloat on the air,—

Midst the music of waters, the singing of birds,  
I would woo thee with kisses far sweeter than words,

And, trusting Our Father, as long years went by,  
Hand in hand we would live, heart to heart we would  
die.



❖ IN THE QUIET SUMMER TWILIGHT. ❖



IN the quiet summer twilight,  
Midst the glowing crimson bars  
That the fading sunlight painted,  
Glimmered out two beauteous stars.

Both were bright, but one was peerless,  
And I fondly named it thine ;  
As they seemed to love each other,  
Fancy called the pale one mine.

Lovingly they shone together,  
Making heaven around them bright,  
While the silent hours went trooping  
Through the solemn halls of night.

Till a leaden cloud came over,  
Like a messenger of doom,  
And concealed the brightest jewel  
In the foldings of its gloom.

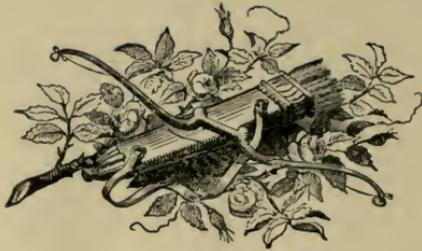
IN THE QUIET SUMMER TWILIGHT.

Sadly gazed I on the left one,  
When its spirit's mate had flown ;  
And I deemed its light grew paler  
As it trembled on alone.



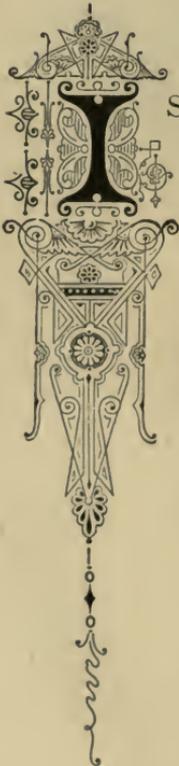
And a fervent prayer to Heaven  
Whispered from my inmost heart,  
That the pale, destroying angel  
Might not rend us thus apart.

For I would not wish to linger,  
Like that little star above,  
By the wayside of existence,  
When there's nothing left to love.



THE STORY OF

→ THE OLD OAK OF ELM CROFT. ←



---

SAID ; “ O ancient tree, I have made my  
home near thee,  
And claim thee for a friend, as well as  
neighbor,  
Till weary heart and brain shall find sur-  
cease of pain,  
When God releases me from life and  
labor.

“ Thou seemest staunch and whole in root,  
heart, branch and bole,  
Yet thou hast lived unknown, unnumbered  
ages,—  
And curious things, I ween, thy dryad’s  
eyes have seen,  
That are not written in historic pages.

THE OLD OAK OF ELM CROFT.

“And, on these pleasant eves, I hear thy bright, young  
leaves

Whispering, confidingly, to one another,  
And deem they could unfold tales that no lip has told,  
Tales from the memory of their fine, old mother.



“Tell me a legend, pray, of some forgotten day ;  
A strange romance, a quaint, unwritten story  
Of some fair Indian maid wooed and won beneath thy  
shade,  
By some tall, tawny brave, in painted glory.”

Then, whence I could not tell, a murmur rose and fell,  
In tones too low and liquid to be human ;

## THE OLD OAK OF ELM CROFT.

And then, methought, I heard, like song of some rare  
bird,

A voice that seemed to say, "Listen, O woman!"

"There was a maiden fair, with midnight eyes and hair,  
And crimson broidered tunic on her bosom,  
With voice like music sweet, and dainty little feet  
That scarcely stirred the odors from a blossom.

"Impulsive, tender, wild, half a woman, half a child,  
Crowned with the gentle graces Nature taught her,—  
In bearing and in mien, regal as befits a queen,  
In sooth, she was a mighty Sachem's daughter.

"She came when rich perfumes, soft lights and fairy  
glooms  
Made rich and redolent, a summer even—  
Came when the full-orbed moon, kissing the brow of June,  
Went with the stars around the walls of Heaven.

"And, sitting at my feet, she sung so sadly sweet,  
That all my leaves bent tenderly above her—  
Sung of some bitter strife, that shadowed her young life,  
Between her warlike kindred and her lover.

"Then turned to me and smiled like a self-forgetful child,  
By some new joy of all its sorrow cheated,  
And sung a tender strain with a soft and low refrain,  
That all the enamored fauns and fays repeated.

