

Guilford Portraits  

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Memorial Epitaphs  
OF  
Alderbrook and Westside

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# Guilford Portraits

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Memorial Epitaphs of Alderbrook  
and Westside with Introductory  
Elegies and Essay

BY

HENRY PYNCHON ROBINSON

Fifty-three Illustrations

1815-1907

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## PREFATORY ESSAY ON EPITAPHS AND BURIALS.

This little work, a harvest chiefly of memories of the past, has been in a special way spontaneous. When moved to express regrets on the recent loss of a friend, visions of others rose before me and I continued to write, passing from one to another. The subject dwelt with me and strangely engaged my attention; the vividness of memories revived was like a revelation and the experience of dwelling from month to month in reverie over those who have passed away has been peculiar and absorbing.

These portraits or memorials, with few exceptions, are drawn from personal impressions, in some cases verified, and in some enlarged, by the more intimate recollections of others; in no case purely imaginary, they are yet mere shadows of the living originals. Not all memories of the past are vivid, and I regret in too many instances the scant tracing of character and the faint revival of personality presented. It is hardly necessary to say that they have been prepared under great limitations.

Lives, like suns and moons, present phases that vary with their own periods. Personal traits and humors, and our knowledge of them, are to some extent inconstant. One cannot hope to be always fortunate in dealing with such vicissitudes. Of these, some appear in early maturity, some in meridian fulness, and others in the past prime of their decadence. In taking subjects for memorial I have chosen, amid the accidents of opportunity, such as seemed to lend themselves to the conditions; in a few cases grappling with

the contrary, though mindful of the forbidding adage, "if you do not know of me do not speak of me."

If such sketches, from their required exactness, are thought to be ill suited to metrical treatment, certainly verse, employed to convey with a little more grace, vignettes of life and character, need not be expected to do more than that. Such verse, a mere "homespun thread of rhymes," outside the sphere of the imagination, has little of poetry but its measured form, and aims to be simply narrative and descriptive or quaintly plaintive and bemoaning. A writer of authority declares "that whatever subject matter can be penetrated with strong human feeling is fit for verse; then the rhythm and form become spontaneous." This has been my experience here, and while the use of verse has been exceptional, as contrary to my habit of writing, its trammels and exactions serving both as irritant and stimulus, the discipline has led to compacter expression and even to better results in pith and point of the matter expressed.

To extend the scope and possible value of the whole, I have added parts introductory on related topics; not assuming to have news along lines almost as old as the race itself, where by special division and later extension I have striven to give tokens of design to what was earlier written without design. If there, I depart from the local limit, set to my general purpose, yet what is lost in unity will be found in diversity and nowhere is the true tenor of the subject abandoned.

The literature of epitaphs and of mortuary memorials, obscure and rare, would yet fill a storehouse with lamentations and 'compleyns.' Puttenham, in the "Art of English Poesie" [1584-88], quaintly sets forth this species of writing: "An epitaph is an inscription, such as a man may commodiously write or engrave upon a table, in few verses pithie, quicke and sententious, for the passer-by to peruse and judge upon

without any long tauriance." They were originally sung at burials and were then engraven upon the tomb. Philologists say that all old words for writing mean cutting, since all writing was originally graving upon a stone as the most durable substance.

In Greek epitaphs the thought is turned backward to the life that is past and seldom to the life that is supposed to come, and the seriousness of the tomb is not incompatible with a note of cheerfulness. The Lacedemonians forbid them save for those who had died for their country. The historian Merivale has translated many of Greek origin as written in elegiac verse by Theocritus, Aeschylus, Sappho and other Grecians. The following on the poet Sophocles is by Simmias of Thebes:

Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade  
About the tomb where Sophocles is laid:  
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs and intertwine  
With blushing roses and the clustering vine:  
Thus shall thy lasting leaves with beauties hung  
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung.

We find colloquies carried on in stately courtesy between the tenants of sepulchres and passers-by. Not only human beings but sometimes favorite animals had their burials and epitaphs. Orators of the first class, as Pericles and Demosthenes, made addresses at public funerals. How natural, as if spoken by an orator of our day, sounds this, taken from the funeral oration of Pericles over Greeks, the first fallen in the Peloponnesian war: "For the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men: not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not

on stone but in the hearts of men." (Thucydides II. 43; Jowett.) Among the Romans, Julius Cæsar, at the age of eighteen, delivered the eulogy over his aunt Julia, the widow of Marius. Grand burials were made along the great public roads, as at Rome, chiefly on the Appian and Flaminian ways, leading south and north from the city. A coin was provided to pay Charon's ferriage over the Styx; this toll has been found, as placed between the teeth. The ceremonies among the upper classes were imposing. At the grand funeral of Junia, the wife of Cassius and sister of Brutus, the images of Cassius and Brutus were conspicuous by their absence, they being still under attainder for their parts in the death of Cæsar.

Outside, near the Colline Gate, erring vestal virgins were buried alive. These animate burials, described by Pliny and Plutarch, were rare; some twelve are known. The senior vestal, Cornelia, is an instance in the reign of Domitian, A. D. 91. Cicero's sister-in-law, his wife Terentia's sister Fabia, a vestal, barely escaped this fate. Cremation, practiced in remote antiquity, was revived in the time of Sylla, near 100 B. C.: who, from fear of enemies, offered himself for example and was then urned among the old kings of Rome, on the banks of the Tiber. In the second century, the older practice of burial was more fashionable. Cremation was discontinued early in the fifth century, owing chiefly to the Christian belief in the resurrection of the body. Burial in the Catacombs was given up about 410, the year of the storming of Rome by Alaric the Visigoth, when the geese of Juno failed to warn the city.

A common sentiment on Roman monuments is the passage from Tacitus: *Terra tibi levis sit!* "Let earth lie light above thee!" Pope, in his epigram on Vanbrugh, the architect of Marlborough Mansion, gives a sharp turn to the thought:



Lie heavy on him earth, for he  
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

Lucian satirized the tomb of King Mausolus of Caria, erected 352 B. C., as a crushing weight of stones to lay upon a man. Some few broken remnants of this, the original mausoleum, one of the wonders of the world, are preserved in the British Museum. As described by Pliny and Martial, it was built, based like a pyramid, extending broad and deep underground, but of marbles so bright that above it seemed to hang in the air.

In addition to their common oracles, the Romans had places where the dead were called up to hold communion with the living; this very much in the faked fashion of our day.

We are told that the ancient Etruscans [whose rule as a people lasted about twelve centuries preceding the Romans], in order to bring themselves nearer to the dead and to communicate with their spirits, would come to the sepulchres at nightfall and sometimes sleep beside the urns of their friends, wives and children, brothers and lovers, and receive visions from their souls that always hovered around.

More than three thousand mortuary inscriptions have been found in the Etruscan tombs, in central and southern Italy, Perugia, a capital city. They now contain little but names.

English epitaphs have been written largely in vernacular verse and Latin prose. At one period jocular men of letters came together with their pockets crammed with epitaphs, which they read for amusement. The company of wits, to which Goldsmith belonged, took a fancy to write playful epitaphs upon him as "the late Dr. Goldsmith." This was written by Garrick:

Here lies poet Goldsmith: for shortness, called Noll;  
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll.

Goldsmith retaliated:

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can;  
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;  
 As an actor, confessed without rival to shine;  
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line.

Doctor Johnson made a review of Pope's epitaphs, as did also the poet Wordsworth, who spoke sharply of them. The loftiest writers from Spenser to Pope thought it no condescension to pen an epitaph. Milton made one on Hobson, the Cambridge carrier to London, the original of 'Hobson's choice.' Mary, Queen of Scots, amused herself in writing them. Ben Jonson wrote these lines on Mary, the sister of Sir Philip Sidney:

Underneath this sable hearse  
 Lies the subject of all verse:  
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.  
 Death, ere thou hast slain another,  
 Learned and fair and good as she,  
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

'Rare Ben' made tender little epitaphs on children. The following upon a child is by Robert Herrick:

Here she lies, a pretty bud  
 Lately made of flesh and blood;  
 Who as soone fell fast asleep  
 As her little eyes did peep.  
 Give her strewings but not stir  
 The earth that lightly covers her.

In early days, inscriptions were prohibited save to those high in rank and honor. Few, of any kind, are known before the eleventh century; these are chiefly of kings,

princes and prelates of the church, and are in the Latin tongue. French epitaphs appear in England belonging to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. A very singular one of twenty-eight lines, old French, on Edward the Black Prince, is found in Canterbury Cathedral. Edward died in 1376. Verses were sometimes inscribed in golden letters, as at Rouen over Richard Coeur de Lion.

The style of actual inscriptions, often playful and peculiar, became after a time degraded and vulgarized. Indeed, like the graffiti, or scribblings, seen on old Roman and Pompeiian walls to-day, such inscriptions do not belong to lawful literature. Various collections of them are recommended as curious, quaint and amusing and are put forward as "light writings on grave subjects."

At Saint Paul's, London. "obiit 1633 Reverend John Donne." The day after his burial, these lines were found, written with a coal on the wall above his grave: they are believed to be by Isaac Walton:

Reader, I am to let thee know  
 Donne's body only lies below;  
 For, could the grave his soul comprise,  
 Earth would be richer than the skies.

Oxford scholars of the last century doted on epitaphs like this on an infant from Eglingham churchyard:

When the archangel's trump doth blow  
 And souls to bodies join,  
 Thousands will wish their life below  
 Had been as brief as mine.

Fuller, in his "Worthies," does not disdain the subject, as in the lines on a 'painful' preacher, one Ward of Haverhill:

Grant some of knowledge, greater store,  
 More learned some in teaching;  
 Yet few in life did lighten more,  
 None thundered more in preaching.

Fuller's epitaph upon himself was "Here lies Fuller's earth."

Now and then a choice humor, quaintly put, seems half pardonable, and at this distance of time and space we shall half forgive this sly turn from Ashburton Church, England, 1779, on Elizabeth Ireland:

Here I lie at the chancel door;  
 Here I lie, because I'm poor.  
 The farther in, the more you pay;  
 Here lie I as warm as they.

At Edinburgh this is found:

Remember man, as thou goes\* by,  
 As thou art now, so once was I;  
 As I am now so shalt thou be:  
 Remember man that thou must die.

Such sentiment, always tersely expressed, is common to the catacombs and ossuaries of Europe and is of great antiquity. Scaliger, who in a sleepless fit of the gout could make two hundred verses in a night, would have but five plain words upon his tomb.

Acute writers have treated sepulchres and memorials. Sir Thomas Brown in "Urn Burial" declares "that grave stones tell truth scarce forty years; generations pass while some trees stand and old families last not three oaks." Sir Thomas sets out in quaint terms his truly erudite and hermit studies.

\* Northern dialect.

Erasmus makes a merry colloquy on "The Funeral" and again on "The Scholastick Funeral," in which solemn topics are drolled upon in his peculiar humor. Alcidas left a treatise in praise of death, enumerating the evils of life. Cicero calls it, not philosophical, but eloquent in diction. Cicero, to console himself for the loss of his daughter Tullia who died in giving birth to a son Lentulus, wrote a book, called "The Consolatio," which is lost. Goethe wrote in caricature "The Skeleton's Dance." Dryden represents the dead at the resurrection as "fumbling for their bones." Coleridge composed his own epitaph in four maundering lines. The poet Horace declares that "the Gauls never feared funerals." The Druids believed death was but the middle of a long life.

Bishop Taylor, with droll humor, writes in "Holy Dying:" "Take away but the pomps of death, the disguises and solemn bugbears and the actings by candlelight and proper and phantastick ceremonies; the minstrels and the noisemakers, the women and the weepers, the nurses and the physicians, the dark room and the ministers, the kindred and the watchers, and then to die is easy and quitted from its troublesome circumstances. It is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday or a maid-servant to-day."

When Edmund Spenser, the poet-laureate, was buried in Westminster Abbey near Chaucer, mournful elegies and poems with the pens that wrote them were thrown into the grave. These by Shakespeare, Ben Jonson and mighty Marlowe.

The days of Shakespeare are termed "the epitaph-making period." The present monument to Chaucer was erected over one hundred and fifty years after his decease. The only memorial to him for many years was a leaden plate, hanging nearby on a pillar with an epitaph made by a poet-laureate. There lie the cross-legged effigies of the Crusaders, in attitude, upturned and appealing. Many of the Abbey monuments

now appear indecorous and rude. Canon Farrar is frank in condemnation of the "kicking gracefulness" of certain statues and sighs over "the lumpy monuments, the hideous and vulgar tombs." Hundreds of epitaphs are found in the Abbey; some of these are called 'heathenish' and even 'bloodthirsty', some are designed 'to puzzle posterity.' Mr. Loftie also speaks of 'odious little busts' as of Grote, Longfellow, and Macaulay, and 'the funny little white busts' as of Kingsley and Maurice. He refers to a so-called 'pancake monument' and finds others 'ugly and vulgar.' Mr. J. Gwin in 1749 declared in substance that some of the statuesque representations were no more suitable than the lions of Van Amburgh would be, if placed there in marble.

Dr. Wiseman, writing of Saint Paul's Cathedral, London, marks the incongruity of drum, trumpet, boarding-pike and cannon, displayed there. These grim tokens of Death's weapons, having passed from armories to cathedrals, have come into rural cemeteries, where sometimes cannon are set up, those engines of war being curiously turned in times of peace into emblems of consolation. This too, however dramatic, has more of the nature of crude irony and jest. Tombstones of the eighteenth century even now appear grotesque with hour-glass, scythe, cherubs' heads, vertebrae, skull and bones, sculptured upon them. When Sir Christopher Wren directed the building of the present Saint Paul's Cathedral there were seen under the graves of the later times the burial-places of the Saxon days; the graves lined with chalkstones. Below these were British graves where were found ivory and wooden pins that had fastened the stout woolen wraps in which their simple conveyances were made. In the same row and at the depth of eighteen feet were Roman urns intermixed. These were of the times when British and Romans lived and died together.

Celtic, Roman and Saxon remains have been unearthed, much intermingled within the same mounds. Pepin the short, the father of Charlemagne, was buried face downward (A. D. 768.) Hugh Capet, the ancestor of all the throned Kings of France, was, in like manner, put to rest under the spout of Saint Denis' Cathedral, so that his sins might be washed out by the falling rains (A. D. 996). This face-down fashion was termed *adens* burial: (*ad dentes*, upon the teeth).

The practice of burying the head and other parts separate from the body is traced to the Egyptians, whose sepulchres chiseled into the mountain rock along the Nile, are among the most impressive memorials of antiquity. Indeed, the sepulchral valley of the Nile has been termed, "a long funeral path." In Egypt, layers of papyrus pasted together inclosed the body for ordinary interment.

It was a fancy of the Scandinavians that the soul remained conscious in the tomb:

Now children, lay us in two lofty graves  
 Down by the sea-shore, near the deep blue waves;  
 Their sounds shall, to our souls, be music sweet,  
 Singing our dirge as on the strand they beat;  
 When, round the hills the pale moonlight is thrown  
 And midnight dews fall on the Bauta stone,  
 We'll sit, O Thorsten, in our rounded graves,  
 And speak together o'er the gentle waves.

The passing bell to announce the dying can be retraced to Anglo-Saxon days. It was tolled in churches as early as 640: its first use being to drive away evil spirits, then to spread the tidings that a soul was about passing away. The custom was common in the fifteenth century of keeping the obit or anniversary of a person's decease, noticed with prayers and alms or other observance. Funds were devoted in wills

for this purpose. Four obits a year were kept for William Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester: whose eyes in life, we are told, always filled with tears when he sang the Requiem for the dead.

The last ceremonies of the common people, as was customary also among the Romans, took place by torchlight at night. The lych gate served for a short stay and lych stones likewise provided rests on the way to the burial.

The English planted the long lived yew and the stately cypress in their sacred grounds, as at Canterbury and Stoke Pogis. Of the yew, Tom Hood speaks thus tenderly:

How wide the yew tree spreads its solemn gloom  
And o'er the dead, lets fall its dew;  
As if in tears, it wept for them.

The many human families that sleep around its stem.

Data of American memorials are now collected. This by the Rev. Mr. Woodbridge on the Reverend and 'much desired' minister John Cotton, deceased 1652, is one of the best examples of the old style:

A living, breathing bible, tables where  
Both covenants at large engraven were.  
Gospel and law in heart had each its column;  
His head, an index to the sacred volume.  
His very name, a title page; and next  
His life, a commentary on the text.  
Oh! what a monument of glorious worth  
When, in a new edition, he comes forth  
Without errata: we may think he'll be  
In leaves and covers of eternity.

Mrs. Earle, in a chapter on "Burial Customs in old New England," describes the gruesome ways of Colonial times when laudatory lines and verses were fastened to the bier and



the funeral elegy was in vogue. At burials the bell was tolled four strokes to the minute: two sets of bearers were usual: addresses were common at the grave and funeral feasts followed. The magistrate walked with the mourning widow: rings and gloves were given out and finally tombstones were fetched over seas from the old flinty mother country to rock-bound New England.

A legend of Brittany, to which allusion is elsewhere made, tells of an imaginary town called *Is*, that was swallowed up by the sea at some time unknown. The tips of its towers and spires appear in the troughs of the ocean when the waves sink low, and when the tides are spent the sound of tolling bells is fancied or faintly heard above the quiet waters. We too have a scarce fanciful past of vanished village world with its peculiar phases and peoples that have fallen beneath Time's flood.

Guilford Green itself illustrates this rise and fall of community life, where

"Hidden from all mortal eyes  
Deep the sunken city lies."

Burials on Guilford Green were discontinued in 1818. These covered the central lower part, full from east to west over about one third of the entire Common. Owing to the low grade or tight texture of the land, water would sometimes rise in new-made graves. Close along the roadway running across on a diagonal west and east, the stubbed stones dark brown rose up and inclined like mourners upon each side. These "pious marbles," native sandstones, were removed, some to the new grounds, a few were put for stepping-stones in dooryards, while still fewer broken ones strayed into stone walls.

It is estimated\* from records dating from 1646 that near fifteen hundred former inhabitants are there sepulchred. The

\* Not verified.

approximate location of family lots, if now lost, is to some extent traditional in families. The burial-place of the Revd. Joseph Eliot for example, once marked by a tall wooden monument, is referred to the high ground on the Common before the town house.

Our village community, unable to find a single place of burial convenient to all, then (1818) opened two, Alderbrook and Westside. The memorials in the present volume, none of them actual inscriptions, relate, with a few exceptions, to these two cemeteries. Exceptions refer chiefly to Nut Plains, Moose Hill and Leete Island.

Among those memorialized are some fifty officers of State and Church, including representatives, justices, judges, lawyers, clergymen, wardens, deacons, doctors, authors, teachers, colonels and captains of our citizen soldiery. Of the whole number, some twelve lived nearly a full century; one only, Mistress Elsie Reeve Chittenden, entered upon her second century. Through the kindness of friends I present a limited number of excellent portraits that best illustrate the quite remarkable company which they represent.

Few distinct epitaphs are found in our two main cemeteries and none appear footworn as in church pavements abroad; but in our northern village, quaint verses of old-time manner are known, combining the plaint and the pathos of consolation.

While studying the ancient régime in France, Taine writes of those, whose memorials he was reviewing, "more than once at the Archives in tracing their handwriting on the yellow paper, I was tempted to speak to them aloud!"

In raising this reminder of a few of the dwelling dead, who repose in our midst, the reverence of my youth for their hoary heads has returned to me and I have held with them a communion in which they have seemed to bear responsive parts, so real has their presence been.

To these portrayals, I may apply what the wigmaker of Paris said of his wigs as he gave out a sample of his art with a humble sense of its imperfections: "Your wig is made, sir, but not finished"; then regarding it critically and giving a twirl, "it is finished but is not complete"; finally bestowing a last shaping turn, "it is complete but not perfect,"—and yielded it up with an honest sigh.

Such a work as this at best can only be superficial and fragmentary, a portfolio of faded recollections, a book of "lamentations and compleynts." I offer it not without regrets as a faulty but faithful effort in an unusual direction to recover some tokens of the past, and in a few instances to bring again before us in outline the forms and the characters of those who for a period may live again as among the living and then have none to remember them.

H. P. R.

WESTSIDE, GUILFORD, CONN., September 20, 1906.

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## INTRODUCTORY ELEGY: PART I.

*The Journey's End:*

## I.

Life opens compassed full, equipped complete,  
As on some pilgrimage with vagrant feet,  
Whose winding way unknown seems not to end,  
But still to some hid, further point intend;  
Till, from the feigned and fruitless, weary quest,  
It hastens speeding into wakeless rest.  
Thus spake in imagery the Saxon Thane;  
Life enters like a bird from storm and rain,  
In lighted hall, winged messenger of peace,  
It broods awhile until it seeks release;  
Then into darkness forth it flies some day  
And fleeting past, life chases life away.  
Endowed with longings in this hazard state,  
Engirt by Fortune's and misfortune's fate,  
With tiresome toil and happy hunger blest,  
In search of that too certain sequel, rest;  
From darkness ceaseless turning into light  
Within alternate, rounding day and night,  
Some destined doom, unfolding with surprise,  
Take heed, beware, defend, resounding cries;  
Needy, naught knowing, helpless and forlorn,  
A cradled care, a wailing waif, but born,  
So launched reluctant, upon earth and air,  
We have, despite ourself, our life affair.  
What fortune here, in innocence of harm,  
To come in peace and go without alarm!  
To keep courageous cheer, unawed by fears,  
And hope alive through the enshrouding years!

Is pain the only sentry to defend  
And is there clear foreknowing of the end?  
We early view with cold and careless gaze  
All sad phenomena without amaze.  
The thoughtful reason, slow perceiving, grows  
Into the mortal meaning sorrow knows.  
Alas! but then, too conscious of the end,  
So much our learned anxieties portend.  
Concerning it, we chiefly have our views  
From the dark days of the unhappy Jews;  
Who more observed life's finish than its start  
And studied anxious how they should depart  
Across that tide of time, whose far extension  
Alarmed so sore their frightened apprehension.  
Man's early thought personified his fears,  
Deemed death an enemy who stole his years  
And turned him vacant to his voyage adrift.  
This fancy feint takes many an artful shift  
In human heart and gives a fund of lore,  
Too copious quite for research to explore;  
Yet throws illusion on the ways of speech  
And makes a language rather over-reach,  
When words put meaning into empty naught  
Of phantom shapes and forms by fancy wrought.  
Thus Mors was genius of the Roman dead,  
Fate came to Greek to cut life's brittle thread,  
With Thanatos, the son of Night and Sleep,  
Death's brother-twin who closes eyes that weep.  
When should mere mortals take their woful share  
Of news that wants firm fortitude to bear?  
Life's essence, strong in minds so slowly dawning,  
They scarce would ponder it as wisdom's warning.  
Yet wise is wholesome fear and just alarm

To make one shield the life from hostile harm.  
Cool care may kindly keep one out of danger,  
On guard against some quite too roguish ranger.  
Egyptians, to their feasts, invited Death,  
Who came, in gaunt array and out of breath,  
And grimly gazed amid the banquet cheer  
To warrant them, they were but pilgrims here.  
When Roman conquerors made triumphs grand,  
The slave stood by, enjoined with this command;  
To whisper, "Thou art mortal," to the ear  
And quell the too proud triumph with the fear.  
When Gauls besieging climbed her hilly dome,  
The geese of Juno, cackling, once saved Rome.

But still the hour, most fit to deal with Death,  
Is when he comes to take away the breath;  
Then, checked by his so rare unused attention,  
We quite forget all apt diverting mention  
And rused remark that any other day,  
We might retort; for then we must away.  
Goethe's mother, when conscious she was dying,  
Sent brave regrets to a party, relying  
On her presence; he, finding Death's valley  
Dark, called for light to radiate the way.  
Heine, prone on mattress-grave, lived for years  
And entertained 'the Terror' without fears.  
One,\* of another, heard 'the passing bell,'  
Ran, met Death and gave dying life a spell.  
Gladiators grim by full applause upheld,  
Saluted all, then one another felled.  
Death, to the Romans, almost ere they knew,  
A wearisome pastime and pleasure grew.

\* A clergyman ran to see the passing away of a friend, who recovered and outlived him.

Early Christians were rended, mangled, torn,  
 Still by their passionate fierce faith upborne.  
 Such fancied terrors oft have followed death,  
 The bravest spirit feared to lose his breath ;  
 Who neither dared to stay, nor willed to go,  
 Here was the real and there the fancied foe.

## II.

One turns reluctant to an endless trance,  
 When quite resolved to risk a life's romance ;  
 When called untimely at some busy hour,  
 While flushed with all the exercise of power.  
 One, ardent plans anew some enterprise  
 And knows of naught to harm him anywise ;  
 But prospects planned and invitations, all,  
 The swift eventful hour may rude recall.  
 Now youth, in blushing beauty light and gay,  
 Is seized, disarmed of charms and forced away :  
 Now high endowment, disciplined and trained  
 With years of toil, but Fate has not refrained.  
 Grief, ever and anon, entwined with life,  
 So mixed with pleasure pure and sweetest strife,  
 Gives miséréré o'er its last hushed hour  
 All thought profound of mournful, moving power.

And still the view-point, proper, just and fair,  
 Seems when at end of life and with our share  
 Of all that comes by kind or unkind fate,  
 We best sum up and not anticipate.  
 All things diverse it brings: to these, release  
 From suffering, it gives the end in peace ;  
 To those, it bears an anguish of regret  
 To leave scenes where they have warm welcome met ;



Where the brightness and the gayety of earth  
Have mingled with their portion joy and mirth.  
They who fall ripe and ready to the ground  
Crowns, garlands, honors earned and rest have found.  
When vital forces, unrelieved are spent  
And low in last bewailing weakness bent;  
When full outworn and ripened to decay,  
Life then resigns with ease and least dismay;  
When ears, to hearing stopped, are sealed almost,  
And eyes are shut to sight and thin as ghost,  
A prisoner, within his own stronghold,  
The end may come as grateful to the old;  
Ease throbbing sense, ennui and cooling vein,  
The palsied plight, ear-trumpet and the cane.  
We know the incoherent, hazard hour,  
When quietly the life gives up its dower;  
In murmurs low, as in our tranquil dreams,  
The soul departs and sense no longer gleams.  
One day we ran to see the dying die;  
We rather died who raised the mourner's cry,  
When viewing vanished life's relentless sleep,  
We turned aside in grief alone to weep.

But dread attendants, both in war and peace,  
Seek earth to give to mortals this release.  
Yet spare recital of these ways and means  
That innocence itself so rarely screens:

As when the cruel 'blow of mercy' fell  
In tortures too inhuman, full to tell;  
As when barred Newgate's victims met their doom  
Saint Sepulchre sent forth its ringing boom.  
As when Germain's tolled tocsin sounded dread,  
From all the towers of Paris, overhead,

Strokes quickened rang mad chiming of the hour,  
 That signaled Catherine's crazed wilful power.  
 In all the royal race that madly ran,  
 She, the cruelest furied form of man.  
 Such terror to fair France then came to view  
 To blast the dawn of Saint Bartholomew;\*  
 When myriad torches there drove back the day  
 And threw o'er darkest deed their lurid ray.  
 Death beat the drum and led the cavalcade  
 To the far darkened realms of deepest shade.  
 Such service staunch, to rid the earth of man,  
 His ill pent passions offer as they can.

The idlest motive thought and impulse here,  
 Quite oft with fateful life will interfere.  
 In fatal seasons, gossamer gives warning  
 With some veiled vanity of dared adorning.  
 The belle beloved, more careful of her pride,  
 Too soon along the way there prone will ride.  
 The charms of life, a thousand passions master.  
 They love speed more, who rush into disaster.  
 Blind habit, use and wont, in endless ways,  
 Drive heedless mortals to their farewell days.  
 He, strong and stalwart in his manhood's pride,  
 Through fire and smoke, to daring Death will ride;  
 In desperation, plays the martyr's rôle,  
 Pleases the mob nor gains of fire control.  
 And where more noble thoughts and feelings thrive,  
 There too, life's boat upon the rocks may drive.  
 Patriots, stirred by love of country's sway,  
 Have wished like Hale for lives to give away;  
 Reckless, when noble motives move the mind,  
 The life may end yet honor all mankind.

\* August 24, 1572.

## III.

Magic marvels of music have been told  
From modern to more ancient days of old.  
The cordial charm of chanting to the ear  
Conceals the dismal dirge, so fraught with fear.  
So pure its pathos, in dark sorrow's hour,  
Plato's Republic\* feared this pulsing power.  
So much of dread of sounding bell, partook,  
One of the Rheim's Cathedral pillars shook.  
In many a toned, cacophonous dull round,  
Poor mortals have found Hegel's hell of sound.  
Hunted from town to town and followed long,  
Stradella saved, then lost his life with song,  
His soulful music soothed the savage breast  
Till two more savage ruffians did the rest.  
The melody, tuneful, true and tender rang,  
When Mozart dying his own requiem sang:  
Then borne through snow and hail, his body thrown  
Careless, to be forgot and left unknown.  
To lull the waters' rage, his poems ring,  
When gondoliers of Venice Tasso sing,  
Till far and near the echoes proud proclaim  
The modern magic of an early name.

An organ sent its solemn passion, pealing  
Through aisles and arches no source revealing,  
And mighty minster's viewless waves impelling,  
Impulsive surging and full boundless swelling  
Spoke things scarce utterable to the ear,  
In deeper thoughts than would in words appear.  
A wanderer entered, to this 'storm of sound,'

\* Plato's "Republic" would not forbid music, as is said, but restrain it. In his later work, "The Laws," its study for three years was compulsory.

Then stood in rapture tranced, in sweet spell, bound.  
 Her thought, to that unknown expanse she gave,  
 Till borne beneath its deep full troubled wave,  
 Her soul expired upon the thrilling air  
 And left sweet life itself, a forfeit there.  
 What strange, mysterious, weird, unworded thing  
 Could, unto living soul, such rapture bring?

And when, from lofty mountains, voices born  
 Of wanton winds, rush down to greet the morn  
 And drowsy mortals wake with glad surprise,  
 To listen to an anthem from the skies,  
 Then quick, their wonderment to terror turns,  
 When swift the raging wind with anger burns  
 And, sweeping madly forth without restraint,  
 Brings desolation, waste and wailed complaint.  
 Philosophers commend with sanest thought,  
 With all due care, and cordial courage fraught,  
 To journey on life's short or longer way,  
 The hour's discourse, sufficient for the day;  
 To find in each brief moment, as it flies,  
 The full advantage that an age supplies;  
 Nor see, as in half covert darkness dread,  
 The goblin terrors of a griffin's head.  
 To hopeful effort turns fair wisdom's trend,  
 Nor fearsome with affright forbodes the end.

Thræsea,\* when he grew too good to live,  
 Showed what fortitude character could give  
 To life's last hours; the vestals' living tombs,  
 Rarest, saddest and dreadest of all dooms;  
 For vestals, veiled and down the ladder driven,  
 On service scant, then starved alone, unshriven.

\* Stoic philosopher, deceased A.D. 66.

When Pherecydes\* came to his decease,  
His soul "stood up and looked out for release."  
Seneca stern could look Death in the face  
And help him on occasion quicken pace.  
To hinder him, the Stoics would not bend:  
Nor thought they he was something, reverend.  
With sturdy resignation, Stoics sought  
To journey out of life as fearing naught;  
Yet calling the sage moralist around  
To strengthen them to voyage outward bound;  
With cheerfulness, and not with gloom oppressed,  
To go, as forth to never ending rest.  
As when life currently suspends in sleep  
Its weary worn strength and spent passion, deep  
And slumbering, unconscious through the night,  
Resigns the day and recovers it with light:  
Each bravely falls asleep and thinks it naught,  
Nor boasts the counter courage that has brought  
The race to this dread daringness of action,  
To die and daily lose from life a fraction.

\* Greek theologian, 544 B.C. The first known writer on the immortality of the soul.

## WORD INDEX: PART II.

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## INTRODUCTORY ELEGY: PART II.

*The Burial Train:*

## I.

The burial train, in whatsoever clime,  
Impresses with scenes sombre but sublime.  
It moves with tragic step and pageant pace,  
Reluctant, silent, slow with garnished grace.  
Perchance a master, widely known and great,  
Is borne now proudly to his rest in state.  
The nodding plumes of martial cavalcade  
Far signal more than pleasure's promenade.  
The soldiers' sad array with arms reversed,  
The emblems dark of dignity rehearsed,  
Impose their telling tokens of regret,  
On all beholders, living thankful yet,  
And when the mournful requiem and dirge  
Are borne in waves of music sweet that surge  
So sadly on the ear, the soul with power  
Feels deep the touch of Death's triumphal hour.  
Who but inspired has heard Beethoven's March  
Enthrill the funeral way to heaven's arch,  
With awe and grandeur gloomed and full profound  
To silence still the multitude around?  
There, far in Rome's eternal city bowed,  
How did Death's train the narrow Corso crowd!  
Soldiers compact in gleaming grim array,  
In columns, rhythmic with successive sway;  
With banners bright that moved but scarcely waved,  
Expressing grief, subdued or stoutly braved;  
Civilians in their orders, draped diverse,

Earth's memorials in rare rich rehearse,  
 What sumptuous elements of Rome's woe  
 That furled funereal day saw come and go!

Crowding the Corso, people fast convene  
 And when the cortege drawing near is seen,  
 With brows bared clear and air of silence, meet,  
 They all with sympathy attentive greet;  
 Then Italy's proud martial music bands  
 Subdued way wanderers from other lands,  
 As with deep, minor wailing, saddened cry,  
 They filed, in tuneful, sweet succession by.  
 So grandly to the bourne of last repose,  
 One more of Bonaparte's\* famed lineage goes.

In Florence brothers, hooded close and corded,  
 All pitiful of misery and rewarded  
 By virtue, she herself alone repaying,  
 Oft traverse there, wherever woe is staying,  
 And Death ward off or speedy drive away:  
 If not, all gowned in black another day,  
 Poising aloft some body in the air,  
 Forth for the burial, reverent they repair:  
 Their full enshrouded and head-hooded forms,  
 Appearing on days fair or dark with storms,  
 Walk frequent, weird along the public ways  
 And scarce on stranger sight do travelers gaze.  
 When darkness overspreads the night with gloom,  
 They come with fiery torches to illumẽ;  
 Forward and backward throw the darting ray  
 And make return the brightness of the day.  
 Flowers gleaming their fair ripe radiance fling

\* Prince Napoleon, son of Jerome Bonaparte, died in Rome, March 17, 1891.



And rhythmic footsteps on the pavement ring:  
The tenderness, the beauty of such scenes  
Would make forgot the pathos that it means.

But on Venetian ways, no martial tread,  
No slow terrestrial march; but there instead,  
Where gondola, upon the waves' smooth floor,  
Stands like the horse tied, waiting at the door,  
Far gleaming o'er the water's waves and large,  
Past graceful gondolas, the mourning barge  
Speeds up along the grand canal to bear  
Fate's woful emblems, furred for life's last fare:  
The gorgeous prow uprears its splendors high,  
Not misery now but majesty glides by.  
And dirgeful strains of requiem and song  
Sound wailing forth, as wafting it along,  
It seeks the Rialto's bluff returning tide  
And soon in farther distance it will hide.  
The echoed tones fall sweetly on the ear,  
Till faintly, sound and sight, both disappear,  
And naught is left but ripple of the waves  
That close so smoothly o'er the water's graves.

## II.

Scarce stranger scene to view beneath fair skies,  
Than where, once famed and proud, Pompeii lies.  
There memories of ancient peoples dwell  
And moaning waves of yonder sirens tell.  
Deep danger's haven-home, where earth's thin crust  
Harbors confidence, doubtful with distrust.  
A throng of time-worn vestiges survive  
And keep the fairy prospect still alive.  
It looks to Posilippo, o'er the bay,

And clear to cool Sorrento's cliffs by day  
 And darkling dread, now flaming upward bright,  
 Vesuvius portends, sublime with fitful light.  
 And down its sunny sides gnarled furnaced rock  
 Tells of volcano and of earthquake shock.  
 Surviving merry minstrels of those days  
 Now tranquilize these terrors of the ways.  
 Between the fire and flood, the city lay,  
 Until Vesuvius void drank deep one day  
 And taking draughts too briny, flung her yield  
 Of fuel forth upon Pompeii's field;  
 Of all the living there, some thousands fled  
 From fumes and flames and horrors of the dead;  
 Entombed in molten dust and ashen shrouds,  
 That fell, far flaming from the mountain clouds.  
 Pompeii, on her now new risen morn,  
 Sees no new life her narrow ways adorn;  
 In silenced streets bereaved, her life is spent,  
 All disentombed, she stands a monument.

And where the Mediterranean pours blue  
 Along the base and floods to Europe's view,  
 To water's edge Massilia comes, and there  
 All nations course and crowd the Cannebière.  
 The Spanish Main fair noble people hold:—  
 Cordova, native home of Seneca: of old,  
 A fairy land as pleasing as a dream,  
 Still throwing sixteen arches o'er a stream—  
 A Stoic, virile gifted regal race,  
 Whose manly merits feature forth the face,  
 That Basques and Berbers, Goths and Vandals bold  
 And steel-clad legions, armed from Rome's stronghold,  
 Have moulded with the Moors from Arab sands

And enemies, made friends from other lands.  
Where woman in mantilla walks in state  
And love low whispers at the window-grate.\*  
They come and go to reach life's journey's end,  
Then masses for their souls with prayers attend.  
Their kings, Alphonsos now, will find life's rest  
Upon the Guadarrama's mountain breast,  
Where gleam the Escorial's gilded lights  
And templed tombs, arrayed for royal rites;  
The marbled catacomb of Philip's pride,  
Majestic, grouped on grey Sierra's side,  
Where vistas stretch in solitudes away  
And grandeurs gloss the emblems of decay.

And where the melancholy cypress stands,  
On far Granada's or Valencia's strands,  
Where armed, the cactus roughly wards the way  
And wild, the oleander plumes the day,  
Dark banners wave their shadows to the night.  
And there, on grim and grey Toledo's hight,  
Whose evening lights above far shining gleam  
Upon Alcántara's arches and the stream,  
Some love-linked line, meandering along,  
Silent follows the priests' low chanted song;  
Whose minor mournful, brave bewailing cry  
Sends forth funereal murmurs, passing by.  
Life surges with it through the Zocodover,  
Coming from sky-lit, full-squared patios there,  
And every step, upon the beaten track,  
Leaves Arab, Goth and Vandal at the back;  
Past giant gates, Puertas of the clime,

\* The lover outside talks through the grilled bars. They call this "eating iron"; it has that appearance.

The Moors had reared in their more artful time;  
 Past altars hoar, still golden gray and proud  
 With massive walls and shrines with age endowed.  
 Then, all along the stricken city's ways,  
 Rude ranks uncover and respectful gaze.  
 As slow descending, still the pathway wends  
 Far on the Vega where the Tagus bends  
 And, through the greensward meadows of the plain,  
 Unwinds mysterious, onward to the main;  
 Then tasks resume, the sun goes reddened down,  
 The evening stillness falls upon the town,  
 Till weary watchmen, late returning, tell  
 To households sleeping light that 'all is well.'

The stranger strides across the Spanish moor,  
 From low to high lands, where the plain is poor,  
 But grateful for the gorse and cedars bare  
 That clothe its nakedness, stripped barren there.  
 Then, through the vista of the long gray aisle  
 That reaches to the rocky grim defile,  
 Appears the early sanctum of the Cid;  
 Where he, departing life, in death was hid,  
 First, set upon his battle-steed upright,  
 Armed cap-a-pie and awful to the sight.  
 Foes feared his terror, as he stood at bay,  
 And held in death his sword to clear the way.\*  
 His might, o'ermastered by slow-timed decay,  
 Is shown in globules, amber bright to-day,  
 That rest in archives on the Espolón,†  
 The ruler, warrior, champion, all in one.

Cervantes' self seems everywhere alive;  
 For here and there a hundred places thrive

\* From Valencia to Burgos; such the legend. † Chief street of Burgos.

Upon his name: Toledo, off the square,  
 For Miguel haunted once the Zocodover.  
 And though the sun dries up the watersheds  
 Of rivers, truant from their vacant beds.  
 There still, the traveler may cool his breath,  
 Amazed at groves and gardens of Aranjuez.

Columbus, borne from Spain, in Cuba lies,  
 As back and forth his lifeless body flies.  
 Till 'neath Seville's bold, lofty daring dome,  
 He finds a last and more consanguine home.\*  
 Friends and upholders of his mighty quest,  
 King Ferdinand and Isabella, blue-eyed rest  
 Beside the Bibarambla's busy square,  
 Whose perfumes, fruits and flowers fan the air;  
 Here from Alhambra's green-groved, heaven hights,  
 The Moor took joyful centuries of delights.  
 Where towers time-stained, in majesty arise,  
 And add their grace to the glory of the skies;  
 Then when the bells of grey Granada chime  
 And silvery echoes fling to softer clime,  
 These echoes charm the lulled listening ear  
 Like serenadings from some stellar sphere.

### III.

Still other and too sad for woful word  
 And yet the same; of this, far more have heard  
 Than seen, when stripped of earth's adorning gauds.  
 Sea-burial deep too painfully rewards  
 And mournful meets nor entertains the eye:  
 For there no requiem's wail, no stifled cry,  
 No grandeur proud, no music swelling sweet,  
 Distracts the ear and mourner comes to greet.

\* A son of Columbus, Ferdinand, is buried under the cathedral floor.

Full ballasted, companionless and prone,  
Forth flies the traveler, wandering alone,  
Flung boldly out upon the breaking wave  
And none pitying plunges in to save.

In days of Alva and of Philip's rule,  
Before the uprise of fair Leyden's school,  
Without the dykes, armed ships and cannon lay;  
Within, famine and pestilence at bay.  
But e'en things warlike end, and to be brief,  
There came to Leyden most divine relief.  
Then joyful, when the besieging army left,  
In the Cathedral gathered all those bereft,  
To chant aloud, thanks and Te Deums give  
That they and their loved city still did live.  
The organ then pealed forth with strains victorious  
Anthems of gladness rose rejoicing, glorious;  
But undertones of sorrow, deeper stirred,  
In sadder moans and wails of woe were heard,  
That turned the praising pæans to despair  
And sobs and lamentations filled the air.

When happy truce had closed the cannon's mouth  
And joy dawned welcome upon North and South  
And Sabbath brought its restful rare repose  
To armies, future friends nor longer foes,  
In sacred house this present peace descended  
And voices in far fair Carolina blended  
In praise: and there, when thankful song grew lack,  
There too, the women wept, all robed in black.

The hour fell dark amid the brightest day,  
When Winthrop, from earth's sight, we bore away  
With manly line and dirge and grim steeds sad

And martial bands, none wishing to be glad,  
 Farewell was spoken low on hallowed ground,  
 The cannon boomed its muttered peal profound,  
 Such was the rendering of life's drear duty  
 On that sore shrouded day\* in June's bright beauty.

Faithful and true to patriotic law,  
 We† joined our grief, the saddest day we saw  
 On Guilford, dimly rise and darkly set;  
 Mourning for one, whom few had ever met,  
 Though some had seen across the rostrum'd hall  
 And heard the voice, so clear with cogent call  
 To spur their waiting thought with motive right,  
 As on he passed to work of greater might.  
 His form commanding, we remember well  
 The manly tone and turn, though naught may tell.  
 And that, to keep in converse matters not,  
 If the inspiration only, be not forgot.  
 The figure firm, from which he flung an arm,  
 At leisure, and spoke brave without alarm,  
 After long years, that day had reached its rest.  
 And every man and child alive here blest  
 Sad Lincoln's faithful, true and martyred heart  
 And all, in its bowed burial, took part.  
 A full bewailing group then gathered round  
 In sore and sympathetic sorrow bound,  
 To concentrate and join in one their grief  
 And by uniting it, thus find relief.

On our loved guarded Green, most sacred spot,  
 Where sleep our sires, unknown but not forgot,  
 We joined that woful tryst in densest ranks,  
 So filled with rare regret and grateful thanks;

\* June 21, 1861. † 12 M. April 19, 1865.

Then, moving forth with silent step and slow,  
With heads, in rapt reflection, bended low,  
In village host, to that arched altared place,  
Where oft we bow to God and lift for grace  
Our thoughts, expressed in deep sincere desires,  
We rallied us, as peoples, pastors, choirs;  
Rehearsed our requiem and song of rest,  
Relieved each other's hearts with grief oppressed,  
In supplication, poured our sorrow out,  
Then, to the unknown future, turned about.



INTRODUCTORY ELEGY : PART III.

## WORD INDEX: PART III.

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## INTRODUCTORY ELEGY : PART III.

*The Pathos of the Past:*

## I.

What gives appealing pathos to the past?  
Does it illustrate Fate to us at last,  
The finished end, the sundering of ties  
With all that dear in life and Nature lies?  
Is the unconscious struggle of the now  
Out into clear perspective thrown, somehow  
And touching deeply the reflective humor,  
Brings knowledge out that had been only rumor?  
Is it the sweet loved instinct of the life,  
That shuns the end and still prefers the strife?  
Shall we untroubled to the future give  
The pathos pure we know not while we live?  
If some observant, more among the masses,  
Have found poor Nature out, have yet the classes?  
Do they know, as well as these other creatures,  
The blemishes, so woful in life's features?  
Would legion presents fill the dim hoar past  
And light upon its pains and perils cast?  
The combat, the arena, war, despair,  
Mere indices of greater sorrows there?  
What horrors dark their spectre shadows throw  
Upon the world's sad history below!  
Whose groans and tears abundant drive man still  
To mend the terrors of prevailing ill  
And press the last resources of the mind,  
At any hazards, to redeem mankind.  
Just reason even would itself dethrone

To lift his human zeal to higher zone.  
 Through vast, opposing forces, he has still,  
 Despite the odds of his own froward will,  
 Emblazed his tortuous triumphant way  
 To see pledged prospects of a better day.  
 But slowly upward do the ages move,  
 So bold and dread, the difficulties prove;  
 Each does its arduous little to attain  
 The hights that still there heavenly remain.

How could environments the life surround  
 With true or fancied evils more profound?  
 Nature observe, whose careless powers harm,  
 Terrorize, smite and slay, while yet they charm.  
 Pestilence, famine, fire and fatal scourge,  
 Tornado and ill-tempered winds' drear dirge,  
 And if one ventures out of sight of strand,  
 Forgetting—"praise the sea, but keep on land"—  
 There storms sweep whirling and tossed troubled waves  
 Entomb the living in lost sea-deep graves.

In such a world of elements, so rude,  
 Rough-handed one should be to dare intrude,  
 To hold his own 'twixt enemies around,  
 All watching close to catch him out of bound.  
 How could man living make his rugged way,  
 As white, black, European or Malay,  
 Not able, constantly to prove his might,  
 By very forcibly putting up a fight?  
 Grant him the very paragon of right  
 Rectitude and reason, must he not fight?  
 Passions of earth and sky, to quell and rule  
 And himself, far more difficult to school?  
 Who after cycles of this armed attrition

Still savage, rough, remains in crude condition;  
Feared, as the very constable of Fate,  
By creatures, capable of love and hate.  
Whose spoiling is his pleasure, pastime, forte,  
And harming to their life his playful sport.  
So generous to give of life, an hour,  
Then presently, turn ready to devour.  
See him not stilled to peace but stirred to war  
Beneath dread Nature's sad supremest law.  
More skilled to make man dare to die than live  
And these foul facts all Nature's lessons give.

What strange, articulated, curious creatures  
With now charming and now alarming features!  
With constant strife and carnage, serving Death  
And seek to take away each other's breath,  
But on pure ethic, economic grounds,  
The press of populace on common bounds!  
Before all gods leads first the god of war;  
But scarce less costly are victories at law,  
That peerless phrase the "majesty of law,"  
Is but the synonym for right of war,  
Whose proud, stored trophies skillfully reveal  
The human horrors peace does not conceal.

What is man's progress but a hazard motion  
'Gainst fickle winds adverse upon an ocean?  
Here a wider, there a more narrow range,  
The gold and silver glimmer of exchange;  
A skillful voyaging farther from content,  
In circles that enlarge that we invent:  
Crusades and Thors that come when times are ripe,  
Once Marco Polo and Columbus were the type.  
In this swift day, we have renewed the notion

That progress is not in but outward motion;  
 And wheeled advance, when wheels themselves run mad,  
 Turns skidding, sudden stops, sharp, poignant, sad;  
 While snail-paced traveler less by phrensy pressed,  
 Reaches too soon the self-same vale of rest.  
 Enigma strange! unique, unfathomed elf,  
 Striving upward—thus thinks he of himself;  
 Who differs from all animals, made dumb,  
 In divers ways, but matchless in the thumb!  
 And when this savage inward turns his passion  
 And puts his outward image in last fashion.  
 His very clothes misfit, his shoes are tight:  
 Day's doings keep him wakeful in the night.  
 Drill, mould and moralize howe'er we will,  
 Man is, despite himself, a savage still;  
 For where new virtues, proud and lofty ride,  
 Old evils still remain to pinch his pride.

Suspicion now sits down on judgment's throne  
 And argues it from ignorance, alone;  
 Jealousy, born of love of human kind,  
 Works in its painful passion on the mind:  
 While fancied ills and spiteful real ache  
 A precious part of life's enjoyment take.  
 How the catalogue of evils, endless, tell  
 Of folly, grievance, wrong and souls to sell?  
 And this the life and law of pervert powers,  
 By fate foredoomed to shadow shining hours,  
 To wretched mortals long, to happy short,  
 As Fate has fair or fickle fortune brought.  
 We read of Greek decline and hear the moan  
 Of Hellas when "Miletus learned to groan."\*

\* Destroyed by the Persians in the fifth century.

## II.

But such is life, primeval Greek or Doric,  
 Still struggling forward, backward, long historic;  
 Esteemed progressive from that dawning state  
 When human prospects rose 'twixt love and hate.  
 How could man live a life, howe'er select,  
 Did not bad cause turn out to good effect?  
 All mindful of the past, but mad with hope,  
 Man can aspire and still with evils cope;  
 And while to evil ways he must incline,  
 At intervals, can call himself divine.  
 And true, this odd but gifted Godlike creature  
 Who knows his many an alarming feature,  
 Who must with terrors awe and oft affright  
 Enemies and friends and must as frequent smite  
 His way along, has faculties, if will,  
 For better things with longer use and drill.  
 This is the status then with which he copes  
 Who thinks to see afar heroic hopes,  
 To cheer and carry through the life's short trance  
 The emblems of some due inheritance:  
 When, from mysterious, rude barbarous birth,  
 He comes to be the "conscience of the earth."

For lofty souls have lived and life relieved,  
 Whose noble heritage earth rich received;  
 And curious travelers still thoughtful stray  
 To learn new lessons from that elder day.  
 Think ye no virtues fair gave force to arms  
 That reared the massive vast cathedral's charms?  
 For virtues vast inspired their mighty craft,  
 While winds through centuries their breezes waft,  
 As slow and sure, the sacred pile uprears  
 With majesty to solace human fears.

Where Saint Teresa dwelt on hills rockbound  
 That Avila, dominant walls high around,  
 There pilgrims go with reverent awed approach,  
 Where shadows dwell, and shades on shades encroach;\*  
 Where, through the solemm temple's star-lit vale,  
 The priests' low chanting thrills the echoing pale;  
 Then visions come of life of other days  
 And light the sombre sanctum with their rays:  
 Then rise the holy spirits of the just,  
 Up through the massive pavements from the dust  
 And glorious walk along the ways sublime,  
 The mystic presence of that trustful time!

There too in monastery,† where have stood,  
 Monks in their sandals, capes and coy cowled hood,  
 Where princely Juan studied and then died,  
 Entombed illustrious through Isabella's pride,  
 They guard the gilded lettered sacred page  
 Of time-worn treasures, dignified with age;  
 Where skillful scribes employed their cunning care  
 On precious precepts that comfort in despair.  
 E'en virtue's own excesses are the crime  
 That stains the olden story of this clime.  
 The love of country blemished grey Granada  
 And faith's own self went mad in Torquemada.  
 As cords that stretched from lofty tower, scarce show,  
 Yet tell of wailing winds that o'er them blow;  
 As harps Æolian, soft with music swell,  
 When zephyrs fan them, flying through the dell,  
 The souls of mortal men are tuned and stirred  
 To vibrant voices and fair faith deferred  
 Divines the undue destiny that time  
 Shall bring, unfolding to its coming clime.

\* No 'dim religious light' so aweing as that in Avila cathedral.

† Santa Toma of Avila. The grave of Torquemada is there.



Two islands\* in Hibernia hidden lay.  
Death never into one had found his way;  
But age and weariness of life came there  
And suffering: and soon the people's prayer  
Begged to be banished from this island blest,  
Longing to know the other island's rest;  
They crossed the waters to the other shore,  
Its harbor reached and sorrows knew no more.  
Thus, grant that generations have no ending,  
See what disaster then comes, fast impending!  
For life itself becomes more pressing pathos,  
Far better mountains fall on us, as Athos.  
Words faint and falter on the tongue to tell  
Life's full, deep meaningfulness here, ill or well;  
The shifting hazards of its happy hopes,  
The reaching ranges of its wondrous scopes;  
The pathos pure of struggles, weak or bold,  
The ever present contests, worlds behold,  
While, on and on, the drifting ages flow  
And leave the multitude submerged below.

Yet is life luscious with abundant joy  
In all rich things that sense and taste employ;  
Where ecstasies and raptures lift the soul,  
And dark sublimities before it roll;  
Where forms of beauty entertain the sense  
And the world's wonders pique intelligence  
And curious and scentful secrets hide,  
In realms where, scarce consenting, we abide.

The art that throws its power and grandeur round,  
And overawes, where will and wealth abound,  
The courtly charm that skill and science lend,

\* In Munster; Camden.

Where earth's best life and glory most pretend,  
 These all unite and press upon the sense  
 The wondrous features of life's recompense.  
 And more, where human virtues well contrive  
 To reach some vantage coign, where virtues thrive,  
 Still more, the upward aim at things not near,  
 Shows, greater, grander prospects to appear.  
 So, should man reach that harvest-haven here,  
 How would it more this mortal life endear!

## III.

Howe'er we count and list upon the page  
 Some promises, the hopeful hours' presage,  
 Howe'er the sweets of future feigned allure,  
 The days oft pass like a "punishment tour";\*  
 To draw the breath and catch but aches and pains  
 Gives quite too bitter anguish for the gains.  
 To find how brief and fickle thing is joy,  
 That pleasure oft repeated will annoy;  
 That spirit, feeling, senses work and wear  
 Till, from their doomed delights, we must forbear  
 And failing powers, all gently though it be,  
 Do well consent to leave earth's ecstasy.  
 A tribute then to life, he witless pays,  
 Who would in aches and pains prolong his days  
 And still prefers to live with discontent,  
 Than to repose beneath a monument.

Among the living walk unburied dead,  
 From whom the joy and cheer of life have fled.  
 And they in dismal darkened shades concealed,

\* Peculiar to West Point. Marching with musket for penance.

Are, in their melancholy, more revealed.  
These feel life's hours are scarcely to be borne,  
When all its dear sweet pleasures are outworn;  
Those find life pall and fall into contempt  
When, from its toils and cares, they are exempt.  
Both firm demand in recompense of ill,  
Indemnity for earth's discipline and drill.  
Thus crafty, chaffering, commercial man  
Would drive poor Nature to bargain if he can:  
Or, should we say, his love of the ideal  
Provokes him to perfection of the real?  
So forth idealisms madly with us run  
To postulate new life, not yet begun  
And like post-obit promises to pay.  
Transfer the prospects to some future day.  
This toilsome bounteous life, now sad, now gay,  
A festival, lived and loved, how say nay  
To the infinite pathos of these hopes,  
With which the reason all too feebly copes?

But clear divides the line of conscious thought  
Between philosophies that time has brought  
To bear upon terrestrial weal and woe  
And guide us with some fortitude to go.  
The world, with sharp derision, some would scorn,  
Abandon flat, nor mention but to warn.  
Here, in the mean, bemoaning the ordeal,  
They seek yet shun the world and scorn the real:  
Idealize, uplift them to the skies  
And longing, wait to meet what glad surprise?  
As when with culture, cramped nor well refining,  
We break the heart and drive it to repining;  
As when, within us, feeling morbid dwells  
And frightened fancy, of feigned evils, tells.

For history and worn experience teach  
 How far infections and disorders reach;  
 What whimsies of the morbid brain appear  
 And enter the emotional open ear!  
 These whatever, sad mortals may amuse  
 As do Saint Vitus dancers, square-toed shoes.

If Eleatics join and like them flow on  
 With common flux of things, where all is one,  
 Being or being not—still in the struggle  
 'TwiXt lights and shades of thought, words will juggle;  
 Zeno, Parmenides, both pre-Socratic,  
 Lords of thought profound and of wisdom Attic,  
 When now to-day, hope buoyant pilots through,  
 Hope makes the difference 'twixt us and you.  
 Eclectics, Stoics, Socratic and the Jew  
 Mohammed, Confucius, Cynics too, a few,  
 Among the varied minds and tempers here  
 Proffer us concepts, more or less sincere;  
 For, when we come to products such as thought,  
 That is thought best which can be sold and bought;  
 Though scarce the thought for payment will atone,  
 While yet we throw X-rays clear through a stone.  
 Joyless judgments of wisdom, that conflict,  
 Themselves, from age to age, they contradict;  
 For simply to discern the how men think  
 Compels us often at their thought to blink.  
 Alas! that honest candor is so rare,  
 We have with it near nothing to compare.  
 From much feigned learning let us then refrain  
 And rather in unknowingness remain.  
 What matter policies that so pretend  
 And even our crass ignorance offend?

The past, with its thin skeleton array  
Of active forces that bore living sway,  
Now gone, beyond redeem, could ill survive  
And dwell in peace with forces, now alive.  
Sharp severed but around us lies the past,  
Whose spent devotion and whose works still last;  
Much, as our tribute from it rich contains,  
Much of its storied ignorance remains.  
We, of the present, look it in the face,  
To copy its outworn, persistent grace,  
Its fears repeat, its cherished hopes revive,  
To keep our blind activities alive.  
The present, to the future, plays the past  
And can but make it heir-at-law at last;  
Endow it with outworn and wayward notions  
To raise its innocent, fair fresh devotions.

Would we, then, of fancy be undeceived  
And, of all sweet fond dreaming, be relieved?  
So keep the line between the fact and seeming  
And recognize plain principles in dreaming?  
How could all fancies be alike controlled,  
Intelligences, run in the same mould?  
With all our love of fancy and ideal,  
Lack of fancy turns fiction into real.  
These must still, in learned ignorance, grope,  
Those see promise, transmuted to a hope:  
These to esoterics turn and others still  
Follow the bendings of their fractious will.

## WORD INDEX: PART IV.

Near the hamlet where his footsteps trod:  
Nut Plains: Moose Hill: Leete Island:  
Our common way: A legend of Parson B.:  
Fair maids, whose bright brown hair: Alderbrook:  
Green lanes with tufted paths: Meadows smooth and still:  
In hour of hearts distressed: "Ethics of the dust":  
"Down the silent path of sleep": The Eliot Circle:  
Still keep company, unending: Shining visions:  
Incentive stimulus: Some new virtue:  
Deeds of helpfulness: Sacrifice and forbearance:  
Venerated sires: Fond mothers: Reverend shepherds:  
All ye, who dwell secure: The garland.

## INTRODUCTORY ELEGY: PART IV.

*Alderbrook:*

## I

We turn from grief and would forgetful go,  
But come upon reminding signs of woe.  
The globe seems more capacious for the dead  
Than camp for living legions overhead;  
The household yard may have its sacred crest  
Of rounded earth, where tenant treasures rest,  
And near the hamlet, where his footsteps trod,  
Many a true heart sanctifies the sod.

Upon the verge of yonder distant plain,\*  
A wealth of memories will long remain.  
What confidences, breathed, or faint expressed,  
Have to those sacred grounds been low confessed!  
We've seen the living there bend o'er the dead  
To pluck rude stems, fast growing overhead,  
To smooth the quiet lawn, beat stubborn earth  
And give companionship to lifeless dearth.

And where † that aboriginal, the moose  
Came down to drink, we find the same sad use  
Of mother earth to cover and adorn  
Those who fell at life's eve or early morn.  
There we have seen sweet sympathy display  
Her friendly tributes to bear sorrow's sway;  
There faithful recollections still revive  
The joys and graces friendship keeps alive.

\* Nut Plains. † Moose Hill.

Far down the waters make their channeled way  
 And leave perchance an island\* twice a day;  
 There too, the tides of life have ebbed and flowed  
 And borne stout hearts unto their last abode:  
 Where many a form beloved, revered and wise,  
 From life forever gone, now hidden lies,  
 And only the spent echoes of the voice  
 Come faint to us to make the heart rejoice.