THE OLD OAK OF ELM CROFT.

“ ‘ Come love, come, the night dews weep ;  
The fair young flowers are all asleep,—  
The bees have borne their treasures home,  
The birds are dreaming—come, love, come.

“ ‘ Come, love, come ; the moon is high,  
The camp-fires burn along the sky,  
Fire-flies dance in the purple gloom,  
And I am lonely—come, love, come.

“ ‘ Come love, come—the moonbeams spread  
A golden path for thee to tread ;  
The softest light and fairest bloom  
Await and woo thee—come love, come.’

“ Then, murmured she, a name, and silently there came,  
From out the ambush of some leafy cover,  
A chief renowned and brave, of aspect grand and grave,  
And tenderly her dark eyes met her lover.

“ ‘ O, bird of sweetest song, hast thou waited for me long?  
I came with flying feet to thee, Wynona—  
On the war-path, in the chase, I have only seen thy face,  
Only heard thy tender speaking, dear Wynona.

“ ‘ Come love, away with me, I will make a lodge for thee  
And cover it with rarest scented cedar,  
Bring mosses soft and sweet to spread beneath thy feet,  
And, for thy bed, the white down of the eider.

THE OLD OAK OF ELM CROFT.

“ ‘With shining beads I’ll deck thy polished arms and neck—

I’ll dress the finest skins for thine adorning ;  
Despoil the birds of air of their plumes to crown thy hair,  
And waken thee with kisses every morning.

“ ‘I’ll hunt the honey bee o’er prairies wild and free,  
And bring to thee his hoards of golden treasure,  
And by word and action prove that I love thee with a love  
That finds in human speech no name, no measure.

“ ‘O, fly with me to-night—fly by this mystic light—  
My bark canoe floats idly on the river ;  
I have store of venison there, nuts and berries ripe and rare,  
And a hundred ready arrows in my quiver.’

“ ‘O, dearest Osselo, my heart is fain to go,  
But, ah, my tribe would follow fast to slay thee ;  
Wait, yet a little while, my sire’s approving smile,  
Wait but another moon, O love, I pray thee.

“ ‘Then meet me here again, and by this bitter pain,  
And by the love whose tenderness thou knowest—  
By all things good and true, by blessed Manitou,  
I pledge myself to follow where thou goest.

“ ‘O, silver-throated bird, I take thee at thy word—  
Pleading so tender, sweet, brooks no denial,  
I will come, as thou hast said, I will come alive or dead,  
With love grown stronger, fonder through the trial.’

## THE OLD OAK OF ELM-CROFT.

“The chieftain spoke no more, but I saw his heart was  
sore,

And to Wynona's eyes the big tears started,  
As she turned, with quivering face, from her lover's fond  
embrace,

And to the lodge-fires of her tribe departed.

“That month was long to me,” whispered the old oak  
tree,

“The moon was longer than her wont in waning,  
And when her light was gone, the days went slowly on,  
And all my leaves made murmurs of complaining.

“At length the moon rose high in the star-crown of July,  
Lighting dim vistas down the forest mazes,  
Building, with arch and aisle, a fairy palace pile,  
Hung with the tapestry of silver hazes.

“‘It is their tryst,’ I said, and listening heard a tread,  
That but a falling leaf could match for lightness,  
And then the peerless form of the maiden wild and warm,  
Brought back to my lone life beauty and brightness.

“‘It is over now,’ she sighed, ‘I have conquered, I am  
free—

No power on earth my soul from his can sever,  
And whatever fate betide. I am here to be his bride,  
To follow him through life, through death, forever.’

“Then, from a leafy screen of paly gold and green,  
The chieftain strode and said: ‘Welcome, Wynona!’

## THE OLD OAK OF ELM-CROFT.

There is no star, no moon, no dawn, no sun at noon,  
When thou art hidden from mine eyes, Wynona.

“ ‘ Now, dearest, thou art mine, by a promise and a sign,  
All mine, Wynona, to support and cherish :  
And if ever I should prove recreant to thy tender love,  
By the red hand of the foeman may I perish.

“ ‘ Come—’ Not another word from his lips was ever  
heard :  
A murderous arrow, through the forest flying,  
Found, with its venom'd dart, his brave and noble heart,  
And at Wynona's feet the chief fell dying.