Still others,† linked in silent slumber's chain,  
 Where waters flowing murmur in refrain,  
 Extend their mortal shapes in serried rank  
 Along the brookside on the quiet bank.  
 Here hearts as brave and love as fond and true,  
 Here hopes as high, proud, faithful in review,  
 Are centered round and o'er the comely shrine,  
 Extends some emblem of the cross, divine.  
 Of these are they from olden eastern world,  
 Where Celt and Saxon each his banner furled;  
 Where Druid oak and sacred grove once grew,  
 The eldest born that first Hibernia knew.

In traversing our common way, we tread‡  
 Where stretch the dreamless slumbers of the dead.  
 There rest our very selves, as once of yore  
 We journeyed here; they journey now no more,  
 And yet in us, still quick around they move  
 And would in ours some wayward steps improve.  
 There sleeps the soldier, for his country slain;  
 The pilgrims there, from Kent's and Surrey's plain,  
 The pillars of the church sunk in the soil,  
 Fair maids, whose bright brown hair dare dews despoil;

\* Leete Island.      † The Catholic cemetery.

‡ Guilford Green.



Mothers, as dear as e'er on earth were known,  
Resigned sweet life and deep in earth were sown.  
Here down they lay, in their last wakeless sleep,  
Where sun and stars in turn their vigils keep.  
Bands of self-exiled men, brave hearts heroic,  
Who bring to mind best features of the Stoic;  
Forever faring from their hedged loved land  
To bring fond freedom to this ruder strand;  
Who long with sorrow's fates had darkly coped,  
As o'er the waves with sea-sad eyes, they groped.

When moon shines clear, like fanlight in the sky,  
Such as o'er doorway shines for passer by,  
The shadowy silent mystic elms around  
Now more enhance the charm of Nature's bound.  
When day has closed, their giant forms they lend,  
To picture out the night and beauties blend:  
Then ruder figures etched the swarded scene  
And daylight danced o'er brown upon the green.  
The dead held all below and all above,  
The living kept in testaments of love.  
Paths straggled, here and there, for lowing kine,  
The swine and sheep close nibbled, then recline.

Do some, unweaned of life, when all is still,  
Return by night and silent cross the sill  
And haunt the houses, in their furtive way,  
To make dread pleasantry for some dull day?  
Indulgence fosters much this frightened fancy,  
Come down from olden days of necromancy;  
When some strange, shining, phosphorescent light  
Here flickers more fitfully in the night  
These notions weird, of ghosts and spirit shades,  
Still linger from light, gleaming in the glades.

With less dread or less fancy in the head,  
We rather fear some living than all dead.

But phantom forms, in truth, abound in haze  
Of very ancient hoar and ghostly days ;  
Egyptian, Grecian, Róman shades were such,  
Though clear to sight, impalpable to touch.  
The ghost presumed to be the spirit norm  
Whose outer must to inner shape conform.  
It bore the type and symptom of the soul,  
That might revisit earth and darkly stroll ;  
Real and unreal, clad or unclad and bare,  
When closely viewed, it vanished in the air.  
So ghostly tales are made and handed down  
Of how the parson terrorized the town.

Naught stirred the murmurs of the evening still,  
Save insects, chirping merrily and shrill ;  
The moon belated, rising in her arch,  
The lone hour hasting to its midnight march.  
The clock, high towered above, tolled o'er the way  
The slower paces of the lingering day.  
The poplars furled, like sentinels, stood nigh,  
Where sturdy sires beneath lay sleeping by ;  
O'er whom, so spectre like, the sombre stone  
Their slumbers sentried, breathless and alone ;  
Whose shades, but almost never seen, arose  
To play at hide and seek within the close.

The parson, longer than his usual wont,  
Had kept his duty later to the front ;  
Then left the sacred precincts of research,  
With all the emblems that he wore at church  
And thinking, thinking still along the way,

He raised his arms in token to display  
The infelt, ardent tenor of the prayer,  
He breathed, enrapt upon the midnight air;  
Till calmed and freshened to a normal nerve,  
By cooling breeze and forces in reserve,  
He turned for short across the graveyard green,  
The very moment that a ghost was seen.

A few sweet hearts, returning from the dance,  
Spied this feigned figure, faring as in trance,  
In robes, all priestly pure, that waving white,  
Gave signs of spirit, passing in the night.  
And weird words, breathless, faint, unearthly low  
Come from this pallid image, moving slow.  
Behind the stones, now hid, it disappeared,  
Then forward came as if it nothing feared;  
A figure, strange to encounter without fright,  
Among the tombs, so grim and grave by night.  
To dance with shining spectre on the green,  
No maiden dared, though bold as Briton's queen;  
So, ready for a run, the frightened dears  
Did run, mistook their fancies for their fears  
And bolting homeward in a quickstep flight,  
Let Parson Baldwin go alone in white.

## II.

Now turn we to the murmuring marsh nook,  
Where alders blow and whistle to the brook;  
Life glides below, birds nest them in the brake,  
Where many a warrior bold puts all at stake.  
Green lanes with tufted paths through fields serene  
With fruits and sheaves and hues of sylvan scene  
And russet leaves, from forestry afar,

Compose a picture, only death can mar.  
 Smooth meadows stretching spread the vale and yield  
 Fair views that smile away, till far afield,  
 They rise, then fall and meet the coming tide,  
 Where bounding ships on inlet waters glide.  
 The ocean's rolling life comes near and greets,  
 Now spreading broad its ice-bound wintry sheets;  
 In summer, bringing breezes, cool and still,  
 That waft their sweet wild perfumes where they will.

The living, on the traveled way, will pass  
 With laughter light, to whom all flesh is grass;  
 Will throw a look perchance, where silent lie  
 Old friends beloved and swiftly pass them by.  
 Far on the route pursues its pebbled path  
 And courses by the meadow's aftermath;  
 Or, smooth before a homestead rides the land  
 And, lost to view, runs where the houses stand,  
 That gleam by day and welcome warm by night  
 To comfort in the hillside hamlet bright.  
 O'er walls, the grape its fruited lasso flings  
 And trees are perches where the wild bird sings.

Betimes in turn, we tread the grieving ground,  
 Where buried memories lie strewn around.  
 And coolly scan the names, unknown to-day,  
 Of those who, living once, have turned to clay.  
 Now bend nor think to shed a precious tear  
 Upon quaint stone, superannuated near:  
 When o'er the cherished dead, the heapy mound  
 Proclaims our grief and marks our spirit's wound,  
 More tenderly we view the hallowed spot,  
 Where now, the stone cries out 'forget-me-not.'

A peaceful stillness, o'er God's acre reigns,  
Scarce broken by the note the winged bird deigns,  
Or the low wailing murmur of the main.  
Now groups of mourners come with sad refrain.  
The cadenced dirge, the broken sob suppressed  
Stir pity in this hour of hearts distressed.  
The measured tread, bared head and burdened bier  
Recall the scenes that we have witnessed here;  
While tokens, flowering fair that love reveal  
And tenderness, might touch a heart of steel,  
The withered wreaths, neglect, decay and rust  
Tell mournfully "the ethics of the dust."

Then, turning to the parted past we brood,  
As thoughts compel regret and pensive mood;  
Midst garland crowns and where the fir trees' gloom  
O'ershadows dark and memories tender bloom  
We seek anew the hidden forms at rest  
That, since they're gone, we love the best.  
In slumber wrapt and lost in last repose,  
They heed not our lament nor feel our woes;  
Who went from earth's heaped harvests, rich to reap,  
"On light wing down the silent path of sleep"  
And with these cherished ones, reposing near,  
The living soul should not feel friendless here,  
Where heaven's starry glimmers brightly fall  
And gentle peace broods kindly over all;  
Where days and years increasing swiftly pass  
And leave Time's sands still standing in the glass.

Eliots, circling round in reverence rest  
'Neath Wyllys and Harlakenden's joined crest.  
The children's children of the 'Apostle' these  
Whose saintly love the Indian could please;

While Edward Third and plumed Philippa, fair  
 Take our due reverence traveling there.  
 The noblest forms of men and women, dear  
 With elegance and grace and worth lie here.  
 As if from life's loved festival returning,  
 They have come unto quieter sojourning,  
 Who, once sweet hours, in tuned harmony, spending,  
 Now still keep a companionship unending.  
 There branching low, the shrub and flowering vine  
 Guard hidden trusts and over them incline;  
 There others, lost and undistinguished, lie,  
 Graved and ungraved 'neath canopy of sky.

### III.

Bright visions shine from generations past  
 And greet us in the eve of life at last  
 Of gracious faces, fairest forms and features,  
 Descended fair from former rarest creatures,  
 Of whom we may have seen some sires and dames:  
 All very dear and not forsaken names,  
 To those who bear them now: and souls like these  
 Here never more, our living sight shall please.  
 What sterling virtues in their faces shone!  
 What deeds of helpful kindness have we known!  
 What favor, fondness and forbearance too  
 From those, long resting here, whom once we knew!

Such sacred sentiments our thoughts engage,  
 As looking backward on life's pictured page,  
 We bring to mind the memories and store  
 Of fostered friends, whom we shall see no more.  
 Our grudging gifts to them were their short gains.  
 They have given much that still to us remains,

Who, living in the struggles of the day,  
Are conscious of their guiding spirit's sway.  
What impulse, frequent to us, comes at last  
From these marred memories of the buried past!  
What meaning new in those relations dear  
That journey with us on our faring here!  
And yet too late to serve and fondly cherish  
Those gone for whom we now could gladly perish;  
And all too late, this glow of loving kindness  
For those whose eyes have closed to us in blindness!  
How, when our struggling purpose weakened fails,  
Some full regretful retrospect prevails,  
The record of shortcomings in the strife  
For good that cast their shadows over life!  
Yet weak and drear and fruitless ill lamenting  
No frowning fate, no willful fault preventing,  
Serves no distress to bear or stoutly brave  
And gives no helpful lesson from the grave.  
Recollection brooding, bowed, will least appease  
The soreness of the heart, the mind's ill ease;  
They do not find that heedless they forget,  
Who gently loose the lingerings of regret  
And aptly learn in Nature's Stoic school  
To stand, while bowing to her law and rule.

When sorrow better borne has yet the giving  
Of grace and gentler habit to the living,  
In life's last hazards, even pain and grief  
For death's sore, wanton wounds may find relief.  
It cannot be that sorrow's fateful faring  
Should not bestow on us a power, forbearing;  
Some virtue new and recompensed reward  
Rise from the culture of the sacred sward.

So shall memories, inwoven with the past,  
The life, cheer onward, fleeting with us fast,  
So shall the pathos sweet, of sundered ties,  
To living souls, bring gentle grief's reprise.  
Turning and returning, now low we bend  
Above the ashes of some prostrate friend;  
The treasured best from their companioned lives,  
The rich memorial that still survives.  
Farewell! we cry, farewell! to those we knew,  
Again, again we bid to all adieu!

Ye venerated sires, bowed down with care,  
Who did, unmurmuring, life's burdens bear  
And cleared the stubborn ways, from year to year,  
With fortitude that should in turn endear:  
Ye fair, fond mothers, with piqued patience rare,  
Who oft with heedless frailties did forbear,  
Whose love and closer kinship to the race  
Give memories that time must not efface:  
Ye reverend shepherds of our various flocks  
All striving here to live lives orthodox,  
Our chief exemplars in the Christian graces,  
Who bore faith's calm devotion in your faces;  
All ye, for whom the passing knell has tolled,  
Who dwell secure, in our liege love enrolled,  
Whose presence, fond regret and friendship crave,  
Sleep laureled, loved, lamented in the grave!

As, at the flowing banquets on the Nile,  
The lotus flower offset fair Egypt's smile  
And guests received the garland round the neck,  
So may these lines these lowly beds bedeck;  
Though here no hum of day's industrious skill,



Nor hush that makes night silent, wakeful thrill,  
The living oft shall pace these parting grounds  
And warm affection trace their narrow bounds:  
Nor need we, as we walk along the brink  
Of stream that they have crossed, of whom we think,  
Have fear to lay us down at last and bring  
A comfort close to them of whom we sing.

GUILFORD PORTRAITS,  
MEMORIAL EPITAPHS OF ALDERBROOK.

PART V: BALDWIN—DUNN.

## REVEREND DAVID BALDWIN.

FEBRUARY 4, 1780—AUGUST 2, 1862.

This shepherd is remembered by a few,  
As old, retired and more unique he grew.  
His hat was high, surtout was long and slack  
And shrouded his tall, comely form in black.  
A man of prudence, sense and humor quick,  
Resolved to live and pull through thin and thick.  
He loved to see the boys at harmless play;  
The mischief, brewed by night, he knew next day.  
If pay came half in barter and was small,  
It drolly touched his humor, that was all.  
He eked it out with laughter and could say  
"The preaching was no better than the pay."

Humane and generous to mortal fault,  
All ways and means, divine, he did exalt,  
With daily sacrifice to spread abroad  
The just example of the man of God.  
Beyond the hills there, driving far away,  
He bore the Saviour's gospel in his day  
To bless the humble cottage with the love  
He caught and ministered from that above.  
They, whose acquaintance so far backward ran,  
Describe him in those days, as 'more than man.'

In hours of sorrow and in scenes of joy,  
Thus did his large humanity employ  
To proffer peace and kind relieve distress  
Of spirit here, in our wide wilderness.  
Here, ever blooming, be the sacred sward  
That gives his excellence life's last reward!

## MRS. RUTH ELLIOTT BALDWIN.

OCTOBER 2, 1776—FEBRUARY 22, 1856.

The fame of her full charm and silent spell  
 Still lingers here with those who knew her well  
 And e'en with some, who haply knew her not,  
 She lives regretted, cherished nor forgot.  
 Not yet a legend left nor more a myth,  
 Though she has lost, from vital life, the pith,  
 Nor bends complaisant, tall her form, to greet,  
 Nor, marching forth, makes conquest of the street,  
 When waved her colors pink, as ribbons fly,  
 And Parson Baldwin bore her banner by.

The stately step, the soul did dignify,  
 The glance and gleaming of the gentle eye,  
 The features here, imprisoned like a gem,  
 Make up her last domain and diadem.  
 We see Hainault's brave queen Philippa there,  
 Nor was Harlakenden herself more fair.

She dwelt enthroned as set upon a hill,  
 And there, she was the regent, guide and will;  
 There she must plot and plan the parish weal,  
 Self sacrifice and oft for others feel;  
 Now bear the burden of the heated day,  
 Direct life's aims and drive its ills away;  
 The hungry feed, the naked clothe anew,  
 Their faults forgive, receive the thanks of few.

As mistress of the manse, she watched the fire  
 That warmed the parson's zeal and cooled his ire.  
 He could not leave a world on which she shone,  
 Who went forth bravely first, eclipsed, alone.



MRS. RUTH E. BALDWIN.



## WILLIAM WARD BALDWIN.

MAY 7, 1818—JANUARY 24, 1902.

A darkly flashing eye, full-featured face,  
Ready faculties there, one well could trace.  
And in those more impulsive hearty ways,  
We saw the Reverend in his early days.

With humor and droll story, he was apt  
His wit to fireside fancies would adapt.  
Good cheer and mirth within his nature dwelt  
And made his presence welcome to be felt.

His eager spirit, disregarding odds,  
Would quicken Fortune when she slowly plods;  
For he would govern with electric sway  
Fortune herself, nor wait on her delay.

In church affairs, much interest he took,  
Relieved the weak whom favor had forsook.  
Large measures of himself he did not spare,  
But lavished self with willingness as rare.

Here now, significant for much, he lies,  
And chief this yard all beauteous replies;  
A wilderness, then rescued from neglect,  
When his inspection briars did detect  
And brambles and unsuitable decay,  
That fast were making with its grace away.

He first forbid the brambles' presence here,  
Entangled with these memories we revere.  
We will not then his memory neglect,  
Who stirred our slumbering spirit of respect,  
And roused the deeper feelings of regard,  
That nurture and protect this sacred yard.

## REVEREND LORENZO THOMPSON BENNETT, D.D.

NOVEMBER 13, 1805—SEPTEMBER 2, 1889.

His reverence, benign with manly grace,  
 Carried God's love and mercy in the face.  
 When priestly function clothed with awe the man,  
 As only mystic rites and functions can,  
 There still, beneath the surplice and the gown,  
 The smiling friend remained without a frown.

He served the Church,\* as true to sacred diction,  
 And lived and moved before us without friction,  
 All so well wonted to his every feature;  
 Now seen at church, as there the pulpit teacher,  
 Then in the parish ways at doors to knock,  
 A courtly noble form to seek his flock.

With gentle life, devoted and aimed high,  
 He sought, the pattern Lord, to bring us nigh.  
 He cheered the sick and turned their trust above  
 To source and fountain of a larger love;

Consoled the sorrowing with apt address  
 And bore with them the burden of distress;  
 Received the confidence of weak and strong  
 And taught the difference 'twixt right and wrong.

To scenes of joy, then gladly did he turn  
 And heightened there the pleasures that we earn.  
 We saw him oft, serene among the young,  
 Rejoicing in their mirth when songs were sung.

So far around his kindly influence reached  
 And well he strove to practice as he preached.  
 Here fifty years his saintly service ran,  
 A model of the Christian gentleman.

\* Dr. Bennett's full service in Christ Church was nearly fifty years.





REV. L. T. BENNETT, D.D.



## MRS. MARINA BISHOP BENNETT.

MAY 27, 1817—OCTOBER 12, 1907.

How weak are words to tell the thoughts that surge  
 When she, mid silence, broken only by the dirge  
 Of wail, lament and bell, is borne away  
 Out from our presence, parting here to-day!

From youth, through fair mid age, slow onward borne,  
 Her days have come and gone, till time has worn  
 Life's welcome out upon our quiet heath.  
 And now, upon her bier, we lay our wreath  
 Of homage, woven of Time's tender threads  
 That reverent love with friendly feeling spreads.

Though few remain who welcomed her in youth,  
 We know, who came and found her, serving truth,  
 How staunch has been her standard for the right,  
 Which she has fostered with more gentle might.

The scholar, priest and guest from far away,  
 She housed and here befriended, in her day.  
 Figures of godly men have come and gone  
 And left their graves for her to look upon.

The zeal, the voice, so eloquent in tone,  
 The grace of life, the gentle love that shone,  
 The deeds of goodly doing, now and then—  
 We shall not look upon her like again!

The fair, full, queenly form, the kindling eye,  
 The joyful, eager cheer and sympathy  
 That smiled and quick to kindly word awoke,  
 Till, when she ceased, then still her silence spoke.

Life's lot and love and labor, she has left  
 And of her choicer self, we are bereft.

## DOCTOR SAMUEL WILLIAM BROWN.

APRIL 13, 1802—JANUARY 30, 1862.

O! would we might restore mind, heart and limb  
 And all compactly now recover him,  
 And lessons learn, from what is buried there,  
 Such treasures he possessed, so rich and rare.

The sun, elsewhere eclipsed, shone from his heart,  
 So rumor says to-day that knew his part.  
 In life, beloved by all and still endeared  
 In memory, as to all virtues reared.

His forte it was to resurrect the life  
 Not gone, and free it from internal strife;  
 Ill humors dissipate, drive out disease,  
 Sustain and set the body at its ease.

He loved all things, down to the very worm,  
 Fed that with leaves of morus for a term;  
 So like to Jared Eliot, rare was he  
 Their true twin spirits should full well agree.

Then, far adventuring across the land,  
 He went whole-hearted to the western strand:  
 There\* raised the scale of learning for all ranks  
 And mended up the needy sick for thanks.  
 Clear visions of the ideal for his kind  
 He had in his illumined, thoughtful mind.

Full breasted forth, compact, of ample form  
 And featured spaciouly, he braved life's storm.  
 Was there deceased, then resurrection knew  
 When years of rare repose had rested through.  
 Affection, filial craved his presence near;  
 He rose as if to life and journeyed here.

\* Trustee of schools at Petaluma, Cal.

## MRS. HANNAH HUMPHREY BROWN.

MAY 25, 1811—DECEMBER 12, 1900.

We see her tall, commanding form, unbent,  
 That neither time nor care could make relent:  
 The dark decisive eye and treasured power  
 That gave its resolution to the hour;  
 The full perceptive mind, the gift of birth,  
 Which lent to her decision weight and worth.  
 These made an outfit such as without fear  
 Might cope in confidence with high career.  
 A strong, sustaining spirit, she was known  
 To bear the griefs of others with her own  
 And hold in Fate's dark, decimating day,  
 The stauncher courage of her living stay.  
 Who transmitted her fair form and graces  
 And saw growing still in other faces,  
 Herself again, in form and mould as rare:  
 And then and there, as time did onward fare,  
 She saw, as well the happy years retreated,  
 In younger lives, her own fair life repeated;  
 Life which, strenuous, active and full awake,  
 Should naught, in opportunity, forsake.

## CAPTAIN GEORGE BARTLETT.

OCTOBER 24, 1798—NOVEMBER 1, 1893.

None ran so full of life's elixir quite,  
 As, through the century, he took delight  
 And gave encouragement, of secret found,  
 Of Guilford days to lengthen out the bound.  
 Throughout our borders, this attention drew  
 And fast desire to learn the secret grew.  
 But then, alas! for all he had to mention  
 Was diligence due here in life's convention,  
 With moderation, temperance and quiet,

Freedom from worry and a prudent diet.  
 Indeed! all this, quite everybody knew.  
 He practiced it and never aged grew.  
 So much beloved, of gentle spirit rare,  
 None thought this youth, from happy life, to spare.  
 But ageing then at last though never old,  
 Still young he passed, regretted, from our fold.  
 He takes no more his distant walks abroad  
 Nor sits, for example, in the house of God,  
 Who deeply stirred the reverence of our day  
 By his uprightness through a century.

### COLONEL JOHN BURGIS.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1798—NOVEMBER 6, 1864.

In cottage, more attractive in the past,  
 One of the few that make the fashion last,  
 The Colonel lived, enjoying peace of mind;  
 His spirit then from peace, to war inclined.  
 He bore this heritage, mayhap, from France,  
 Where some\* Deshon, in tourney bore a lance.  
 Of slender form and far from giant stood,  
 To fear him, out of battle, no one should.  
 But, seated on his charger, in disguise,  
 Not man, but Colonel, you would recognize.  
 In peace, he tilled the earth and raised its seed,  
 There warring with the elements, indeed.  
 We saw him, striving fair with manly might,  
 To put in practice choicer ethics, right,  
 As temperance, just liberty for man;  
 Of this brave leader such, in brief, the plan.  
 He could but be a soldier, as he stood  
 In firm and resolute and true manhood,  
 As much engaged in crafts of Church and State,  
 Watching to better them and wrongs abate.

\* Des Champs.





MISS CLARISSA CALDWELL.



## MISS FRANCES STONE BURGIS.

DECEMBER 4, 1823—AUGUST 15, 1882.

She was a gracious woman, fair and tall,  
 Right noble and distinguished among all.  
 And when the ground she stately walked upon,  
 Our admiration could but follow on.  
 The signs of gentle womanhood she bore,  
 Not in mere elegance of dress she wore,  
 So comely, dainty and so well adorning,  
 But surer telling tokens gave us warning,  
 Of dearer, sweeter merits, held within  
 That shone transparent through this garb so thin.  
 With choicest qualities and cultured grace,  
 That only time, relentless, could efface.  
 With earnest soul and thoughtful mind endowed,  
 Nor querulous, nor frivolous, nor proud,  
 To social life she gave an added zest  
 And kindly deeds her interest expressed.  
 Then, in its sweet domain, imprisoned fast,  
 Her life led weary hours in thralls at last;  
 Till on the walks, no more among the fair,  
 Her gentle form, blue eyes and dark, brown hair!

## MISS CLARISSA CALDWELL.

APRIL 8, 1776—JANUARY 18, 1876.

Years yonder fly since, on her threshold meeting,  
 We won the welcome warm of her glad greeting;  
 Who stood with tall and ample form beholding  
 And full of sympathy all things enfolding.

Her deep set eyes with gentle feeling shone,  
 Her visage happy smiled and in bright tone,  
 With laughter bubbling over from its spring,  
 The welcomes of a charming hostess ring.

She bought and sold the fashions for the town,  
 And ribbons from New York for hood and gown;  
 She guides gentility with model means  
 And has a bonnet branch at New Orleans.  
 Here once with Lyman Beecher, down the hall,  
 She danced quadrille at Independence ball.

Faith would fail now of all the legion telling  
 Who crossed the threshold worn of her loved dwelling;  
 Priest, prelate, mitred bishop and more rare,  
 At festive Christmas, they yearly feasted there.

The church here templed, paralleled a life  
 For her, removed beyond the earthly strife.  
 It stood for that supreme and higher good  
 That filled so large her noble womanhood.

Her faithful comrade aged and aged away  
 To help her measure out the hundredth day.  
 With wine and friendly cordial such as cheers,  
 We strove to keep her for one hundred years:  
 For she was rare and happy, full and fair,  
 And much it means to us that she lies there.

HENRY WARD CHITTENDEN.

DECEMBER 7, 1794—OCTOBER 31, 1867

Merchant retired, he lived upon the green  
 With varied vantage that's supposed to mean  
 On training day and those the more spectacular,  
 Like fair day, when much quaint and queer vernacular  
 Is spoke: large, rubicund, rotund and tall,



HENRY W. CHITTENDEN.



A noble personage, you would recall :  
In blue cloth coat, brass buttons down before,  
High hat, black eyes and full brown wig, he wore :  
With easy carriage, charm and grace old school,  
With gentle humor, manners mild not cool.

Bright cheer he loved and made his foibles serve  
His raillery, warm to temper chill reserve ;  
When mounted on his charger, training day,  
He was admired while cantering away.

He could not look but handsome and gallant ;  
Of nobler merits, nature was not scant.  
He would not quarrel : this his only fault,  
Who knew not fairly how to make assault.

And when the British came, in their red frocks,  
He fortified himself behind the rocks.  
This his own story and should be told, true,  
Though he would dearly love to puzzle you.

About him then drew choice and noble souls,  
Who rise before us in their worthy rôles ;  
The knightly soldier, the eloquent divine,  
Judge, barrister, in all their honors shine.

The soldier Camp with Rogers the divine  
And Baldwin with their ladies too, in line ;  
Parsons the judge, of just judicial mien,  
All gathered here, forefather Time has seen.  
All, young and old, guests, host and hostess, gone !  
So fades the scene the living looked upon.

## MRS. MARY GRIFFING CHITTENDEN.

FEBRUARY 6, 1801—MARCH 21, 1878.

We saw her later life, serene with age,  
 When calmer joys are suited to engage  
 Our wiser, more experienced desires.  
 And well she knew what happy life requires.

She slowly aged, whose mother, faster aging,  
 Filial duty then first her steps engaging,  
 Found her faithful to take the daily airing  
 To learn just how the elder born was faring.

Then hostess next at home, when parson came;  
 She his taste must study and learn his name.  
 When pensive o'er the task, the master spared  
 No opening chance for pleasantry: so fared

The parson strange: when others came to greet  
 And storied wit with laughter was the treat,  
 All would as lief forget the sermon time:  
 Just then the bells must loud begin to chime.

She, tall and stately, without meaning pride  
 And speaking few words, those might none deride,  
 Now bending forward and inclined the head,  
 Into such form as thoughtful life is led:

Discreet and wise and calm to order right  
 The virtues, treasured in her gentle might;  
 So warned and wary of fair Fortune's crosses  
 And loth to see things sacred suffer losses,  
 Now sits down and the deacon counsel gives;  
 Till so restored, Nathaniel's daughter lives.

Parsons to please and deacons to make wise,  
 We show her still in not infrequent guise.



MRS. MARY G. CHITTENDEN.





## MRS. LYDIA ELIZABETH COAN.

JANUARY 29, 1836—JULY 4, 1900.

Here gently rests, in peace and full regret,  
One whose place voiceless, remains vacant yet,  
Whose large affections altruistic shone,  
Who sought the good of others as her own.  
Kind, cheering words arise again to me,  
Words that she uttered generous and free;  
Sincere, spontaneous as the wafted air,  
With joyous smile and glad eye, beaming fair.  
Yet more with works than words she filled these ways,  
While fast the sands of life ran out her days;  
Who, to the public weal, her service lent,  
A publicist indeed with best intent,  
With clear intelligence to understand  
The full nobility of Christ's command.  
So lavish of her talents, time and health,  
She was long potent in our village wealth.  
Her name gave warrant to an enterprise,  
Of social purpose here and otherwise  
Indexed her value in our common care,  
Of which, alas! death makes us so aware.

## GEORGE DUDLEY.

NOVEMBER 3, 1807—DECEMBER 8, 1869.

He went forth manfully and beat the earth  
And in its furrows threw his weight and worth  
And drew, from warm or cold capricious hold,  
Fruits that his toil rewarded manifold.  
Year in and out, with Nature to contend,  
He forced the contest till he gained his end.  
So multiplied his toils, increased his gains  
And looked about for larger barns and wains.  
Then found his power and parts, increasing,

Felt trust in Providence, his fears releasing,  
 Saw finer fruits his joyous strength would win  
 New character found, harvested within.  
 For church and state, he held a strong reserve  
 Of courage, counsel, wisdom, knowledge, nerve;  
 This full drawn out, in emergency of need  
 Made then some precious hope forlorn succeed.  
 His strength majestic rose in towering height  
 And showed with dignity, commanding might;  
 Such treasure did we lose, when life resigned,  
 And, to this sacred ground, his form consigned.

### JOEL DUDLEY.

JULY 13, 1788—NOVEMBER 14, 1869.

He studied heaven's hallowed sweeter guile  
 And gentleness, but little learned the wile  
 And craftiness of earth: serene in age,  
 We saw his steps, retreating from the stage  
 Of life, and here his spirit's smile and sweetness  
 Threw out its radiance in full completeness.  
 As he journeyed on in ripening peace  
 And felt his days glide by and years increase.  
 This man, of perfect trust and faith sublime,  
 Choosing with God beloved his future clime,  
 In sacred house, high heaven's precepts taught  
 And, to the young, its juster ethics brought.  
 He stood before them, symbol of a saint,  
 To fashion them and of new life acquaint.  
 So won their trust, transferred to Him above,  
 The source and fountain of such joy and love.  
 So, all his days, in gentle prospect, ran  
 And long life disciplined the saintly man,  
 Till garnered like a ripened, fruitful sheaf  
 He heaped the harvest of his firm belief.

## JAMES AMBROSE DUDLEY.

AUGUST 21, 1840—APRIL 17, 1897.

A steadfast, open, honest man to view,  
To his ideal and own clear conscience, true.  
He stood among our ranking men, select,  
Whose silent, thinking force we much respect  
And set before our eyes his manly aim,  
With reputation excellent and name;  
Who forward to new virtues led the day  
And kept the old for pattern of the way.  
His merits he would neither urge nor hide  
And yet in highest office did preside.  
Could indicate the tendencies of right  
With judgment excellent and terms polite.  
In spirit brave, efficient and heroic:  
If less so still, had lived to-day less Stoic,  
Nor had the Stoic's hardness; gentle mood  
Without showed kindest mind within and stood  
To let the ample birthright in him shine,  
Full worthy of devout, ancestral line;  
Till fateful doom above him did impend  
And hiding there its hazard, brought the end.

## JOHN DUNN.

NOVEMBER 14, 1805—MARCH 5, 1883.

He beamed upon us pleasantly and smiled,  
So looking fatherly as the moments whiled  
Away in waiting; then, as the still hour  
Waking, bespoke its record from the tower,  
He raised his arms and waved them to the bell:  
That silent signaling, it knew so well,  
And clamoring loudly then, it answered him,  
As there he stood, inclined but tall of limb.

And fast around the tallied signal flew,  
Till other tumbling bells the sound renew;  
With far-resounding and incessant charms,  
They send harmonious their chimed alarms  
To warn again the waiting village fair  
With sweet-toned symphony from upper air.  
And still aloft the winding rope unreels  
And clocked bell, loosened so, gives out appeals.

Then, answering from near and far around,  
The folk with ears attent come hither bound  
To hear the priest and get such later news,  
As should not reach them, sitting in the pews.

To wait and listen calm, some nearer stood,  
As lulled and charmed and sweetly spelled; then hood  
And shawl and cloak and master's cap, put on,  
All forth they fare and lock the door anon.

The bells blow on while ringers rest to toll;  
The pastors come, each with his sermon roll;  
Then tenors show their silvery timbre out  
And deep the basses strike in turn about.

Groups, friendly and beloved, step light along,  
Across the green they wend and nodding throng  
Now through the stiles, they push and hurry, flushed  
And as the stragglers come, the bells are hushed.

For years and years, the silent Sabbath time  
He gave and signaled us and keyed the chime;  
Looked kindly generations in the face,  
As oft on Sunday they did come for grace,

To give and take, in ways of praise and song,  
Repeat the ethics firm of right and wrong,  
Idealize, uplift the soul with unction,  
With hallowed harmony and priestly function.

By all beloved, his days he did prolong,  
Benignant most, when hundreds round him throng;  
Who faithful fed and stirred the sacred fires,  
Whence much he drew that faith and hope inspires.

Then too, alas! like all, he ceased to chime  
And show his beaming face and mark the time;  
His very hour had struck and out at last,  
From that sweet Sabbath harmony, he passed.

GUILFORD PORTRAITS,  
MEMORIAL EPITAPHS OF ALDERBROOK.

PART VI: DUPRAZ—HALL.





MISS MARY DUTTON.



## MISS HENRIETTE DUPRAZ.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1842—NOVEMBER 24, 1866.

Where Alpine needles pierce above the clouds,  
Whose lower folds the wreathing mist enshrouds;  
Where snows gleam, white above the valleys green,  
Whose wondrous beauties, joy and pleasure mean;  
Where, simple and serene, life sweetly glides  
In calm contentment blest and peace abides,  
She had, in that fair paradise of earth,  
The fate and fortune of her happy birth.  
To our strange, western wilderness she came  
And tried to love its nature and its name  
And call it home; alas! these odds she took  
And with them nobly strove till health forsook;  
Till, fading fast away, she grew less fair;  
Yet wanted nothing but her native air.  
A brave and gentle soul, who loved her land,  
Nor could transplant herself to foreign strand.  
So, far from her loved lake and Alp and skies,  
She offered among us life's sacrifice  
And none, from fatherland, may come to weep  
O'er her who here lies tranquilly asleep.

## REVEREND AARON DUTTON.

MAY 21, 1780—JUNE 13, 1849.

A man of brawn and brain, well domed above,  
 His form embodied faith, hope, light, and love.  
 He warned the wicked world with wit quite Attic  
 And sometimes comforted the stiff rheumatic.

He loved his kind, would help one in the lurch,  
 His many exploits far outran the Church.  
 He mingled Jesuit with Jewish art  
 To lead all men into a Christian part.  
 Himself, uncrafty and throughout sincere,  
 We early learned his character to revere.

Then Church and State heard watchman cry "All's well!"  
 The cry was barely spoke when rose a swell,  
 That like tornado flung them full apart  
 And brought swift grief to many a faithful heart.

The parson took his leave, but left behind  
 His noble work, so great we are inclined  
 To think no gentleman, though reverend here,  
 We should more honor, prize, admire, revere.

He taught us not alone the higher law,  
 But from his hands well fit, professors saw  
 At Yale and other schools perchance around,  
 Young men arrive, with constitutions sound  
 And only too well versed in Latin, Greek;  
 Such lifeless lore did education seek.

Here, in his earned repose, he rests endeared,  
 Though few survive who once his form revered:  
 A valiant soul, who sacrificed himself,  
 And chose that rather than the parish pelf.





MRS. CATHERINE HILL ELLIOTT.

## MISS MARY DUTTON.\*

NOVEMBER 10, 1807—JULY 27, 1887.

Honored Mary there, dust to dust, serene,  
 Adds a bloom memorial to sylvan scene;  
 Scion of a name, loved nor yet forgot,  
 We hail her and salute the Dutton lot.  
 Here childhood's early, happy life began,  
 As prattling and laughing, she wayward ran  
 Upon the green with lamb as frolicsome,  
 Midst yarrow, tansy and stramonium,  
 And aptly proved the freedom of the will  
 To parson, writing in his study still.  
 Her lettered life and busy brain we saw,  
 Wise precepts laying down and higher law,  
 In learned hall, in academic grove,  
 Near where the noise and din of city strove.  
 Brave daughter! for thy father's sake and thine,  
 Before thy dust, we reverently incline;  
 What memories have lived the century through,  
 Once handed down from those thy father knew!  
 Ye heedless hours, why swiftly bring the day  
 When these, alas! with us, shall pass away?

## MRS. CATHERINE HILL ELLIOTT.

JULY 19, 1776—FEBRUARY 8, 1862.

Legend has charmed us by the hour to tell  
 Her dreaming fancies and her signal spell.  
 Whate'er those visions were, though wondrous fair,  
 With vision of herself would none compare.  
 Perchance some purpose of the poet† took  
 Pure inspiration from her love and look;  
 Such Petrarch Laura gave in valed Vercluse,  
 When zephyrs murmured to the Mistral truce.

\* Mistress of Grove Hall Seminary, New Haven, Conn.

† The poet George Hill, a brother.

What wingless soarings of her soul refined  
 Things wrought, nor uttered, nor in verse enshrined!  
 Her greater task was minds to form anew,  
 When sons and daughters grouped around her grew.  
 She came and went in days of storm and strife,  
 Yet calm, serene and peaceful, was her life.  
 Our realm with glimpse of Graces legend fills;  
 These Graces three, fair trophies of our Hills.  
 Queen of all hearts, of regnant, royal race,  
 Thy form these vagrant lines will feebly trace,  
 In colors, fainter than thy fairer hue,  
 When, to thy spirit-shade, we bid adieu!

CHARLES WYLLYS ELLIOT.

MAY 27, 1817—AUGUST 23, 1883.

Too well, the mournful day these thoughts recall,  
 As sad and loth and woeful moved the pall,  
 When to this circle to make more complete,  
 We bore him slowly to his last retreat.  
 Genial and gentle manhood, scholar's store,  
 Taste and social grace and refinements, more  
 Than are given often to one soul's keeping,  
 Filled full the harvest of that rarest reaping.  
 Faithful he labored and with impulse high  
 For all that larger human wants imply,  
 Prolific author in many a fallow field,  
 Many a volume did his studies yield.  
 He knew the present hour and read the past;  
 Then, in the future far, his vision cast  
 And sought as carefully some better way  
 Out of the problems of the living day.  
 'Sweetness and light' filled full his face serene;  
 Strength, joy and gladness did his presence mean.  
 And where he rests from life's brief storm and stress,  
 We lay the tribute of our tenderness.



CHARLES WYLLYS ELLIOTT.





## LEWIS ROSSITER ELLIOTT.

JANUARY 23, 1819—JUNE 9, 1893.

He was a man to fill the fancy quite,  
 As he stood royal, to a village wight;  
 Of knightly mien, his look benignant seemed,  
 And this his tall imposing form redeemed.  
 A nature, gracious, manifold and free,  
 Genial, humane and full of sympathy.  
 Love twinkled in his eyes and beckoned near  
 And then a friend, responsive, did appear,  
 And when, before the blazing hearth, he sat  
 And brightly entertained with friendly chat,  
 He gave his wisdom freely out to those  
 Who wished, in prudent counsel, to repose.  
 Joseph's abandoned locker and oak chest  
 Held safe the household treasures of the best.  
 Who by the day here strove to walk with God  
 Who rests, unknown, beneath the common sod.  
 So had his glebe and he come down the line  
 Of John the Apostle and revered divine.  
 He cheered the Church of Christ, and served the town,  
 And on his head beloved, brought blessings down.

## WYLLYS ELLIOTT.

JANUARY 30, 1779—FEBRUARY 25, 1855.

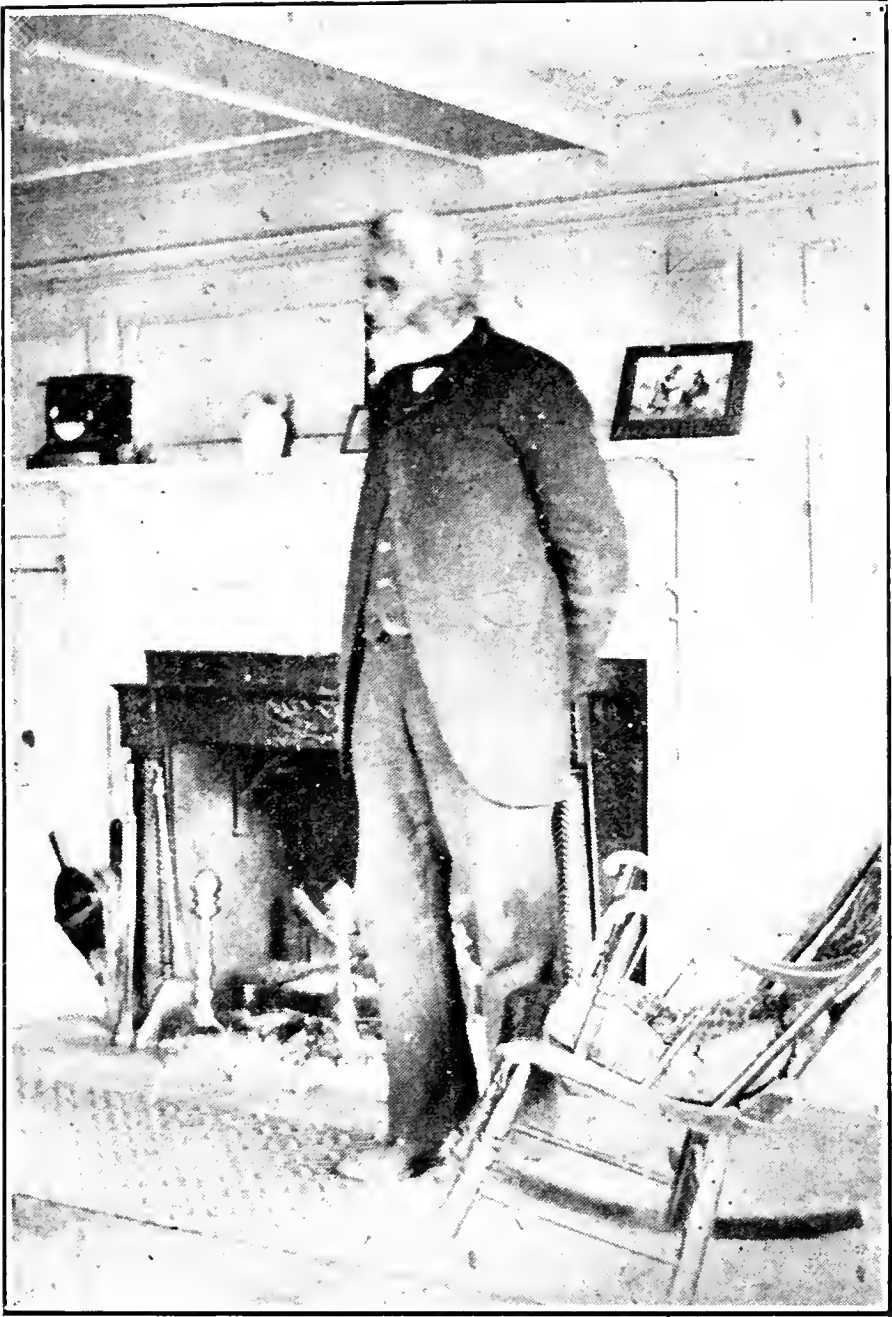
Along the road, the jolting wagons fare  
 Past forest hills, there rounding in the air;  
 His nurtured plans, well rounded out in dreams,  
 He goes with enterprise and thrifty schemes.  
 Able and used to beat the stubborn soil,  
 Yet other ways to win reward from toil  
 He knows and teaches to the yeomen round,  
 Who still repeat to-day his maxim sound:

"Have arrows, more than one, in your quick quiver,  
 Or in want's cold winds you may come to shiver."  
 In his own ire, kept he irons hot afire  
 And with them fortune fuller did acquire,  
 Fair fruit of energy and competing skill,  
 With power as rare and wonder-working will.  
 He valued wealth and knowledge high, as ends,  
 Who to life's gains and best awards pretends.  
 He stands capacious, massive in his might,  
 In many fields, to labor till the night;  
 His errant ends with diligence to attain,  
 Till here came life's reaped rest and rare refrain.

MRS. LUCY CAMP ELLIOTT-HALE.

DECEMBER 9, 1799—JULY 4, 1891.

Where Durham's hills advance to meet the sky  
 And verdure, far extending, greets the eye,  
 Where vale and stream and quietness give peace,  
 She entered life and saw her years increase;  
 There saw her use and happiness unfold,  
 Entered upon new life and joys untold.  
 As mother then, affectionate to please,  
 Saw sons and daughter grow around her knees;  
 Saw them depart and multiply her ties,  
 As generations new, with years arise.  
 Nature gifted her royally with sense  
 And feeling soul and well her recompense  
 Of love to those, who shared a goodly part,  
 They knew when close she clasped them to her heart.  
 Her faith within, based not on things without,  
 Was not dismayed nor lost in reason's doubt;  
 The rest and solace of her closing years,  
 It sweetened age and calmed its final fears.  
 Her useful, happy, active life and brave  
 Is treasured, nor abandoned to the grave.



LEWIS R. ELLIOTT.



## COLONEL GEORGE AUGUSTUS FOOTE.\*

JANUARY 8, 1790—SEPTEMBER 5, 1878.

As we remember, in his elder prime,  
He stood on double shores of sea and time.  
Before him stretched the ocean main of one,  
Behind him lay the course of life, outrun.

A native majesty full-cloaked him round  
With aspect of experience profound:  
The furrowed cheeks, the whitened locks and air  
Of ripe intelligence and knowledge there:  
While all the tokens of an ancient grace  
Reflected from the kind, benignant face.

With stored, sagacious and historic mind,  
He followed up what our explorers find;  
But in the present crisis chiefly dwelt  
And here let his just influence be felt.

He gave his counsel to the general state  
And on occasion went to legislate.  
Of Church, the warden and the State defended:  
Through daughters and the sons in war contended.

We saw him, now at church, then on the street,  
And stopped with simple courtesy to greet:  
Or grouped about the blazing fire we sat  
And listened oft, attentive to his chat;  
In low and mellow, measured tones it falls,  
With cadences, that memory recalls.

Where homes endear and shades ancestral blend,  
And former early memories attend,  
There, near the hamlet where his footsteps trod,  
His true heart rests and sanctifies the sod.

\* Burial in Nut Plains.

## ANDREW WARD FOOTE.\*

APRIL 25, 1833—DECEMBER 16, 1880.

What remnant from his life's short finished score  
 Gives impulse, living still, though he no more  
 Unfolds that life he loved in ready phrase,  
 With sparkling eye, in words of other days?  
 A man who thought and used a thinking spade  
 To supplement some work of higher grade;  
 To stand athwart his mellow acres here,  
 And other worlds and other powers revere;  
 To give discourse, good geologic drill,  
 Show how the world was made on Sandy Hill.  
 He dearly liked an argument and then  
 Sent views to Horace Greeley with the pen;  
 Of Clio's band and loved the lettered page,  
 If hid was found behind "The Living Age."  
 In others now, he hides himself alive,  
 Unfolding, still more multiplied to thrive.  
 Nature made him manful, in mind and limb,  
 Then left all future furnishing to him;  
 He took in hand what Nature first began  
 And made a thoughtful, pleasing, gentleman.

## MINER FOWLER.

MAY 20, 1800—JANUARY 11, 1869.

His tenor tones rise lightly on the air,  
 As now again we seem to hear him there;  
 The form has stooped to time with yielding grace,  
 But cheeriness is shining in the face.  
 His home lay crested, high upon the hill  
 Away; itself a centre of good will  
 And peace to man: where too attractions grew  
 And hung abundant, everybody knew.

\* Burial in Nut Plains.

Generations held this high, sequestered seat  
And round it from afar generations meet;  
Who loved its eminence and cooling breeze;  
Here grew fruits luscious, full, that blushed to please,  
And far the choicer products of the place  
Were they who kept the merits of their race  
And faithfully transmitted down the line  
All that which careful culture could refine.  
So gladly here would we all restore him,  
As here so peaceful on through life he bore him,  
Till worn and spent, like many and another,  
He was then borne away by Sleep's twin brother.

MRS. CHARITY IVES FOWLER.

MAY 6, 1801—OCTOBER 12, 1888.

The gifts to give delight, she had from birth;  
These made her life within suit life on earth.  
She seized upon her happy days with joy  
And gave them all in usefulness employ.  
She spoke with sprightly speech to all endearing,  
Her manner cordial and so brightly cheering,  
A gleaming forth of gladness from the eye  
And features fair all lightened to reply.  
Upon the home within she turned her will,  
Adorned and ordered it with grace and skill,  
That down the years attaches to her name  
Remembrances of early housewife fame.  
She was the letter-writer, all complete,  
And sent them forth from her romanced retreat,  
In graceful graphic, true demotic hand,  
That mistress fair should of fair art command.  
Her joyous spirit overflowed the bounds,  
The dearer bounds of home and festive rounds  
Of gladsome revelry and scenes of mirth,  
She made more beautiful and bright on earth.

## WILLIAM WARD FOWLER.\*

APRIL 3, 1833—AUGUST 21, 1879.

To us, his soulful spirit more appealed  
 Than all the artifices of chill Chesterfield.  
 The moment we recall his manly form,  
 He reappears again with impulse warm  
 And throws afar to us a kindly greeting,  
 Its pleasure still in memory repeating.  
 His thoughtful speech much brightened Clio's band  
 That argued here and strove to understand  
 A thing or two, beyond their Cadmus letters,  
 To make themselves fit comrades for their betters.  
 He took devout and earnest hold on life  
 And entered heartily its peaceful strife;  
 By virtue's side to stand, stay parson's hand  
 And be a host for good, in our loved land.  
 With manly mood sincere, he thus and then  
 Drew forth their love and led his fellow men;  
 Till gathered round his darkened home, one day,  
 Men, bronzed with toil and women in dismay,  
 The aged and the young, from far and near,  
 And bore him to his long rest, sacred here.

## CAPTAIN RICHARD FOWLER.

MAY 3, 1794—MAY 6, 1881.

He was a genial man of olden time,  
 Stalwart of frame, surpassing in his prime,  
 And then the brave Light Guard as Captain led;  
 Protecting here the living and the dead.  
 And once to Lafayette he did the favor  
 To guide him down from high Moose hill to Havre;  
 Not full complete, but stopped on Guilford Green  
 To show the natives what a war might mean.  
 And when sad strife came on, his blood and brawn

\* Burial at Moose Hill.







ELLIOTT W. GREGORY.



MRS. CHARLOTTE S. GREGORY.

Served on the field of war till peaceful dawn.  
 His tenor tuned the choir to charm with song  
 And staunch his character and life was long.  
 Hobson was Milton's carrier, this man mine,  
 Close linking all these towns ashore in line.  
 The Press and all things prayed for he threw out,  
 Coming and going, watched for on the route.  
 Brave and hale-hearted, kindly, without fears,  
 He dared earth's storms and tempests four score years.  
 His form, so well imprinted on our day,  
 Seems to us still slow moving o'er the way.

ELLIOTT WYLLYS GREGORY.

FEBRUARY 13, 1794—JULY 3, 1863.

Charming in youth he must have been and fair,  
 But far more manly and more gracious, where  
 We saw him in the westside happy home,  
 When, cultured much with years, he ceased to roam  
 And brought that full, free elegance of life,  
 That he had won with years of toil and strife,  
 In southern mart of mercantile exchange,  
 Where\* proud the Mississippi's waters range.  
 His manful face refinement stamped and look  
 Of character and honor true quick took  
 Our youthful fancy; what lessons, knowing  
 Or unknowing, did we learn, when going  
 To this knight who played his knight so shrewdly;  
 And showed a style we have copied rudely.  
 Himself and mother still were passing fair,  
 A precious, noble and resemblant pair;  
 She an Elliott born and benign to greet,  
 In whom some atoms of the Apostle meet.  
 His fellowship and cheer at times we shared  
 Who here, to storm and cold, his brow has bared.

\* New Orleans.

## MRS. CHARLOTTE SELLECK GREGORY.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1818—OCTOBER 27, 1895.

A graceful form before us risen stands,  
 And gladly would we wait for her commands;  
 Whose youth, engirt in some fair-fitting bodice,  
 Might model art and pattern Grecian goddess.  
 Like Spartan matron, firm, sagacious, wise,  
 Then gentle, generous, her virtues rise  
 And clothe anew her hidden charms with wealth  
 Of graces sweet, in comeliness and health.  
 Her life, in large and liberal action, lay  
 And thought for others made her happy day.  
 Hours, shared with her, in full and musing measures,  
 Now rise again as well-remembered treasures.  
 If all too lightly valued then, indeed,  
 How now, to richest interest succeed!  
 To soothe the sick, she kindly went about  
 And gave her rare remedial presence out,  
 And then, to hear her soft, low woman's voice  
 Did gladden homes and heavy hearts rejoice.  
 The circled dust, in which she now reclines,  
 She makes significant and much refines.

## GEORGE CLEVELAND GRISWOLD.

OCTOBER 31, 1809—FEBRUARY 8, 1906.

His genial courtesy, instinctive, true,  
 And kindling ardor, spirited, we knew,  
 And social mood to mix with other minds,  
 Resolved to change his thoughts for other kinds.  
 Leader and counselor, in our civil life,  
 Moderating our order through party strife.  
 And eminent, in ways and means advising,  
 His lengthened days near a century comprising.  
 Direct and forward were the ways he sought:

Shrewd and divining was his native thought.  
He would not grieve nor readily offend.  
For e'en his stalwart presence showed the friend.  
A noble form, as there alone he lay,  
In solitude, on his own burial day;  
Engirt by friends and love in last adieu,  
With reverent spoken words, sublime and true.  
However Nature wills, we can but weep  
When the centurial loved one falls on sleep.  
And bears the treasures of abandoned times,  
The index of its lore, to secret climes.

MRS. JULIA CHAPMAN GRISWOLD.

JUNE 4, 1811—APRIL 3, 1898.

And here a model mother at her rest  
In this deep, narrow portion of earth's breast,  
Where she has come, silent and long to lie,  
With yonder village, forms another tie.  
And crowning memories of fourscore years,  
More glad with joys than grieved by sorrow's tears,  
Adorn a life, devoted, fond and true,  
That deeds of mercy, love and duty knew.  
The memory of her spirit still survives  
And fans the spirit-fire of friendly lives,  
Mid gleams of shining soul and cloudless brow,  
Reflections of once heart-warm greetings now.  
The firm and faithful friendships, nurtured there,  
Where smiles and welcomes warm life's joys declare,  
These tempering sorrow, we do not forget,  
Their condolence and comfort, ease regret.  
"Shining visitant," radiant and rare heart,  
Fond, faithful and devoted in thy part;  
Here tones, more tender than the passing bell,  
Have sounded with reluctance thy farewell.

## LEWIS GRISWOLD.

FEBRUARY 13, 1805—NOVEMBER 5, 1882.

Compact of form, composed with strength reserved,  
 His forces he had used and yet preserved.  
 With manly vigor, the ancestral stock  
 Had fortified him firm to meet life's shock.  
 He nurtured acres here that nurtured him  
 And made rare specimen of manly limb.  
 Children fearless dwelt beneath his arm,  
 And forth on danger looked without alarm.  
 How did he please our almost childish glee  
 With his deep voice attuned to harmony!  
 Pitched, where the breezes fall upon the hill,  
 And with sweet sighs, the summer evening fill.  
 Those tuneful days of flute and violin  
 Still make echoes of cadences within.  
 In his demeanor calm, his prudence shone;  
 And others throve on his just wisdom, known.  
 Now to the legislature forth he fares,  
 Now local peace and justice, he declares.  
 Life ripened full of fruitfulness and peace  
 And found an honored haven and release.

## MRS. LUCRETIA LINSLEY GRISWOLD.

NOVEMBER 9, 1814—NOVEMBER 4, 1888.

How put into colors, too few and faint,  
 The fine native graces in words we paint,  
 Of her, whose virtues here once we knew,  
 Whose womanly merits were hid from few?  
 She herself those merits could not conceal,  
 A certain elegance she must reveal;  
 Not due to shining gauds, for few she wore,  
 Her treasures shone from head and heart the more.

Nature dowered her, rich with reason, sense,  
A soul for song with wit and excellence;  
Perception, humor ready you would find,  
Her fortune was to have the Linsley mind  
The ribbon on her bonnet then was black,  
Signal of sorrow flew that none may lack.  
Her form was medium and trim nor bent,  
As walking down the path alert, she went;  
Here passed her hours in happy lot, serene,  
Took part and share in all that life can mean.  
Our gift it was to meet her in those days,  
To hear her voice and chat upon the ways.

### CAPTAIN JOEL GRISWOLD.

FEBRUARY 27, 1796—AUGUST 29, 1879.

He stood engirt with might like fortress strong,  
To meet with resource nature, right or wrong.  
So doubtful in the earth the fate of seed,  
One might too often find himself in need.

For four score seasons round, his chances braved  
And prudent held, what from the earth he saved:  
When utter failing crops sometimes besieged,  
He bided round his time and earth obliged  
To pay up shortages and past arrears  
And then, with new assessments, taxed the years.

He humanized the landscape, spread serene,  
That painter would delight to make a scene  
And hang upon the wall: when war arrived,  
He sent an army and the State survived.

Sturdy in form and stout as Saxon thane,  
His probity much straightened Crooked Lane.  
There far around his grassy acres ran,  
Meadows, brooks, walnut grove, where rock began.

Would he had waited for the years awhile!  
 To see Dame Fortune, on life's evening, smile;  
 Daughters and sons, to higher honors grow,  
 When he had joined this company below:  
 Hear his own voice transformed to woman's tone,  
 Most soulful songster that our vales have known.

As when the sun's last reddening rays at eve  
 Adorn the sky and coming gloom relieve,  
 On him, these full reflecting merits shine  
 And to his dust, our grateful hearts incline.

REVEREND ELI EDWIN HALL.

APRIL 11, 1818—MAY 2, 1896.

His excellence with dowry, rich in sample,  
 Strove with us, both by precept and example.  
 More merits far had he than we can tell;  
 His logic knew and wrote his sermons well.  
 With ready wit, in eminent degree,  
 He could send quick the flashing repartee.

This talent, safe within a napkin kept,  
 As prudence warned, there dozed but never slept.  
 His voice was tuneful, rich and rare to hear;  
 In scale had little range, but reached the ear.

A thinker, with a skillful, ready pen,  
 He made the pulpit reverend, and then  
 The village learning viewed, improved its stand,  
 The western side adorned and shaped the land.

Thereafter, a minister, for years abroad,  
 He served,\* in Florence, country and the Lord.

\* Minister of the American Chapel.





REV. E. EDWIN HALL.



Between his life's long eve and its brief morn,  
 His versed and varied skill did much adorn.  
 As editor, he was happy and content;  
 Then for a time he took to government.

From far Geneva's lake and storied strand,  
 He had brought hither to our western land  
 Accomplished daughter of revered Malan,  
 To enter in his life and share its plan.

Here in pastorate, first had set his foot,  
 When he came to move, it had taken root;  
 Then, at the journey's end of life's sweet toil,  
 He chose this spot to mingle with our soil.

REVEREND HENRY LEWIS HALL.\*

NOVEMBER 26, 1835—NOVEMBER 6, 1869.

We knew the time when, hearty then and hale,  
 He trod with zeal the stately walks of Yale  
 And with the fleetest few led on his class,  
 A noble band, to usefulness to pass.

Then war arose and that, within massed ranks,  
 He studied on the field and heard the thanks  
 Of dying men and shriving comfort gave  
 When battle swept them to a soldier's grave.

Served Chaplain to the Tenth; in our rare region  
 More known than Cæsar's tenth Roman legion;  
 There fought and fell the knightly soldier Camp,  
 Mate from the shades of Yale in martial tramp.

\* Burial in Nut Plains.

To learn of Tholuck then to Halle went  
And passed for German on the Continent;  
Of wisdom full, and learning and ideas,  
Who, for his favored future, could have fears?

So haply onward ran his life and law  
Nor, in reviewing it, appears the flaw.  
Perchance the tented field, that life devours,  
Perchance the scholar's wakeful, midnight hours,  
The change from active to the cloistered life,  
The peaceful rivalry of student strife,  
The germs of lore and German wisdom's ways  
And duties of some pastoral, later days.

In vain inquire: let memory revive  
The virile virtues that he kept alive;  
His eager, earnest manners that proclaim  
The beauty of a life with upward aim.



REV. HENRY L. HALL.



GUILFORD PORTRAITS,  
MEMORIAL EPITAPHS OF ALDERBROOK.

PART VII: HALLECK—MUNSON.

## FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

JULY 8, 1790—NOVEMBER 19, 1867.

The elegance of youth had fared away  
And left to view the pathos of decay;  
And yet he was a pleasing figure then  
And walked, a daily presence among men.

Along the paths beneath the elms, he knew  
When both, then setting out together grew,  
He made his slow and punctual promenade;  
His body, lithe and pliant, slightly swayed  
With graces and the purest charm of motion:  
His umbrella comrade, a precious notion.