“ ‘ She did not shriek with fear, speak a word, nor shed a  
tear,  
But her midnight eyes grew fixed in stony horror  
Upon the cold, dead face, still lighted with the grace  
Of that triumphant love, Death crowned with sorrow.

“ ‘ He sleeps,’ at length she said, ‘ Osselo is not dead  
The happy birds will waken him with singing ;  
When morning lights the skies he will open his dear eyes ;  
He will waken when the lily-bells are ringing.

“ ‘ Sleep love, sleep—the morn's soft light  
Drifts over the purple shores of Night :  
Round us the shadows are cool and deep—  
Safe on my bosom, sleep love, sleep.

THE OLD OAK OF ELM-CROFT.

“Sleep love, sleep—the winds are still ;  
There is no murmur of fount or rill ;  
Above us the stars their watch-fires keep,—  
Safe on my bosom, sleep love, sleep.’

“Fondly, the morning light kissed off the tears of night,  
And made all Nature’s pulses leap and quiver,—  
Gave every leaf a grace, and caught in its embrace  
Hill, valley, tangled wold and winding river.

“And still the chieftain’s eyes turned to the morning skies  
Their deeps of darkness veiled by lids unmoving ;  
Warm breezes from the South kissed his icy brow and  
mouth,  
But could not win him back to life and loving.

“And still Wynona prest that cold head to her breast,  
In half unconscious, half bewildered seeming,—  
Still pleaded for one word, from lips that never stirred,  
And sadly sung, as if her soul were dreaming.

“Wake love, wake—the night is gone,—  
The stars are hidden in the dawn ;  
The glad birds sing in bower and brake ;  
The sun is shining—wake love, wake.’

“At length, her father came, caressed her, called her name ;  
Said : ‘Come away Wynona, O my daughter !  
See, Osselo is dead, his life, his soul has fled  
To hunting grounds beyond the silent water.’

## THE OLD OAK OF ELM-CROFT.

“Then, from her sad, dark eyes flashed a look of wild surprise,

As if from some long, troubled sleep awaking.  
She gave the cold, dead face, a long and fond embrace,  
And, by her look, I knew her heart was breaking.

“‘If Osselo is dead, let me die too, she said—

There is no might on earth our souls to sever;  
By all things true below, by blessed Manitou,  
I pledged myself to follow him forever.’

“She said, and quick as thought, her cunning fingers caught

A dainty dagger from its wampum cover,  
Turned to the morning sun—one stroke—the deed is done.  
‘I come,’ she said, and died beside her lover.

“‘Alas!’ her father cried, ‘my silver dove, my pride,  
Who now will light the lodge-fire for Yoholo?

Who will greet him from the chase with tender, loving  
face,

And dress the feast of venison for Yoholo?

“‘Who will waken him at morn? Who grind the yellow  
corn?

And broider wampum leggings for Yoholo?  
Ah, the medicine-man was ‘right, Maumee’s curse has  
wrought its blight;

There is darkness in the wigwam of Yoholo.’

## THE OLD OAK OF ELM-CROFT.

“They dressed the maid with care, and bound her raven  
hair

With many a shining bead and crimson feather—  
Gave the chief his pipe and bow for the journey he  
must go,

And laid them down to dreamless rest together.

“Then wailing all day long, went the sorrowful death-  
song,

To waft them safely o’er the silent water—  
Brave warriors bowed in grief for their young and noble  
chief,

And Love lamented for the Sachem’s daughter.

“Many an age has come and gone, and still the world  
moves on,

But of all the living then who knew and loved them,  
I only now abide where the lovers lived and died,  
And faithfully keep watch and ward above them.

“But when that night in June brings back the full-orbed  
moon

To flood the forest reaches with her glory,  
They come without a sound from the happy hunting  
ground,

And sitting here, rehearse their own sad story.”











14 DAY USE  
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED  
**LOAN DEPT.**

This book is due on the last date stamped below,  
or on the date to which renewed. Renewals only:

Tel. No. 642-3405

Renewals may be made 4 days prior to date due.  
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

OCT 23 1972 8 1

REC'D LD OCT 16 72 -4 PM 1 3

LD21A-40m-8,'72  
(Q1173s10)476-A-82

General Library  
University of California  
Berkeley

YD 03409

M191805

953

B694

li

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