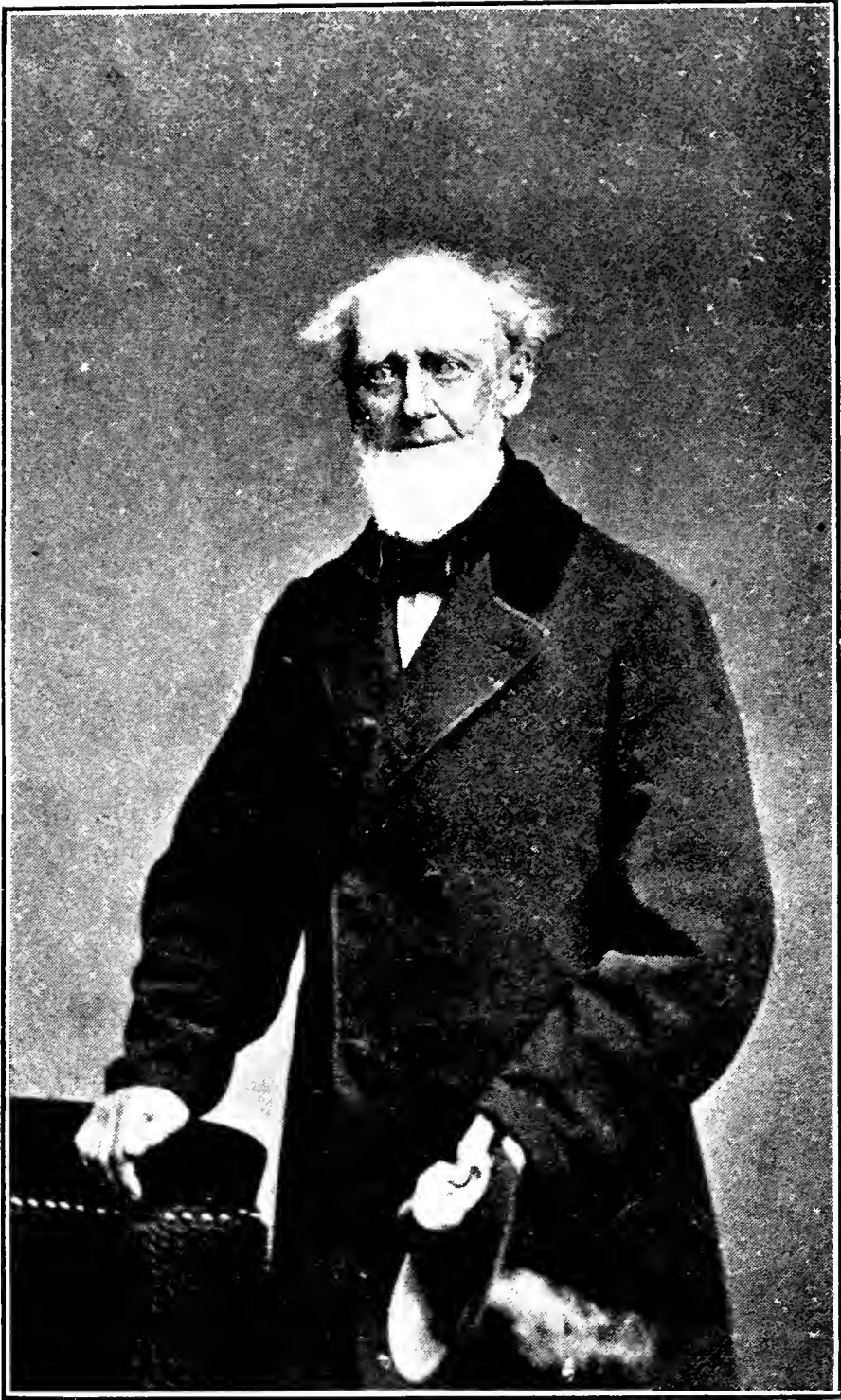
In color blue it was a faithful limb  
And blue surtout he loved, befriended him.  
His aged silken hat decked him above;  
Such was the poet's figure, one to love.

In truth, he wore his hat out here a-bowing  
To ladies on the way; never allowing  
Winged woman to pass unsaluted by;  
None could escape, unnoticed on the fly.

His voice alas! his own, he scarce could hear,  
Its emphasis, though full, and very clear:  
In conversation, bright the cadence fell,  
And charmed us, for he talked supremely well.  
And now in monologue, while standing near,  
He does vouchsafe to us, remarks to hear.

When wandering alone, he oft bespoke himself  
In undertones, regardless then that he was deaf.  
Sometimes two students he would entertain,  
Ambitious, calling to view the poet's brain;





FITZ GREENE HALLECK.



Quizzing and chatting out the hour to see  
How like their own crude craniums his could be.  
Between them he would sit to hear their chat,  
But fluent, give them more than tit for tat.

He wrote so well, to such a slender score  
That few have failed to question, why not more?  
Perchance no impulse high then furnished means,  
When he returned to scan these village scenes.

Infirmity and age that cools the fire  
Had crept upon and chilled his trembling lyre.  
So fain is one to trace connecting links  
With all our life who, of the poet, thinks.

He rose out of our better golden age,  
When characters superior filled the stage.  
His gifted fancy had fed richly here  
Amidst the generation we most revere.

He loved the land and lives from which he sprung,  
And came to spend his lengthened days among.  
His spirit genial, graceful, gladsome, kind,  
Was quite the proper partner of poetic mind.

#### MISS MARIA HALLECK.

JULY 19, 1788—APRIL 21, 1870.

Familiar figure to our early sight,  
Until upon her fell the darksome night;  
Close comrade to the poet's daily life,  
His other, second breath and all but wife.

Devotion sisterly, her living passion  
Had its one alloy of respect for fashion.  
She goes in bonnet shirred and darkling gown  
And makes a tour for health about the town.

On self-denial, she was known to live  
 And life itself would fain the poet give.  
 Devoutly so, she did devote the day  
 To cherish him in woman's winning way.  
 Her choicest virtues all on him she tried,  
 Then summed them up in one, in him, her pride.

A story teller, she much amused the day,  
 In her own bright and entertaining way;  
 Whose stories, now revived, still go the rounds,  
 Presenting rural phases, sights and sounds.  
 Girlish urchins would oft toast poet's bread  
 While Miss Maria's needle flew with thread.

From early life as comrades sharing all  
 As one, the dance at ordination ball,  
 Our Johnson's lexicon, when time flew faster,  
 On from the early days of Baldwin, Pastor;  
 His confidant, in life's pathetic scenes,  
 Performing miracles with magic means,  
 With life she faithful covered life's retreat,  
 Mourned for him awhile, then went forth to meet.

### COLONEL WILLIAM HART.

MAY 5, 1788—AUGUST 18, 1862.

Far down the way, where Whitfield homeward trod,  
 He dwelt midst shadows of that man of God.  
 His form erect stood soldierly upright,  
 In manners, bearing, breeding, full polite.  
 In worthy ways, his ardor, zeal and passion  
 Made him a model of the best old fashion.  
 With stately walk, saluting all with ease,  
 With spirit, but not difficult to please;  
 Few graceful arts, as our cold habits yield,  
 He came the nearest to our Chesterfield.

In times of peace ordained himself to war ;  
Was bulwark, at all hazards, of the law.  
He favored freedom, fair in every station,  
And at times, in the crises of the nation,  
He took the more pronounced, advancing view,  
Preferring most old things instead of new.  
In State and Church, he forward led the van  
And influence wielded as a foremost man.  
There moves his figure, stately down the lane,  
High hat, frock coat, cheeks whiskered and a cane!

## MISS RUTH HART.

JULY 20, 1819—MAY 6, 1905.

Like vestal virgin fair, she fed life's fire,  
While long and bright it burned with warm desire.  
And here ofttimes we met her flashing eye  
And laughing voice and charming coquetry,  
As queenly over all her look she threw  
And rose in her rare comeliness, to view  
And stood so royal, resolute and grand,  
So capable of firm and cool command ;  
As filled with thoughts of daring deeds, heroic,  
As formed to buffet Fate and play the Stoic.  
For years, in calm and quietude, she dwelt  
Apart and by her lonely altar knelt,  
Until life's evening shades around her drew,  
Who had outlived all friends she ever knew.  
What if no bold and daring deed was hers?  
What if the happiness that life confers,  
Was checked by fickle fortune's froward fate?  
None heard her ever life and love berate.  
If not the noblest Roman of us all,  
At least the Roman, she shall well recall.

## GEORGE HILL.\*

JANUARY 29, 1796—DECEMBER 15, 1871.

His image marks the corner he passed by,  
 With aspect, fair as gentle woman's eye,  
 And still that image casts his look across  
 The gulf of years and scarcely suffers loss.

He had the poet's fertile, fancied graces  
 And a world of royal, palaced places  
 Whence he freely sought our sphere of action  
 That had, for him, an early loved attraction.

His humor, playful, entertaining, bright,  
 Striving to shorten long cold winter's night,  
 Was loving, kind, nor caustic and severe;  
 He lost no labor to correct us here.

He dressed thought chastely, decking it beside,  
 With fitting memories of knowledge wide,  
 As caught from life perhaps or pondered dreamingly,  
 When poets wander wide and create seemingly:  
 But, we suspect, catch wide-awake impressions,  
 Got in phrenzied thought, as by their confessions;  
 If we can really trust such unreal creatures,  
 Never new made, but full born, to their features.

Now we may merely quote his shy, dark eye,  
 Commend and recommend his poetry;  
 Much lost and unknown, to our careless wit,  
 Though we ourselves are not unknown to it.

Which, native quite and springing from our leas,  
 Should be as dear as much from over seas.  
 Its only blight and blur—'tis understood  
 By any common man or woman-hood.

\*Burial in New Haven.

Here indeed, his verses grew and fruited  
In our woods and streaming vales, all suited  
To his dreaming eyes, in visions on them bent  
And these, the messages, through him they sent.

His fancy led him late to new persuasion;  
For to the poet's sense much gives occasion,  
Found in pictured walls, rich garb and function,  
That causes in the soul some richer unction.

Far had he wandered and seen other climes  
And, with native perfumes, mixed foreign thymes;  
Had looked upon the classic Grecian shores  
And mingled with his thought Aegean stores.

His last days here in earned retirement ran,  
A very cultured, rare and gentle man.  
His slender form, surtouted and capped head,  
Filled with the fancies that his footsteps led,  
Looking with shy but sympathetic glance,  
At labors rude that our slow wealth enhance,  
He lived and loved this quiet, restful place  
And decked it with the charms of poet's grace.

MRS. REBECCA RUGGLES HOPKINS.

JUNE 14, 1818—FEBRUARY 13, 1886.

Her favored, fair young girlhood here was spent,  
Where life's resources large to her were lent;  
And gracious influences, all moulding well,  
In those short, happy years with her did dwell.  
An ardent fancy full to her was sent  
And fearless courage was with graces blent;  
If need of spirit, confident and high,  
On this, in storm and stress, she could rely.  
Commanding, womanly and fair to see,

With virtues, crowning all in harmony.  
 From early home removed, then late returned  
 And sons and daughters from her wisdom learned.  
 So we beheld for years her gracious sway  
 And there formed lasting friendships in that day.  
 While time flew on, in larger, distant field,  
 Daughters and sons, in higher function, yield  
 Service with honor, public and approved,  
 So well her spirit had to them removed.  
 Till life's fair faithful zeal and courage fly  
 From form, once filled with joy and impulse high.

MISS RUTH FRAZER HOPKINS.

AUGUST 28, 1856—AUGUST 27, 1902.

A little maiden, sunning in the way,  
 Was used to greet me, stopping in her play.  
 She grew up blooming and then left the street,  
 And thereafter we could less often meet.  
 Her gentle spirit, gladsome and sincere,  
 Dwelt in the slender body, treasured here,  
 Whose converse, winsomeness and joyous smile  
 Did oft those former days and years beguile.  
 With joy and spicy mirth she lit her face,  
 That had a sweet, unconscious, winning grace.  
 Her bright and artless ways had so much art  
 To make, command and keep a friendly heart.  
 And yet with all those years of gentle glee,  
 I knew not what that pleasure was to me.  
 But now, vain, longing wishes follow after  
 The greeting, the handclasp and gleeful laughter.  
 This sacred spot of earth becomes more dear,  
 Since she returned to make her long home here.  
 How deep that final, wakeless sleep must be,  
 From which no winning word comes back to me!



## DEACON ALFRED GUSTAVUS HULL.

MAY 12, 1822—JANUARY 31, 1894.

He had, for all, the grace of siren speech.  
 We should love inly near his life to reach,  
 To bring more fully out, before us here,  
 Those qualities, we most in men revere;  
 Of which, he seemed to be so well possessed,  
 That now we might ourselves in them invest;  
 Such probity as wins all suffrage near,  
 Such honor, high as marks the man, sincere,  
 Such courtesy, as smooths the burdened way;  
 Not merely with worn words, to think and say,  
 But often with due deeds of action too.  
 And all of these from him indeed, we knew.  
 We saw him long, as pillar in the Church,  
 Not ornamental, lost in skilled research,  
 But active to uphold and strengthen there  
 Forces, the Master's life and this declare.  
 Places of trust he held, was host for friends;  
 He lived and made, for being born, amends.  
 Yet much remains and is unmentioned here  
 And, last of all, to us the man was dear.

## MRS. MARY PARMELEE HULL.

MAY 18, 1823—DECEMBER 3, 1887.

In home, attractive to the passing glance,  
 Adorned with vines and flowering elegance,  
 That blossomed into brightness to illumine,  
 She did the sweeter joys of life assume  
 And shed within a radiance refined,  
 Surpassing quite all that without combined.  
 The friendly mistress, who so long received,  
 Success in helpful, social life achieved.  
 A flock of parsons here would gather round;

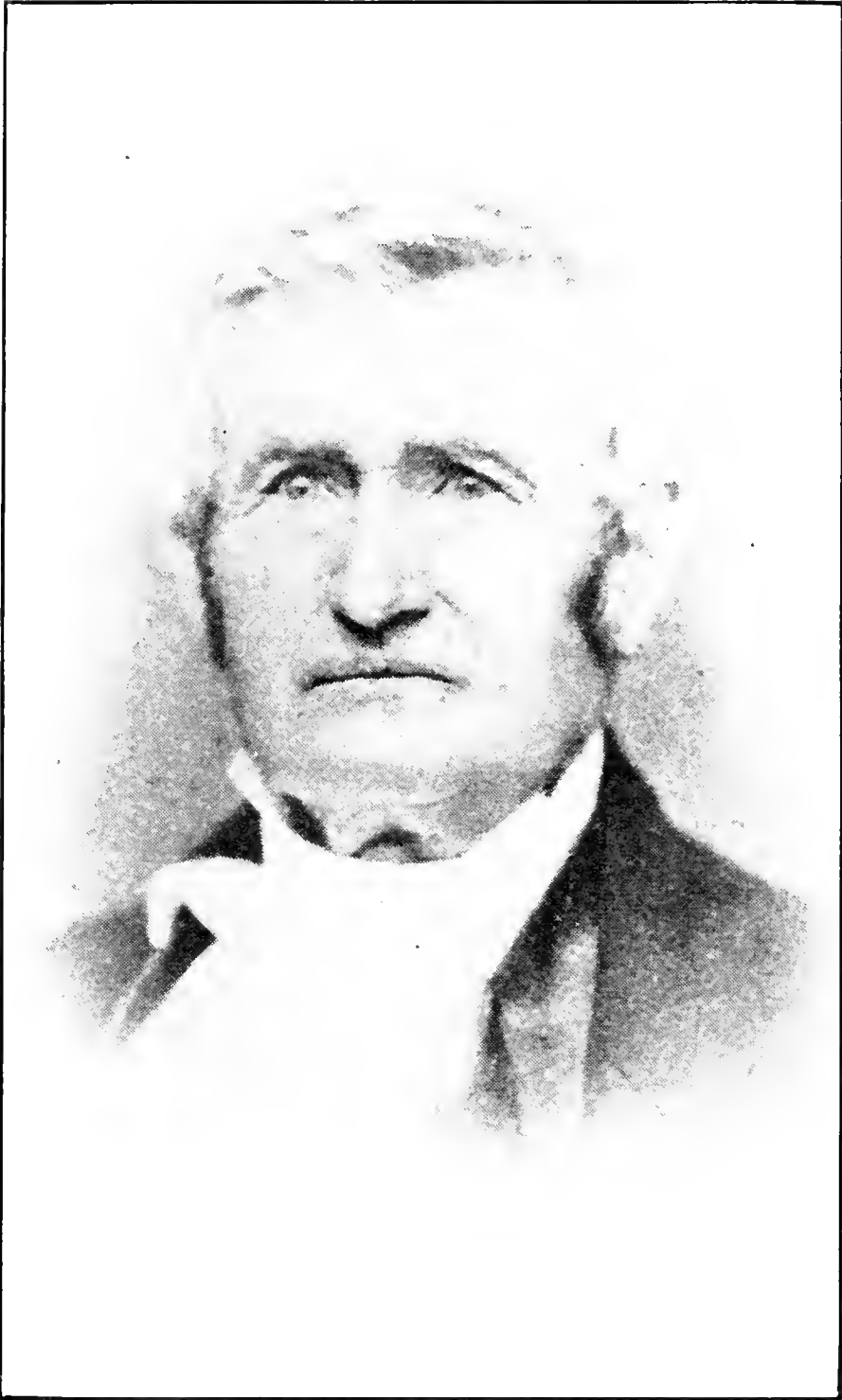
The house with wit and laughter must resound:  
 Then, glad and gleeful singers would convene  
 And fill with song some interval between.  
 In public labors often she did shine,  
 Kind helpfulness and love were in her line.  
 She lived to school and discipline her life:  
 Some perquisites she held as deacon's wife,  
 However, these make her more saintly shine  
 Her true life aimed as well at the divine.  
 Such the outline briefly of one we knew,  
 And would bring back again to fairer view.

HORATIO NELSON JOHNSON.

AUGUST 21, 1799—SEPTEMBER 6, 1882.

In life's bright morn he was supremely fair,  
 For manly strength and elegance were there;  
 As on he fared, Time's sure rebuffs and toil  
 And our east winds could not his youth despoil.  
 His form erect and color clear persisted  
 On through life and havoc well resisted.  
 He was replete with early local lore,  
 And loved to tell what he should see no more;  
 The old buffet, the dip, the two-wheeled chaise  
 And the moderation of the elder days.  
 Many an hour, we sat beside the green  
 While he related what old times might mean:  
 The stubbed stones that rose above the ground,  
 The church with cornices, low towered around,  
 The milkweed and the kindred kine and sheep  
 That in those days the Green could careless keep;  
 Using for pointer then the friendly cane,  
 To indicate old features that remain.  
 So cheerful did he chat until, one day,  
 This friend of youth and yore was borne away.





JUDGE GEORGE LANDON.

## GEORGE CHAPMAN KIMBERLEY.

JANUARY 1, 1832—NOVEMBER 29, 1892.

From morn till eve, he journeyed to and fro,  
 Just such a man as every child would know;  
 Himself, so friendly frank and quick to greet,  
 It gave the moment pleasure just to meet.  
 His virtues, grafted from ancestral tree,  
 For manly gentleness, were rare to see;  
 That rare parental, genial grace we saw  
 That grew in him till it became a law.  
 The smiling face, the beaming eye, the word,  
 The waiting grasp we saw and felt and heard.  
 At church we met them, where he faithful served  
 And staunchly those yet higher laws observed,  
 Which ranking with the spirit's choicest treasures,  
 Give grace and peace divine and mercy measures;  
 There, warden of the ways that lead to rest  
 And call up voiceless visions of the blest.  
 His life, like bright and happy morning, beamed,  
 From storm and disappointment, well redeemed.  
 The air grew chill, when forth his spirit went,  
 The day turned dark when Death his arrow sent.

## JUDGE GEORGE LANDON.

AUGUST 10, 1787—OCTOBER 8, 1866.

His form full, magisterial and rare,  
 In grand old manhood stood before us there.  
 All marks of his due dignities he wore  
 In honors and life labors, gone before.  
 Of legislative rank and race he seemed,  
 A senator\* of State: but if one deemed  
 Him to be judge, that too he was, and signs  
 Judicial shone forth clearly in designs  
 Of wisdom, justice held at mercy's call.

\* State senator in 1850.

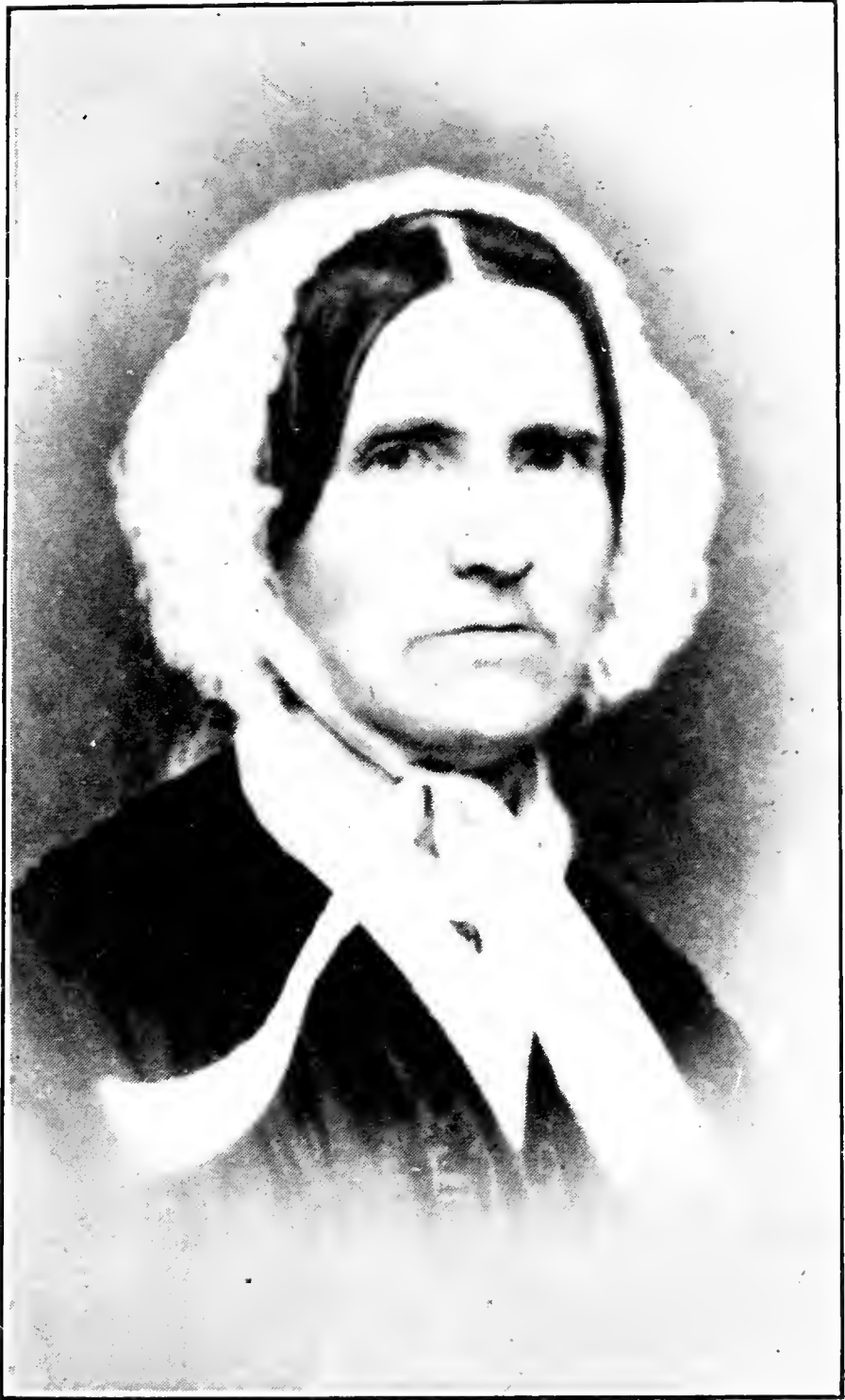
In white cravat and whitened hair and tall,  
 He came majestic up the central aisle  
 To church; and then we wondered quick the while,  
 Why he, who looked so preacher-like and sage,  
 Did not proceed like priest\* upon the stage  
 And turn out minister, senator and judge;  
 An exchange, neither priest nor pope should grudge.  
 And still from civic and judicial lines  
 Reversion of this worth and merit shines  
 Upon the noble manhood we revere  
 Whose excellence, bequeathed, continues here.

MRS. RUTH HART LANDON.

JANUARY 14, 1790—APRIL 23, 1855.

This spacious, full-enfolding, featured face  
 Gives trusty tokens of a regnant race;  
 And brings to us from former days the claim  
 To be remembered, of a noble dame.  
 Some here have seen her stately step and knew  
 The just, aspiring pride, that gives the clue  
 To that array of virtues, rich and rare,  
 Which bore her buoyant through this vale of care.  
 Yet other Ruths, abundant have we known,  
 With Thomases, whose merits were her own,  
 And others equal here have gathered round  
 With reverent thrill to tread above her ground.  
 The years have waned since she ambitious led  
 The fortunes of this happy house as head,  
 Upheld its lofty aims, its master cheered,  
 Bore manly sons and matron daughters reared.  
 We share to-day in that true, princely pride,  
 Which generations here have close allied  
 And would record the glories of a race,  
 To which, time swiftly brings increasing grace.

\*He was so invited by clerical strangers.



MRS. RUTH HART LANDON.





## THOMAS HART LANDON.

APRIL 15, 1831—DECEMBER 3, 1882.

He could but be beloved in life where known  
 And where from youth his excellences shone,  
 In deeds of loving kindness, day by day,  
 As he passed us observant on his way.  
 He saw his chance, where froward fortune struck,  
 To ease distresses and reverse ill luck:  
 To repel the trembling terrors of despair  
 By serving an apt turn of kindness there.  
 His life, in halls of justice, he devotes  
 And ends of right and merit, so promotes.  
 He grew not callous there, from use and wont  
 Of wrong, woe's injury and fate's affront;  
 But, broad with years, his sympathies still grew  
 And still to right the wrong he strove anew;  
 Fair truth divined with penetrating glance,  
 Made it emerge from snares and error's chance.  
 Thus, ever shining, as a spirit fairly might,  
 With native humor blest to give delight,  
 He drew us to him, where his presence shone,  
 And raised our courage by his cheering tone.

## JUDGE EDWARD RUGGLES LANDON.

MAY 31, 1813—JULY 25, 1883.

In martial cloak, a Wellington, he stands,  
 That swinging round his ample form commands  
 And spotless garb and genial air, combined,  
 Betoken well his leaning to mankind.  
 Our ruling Edward First, the ruddy face  
 Shows Griswold, Graves and Ruggles in the race.  
 In life, our governor, almost patroon,  
 His guidance was, for many years, a boon;

For much, in village matters, did he move,  
 With precious, private wills for us to prove;  
 Then public deeds and dooms to next record,  
 For which abundant thanks but light reward.

He met responsive, threw his humor out  
 Perchance to church, to office and about;  
 Then calms disorder rare at township meetings,  
 And chokes our clamor down with gavel greetings.

With wave of hand or look from friendly eye  
 Could order more than sheriff standing by.  
 As senator of State he ran but rare  
 To serve a state with capitol to spare.

See him, a moment, as we say farewell!  
 The fine, fair figure that the cloak doth swell;  
 The form, full spectaclad, here comes fast striding,  
 High hat, quick step, then away moves gliding.

Recollections of hearty happy humor  
 Pleasant mention offered by dare-dame Rumor  
 And gentle thoughts, out-blooming summer roses,  
 With fond regrets now mark where he reposes.

MRS. PARNEL CLARISSA LANDON.

SEPTEMBER 21, 1819—APRIL 25, 1886.

With joy she brimmed and glad with life ran over,  
 As fed on blossomings of blooming clover.  
 Courageous and capacious, she was formed,  
 A lover of the sunlight; but if it stormed,  
 For storm cared not but looked the winds in face,  
 Before them smiled and laughed at their embrace.  
 She loved sweet life and took the years for gift  
 And filled them, as they sped, with joy and thrift.  
 Then fed her house on dainties, very choice,



JUDGE EDWARD R. LANDON.



With all the skill that makes the health rejoice.  
She was a paragon, in that skilled way.  
As we recall her and as others say.  
Her eyes with glee flashed dark, then lightened,  
And she could not be surprised nor frightened.  
She entertained the governor, not dismayed,  
If things quite lightsome turned her out less staid.  
She started laughters round, provoked the smile,  
And others so were much amused the while.  
At last her home was broken and bereft  
And then this narrow house alone was left.

MISS EUNICE ELIZABETH LAY.

APRIL 16, 1828—JUNE 14, 1903.

June's gusty gale has blown her out, at last,  
Whose lamp of life for years has flickered fast;  
Now burning low, now brightly shining here,  
In radiance rare, spirituelle and clear.  
In frailest tenement, she fragile dwelt  
Serene nor heavy clogs of body felt:  
So freed from all that weights the spirit down,  
She was as ransomed, wearing here her crown.  
No sleepy, slothful, hermit life she led,  
But friendly, cheering influence she shed:  
Read and thoughtful wrote, as fancy played,  
While, here on earth, her pilgrimage she made;  
Voyaged afar, found broken links in lives  
And rescued some lost learning that survives.  
Outbranching from romantic family tree,  
John Alden's and Priscilla's daughter, she.  
Such spirit, shining forth, fair Mistress Lay  
Preserved the graces of Priscilla's day:  
And speeds now on, this vision of her left  
To light and cheer and solace us bereft.

## HENRY LOPER.

JANUARY 24, 1791—FEBRUARY 21, 1873.

He moves amidst confused and warring sounds,  
 Their mingled tumult, jarring with rebounds.  
 And where his constant, watchful duty lies,  
 The whitened mist, encircling round him flies.  
 Above, below, the waters, playful pour,  
 Dashing, in idleness, with deepened roar.  
 A master, in the mart of corn and grains,  
 In faithful, life-long service, he remains;  
 And far around, the generations knew  
 Where honesty and honor upright grew.  
 Consistence and devotion were his forte;  
 All conscious goodness found in him a port.  
 Three decades, senior warden of Christ Church,  
 He trains his children all, in biblical research.  
 His form was slender, features placid, fair;  
 Of far past Spanish annals was the heir.  
 Through stranger turns of fortune, than he knew,  
 This noble heritage from Spain he drew.  
 Though long removed, here still his virtues shine,  
 In fair resemblance, human of divine.

## MRS. ANNA FOWLER LOPER.

DECEMBER 10, 1793—FEBRUARY 3, 1863.

Where verdure crowns the hill, where once the moose  
 Came down from far to seek the water's use,  
 She drew her early influence in life  
 And thence went forth to be the friend and wife.  
 Four decades swift have passed away and more  
 Since, here she spoke us kindly at her door.  
 A finely featured and full-figured soul,  
 Who dwelt on earth and made of heaven her goal;

By her devotion, true to Christian thought,  
 And by the aid to suffering, she brought,  
 With gifts of helpfulness and motherhood  
 That she diffused around in doing good.  
 To love the hearth and home, her children led  
 With influence, refined from Christian head.  
 And when the Sabbath, calm and restful, came,  
 Gave time and thought to the most holy name.  
 Devoted to the service of the Church  
 Nor ever left "the Bishop"\* in the lurch:  
 Co-workers in the temple of the Lord,  
 She earned and now has long received reward.

## ERASTUS MUNSON.

JUNE 10, 1816—MARCH 19, 1886.

Unruffled and composed, he comes to greet,  
 His judgment just, generous and discreet.  
 Of nature provident to seize the hour  
 And bid fair Fortune to obey his power.  
 With resource full and lavish of his store,  
 Humane and kind to friendless at the door.  
 He knew earth's joys that sorrow oft completes  
 And suffering quick with sympathy meets.  
 Sweet fruits and flowers and shadowing trees  
 And early morn he loved, and evening breeze.  
 His form, compact with strength and manly might,  
 Like fortress stood to fend and fold his right.  
 At home, his sunny rays made darkness bright,  
 His laughing mood turned trouble to delight.  
 And virtues, mildly blooming day by day,  
 Bestowed more cheering than exotic ray.

\* Miss Clarissa Caldwell, playfully called "bishop."

Beloved of those who his calm reason knew,  
He lived in peace and counted friends not few.  
So fair and well life ripened to its close,  
To three score years and ten and then repose.

MRS. ANN ELIZABETH MUNSON.

FEBRUARY 28, 1828—SEPTEMBER 12, 1901.

In form she rose, full fair and ample tall  
With look benign and with sweet graces all,  
There beaming forth to greet and welcome give:  
So we recall her, who so well did live  
And bore her quiet part in village life  
With helpful hand, an active mother, wife  
And friend, in ways diverse to all but sure  
And such for long her memory will endure.  
Time kindly gave her youth in age to keep,  
Hope, cheer and other fruits of youth to reap;  
Nor care did bend her form nor dim her glance  
Nor could disguise her native elegance.  
To son and daughter she like sister seems  
So sharing all their younger daring dreams;  
So full of merriment and bright good cheer,  
While happy-hearted she continued here.  
Of nature resolute and quite exceeding  
In all the better arts of native breeding,  
She well preserved the maxims of the day  
And in them safely lived her life away.



GUILFORD PORTRAITS,  
MEMORIAL EPITAPHS OF ALDERBROOK.

PART VIII: NORTON—WOODRUFF.

## WALLACE NORTON.

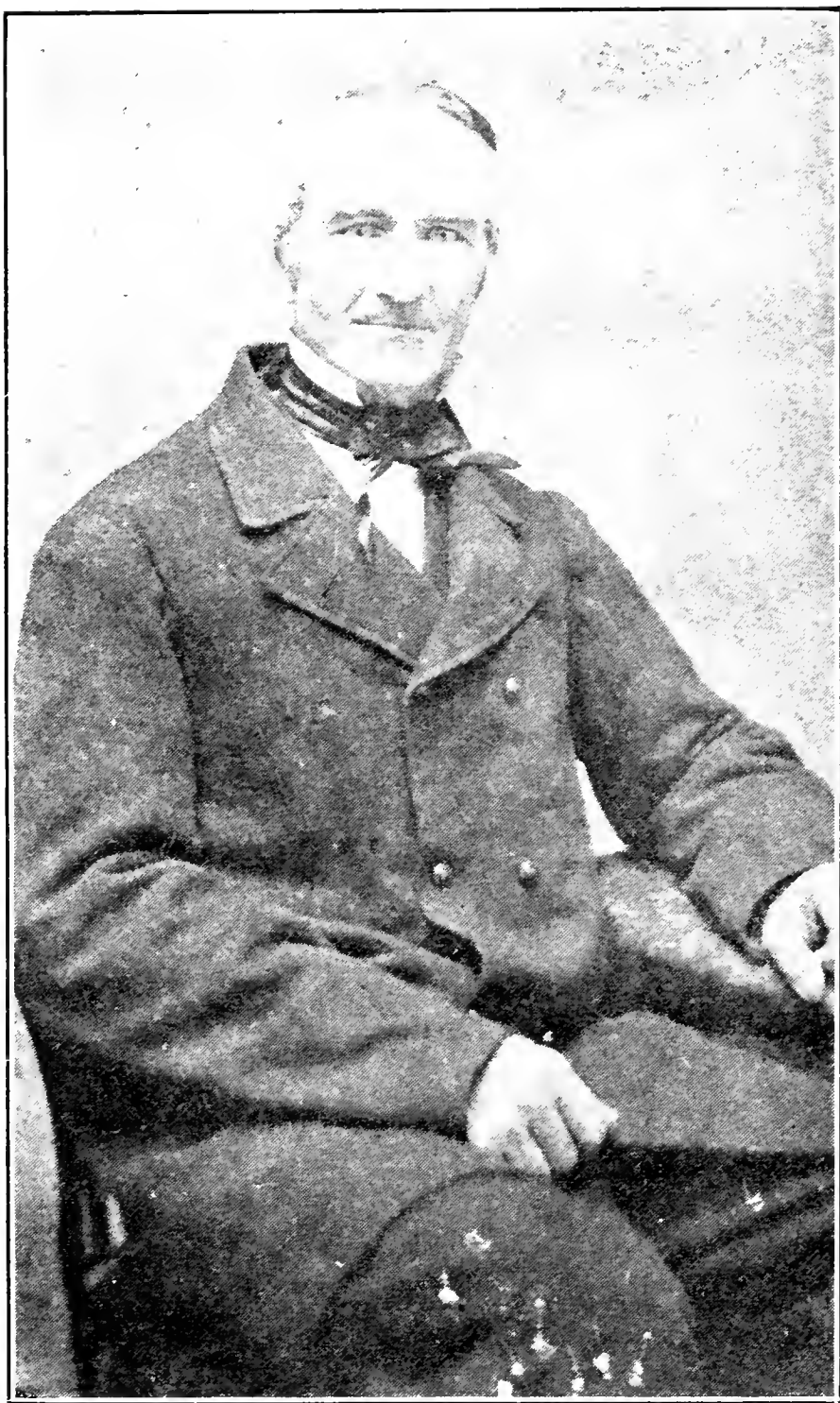
OCTOBER 4, 1870—JULY 4, 1896.

He had youth's happy, scarce intended grace;  
 Its frankness, there he carried in the face:  
 Responding, speechful, artless nor inert,  
 Uncrafty, naïve, but mentally alert.  
 While then of life so full and richer blooming  
 Than wayside fragrant flower, he plucked consuming,  
 In thirst for lore, its sweeter story hid  
 Beneath the petals, he tenderly undid;  
 A specialist to read our fields and then  
 Learned much we knew and added more; but when  
 The swift decline that has so thinned our race,  
 Took him, too soon we missed the fair, young face.  
 His life still keeps and fills its mission here  
 To give example and yet more endear  
 The fadeless qualities he wore about  
 And carried shining ere his light went out.  
 The native, inborn student, then we lost;  
 The bright young hopeful Christian, to our cost;  
 The friend of truth and right, the foe of wrong,  
 He came and more enriched this tented throng.

## DEACON ELI PARMELEE.

JUNE 7, 1808—AUGUST 8, 1882.

Fair mate for magi of an elder day,  
 He went forth, brave and matchless, in his way;  
 In strength of manhood, noble and supreme,  
 Whose sweeter courtesy and charm, in dream  
 Adorn unreal fictions of the mind.  
 And well this godly man did love his kind,  
 In utterance of his full, larger feeling,  
 Far depths of pathos and of love revealing.  
 Much he encountered for the public weal.



DEACON ELI PARMELEE.



We saw him put his shoulders to the wheel,  
When chosen by the precept of election  
Of matters public here, he took direction.  
From serving Church to serving State, he passed,  
Promotion—this quite common to his caste.  
Heavenward he strove and lived his life as knowing,  
We pass along this way, but once, and going  
Hence, shall be from time and tide unknown released.  
Such briefly then the deacon was; nor ceased  
To work the sluggish symptoms of our thought  
To highest labors, looking to be wrought.

MRS. BETSEY ANN PARMELEE.

MAY 8, 1808—NOVEMBER 11, 1891.

Full on the brow of Sachem's Head it stands,  
The homestead that commands the seas and lands.  
And there all wealths of earth and air and waters  
Have entered into many sons and daughters.  
And where the name of Lindley Benton goes,  
There Fortune, all her excellence, bestows.  
From home so dear, then, happily she went  
And life, beloved, within white village, spent.  
Her figure, dainty, tidy, true and trim  
And quaint, sweet face looks out the bonnet's brim  
And when the Sabbath bell is swinging slow,  
She walks with Eli and to church they go.  
Sweet home she made attractive, by her thrift;  
And life did speed till slow with age did drift.  
A daughter, fair and dear, then grew within  
And she, in time, a son and two did win.  
Then children rose and called her mother grand;  
Such happiness she had, at her command.  
A gentle, quiet, true and peaceful soul,  
She found her haven rest and final goal.

## JONATHAN PARMELEE.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1798—JUNE 18, 1880.

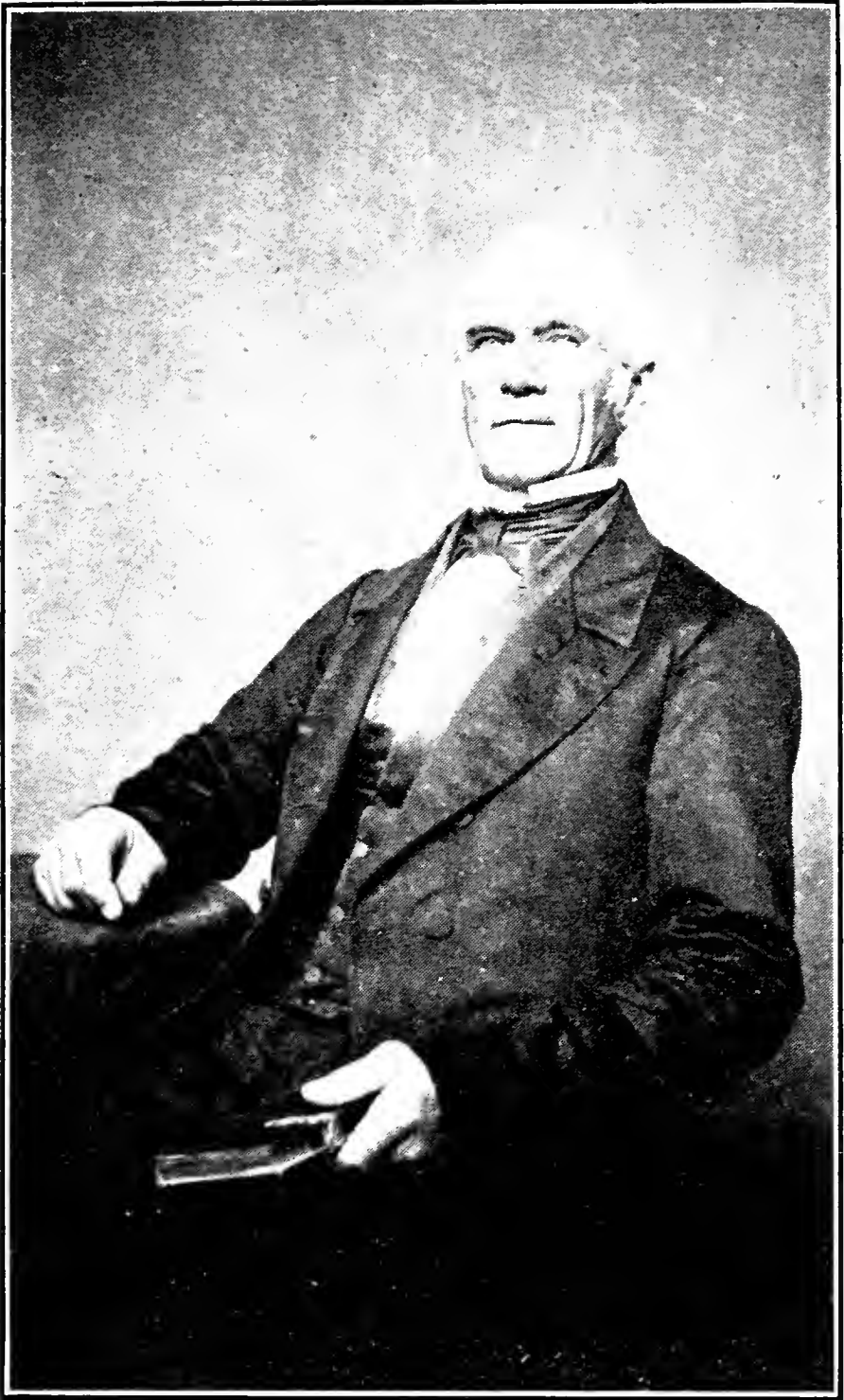
Far overlooking wide the water's waste,  
 He dwelt, this nobleman of purest taste,  
 Who builded up his house with thoughtful art  
 Which, comely, spacious fitting in each part,  
 Seemed copied from his qualities and grace  
 And very aptly, like them, put in place.  
 Firm in that inner home, he lived his life;  
 The spirit calm and never known in strife.  
 Majestic in his form that told his traits;  
 On whom fair Fortune's better hazard waits.  
 He held into life's dimly growing night  
 And stood here, fair and tall, like beacon light  
 To give judicious and most helpful warning  
 How selves and homes we might be more adorning.  
 In divers ways, he made us much rejoice,  
 Nor stood in silence, shedding light, but voice  
 Raised firm in speech: to soldiers courage gave  
 To forward right and hope forlorn to save.  
 A stalwart man, he formed that firm reserve  
 That gives to legislation force and nerve.

## FRANKLIN COLLINS PHELPS.

AUGUST 31, 1803—DECEMBER 29, 1873.

Scarce figure, in our commune, could there be  
 In retrospective days, more known than he,  
 More frank and full pronounced, nor diffident,  
 Like soldier marched despite impediment.

He was a school and party, democratic  
 In himself: we liked this man, erratic  
 And loved him much in parts select: the breeze



JONATHAN PARMELEE.





He raised through summer days: when like to freeze  
This man, of choler full, could make it hot  
And interesting to a party, his or not.

In days of slow, more patient traveling,  
These tangled ways, he went unraveling  
Daily with the stage; that, driving to and fro,  
In mood imperative and some tense, did go  
With all the genders, to grammarians known,  
Aboard and mailbag, last of all, upthrown.

His laughter loud then fell upon our spelling,  
When now he found some school boy's error telling,  
Tales from the superscription of love's letter.  
He watched us sharply and soon taught us better.

Prodigious was his will, nor he unkind;  
But was a marked example of a mind  
To bring, and bend and hold beneath his sway,  
Some things, resolved to go the other way.

His frame was full and puffed with might restrained;  
His head and dignity high hat contained.  
Once\* senator, twice master of the Post,  
The man, in life, was in himself, a host.

#### GEORGE MORSE SEWARD.

OCTOBER 18, 1819—SEPTEMBER 26, 1898.

His forces stood in slender formed array,  
A man light armed to enter life's affray.  
But enter it he did with strong resolve  
As bound to thrive and make his life revolve.  
So manfully, past three score years and ten,  
He moved before us ready with skilled ken  
To fold from winter's and from summer's shock

\* State senator in 1863.

And build our houses, firm upon the rock.  
 Nor spent his days entire with saws and axes,  
 But faithfully, for some years, took the taxes.  
 Much in reserve he held—his words were few,  
 Nor would tell freely more than others knew.  
 His pleasure was to make the morning rise  
 To rouse the sun and greet it with surprise.  
 His idleness e'en took industrious form,  
 Shrewd like the ant preparing for a storm.  
 Time gently stole away his vital strength;  
 Life's lease, so oft renewed, ran out at length.  
 His tenement he could no more repair,  
 And the worn spirit then ceased dwelling there.

### AMOS SEWARD.

NOVEMBER 13, 1786—OCTOBER 16, 1881.

He came in guise prescribed to patriarch  
 From out the past where Time's grey shadows dark  
 Enveil, to be our deigned divining eye,  
 The dim and distant past to magnify;  
 To pierce the darker but the plainer way  
 To him, and bring us news of elder day.

Who saw the forms of the departing dead,  
 Borne tenderly out to their narrow bed;  
 As taken gently, in fond arms away,  
 By corps of bearers then in kind relay;

Committed near to shrine the common sod,  
 Close by the homes and guarding house of God;  
 Still dwelling there as in loved friendly eye,  
 Amidst life's tumult, joy and company.

Found master of the Post, primeval quite,  
 Himself; a single letter gave delight;  
 Red ribbons, loosely looped upon the wall,

Held that one letter, ready for a call;  
 Read out aloud to waiting crowd around,  
 Hoping for them that letter would be found.

He saw near five score years alertly end;  
 Saw how his generation would descend;  
 In promise, present merit and degree,  
 Scholastic honor and sweet quality,  
 Such as the most fastidious parent, grand,  
 Should, in all reasonableness, demand.  
 Before us all he dwelt in peaceful calm,  
 And showed to youthful life old age's charm.

MRS. SARAH HUBBARD SEWARD.

JUNE 12, 1792—APRIL 12, 1874.

Around her autumn's wild winds sighing blow,  
 Her gleaming hair, full puffed, is as the snow,  
 The ruffled cap betokened reverence due  
 And gave a tint to its own purest hue.  
 Calm gentleness was there in full repose,  
 And all the fruits of long life's ripened close  
 Adorned her days and shone with fragrant air  
 That comes from sweet age, elegant and fair.  
 So fair was she in her departing days  
 And kept the graces of life's younger phase.  
 A mother loved of mothers and so most adorned  
 By those whose swift advancing ages warned  
 That she still, in her own fond life, retreating,  
 Was so, in other lives more lives repeating.  
 In earthly prudences and foresight skilled,  
 Her days with care and joy and sorrow filled,  
 She hence departed, one sweet, sacred morning,  
 Without adieu and without word of warning.  
 She was a pattern, model in her way,  
 And fond regret laments her to this day.

## JUDGE RALPH DUNNING SMYTH.

OCTOBER 28, 1804—SEPTEMBER 11, 1874.

He too, alas! is gone and rests from life,  
Too large to measure by our narrow strife,  
In which he yet was long and large a part  
And bore our common pleasure near at heart.

And took in village policy his share  
Of obligation, high and public care.  
In legal chair, in legislative hall  
He served the needs of wider reach and call.

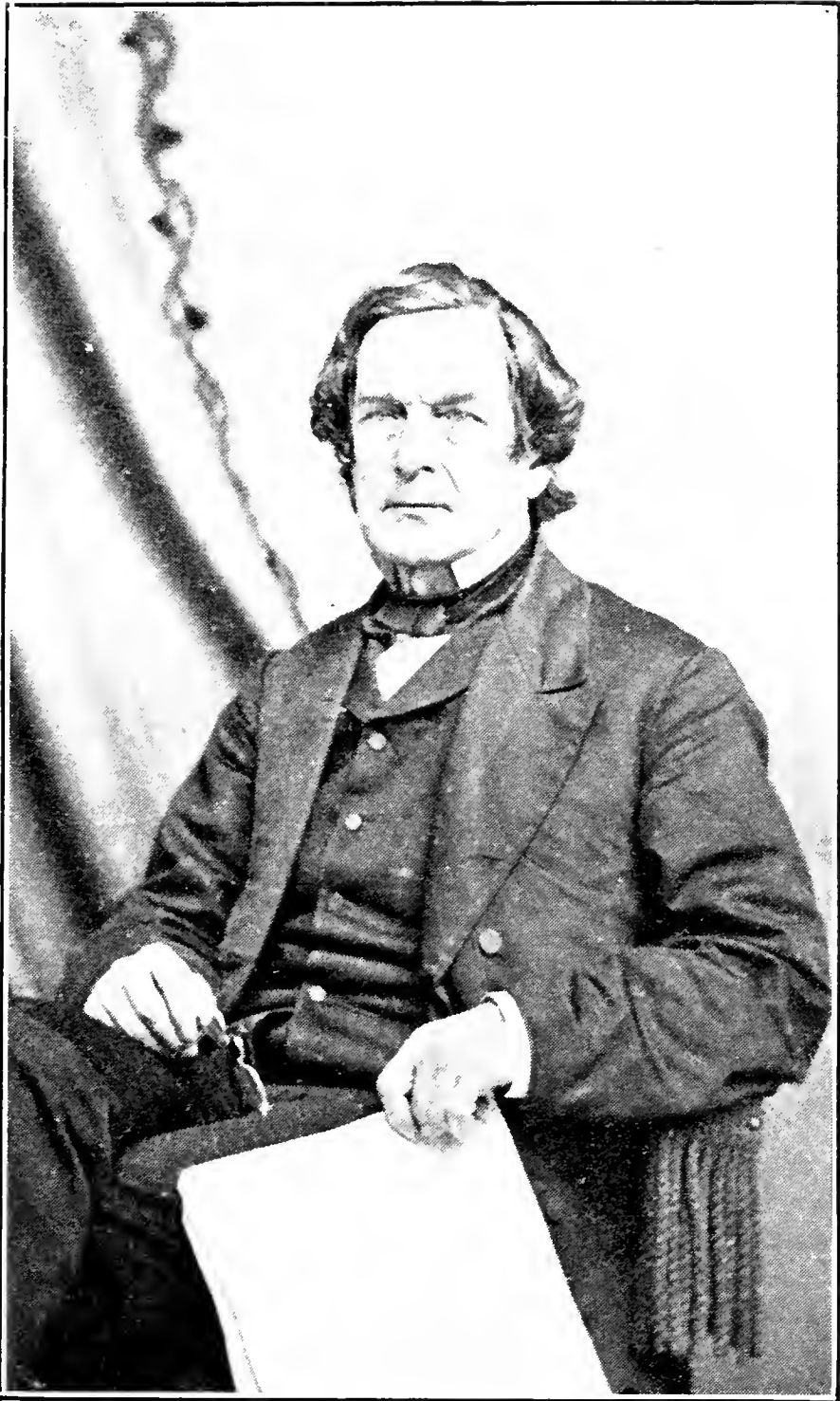
A man for prudent counsel formed and wise,  
Of noble stature and commanding guise;  
Would take him for a king without his crown,  
Or some old Roman senator, come down.

A learned man of stored, sagacious mind,  
Who made his home here, cultured and refined  
And rescued much historic knowledge rare  
Of which he left us equal part and share.

We saw him passing o'er these leafy ways  
Thinking, with head inclined, of other days;  
Seeking perchance what never would he find,  
Till Nature, once so cruel, then so kind,

Returned to him in children's eager prattle  
What she took ruthless, early in life's battle;  
Sons, trained to fill in life their plighted place,  
Taken from him in early manhood's grace.

As if repentance seized relenting Fate,  
Who yielding sent him children, not too late,  
And forms as fair, clad too in scholars' graces,  
Seemed to restore the lost loved, fostered faces.



JUDGE RALPH D. SMYTH.



## MRS. RACHEL STONE SMYTH.

DECEMBER 5, 1817—AUGUST 2, 1882.

Affection fond shone calmly in her face,  
Who filled in a rare way a mother's place;  
So richly dowered, the voice so soft to greet,  
And all things womanly in her did meet.  
Curls light adorned and curtained in the face  
That could but smile and beaming show its grace.

And cadences of tones fall on the air  
As once, so real and gentle, she did there  
At home invite us in, with ease unfeigning,  
And for the moments few, sat entertaining.  
So happened the rare chosen, happy hour  
When we observed her very gracious power.

What Nature gave prolific, Art nurtured more  
And careful culture added to her store.  
She formed to scholar's sway, the scholar's home,  
From youth trained up to reverence the tome;

From clustered graces, sought across the way,  
Whose glories fill the annals of the day,  
As patterns of perfection, though all real,  
Yet so nearly approaching the ideal.

Then Fate brought bitterly the painful part  
And plucked the blessed, guiding gentle heart,  
Retook full nearly all it richly gave,  
And left but certain for herself the grave:

Then could be seen, how true and sweet and strong,  
Those rare, abiding graces did prolong,  
And still did send their faithful, chastened cheer  
To bless the younger generation here.

## WALTER HEBERT SMYTH.

MAY 11, 1843—NOVEMBER 27, 1863

Walter! with rare young scholar's laureled brow,  
 O! wake and wear this later laurel now.  
 We see him early as at school he stands  
 And waits, unruffled, Master Mack's commands.

He clears the fallen hair, the head is bent,  
 Then looks up, answering with calm relent;  
 For modesty his fair young head inclined,  
 So reticent of much he had in mind.

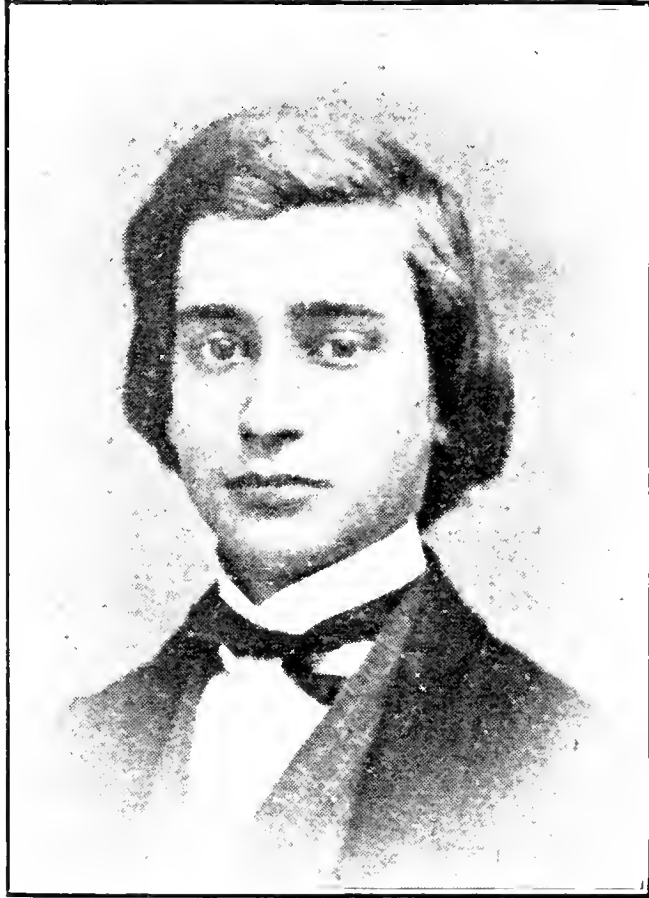
This boy, a knight with eyes and jacket blue,  
 Played tournament, the fields and hedges through.  
 Life, winged and flitting bright, in rambles led  
 Him learning onward; as time swiftly sped,  
 Words and things hidden, traced he to the root.  
 New secrets still he sought, on speeding foot;  
 Who could unveil the mysteries of number  
 And see what histories in Nature slumber.  
 Who loved to pluck all knowledge by the stem,  
 Who loved the youth divine of Bethlehem.

He stood in Chapel choir with soul for song,  
 While chants and anthems rose from student throng;  
 And when, with organ peal, the choir rejoiced,  
 His tone the chorus swelled and sweeter voiced.

In College archway there, the classmen waited  
 To see Walter pass along; when 'twas stated  
 That a fair youth, blue-eyed, slight and not tall,  
 Had plucked the classic Bristed from them all.  
 Alas! the attentive soulful power, so rare,  
 Soon burned away the gifted spirit there.







RICHARD E. SMYTH.

## RICHARD EDWARD SMYTH.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1846—DECEMBER 18, 1868.

Richard was like Saxon youth, fair and clever,  
 As blue eyes, light hair, tall form make one ever.  
 Princely, we could not call him to his face  
 But now he is gone, we may have the grace.  
 Ah! if perchance ye cannot heartfree meet,  
 Look not into such eyes, ye maidens sweet.  
 His thought versatile, and varied his notions,  
 He, somewhat given to planetary motions,  
 His mind now working and flashing and dreaming,  
 In orbit, changeful and eccentric seeming.  
 He wrote and printed much in College days  
 And promised, in fair Fancy's fertile ways,  
 To fill some page of life with siren song  
 If Fortune would his precious days prolong.  
 Then he, like one of England's scholars great,  
 Died learning and serenely met his fate.  
 Absorbed in Sanscrit and linguistic lore,  
 He whiled sweet life away and was no more.  
 When day, at manhood's early dawn began,  
 Then ended his short happy shining span.

## DEACON COMFORT STARR.

FEBRUARY 7, 1780—DECEMBER 1, 1862.

He had the sense of humor and the young  
 He loved to puzzle, quiz and be among;  
 On rainy days when t'other deacon came\*  
 They mystified and puzzled much the same.

The rain would beat the roof, while they within  
 Of Noah talked and thought on ancient sin;  
 But kept the heads of modern doctrines dry  
 Till daylight waned before the clouded sky.

\* Abraham Dudley.

Upon the sacred aisle, we saw him oft;  
 His figure, statuesque, borne straight aloft.  
 Like Druid, reverend and hoar, he stood,  
 Composed in dignity and sere manhood;  
 The whitened hair fringed round and framed in peace  
 The features that would scarce admit increase,

In true and noble quality: before  
 Them all, the emblems to and fro, he bore,  
 And then, the Druid did appear sublime,  
 As in fair Mona's elder, foreign clime.

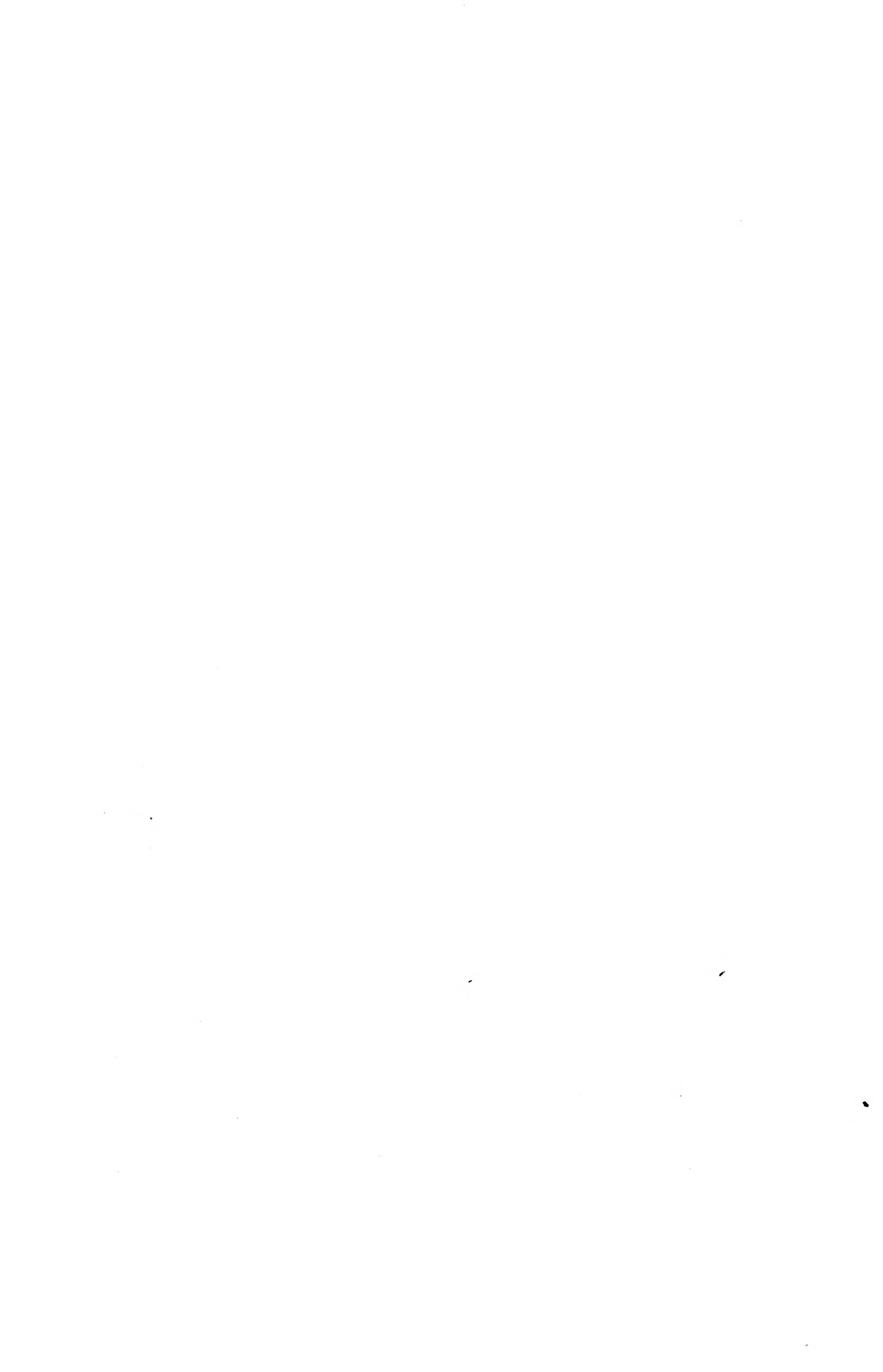
For he in our commune had gained the high  
 Faith rare attains: and few with faith still might  
 Climbing pass beyond, save with broader strife,  
 To serve the State and give it law and life.

A star in the ascendant so he shone,  
 And many, guided by his light alone,  
 So fixedly serene and twinkling sure.  
 Did firmly on their course in turn endure  
 And shed for others his reflected light  
 Long after it had ceased, eclipsed by night.

### MRS. LYDIA LAY STARR.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1819—OCTOBER 19, 1898.

She entered into life, awake with zest,  
 Resolved to search it out with every quest,  
 And hope for fair return but not despair  
 When grief with sudden shadow spanned the air.  
 And so her days, complete and full and ending  
 She saw, in rare achievement, still more blending  
 With their own evening twilight rays, renewed,  
 Multiplied manifold: and thus she viewed  
 Herself, starting out in life, yet in others,  
 Bounding the world around to make new brothers.





MRS. SARAH R. TODD.

Proud would Priscilla and John Alden be,  
If, down these generations, they could see  
Themselves, in flesh and blood, renewed alive;  
Ordained as Fortune's favorites to thrive;  
Their full romantic days revived again  
In new romance afar, unthought of then.  
Long active, in our village circuit here,  
She lived the while she lived and left us to revere  
Her character, accomplishments and fame,  
With multiple reminders of her name.

MRS. SARAH REDFIELD TODD.

NOVEMBER 11, 1795—MARCH 2, 1892.

She dwelt here hid in no far obscure corner,  
Arch wit and sense and taste did so adorn her;  
Enthroned in silken gown, white cap and lace,  
So dainty sweet in feature, form and face;  
A century plant that blooming to us fair,  
Long graced the earth and brighter made the air;  
Who flowering on this western windward strand,  
Was like the image of a rarer Talleyrand.  
Who gloried in the past and did not hide  
That, in her generation, she took pride.  
Some secrets of the past, who did reveal,  
The greater part did faithfully conceal;  
A village belle for five score years about,  
Rests she, who drew our warm affection out.  
We would yet have, if wishes might command,  
One touch and greeting from her vanished hand,  
One arch look more, yet one spare vocal token,  
Be gently given us and sweetly spoken;  
But she has gone; and carried off her treasures  
And with them many of our plighted pleasures!

## MRS. ANNIE GRISWOLD VITTUM.

OCTOBER 4, 1866—AUGUST 1, 1903.

Her slumber shall give meaning to this mound,  
 Who made these vales with noblest song resound,  
 Inspired our lives, aroused our spirit's aim,  
 And did with joyous notes heart's hope proclaim.  
 Forth launched her happy life with precious freight  
 In light and buoyant bark with gentle state,  
 And eyes that kept lookout from their own blue  
 Shed purity and light and sweetness too.  
 Now east, now west, her melodies resound,  
 And in the West she finds life's busy bound.  
 There speeds her swift career to higher use  
 With love nor gave to discipline a truce,  
 But nobly strove to follow Wisdom's ways  
 And trained her mind and powers for useful days.  
 So moved her course, set true to highest aim,  
 Till storm and stress bore down her fragile frame.  
 Alas! our hearts are stirred to sorrow's deeps,  
 That she who moved us so forever sleeps  
 And silent lies, the gentle spirit flown,  
 Most soulful songster that our vales have known!

## ALFRED NELSON WILLCOX.

MAY 14, 1823—JUNE 18, 1901.

A slender body shrined his gentle soul,  
 Who filled, with us in life, a useful rôle;  
 Innately fine, though formed of common clay,  
 He touched some things superior, in his way.  
 His hand, all deft and wary cunning knew,  
 Dull matter into artful forms he threw.  
 His hazel eyes emitted merry twinkles;  
 He smiled, as saint might wish to, and no wrinkles  
 Of a nature warped and crooked, seeming,





MRS. ANNIE G. VITTUM.



Came from him, coldly or wildly gleaming :  
 And yet this gentle man once went to war  
 And fought our battles to bring back our law ;  
 The nation's peace his gentle might restored  
 And saved the downfall we could ill afford.  
 Then, formed in peaceful ranks in scented spring,  
 When soldiers, over soldiers, garlands fling,  
 The veteran walked with flowers refreshed with tears,  
 If not suppressed within for those sad years.  
 His excellence has now bereaved our street,  
 Yet still in fancy here we pass and greet.

ELEAZER WOODRUFF.

JULY 3, 1819—APRIL 3, 1906.

What fortune his of temper, spirit, mind !  
 The temper, summer day, the spirit kind.  
 What greeting gladness in the eye and hand !  
 Whose forces yet stood lightly to command.  
 His largeness lay, unseen, at heart and there  
 He kept what wondrousness of love to spare !  
 And stored in head a century of things untold  
 Of Noah Webster and such mannered men of old.  
 His knowledge was exact and nice in ways  
 Of first importance to our rural days.  
 He knew to man the mill and grind the grain  
 While overshot the wheel rolled up refrain.  
 He carried in his finger ends all lore  
 Of garden's bloom and dappled fruit's stemmed store.  
 Unlike the trees of Eden's garden hid,  
 His stood on highway, generous nor forbid.  
 Lament is lost in joy for his wide wealth—  
 The love of friends secure, long life and health.  
 And as around the grave we silent stand,  
 There fall brave bright farewells with "gift of sand."

## MRS. HARRIET ATWOOD WOODRUFF.

JUNE 14, 1823—DECEMBER 14, 1890.

She bore her graceful equipoise erect,  
Alert and slender; too natural to affect  
Aught but herself to be; and blue, her eyes  
Her fortune frankly told and read like spies  
The hidden vista of the busy life,  
To which she lent a hand, as faithful wife;  
Then, onward fared the years and round her knees  
Came children creeping and by sure degrees  
Above her grew and justified her pride  
And did their loving sacrifice provide.  
So, by her side, stood Fortune to bestow  
The favors courted as years older grow,  
Till tides of sympathy and kindly love  
Should link her closer still with those above.  
Nor rests she here, all comfortless alone;  
But he, who first above her grew, now prone  
And fallen by the way, low with her lies,  
So early did he make life's sacrifice.  
If gentle spirit looks back o'er the way,  
May yet seem sweet, the cares of living day!

WESTSIDE  
INTRODUCTORY ELEGY :  
PART I.

## WORD INDEX: PART I.

The hallowed hill: The leaf-veiled village near:  
Reaped ripened sheaves: Pleasure's pinions:  
Peers of the past: Faiths forgot revive:  
Rare joys renew: The sacred way: A passing pause:  
Scenes of tenderness: Rue regrets: Once other life:  
Light birch barks: Shaumpishu's realm:  
Voices of spirits: Shadow-home of shades:  
Tribute troth: Quiet, quested spot: Lifeless nation:  
In remnant majesty: Where sleeps Valeria:  
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Aurelia's son: Obsequies of Cæsar raged:  
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## INTRODUCTORY ELEGY: PART I.

*Riverside :*

## I.

Where earth has rounded ribs of rock on land,  
That ancient seas swept, surging to the strand,  
There lies a spacious, high and moulded mound,  
Whose very outline made it sacred ground.  
This tenant tomb that love makes luring loam,  
Forms our alternate, common haven-home.  
It crowning crests the western hallowed hill  
With breasts of earth, impressive, calm and still  
Then looks upon the leaf-veiled village near  
And there its gleaming, greystone spires appear,  
In light, now noontide white, then fired with red,  
As when at eve, its course the sun has sped ;  
When blushing brilliant from hid depths below,  
It thrills the sky with full flushed afterglow  
And flings a parting sheen of golden hue,  
Lustrous to gloss the waning, welkin blue.

Here too are garnered life's reaped ripened sheaves,  
That falling fair or like sere faded leaves,  
Lie resting. tranquil to the village eye,  
Its silent and most precious company.  
The meadows knolled, ascending in the vale,  
With joyful, singing brooks and tangled trail,  
Winding through other fields to wolds away,  
Where sylvan spots invite the festive day,  
With homes adorned, more humanized and glad,  
Should not suggest aught sorrowful or sad.  
Woods hold their gaudy, gleaming trees aground

And highlands hedge the north horizon round.  
And there, ascending bluff before the sky,  
Gray forests throw effulgent lustre high;  
A sculptured land that caves and boulders bound,  
With narrow catchment-basins, not profound,  
Where, at the mossed and dripping, stony brink,  
The muskrat and the wildwood flower may drink.

The river winds upon its thwarted way  
Seaward and eddies chase, where waters play;  
Fair Nature's accident, it comes and goes,  
As man fares voyaging, nor whither knows,  
Now pent, restrained, then charging from its course,  
It floods the fields with springtide freshet force,  
Beats down the bolted bridge, embays the land,  
At once becomes a spanding sea and strand;  
Then, merged with tides, flows on and there remains  
Refreshed, the spreading delta of the plains.  
The swimmer, his last hazard, takes below,  
Where fathom deep the waveless waters go;  
On whose same buoyant and full-mooning tide,  
Youth sharing cheer on pleasure's pinions ride.  
Travelers over bridge and brook make haste,  
Lest some odd precious moment idle waste;  
If they deign, scarcely here to look around,  
Yet young and old are haply hither bound.  
Now living eyes on peaceful prospects rest  
And dwellings fair throw bloom to water's crest;  
Embowered bright in budding vernal vine,  
Rambler, wistaria, the circling columbine;  
Where garlands grow for those who reared these shades,  
Gave shelter and defence, grim grief invades,  
Under whose mellowing, more silent spells,  
Life still its sweetest recollections tells.



Toils homely prompt renew when earth awakes;  
Each body, quick with life, of task partakes.  
Teacher and taught go timeful by to town  
And some are clinging to the other's gown.  
The farmer fetches to and from his ground.  
The woodsman hides him in the forest bound.  
All stubborn industry comes wheeling by,  
Through fall's and winter's blasts into July.  
The slow surveying ox with full day's race,  
Measures afield his furrow long, apace.  
The boy halloos where truant creatures stray  
And sees rare fox cross stiled and gated way,  
Geese quack amazed and goggle at the view  
And awkward rise to put a storm in brew.  
The sky-bred hawk swings high above, day dies  
When night falls chilling, downward from the skies;  
Then sharded beetles winged at dusk begin,  
Prowling batlike, to beat the window in.  
The lantern gleams like shooting star to warn  
The dark away and light the husking corn.

All watch with zeal life's whirling, wayward race;  
The drover with his whip and gown to chase  
The herd of branded beeves that bar the way.  
Then gypsies peer and pass and short their stay  
To tell a fortune or surprise the flock.  
The bandits gallop on their sorry stock  
And camp midst bush and brake, so free the air,  
Though none so lost, none further from despair.  
Then comes the gentleman, the old-time 'squire,  
In long-caped cloak and buckram stock, now rare,  
To choke the neck, but give the air, so proud,  
That would be seen and singled from a crowd.  
The next of tribe of weary foot and breast,

Milled music winds from organ, set at rest  
Upon the ground; the last dull scissors grinds.  
Thus daily, onward the procession winds  
Along its world-wide way in cycles, bound  
By time and tide and fortune, to be found.  
Horned kine may playfully their neighbors push  
And sparrows sparring keep alive the bush;  
Then storms and sky-stones frosty, white appear  
And Christmas coming empties out the year;  
While happy runs each faithful life away,  
In careful deeds and duties of the day,  
With slow but certain fruits of hearty health  
To add the rolling increment to wealth;  
Catch pleasure as it flies, prolong the breath,  
With remedies for everything but death.\*  
So man goes girded to his toilsome tasks  
And earns his ease and little favor asks,  
But labors manfully for night's repose,  
Labor the hardy happiness he knows,  
Bearing for others brave, this daily doom,  
Till parting brings to them a silent gloom.

Swift feet, glad eyes and forms of golden age,  
Emeritus, rare and reverend on the stage;  
Fond hearts, to whom sweet, gentle joys arrived,  
Whom froward Fate, of beckoning years, deprived;  
The friends of youth, mid life and silvered age,  
Who made humane the scenes that here engage  
And in their ways on earth did life adorn,  
Now, down the generations, they have gone.  
They move life-shadows to our eager eyes,  
Peers of the past, to our so pleased surprise,  
Each in his own diurnal sphere, as wont,

\* Spanish proverb.

Now seems the worse for wear and Fate's affront.  
Of those, whom once this generation knew,  
Remaining still to cheer the day are few.  
These muster out as kindreds bound disband  
There desolate, the clustered houses stand,  
And there, despair and dread have laid them down  
And would in tender tears their sorrows drown  
Till brighter visions between night and morn  
Bring rest, relief and courage to the worn.

And so with sad repine, yet grateful thanks,  
The living close the frequent opened ranks;  
Fond longings lost and faiths forgot revive  
And still sweet sanguine expectations thrive.  
Joys rare renew their bright, alternate hours,  
Toil sweetly smarts, song thrills, life loving flowers;  
Along its wardened ways, hope hurries on,  
Care grapples burdens near and never gone.  
When twilight eve the closing day surrounds  
And village vale subdues its joyous sounds  
In stilled repose, "the solemn fires of night,"  
Arched radiant, mysterious above, relight  
The rayless earth, due reverence arouse,  
Reanimate thought and inspire new vows.

## II.

The nearness of this cherished western knoll  
Makes it a morning or an evening stroll.  
There oft the living walk the sacred way  
And when no more, they have not far to stray.  
We go as young or old and ageing yonder,  
To plight our sympathy and silent ponder;  
These unlinked lives, if we do not forget,

When well remembered, are responsive yet.  
 The names we read, the years we count, enwrit  
 As native stone and marble strange permit;  
 Then sure and ceaseless there, fast over all,  
 Cold unconcern and void oblivion fall.  
 The tempests thrilling, when they passing storm,  
 Still more subdue man's fickle fashion's form  
 Than man himself who knows their bolder way,  
 Nor equals them in his swift, briefer day.  
 The storm beats down the humble heapy mound  
 That marked life's passion, still below the ground;  
 Where rude and tranquil tumulus upheaved  
 Would show how earth takes care of those bereaved.  
 The stone, with moss o'ergrown and name obscured,  
 That scarce, to full ripe century, has endured,  
 Still more appeals in its dim drear decay  
 And falls before Time's tireless spoiling sway.  
 But we those darling ancient stones deride  
 That bearing Father Time displease our pride;  
 Once, solemn, taciturn and writ severe,  
 Now antiquated start the smile, not tear.  
 Fashion, changing from time to time, invades  
 The ruling rites and manners of these shades;  
 No tolling out of sex, of age the score,  
 The carriers bear pall and bier no more;  
 The bell is heard but rare or never pealing,  
 Lo! his lingering train and Death revealing.

What scenes of tenderness, all uncontrived,  
 Tell of love lost and memories revived;  
 Here deep distress, here filial souls' despair  
 Have cast their rue regrets upon the air.  
 Farewell to joys! we cry, but leave untold  
 All that is buried 'neath the careless mould;

Our very life that lived ere we drew breath  
And kept the heritage of life from death.  
Now calmed is vain regret, now stilled the sigh.  
We range the random graves, so close that lie  
Athwart the path, as in and out we ply  
The silent search and there abandoned spy,  
Far fathomed down their chambered inns, the friends  
We give a passing pause, our last amends.  
The tones of toil, low fused in busy hum,  
Will not come here with full industrious thrum;  
But all unheard, as borne upon the breeze,  
They make no sound but stir among the trees.  
Here, mortal sense percipient must sleep;  
Taste, touch, hearing, vision are buried deep.  
The world of life and light has passed away,  
We see, as present now, that future day,  
When rolled together, like a finished scroll,  
The earth and sea, nor thought, nor sense, control.  
Then bright again returns the crimson sky,  
Belated swallows, circling homeward, fly,  
All forth the scarlet starlights dimly creep  
And dew upon the mourning marble weep.

Once other life, its joys and sorrows, knew,  
When these rude fields to other harvests grew;  
More native to our shades, men once abode,  
Their light birch barks, upon these waters, rode.  
More savage than the savages, our race  
Subdued these woodland wilds and took their place.  
And now few native tokens touch the heart,  
Show where and how the Indian took part  
In strife and lit his fire to warm his life;  
All gone, the wigwam, wampum and the knife!  
On Hungry hill, along the streams and plains,

Their war-clubs, arrow-heads and flint remains  
 Are found, in furrowed crevices concealed,  
 Such scanty tokens has their life revealed;  
 Indian summer, in sere November leaves,  
 Indian corn, amid ripe autumnal sheaves,  
 Indian pipes, dank with mottled, mouldy hues  
 And smoke and ashes, furnish sadder clues.  
 Their pictured writing now adorns the page  
 Of our own later, living, storied age  
 And there, along the rock-bound Sachem's shore,  
 Shaumpishu's realm receives the waves once more.  
 Where shapeless mounds, few rough and ragged lie,  
 Now too obscure, quite clear to meet the eye,  
 Dusk Indian forms in sitting posture rest,  
 Restored to earth as to the mother's breast.  
 Echoes, the voices of their spirits, blend  
 In whispers hushed where dells and dales extend;  
 Then, down the Milky Way their spirits ride,  
 Where fancied realms their daring dreams provide  
 To 'Land of Souls,' the shadow-home of shades,  
 Where mortal spirit to new life invades.

Nor do these walks, the humble head, exalt;  
 Nor here "the long drawn aisle and fretted vault"  
 And dim adorned, all-gloried cloistered pale,  
 To keep these fond regrets alive, avail.  
 No telling tomb, uprearing to the sky,  
 With pride and grieved assumption, pointing high;  
 No structure\* grand as Artemisia gave,  
 Her tribute troth to loved Mausolus' grave;  
 No rock-hewn, sunken, stout sarcophagus,†

\* Mausolus, deceased 351 B.C. The mausoleum remained almost intact near 1800 years, until 1402. Scopas and Praxiteles are believed to have wrought its sculptures. Pythius, the Greek architect.

† Of stone from Troas that consumed the flesh.

Preserving naught, consuming all, saves us.  
No chamber round, as on the Appian way,  
Where travelers grope for Scipio's dust astray;  
No pyramid, as holds hoar Egypt's blood,  
Guards our last sleeping by the river's flood;  
Where, low in graven, quiet quested spot,  
We rest in turn, all first or last forgot,  
When, humbled to the dust and left alone,  
We cleave to Nature's heart and inner zone.

## III.

Yet decorous this: that has other grace,  
Where lifeless nation stares us in the face;  
Naught, so touching, the traveler passes by,  
As where proud Rome's bold, battered ruins lie,  
Or stand, in remnant majesty, a wreck  
For starless storms to bury and bedeck.  
Volcanoes once upon Hesperia pealed,  
Then waves of fire and flood contend and yield  
Rock-strata, travertine and tufa red  
That gave the Tiber afterward its bed;  
So vouch these Alban hills and Palatine,  
Lakes, streams and Sabine mount and Esquiline;  
And these made Rome, where spreads the grey Campagna  
That listened proudly to the world's hosanna.  
To-day, Rome stands on Rome, like nations round,  
Who there, all civic life and law have found.

And, deep the myriad years have paved the way,  
That leads along the Via Sacra in decay.  
The Claudian aqueduct its arches save  
To make "procession from a nation's grave"  
And where the Goths and Vandals here inburst,  
Northward, Nero,\* the Grand Flaminian cursed.

\* Nero buried on site of church in Piazza del Popolo.

Far southward, where the tallied milestone led,  
 Reposed their silent city of the dead;  
 And shelved in cells of chambered catacomb,  
 Where 'sleeps Valeria in peace,' the loam  
 Of burials old greets the traveler's gaze,  
 Groping low and weird fills with awed amaze.  
 The dark-red lustrous tufa makes the bed  
 Of many a martyred Roman happy head.  
 The glinting track of ancient pick shines clear,  
 Where down Calixtus' paths the mournful bier,  
 Descending stealthy through the night's grim gloom,  
 To Christian burial, sought the hidden tomb.  
 Above have camped the armies of the Goth;\*  
 The barefoot pilgrimage of Christian troth;†  
 And where the random, faring footstep falls,  
 Flush frescoes and graffiti grave the walls.  
 When, here and there, the dead have had short shift,  
 Then soon their restless bones are set adrift;  
 Where life, in multitudes to overwhelm,  
 Has forced them forth from their own quiet realm,  
 Abandoned and promiscuous mingled frames  
 Are harvests there of former lives and fames.‡

The ossuary, morgue, the sepulchre and pile,  
 The rock-built tombs and mummies of the Nile;  
 The forms, preserved in Alpine regions, high,  
 Both dead and live, so seeming to the eye;  
 All, the same tale of weal and woe, relate,  
 Are indices of certain human fate  
 To those who bravely dare to enter life  
 And well or ill, amuse them with its strife.

\* A.D. 537. † A.D. 1104.

‡ These bald bone-heaps in churchyards are seen in Southern Europe, the ground being held on short tenures.



In India far, where grandeur proud parades,  
Where fountains foam and cooling cyprus shades;  
Land of the Vedas and Nirvana's rest,  
Crossing the Ganges to Himalayas crest;  
The land of Brahman, sage and subtle minds,  
Of rock-built Tartar tombs the Indus binds,  
Streaming, its many branching channels, through,  
Shaded by spreading banyan and the yew;  
Where mournful yews their sable sadness blend  
And gardens, bloomed luxuriant, attend,  
With precious perfumes myriad, combined  
With light and leafy shadows intertwined,  
The Taj Mehal its gleaming beauty reared  
To memory beloved of those endeared.  
Midst graceful elegance of sculptured arts  
That mark the presence of their havened hearts;  
'Neath domes and minarets of marble high,  
'Neath lofty arches, low the lifeless lie.  
And echoes, aërial oft sweet intrude.  
When sounds with silences alternate brood,  
And where the Jumna's waters shining surge,  
They murmur peacefully a passing dirge.

Fancies forlorn, these rites recall and rumors  
Of savage, sad and even playful humors;  
Vain viaticums, long ancient among men,  
As creature comforts, trinkets trifles then.  
A wandering and detaining story this,  
Though Campo Santo should not come amiss;  
Where honors high the gloried great inclose  
And those adorn who most revered repose.  
Westminster, Pere La-Chaise, Genoa and Pisa  
And Rome—but where at last is Julius Cæsar?—  
All strive man's gilded glories to retain  
In their proud emblems, but they strive in vain.

The glowing month that blazes to the sun  
Received its name from fame that Julius won;  
Whom Virgil with poetic phrase laments  
And makes divine with lofty reverence:  
First Roman of his day, Aurelia's son,  
Who joined the Rhine and Rhone to Rubicon;  
Then turned and, facing Rome's armed senate, fell,  
Whose story, right and wrong, historians tell;  
Great Cæsar, lifeless in the forum—lay,  
'Twi'xt maddened friends and enemies at bay;  
Enthroned around the Rostra's stately beaks,  
Where Cicero mute, now Anthony speaks  
With eloquence of pity, grief and scorn;  
Where Cæsar's statues and Cæsar's self adorn,  
Whose legions, armed in awe, around him come,  
Whose gardens lone looked on from the Janiculum;  
Nor hears, as from the Regia there hard by,  
Farewell! farewell! farewell! Calpurnia cry.  
Here Rome with pageant's pomp had laid him down  
Upon the Rostra's marbled floor in his renown.  
Then torches lit the proud funereal pyre,  
Whereon all threw and fed the flaming fire  
The gorgeous gowns, in which musicians sung,  
Soldiers, their armor, courts, their benches flung;  
Legionaries, their shields and bucklers bring,  
Children their toys and pretty playthings fling;  
Women their jewels all and mantles threw—  
Aloft in fire and smoke the conqueror flew.  
About the forum, searching ran the flames  
And lit up old historic deeds and names;  
Temples and lofty landmarks, sacred shrine,  
And throned above, the princely Palatine.  
These, in their foreign fashioned ways intent,  
Vie with the thrilling terrors of lament;

Those run with torches, threatening severe,  
And lurid shadows throw o'er men austere;  
While every tie-stone to the past stood out  
And Fortune asked the wherefores of this rout  
That flashing far, where Alban highlands run,  
Then westward flung made blush the crimson sun.  
Midst fury of fierce phrenzied grief engaged,  
The strange wild obsequies\* of Cæsar raged,  
Till evening shadows, deepening and spent,  
Night veiled the long drawn drama of lament.  
And in the forum, when day's tumult fell,  
By night the Jews with groans their grievance tell  
As, wailing by Jerusalem's waste wall,  
They soothe the sorrows of Judea's fall.

\* These obsequies were planned to fill more than the day. Calpurnia, the wife of Cæsar.

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## INTRODUCTORY ELEGY: PART II.

*The Hidden Mystery:*

## I.

Have forms like these some far superior sphere  
 And is some fathom deep hid mystery here,  
 When humbled to the dust and left alone,  
 We cleave to Nature's heart and inner zone?  
 The eye, that sorrow dims, shall we not trust  
 When life removes and reason turns to rust?  
 Is this, precise and plain, a thing to blind  
 With sheer affected fallacy, nor find  
 What we would fain ignore, desire and hope,  
 Allies of the pretence with which we cope,  
 When seeing precious being full depart,  
 We conjure up a mystery and take heart?

On final Fate, the dim veiled vision turns  
 And what assuring with its study learns?  
 What causes, reasons, whys and wherefores here  
 Give hope and promise to the soul sincere?  
 What wistful feelings rather conscious bind  
 Enchant, direct and dominate the mind?  
 Man primitive, the primate of earth's realms,  
 Least with these queries Fancy overwhelms;  
 Composed of elements that war to thrive,  
 Epitome of powers that briefly strive,  
 Then fail and failing fall and pass away  
 Into the deep, sealed silence of decay.  
 Ages, aeons and cycles countless pass,  
 While browsing men with browsing creatures class;

Then life, scarce conscious of its term or end,  
Could least of all to mysteries pretend;  
But drew its bated breath amidst alarm,  
Prevailed awhile and ceased nor knew the harm;  
Bound fast to fate and occupied with strife,  
Then, loosed from this, thought not of other life;  
Till he of happy hunting grounds could dream  
And furnish us the basis of our theme,  
When thoughtfully, refraining from derision,  
We quote his wilder warrant for our vision.

As man advances, his domain extends,  
And much to myths and dreams his fancy bends;  
So wondrous plots and plans around him rise,  
They more and more excite his keen surprise.  
His varied puzzled powers all demand  
To read the riddles of world's wonderland,  
And when he turns from interest in things  
Concerning self, his anxious wonder springs.  
Perplexed and charmed by Nature and her laws,  
He contemplates and stumbles upon cause.  
His proud but piqued philosophy consists  
In looking for a cause why he exists.  
To solve, explain and free himself from mystery  
Becomes his problem here in conscious history.  
Now plots, creates, evolves, refines and dazed—  
Through his own wonder-working—is amazed,  
Though prone to purpose and to plotted plan,  
Yet man himself is over-awed by man.  
He sees those endless wonders at a glance  
That myriad ages slow have wrought from chance.  
How time has long developed is forgot;  
Results appear, the process parts are not.

Ten thousand artful accords awe the eye  
And fascinate the mind as life flies by.  
These mazy, magic phantom forms of earth  
To wild and weird imaginings give birth;  
To high idealism both lend and lead  
His thoughts and thence his visionings proceed;  
Then phantoms of a life and world ideal  
Rise and immingling with the life so real  
Cast, in alternate gloom and gladdened hope,  
The features of his brief days' narrow scope.

Man, such increasing varied pleasure knows,  
So ardent and so sweetened by repose;  
Finds such engaging energetic tasks  
He cannot leave and time-extension asks;  
Life, bitter-sweet and burdened, to prolong,  
Which he betimes betrays and for a song;  
But sees himself in feigned perspective thrown  
And dreaming seems to fathom the unknown.  
Whatever hid in mystery still remains,  
Analogy through invention fondly feigns  
And so fulfills and renders more correct  
Those intervals where Nature shows defect;  
As when some lofty earnest human art  
Its cue from Nature takes but to depart;  
Then, moved by all the marvels of his dower,  
He adds new marvels of creative power;  
So fashions forth a world presumed to please  
And furnishes with will and wealth and ease;  
Extends his fond prevision to new spheres  
And there in feigning forms he, too, appears;  
By life's waste wanton resource charmed, o'ercome,  
E'en though its details sorely trouble some.  
Nature no sovereign seems from man apart,

Himself the purpose of supremest art.  
When melancholy's mood upon him falls,  
This question louder for an answer calls.  
But warm emotions nurtured to disease  
Make a condition difficult to please;  
Deep brooding here disheartened and alone  
In this so narrow, morbid conscious zone,  
He stirs and feeds his desperate fond hopes  
As in full blinding ignorance he gropes.  
Then charmed credulity and discontent  
With faculties perverse but provident  
Pursue the shadows that time forward flings  
And hope to life some doubtful solace brings.

## II.

When fertile Fancy keeps sage Wisdom's school  
Then quick these wistful feelings lead and rule.  
'Design' and 'purpose' dominate the hours  
And man falls victim to his ready powers,  
For never could his genius quite desist  
From willing what he wishes to exist;  
Nor, of all evidence produced as such,  
Will he beware of that which proves too much.  
The lofty reason that gives large pretence,  
The very source of proud pre-eminence,  
Now drives him to distraction and misleads  
With strange device, invention, shifts and creeds.  
Nor yet to reason's suasion will he bend,  
But must to occult mysteries pretend;  
And spurning indications sane of sense,  
And judgment just from plainest evidence,  
He forms and fashions what he may or must  
And throws the heavy burden upon trust;



Content, whatever doubtful he proclaims,  
To offer under lofty, upward aims.  
And this devoted tension of the mind,  
He fancies to be warranting though blind.  
And all in vain will he of this complain,  
This madness tutored to the badgered brain.  
Whatever then objectors timid cite,  
They yet remain to visions vague polite;  
Respect the oracles when sages scheme  
And pardon far-strayed ethics of a dream.

Strange power has the climate of the mind  
With subtle influence to warp and bind.  
Close penned and paralleled in narrow zone  
Man's wit to weakness and deceit is prone.  
The force of habit and assent agree  
To keep alive this matchless mystery,  
That those of mental mood, of keener ken,  
Are subject to the thought of meaner men,  
That like an atmosphere their view surrounds  
With laws invisible and blinding bounds;  
The spirit of the times, concurrent course  
Of Time's almighty and pervasive force.  
As temperature makes the south wind kind,  
So temperature, feeling forms the mind.  
Thus powerful the sympathies control  
And would in one, humanity enrol.

Whence come these clouding climates of the mind  
That, all unseen, man's mental prospects bind?  
The myriad moody fashions of the day  
That, through and over all ranks, hold their sway,  
The bias of the hour, the trend of thought  
Are well into man's mental orbit wrought.

In days of witchcraft wildest spirit lore  
 Could dupe such minds as Brown and Henry More.  
 The madness, told in Hecker's Epidemics,  
 The wildness, shown in dogmas and polemics;  
 The things affirmed, none dare to contradict,  
 All these are means and modes of climate strict.  
 Roman reason\* quailed in great Cæsar's hour,  
 O'erawed by portents from some dreaded power;  
 Bronze statues sweat, strange voices fill the grove,  
 The templed image wept, ghosts pallid rove;  
 While brutal beasts articulate contend,  
 Earth quakes and storms in angry floods descend;  
 Purpose to see in omens, dark and blind,  
 That was the temper of the Roman mind.

Men take for serious feigned and fancied things,  
 Deem spiritual the shadows, the unreal flings,  
 And, penned in postulates like mountain cliffs,  
 Perceive great prospects beyond doubtful ifs.  
 Then each, the other faithless, fierce reproves,  
 Forgetting that thought's feigned foundation moves.  
 Hazard of hazards, nor the ethics pure,  
 To praise pretence and call things fancied sure,  
 As if right reason here could be so dared  
 By force of things, not proven but declared.  
 Feigned fictions, though the generations last,  
 Inspired by deep devotion to the past,  
 Whose other view-points, could we briefly take  
 And see the how and why of thought, they make,  
 Our narrow nursed intelligence should clear  
 From false conception, ignorance and fear.  
 How grade the scale of fickle Fancy's worth  
 And give just value to a mythic birth?

\* These omens preceded and followed the death of Julius Cæsar.

Myth marks a primal stage of human sense,  
 That has lost nothing but its early tense;  
 That still inheres and mingles in what seems,  
 But gifteth no man wiser when he dreams.  
 The beast that thinks blown bushes are alive,  
 The dog that barks at bogeys, moons contrive,  
 The Greeks who stocked with gods the stellar sphere  
 And we rank rather as odd equals here.  
 The shying steed, the baying dog, the wight  
 Who whistles loud to shadows of the night  
 And man, who blindly worships Nature's laws,  
 Are all o'erawed by phenomena of cause.  
 When sunk the sun, red hot, beneath the lea,  
 The ancient Germans\* heard the hissing sea!  
 Those were the days, so high politeness ran  
 They called the demon "The Black gentleman."

Have gruesome glimpses from men, wild and queered,  
 At whom the wise of former times have jeered,  
 Bestirred our misty-minded, awed amaze?  
 Do we give wild men's dreams and demons praise?  
 If spirit be the same as savage ghost,  
 Shall we pursue it here with howling host?  
 As when in pagan days, the seer was heard,  
 Shall we repeat the omens of the bird?  
 And feign and fancifully fashion thought  
 Out of symbol, analogy and naught?  
 If autumn birds shall south instinctive fly,  
 Then heavenward in turn may you and I?  
 Thus into realms remote of future peer,  
 Into such mysteries as we know not here;  
 Such mysteries we must ourselves devise,  
 For that gratuity of life we prize;

\* Thinking the sun set in the ocean.

So forcing feigned and fancied expectation,  
 By methods, quite unknown to calculation,  
 To cheer and furnish with a larger scope  
 A life, thought weakened by diminished hope.  
 Spoiled child of Nature! helpless to fulfill  
 The endless longings of his humored will,  
 Who through the spirit flies from Nature's eye  
 And there at last declares an alibi;  
 Then happy rests in earth beneath a stone,  
 Who has found refuge there from the unknown.  
 And who would question further, let rely  
 On Nature's telling silence for reply.

## III.

What means this favored emblem of the grain  
 That buried dies a while and lives again?  
 Alas! that only Folly should so trace  
 This simple method to restore the race.  
 Did ever vestal buried, walled alive,  
 Then reappear and in fresh form survive?  
 Did ever warrior brave, beneath the mold,  
 Come forth anew in frame again as bold?  
 Though Dædalus and Icarus-like, might we  
 With waxened wings attempt to cross the sea,  
 Not far, faint happy hope and trust will fly  
 On waxed-winged tokens of analogy.

What units of world's measurements are we,  
 That august Nature should with us agree  
 To grant our plaintive wishes and petition,  
 When we approach her with all fine ambition  
 And outfit, ready for another start,  
 The moment, cutting loose here, we depart?  
 'Tis not that sweet desire obstructs the thought

But sweet desire, itself inane, proves naught.  
For when we question matters transcendental,  
They vanish, vague and purely sentimental.  
Presumption then gives argument its gist,  
To conjure in the dark who can resist?  
Since, out of fostered fear and want of scope,  
Spring up fair faith and blossoming of hope.

So precious life fares faithfully along,  
Its mazed, mercurial trust, now weak, now strong;  
Disdained, despised, affectedly maligned,  
Then quick to all life's wayward course resigned,  
Man hopes, desponds and cultivates his fears,  
But openly regrets fast passing years.  
The more the future looming is apprized,  
The present by compare is more despised.  
Purists stir pathos with appeal and how?  
They win the future by berating now.  
Poets affect and lash them to a rage,  
If this life only shall their powers engage.  
And swift their ingrate, ill-feigned phrenzies fly  
As they beyond, the mirage of the present, spy.  
Watts cries "How vain is all beneath the skies!"  
Again, "How slender all the fondest ties!"  
And as for poets of a greater name,  
Their thought is subject to their thirst for fame.  
So far astray has blinding impulse led  
The high-flown humors of the heated head.  
Such strange, odd contradictions have their play  
In human sympathies' close binding sway.  
Philosopher indeed! who cannot see  
How far idealism has gone mad and he.  
For this, all pure pretence in thought and mind,  
But shows exaggerated ego of mankind.

To dream, invent, conceive; things hid surmise,  
Presume and postulate and all premise;  
Consult willed wants and what shall better please,  
It matters not and comes with equal ease;  
Indulgent mood to grant and proud persist  
Along loved lines that least to him resist,  
This merit mark, by which we may be moved,  
What ne'er exists, that cannot be disproved.

But credulous and sheer unbounded vanity  
Cannot conceal man's luckless limp inanity;  
Who conscious, knows full well how little Earth  
Contemplates his forlorn, unhappy birth;  
Betrays, molests and flings like chaff around,  
Entreats with scorn above, then underground;  
Where gruesome fear affrights him like a thief,  
Where knowledge never overtakes belief,  
While round the empty void, he blindly beats,  
Then, out of void and mystery, retreats.

And further: life in animals, as dear  
Throughout all genuses and species here,  
With 'souls' as evident, nor quite their own,  
Have they some similar provision shown?  
But man, intent on precious self and state,  
Would leave the creatures to their fearless fate.  
Regarding them, accepts with equal ease  
The mortal end, all life in Nature sees.  
Who makes no effort here to save their souls,  
Devours their bodies and their breath controls;  
Whose lives, in manners, modes and actions show  
Fates joined with man's in common bonds below.  
Let animals be wise and when they plan  
A second life beyond, then exclude man.

Great powers around! what gods to us, ye be  
 To these sad herds, such seeming gods are we!  
 This circumstance alone full faulty proves  
 The factious, partial import of his views;  
 In vain, his narrow artifice declares  
 That Nature's law to them, for him forbears.  
 And this, the neolithic cruel creature man,  
 That late with tiger in the striping jungle ran;  
 Through wastes and wilds, where normal and alone,  
 He chased and slew and, savage, gnawed his bone.  
 Does not our wight now, take him all in all,  
 Compared with other creatures, great and small,  
 Answer well careless Nature's idle ends,  
 Until to plans so lofty he pretends  
 And still again, the quenchless query calls  
 That Cæsar answered in the Senate halls?\*

But man, if not of consequence to earth,  
 Does yet enliven her with toil and mirth;  
 With touching pathos, gives himself, a mite,  
 To adorn earth with monumental site.  
 So fiercely strives to lift him, a degree,  
 He merits well of senseless powers that be.  
 Such find the raw material of man  
 Original and naïve, untouched by plan;  
 And such, the motives strenuous that sway  
 Some sanguine expectations of the day.

## IV.

Recurring, metaphysic thoughts are these,  
 That evermore, we ponder if we please  
 And study, rather with the heart than head,  
 Resolved by clear affections to be led;  
 The heart as hale a part of man as head,

\* Julius Cæsar, in the Senate, made a denial of immortality like Pliny and Cato.

So, round and round, the whirling view is sped.  
 Words show shifting temperatures of thought  
 And with what more or less of feeling wrought;  
 But words are helpless true wisdom to reveal,  
 Its shadow cast, but wisdom's self conceal;  
 Evasive, dumb, responsive as the Sphinx,  
 Heart, head, soul or spirit, each one here blinks:  
 To unmask mystery, its meaning rose,  
 But what it truly signifies, who knows?  
 Language itself, worn out, diseased, doth rot  
 And standing meaningless were well forgot.  
 But few perceive those phrases of perfunction,  
 That once expressed and now have lost their unction.  
 Besides, in this mad metaphysic struggle,  
 Nothing is surer than that words will juggle.  
 First thought compelled the needful terms it wrought  
 Then terms alone compel the tender thought.  
 And whatsoever thing, nor seen nor heard,  
 Man most desires, he finds it in a word,  
 Deceitful as the fall's fixed equinox  
 Or the stray shadow in the letter-box.  
 Then Lesbia, Livia, Stella, liquid sweet,  
 Pauline, Aurelia and Tullia we meet;  
 And these so much despoil and more debase  
 To express affected tenderness and grace.  
 Until, once more, we may repeat old fame  
 Not yet forgot, what is there in a name?

Have we no simple, certain ready means  
 By which to recognize these troubled dreams—  
 No sooth service of hard, historic sense,  
 No sane sanction of laws of evidence?  
 That would some sources, long lost, timely tell  
 And haul up Truth, from bottom of the well?  
 As in visions, the fanciful seems real,  
 So, to our waking thought, seems the ideal.



After so long persistence in their place,  
 Olden fancies of fancy lose the trace;  
 Hardened, renowned and petrified in form,  
 And venerable, through attack and storm,  
 Entrenched with all the power of learned art  
 And dominant, more widely in the heart;  
 As profiting to censure and reproof,  
 As serving high career to life's behoof,  
 Proud and lofty station and vantage ground,  
 To honor, rank and gilded glory bound,  
 Courts, councils and decrees; till all o'erborne,  
 The standards high of truth, of truth are shorn.

Such modes of thought as promise to persist  
 Show only things not possible exist.  
 This, the proper paradox of the reason,  
 That charms the mind that to mind is treason.  
 This rule of ancient faith, Tertullian's trust,  
 To believe, both because he would and must  
 And so to cope with mysteries, dark, unseen,  
 He could believe beyond what words might mean.  
 For idling words may come in meaning short,  
 Though great conveniences of flying thought;  
 Since minds are so pleased, pacified or moved  
 By things so feigned they cannot be disproved.  
 Reason itself has next to naught to do  
 With many problems that man puzzles through;  
 Accepts, adopts for fair compliance' sake,  
 Relieved of thought to think how others spake.  
 If prophets with clairvoyant vision's trust  
 Feel future in the air to be, it must;  
 So soon is man to fullest wisdom brought,  
 When learning is the stop-gap to his thought.  
 For useless 'tis to plead and controvert

When lo! the premise is itself pervert.  
 Thus searching as we go, from zone to zone,  
 We find warm worship offered the unknown.  
 Though man assumes to be of truth in quest,  
 He never fails to find in fictions rest  
 And feigning far, a mode of mind extols  
 The child exhibits with her dandled dolls.  
 From age to age, the plots of man remain  
 And then explode and man must plot again.

In these inquiries, when the reason fails,  
 The long developed instinct still prevails;  
 The nurtured, full unanimous desire  
 To advance to a sure contentment higher.  
 If, on the evils that attend men's lives,  
 This want, desire and longing passion thrives,  
 Yet more the sense of happiness and power  
 Gives love of life and pathos to the hour.  
 The love of happy life! and therein lies  
 The motive of our faith's vast enterprise;  
 To see this precious being full depart,  
 Then conjure up a mystery and take heart  
 And seek afar a world where lurks no fear  
 No passion's pain, naught "quarrelsome to ear."

This last resource, development contains;  
 Feigned skill in divination yet remains;  
 The mystic touch, intangible to sense,  
 That solves these puzzle-problems with pretence  
 And on beyond Nature, finds a nature still  
 To answer and engage the human will.  
 Like sounds that strike too high or low to hear,  
 Some inmost consciousness may scarce appear.  
 Like words that signals from the face, remark,

But losing these,\* lose meaning in the dark;  
 For darkness visible oft blind conceals  
 The certainties unknown that light reveals.

And so, unfolding here his high ideal,  
 Man raises high the prospects of the real  
 And ushered into life, starts life's career,  
 More earnest, thinking of another sphere.  
 Thus 'Cause,' 'Ontology' and 'Future Clime'  
 Bewitch poor denizens of space and time.  
 For love of life, and courtesy to soul  
 Push human faculties beyond control,  
 When upon things, invisible to sight,  
 Man turns the ardent rays of faith's search-light  
 And visits voids, impassable to sense,  
 Inspects, divines, reveals with learned pretence;  
 Nor does divine with vision clear, intent  
 The deep dreamed poesies, he doth invent;  
 Which have no other omens than a name,  
 For anthropomorphic means much the same;  
 That is, such scheme of world, man would create,  
 Were man himself not liege, but lord of Fate.  
 Relations only, to his thoughtful sense,  
 Are all these wonder-works of Providence.  
 Reason spells out what Nature would declare,  
 But, of the supernatural bids beware!  
 Vast things lie long in brooding not yet shown,  
 Hid like Cimmeria, dark because unknown.

### V.

So resolute and far from reason raised,  
 Shall blind persistency of will be praised?  
 May mere inertia of earth's toils and strife

\* Indian tribes make words more meaning by expressions of the face.  
 The Bosjesmans cannot be understood in the dark. (Vignoli.)

Evolve vague visions of a future life?  
Can simple longing, passionate desire  
Unveil the hidden reason, we inquire?  
Or do these feelings, though of kindred kind,  
Betray the long trained malady of mind?  
For centuries of mystic, morbid training  
Have taught man melancholy and complaining;  
Have sown disease and awed the helpless heart,  
In name of ethics and the spirit part;  
Then things, unreal and meaningless, are brought  
To dull the aching of his tortured thought;  
Who scorns the known and takes for serious alone,  
Things feigned, mysterious, beyond the known.  
'Tis not that thoughtful queries are forbid  
That still as much as ever leave things hid;  
With worlds, the more we feign, more truth attain,  
Fancy drives fancy forth to guess again;  
But thoughtful queries chiefly give offence,  
That offer, for the truth, what hope invents,  
And promise freely, with all just rebate,  
To soothe the sadness that they cultivate.  
High potent power and purpose constant go  
To mum the mind and keep perception low.  
And still to-day, the lower reason rules  
O'er higher grade in culture of the schools;  
Where heathen fear and fancy still survive  
To keep both myth and martyr just alive.

Nor can we idly feign false hope without  
Long lingering incumbrances of doubt.  
Man cannot so fair reason foul defraud  
And not be certain of his just reward,  
In vague unrest, despair and heart's ill ease,  
Who thinks fair feigning's raptures ought to please.

Ages of flattered feigning, weighed precise,  
Would never make pretension less a vice.  
Problems recoil when theories overwork,  
Behind whose barriers mysteries still lurk.  
When wonders simplified, blind men declared,  
Wisdom in folly wasted but was aired.  
Things faked can fewest services perform,  
Pretence so pure makes hosts of fancies swarm;  
Yet man will strain and keek beyond his ken  
To make himself of worlds the denizen,  
Till, of all wonders, "sickness of the soul"  
Absorbs the life and fills a ruling rôle;  
Disease of time and temper of mankind,  
The luxury of mumped and morbid mind.

Whether to right this melancholy mood  
With sane instructions and so cease to brood  
And give to life its native joy and name  
And thus the actual source of joys reclaim;  
Or give man melancholy and loved grief  
And bid him, in the future, find relief:  
Still survives the power for good or God  
And virtue still remains its own reward;  
Then reverence and love and faithful fear  
Continue to supply their service here,  
While life sane, actual and full as real,  
Still near and nearer approaches the ideal.  
But this, however stoutly we may preach,  
This life ideal we must never reach.  
Nor can we ask of bodies doomed to die,  
Since "secret knowledge is but sorrow's spy,"  
To what abode unseen they please to go,  
For here blind mortals have no means to know.  
And as the past, unknown, stirred no felt fears

Nor made one dread his fate to live life's years,  
So let the future, roused to time, awake  
Nor cherish mystery, dear for its own sake.

Let stand alone, as on some inlet isle,  
This creature of sublime exalted style;  
Unrivalled, unapproached by aught around  
In starry sky or shoreless sea or ground.  
Let Fate impel his good and evil will,  
As helpless, weak and blind he struggles still;  
Now prone with lost, disheartened hope to lie,  
Then upward with aspiring aim to fly—  
A ruling potentate with sceptered rod  
Who measures and compares alone with God—  
Idealized in sheer, stressed and strained degree  
To answer to sheer, feigned, faked mystery.  
Here has fair Nature free and boundless writ  
The charming lurings that pique mortal wit:  
These spur blind beings of a transient hour  
To seek hid reasons for their passing power:  
These lead discretion dazed so far astray,  
To look for causes of a causeless day  
And give the problem to poor human wit  
To plead and puzzle with the infinite.  
While thus he revels, wrapt in vision's dreams,  
And adds new nobler world to that which seems,  
Reason would fain return to ward the way  
And bring lost bearings back to dreamer's day.

INTRODUCTORY ELEGY : PART III.

## WORD INDEX: PART III.

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## INTRODUCTORY ELEGY: PART III.

*Spirit Life and Lore:*

## I.

They teach, who question not the body dies,  
 That life remains and in the spirit lies,  
 Distilled from out the senseless frame at rest  
 And floats away on tiding Time's own test.  
 To spirit-essence rare, thought early ran  
 And so defined this 'thinking-matter,' man;  
 A shining soul, immured in common clay,  
 That came to earth for short or longer stay.  
 None could discern where distant realms impend,  
 In which to dwell anon he would pretend,  
 Yet naught could check or thwart or overturn  
 The longing hopes, his pains and pleasures earn;  
 The foil and fancy of the troubled mind,  
 The stay and comfort of aggrieved mankind.

The puzzle of ages all is soul confessed  
 And now termed playfully 'the body's guest'  
 Of brain and breast, where it may shelter find,  
 And be, so far, identical with mind.  
 It gives the name to sentient feeling's force,  
 As that by which we move and guide our course;  
 Both wish and will to do, perceive, bear sway,  
 A power the body gives but must obey:  
 Its animating source, the ancients say,  
 The moderns call 'life's principle' to-day;  
 The fountain of its joy, the essence fine  
 Of man: for soul, still probing, some divine  
 Apart from body and from mind, the soul  
 Of finer form and fire, itself a whole;

An entity, apart from head and heart,  
 And furnishes to-day the juggler's art.  
 All bodies sleep; all souls fly forth awake;  
 Dreams are incidents of the trips they take.  
 The 'shade' assumed to be the spirit norm,  
 Its outer must to inner shape conform.  
 It was the type and setting of the soul  
 That might still hover round and viewless stroll;  
 Real or unreal, robed or unrobed and bare,  
 If closely pressed, it vanished in the air.

The ancients found the spirit, if not heart,  
 "All in the whole and all in every part;  
 For, of the soul, the body form doth take;  
 For soul is form and doth the body make"—  
 Its precious prison, tenement and inn  
 And furnished forth with ordered discipline:  
 'Envelope,' 'house,' 'clay-cottage' now 'tis called,  
 Peeping through chinks of sense, the soul is walled  
 And where the ganglia of the brain enroll,\*  
 There rests the very 'palace of the soul.'  
 Nay, some conceive, not equal in each part,  
 Since sensibility differs in its smart.  
 These others then, who full as close observe,  
 Declare it must be resident in nerve.  
 But, hid in stomach other some are sure  
 For without that, no spirit would endure.  
 It still might be, who knows? fire, blood or brain,  
 For all these elements the Greeks sustain.  
 The Stoic Zeno thought his soul a fire,  
 That, flaming here like sunlight, would expire.  
 Aristo† found the soul in mere self-tension,

\* "What you call soul is the nervous center in which all sensitive chords concentrate."—*Taine*.

† Aristoxenus.

Like sound from instrument in sweet convention;  
Like life and motion in all means mechanic  
Or movement in things, more or less organic.  
When all his books were put in file and roll,  
Thought Cicero his house had got a soul.  
Dicæarchus held soul was naught but name,  
A very great convenience to the frame.  
As such the thing was but a breath affair,  
A vapor called, a spark of living air.  
And, when the breath has from the body flown,  
The soul of body is no longer known.

Not like the spider, in his web concealed,  
Is this, within its own abode, revealed:  
Whatever deep and hid in wisdom tell,  
Man cannot predicate beyond the cell,  
That mind and soul and body holds in one,  
But cannot signify quite how 'tis done.  
Prior to consciousness, the soul awakes  
Out of long brooding and of life partakes.  
These render life, the limit of the soul,  
Those reckon life to be the starting goal;  
But how to cross from animal to soul,  
How that pathless way mysterious unroll?  
Does some electric spark within us grow  
And vegetate alive and whiling glow?  
The psychic force, telepathy, mind reading—  
What more mixed mysteries will come imploding  
To full explain each other's feints and show  
The musing mind, inquiring what to know?  
Of myriad spirits free, are they not few  
Who, mid the silences of time, break through?  
All this presents a new creative plan  
Which plots a second man within the man.

Nay, he has never yet found out the goal  
Nor yet perceived the whereness of the soul.  
No evidence, not begged, have we to plead  
That spirit moves beyond the life we lead  
Or could exist elsewhere without a form,  
In which to dwell, coincident and warm.  
The Christian fancies sleeping soul will wake  
And then of greater joy and peace partake;  
But needs a servant, makes the body rise  
And so, with body new, rejoins the skies.  
If this should seem and 'tis a slender score,  
See Taine and Bain and Plato's shade for more.  
But when from definition all refrain,  
Here still, the fond enigma will remain  
And thus, from all the long and wordy strife,  
The soul comes forth, the mystery of life;  
The very sum of fellow functions mingling,  
Here now in sense alert with full blood tingling  
That vibrates through the multitude of means  
At work within the body's hidden screens  
And is the consciousness in form and power  
Of life's loved, fleeting, wistful, wondrous dower;  
And then decays, waste formless and forlorn,  
To seek the earth, the home where it was born.  
Yet, if perchance an essence independent  
That flying here and there appears resplendent—  
And journeys on, each passing life a stay  
And death, merely from life to life the way—  
Pressing in transmigration on and proving  
The soul out, looking as in May for moving—  
The pure miraculous in motion this  
And dreaming happily may end in bliss,  
While homes eternal, 'sculptured in the sky,'  
Shall fill the poet's song of by and by.

Unfolding out of wondrous things obscure,  
 Thus spring all varied schemes and shifts, not sure,  
 With plots and plans, weird, manifold and strange  
 As suited to fill Nature's boundless range.  
 Life's inmost essence here, so vital seems,  
 One cannot well indulge in lifeless dreams.  
 Each joyful breath contributes to extend  
 The sum of life, unconscious of the end.  
 So loved is life, with its forgotten aches,  
 So sweet is effort that such joyance takes,  
 Affection, that plucks pleasure among friends,  
 Has tearful recompense, if soon it ends.  
 Life's love and pathos, rounded with a breath,  
 Give silent, sealed significance to Death,  
 Who warning waits, yet rarely coming late,  
 Dissolves earth's splendid fair illumined fête.

## II.

As crystal clear, are those primeval dreams,  
 The mythic lores with which man's vision teems,  
 Of phantom forms, sage oracles and magic,  
 Of phrenzied poets' visions, tranced and tragic.  
 Each, to its own time's thrift and purpose true,  
 Bears for all others some poetic view.  
 These varied modes of independent thought,  
 From ancient ages, long successive, brought,  
 Evolving, step by step, in legend lines,  
 Have come to us with many counter-signs  
 From strange and distant days; survival hoar  
 As fetish, totem with primeval lore  
 Of olden earth and sea and sky and star  
 And Nature's inmost, hid phenomena.

As wonder more of mystery discerned,  
 Then fear to awe and love to worship turned.  
 Of what man knows the least, he feigns the most;  
 Hence spirit, shade and dread house-haunting ghost.  
 In times when seer and sooth and omens throve,  
 When worship turned to Bacchus, Mars and Jove,  
 Breath was the soul and bore the soul away,  
 As animism and spirit prove to-day.  
 This lesson, due to early human fears,  
 Retains its strange admixture of ideas,  
 Encountered from the childly days of man,  
 And still surviving in his present plan;  
 Not quite forgotten and dismissed while yet,  
 Our ghosts come, rapping down the alphabet.  
 Fetish still guards with power of spirit-charm  
 To influence fortune and to keep from harm,  
 To hold men's veneration and respect  
 With conjured spells and amulets select.  
 Animistic totem hides its lore obscure  
 That creature-worship feigns, ancestral pure.  
 The goose, the bear, the wolf, the croaking raven  
 These, one and all, give the soul a haven.

Yet clear-obscure is many a mode of thought,  
 With childlike humor and vague fancy wrought,  
 To vest mind, sense and soul in soulless things;  
 That stars were men, that rain wears dragon's wings;  
 That sprites with crooked legs and demons daunt,  
 Witches in wolves and ghosts in tigers haunt.  
 Gods then begin their reigns, more or less abstruse,  
 And savages have their red Indian Zeus.  
 Each, in its sphere, secure from all assaults,  
 Each seems and is to other wholly false.  
 And when some cried for rain and all for odds

It brought what sharp dilemma to the gods!  
Such wonderments, with as much ease, contrive,  
As children fancy statues are alive.  
These rude, untutored feignings, poets serve  
And fabulous in mythic state preserve;  
For instance, in his rather recent age,  
John Milton thought in mythologic stage  
And fell into the purled Pierian font,  
Nearby where Xerxes flogged the Hellespont.  
And Xerxes wept to look upon his hosts  
To think how soon the myriads would be ghosts.  
Man, so amazed by the marvel of his birth,  
Constructs more marvels than he finds on earth.  
All this, as offered, we cannot refuse  
In place of some king's jester to amuse.  
Such droll intelligence may well be sought,  
Learning to pass from mode to mode of thought  
And visit varied climates of the mind,  
Within this weather-coated world, confined.  
Fancy may wander to her sky-light star,  
While reason sees things nearer as they are.  
For truth, in haste through sooth and sibyl sought,  
Comes slowly to long waiting afterthought.  
These fancies have for us no purpose true,  
Shall ours serve those who take a later view?  
Not wary wise, if we have yet to learn  
We shall be "fabling heathen" in our turn.  
Strange! if these shifts in man's so thrifty scheming  
Prove nothing, nothing but the power of dreaming.

Now, should we look to past and finished histories,  
Greece shows her Delphic shrine and Rome her mysteries.  
Well pleased themselves with homage and all that,  
While round the hearth their proud penates sat.

From varied fusing cults\* Olympian Jove,  
 In process moulding, grew divine and throve.  
 The stocks and stones have served man's humble thought,  
 The symbols feigned of worship first were wrought  
 Howe'er—the gods upon Olympus stood,  
 The first known deities of Greece were wood.  
 We may deny that sculptures ever talked,  
 But statues† made by Daedalus have walked;  
 As when Apollo's statue moved itself to show  
 The oracle‡ would tell what oracle should know.  
 The wisdom of Apollo came in smoke  
 And rose up from the tripod, as from coke.  
 It gave delirium to the prophet's mien;  
 Whate'er was heard, yet naught but smoke was seen.  
 Then augurs would predict, display their rods  
 And lay things, remnant 'on the knees of gods.'  
 The Greek thought man, how naïve was the whim!  
 "As useful to Zeus as Zeus was to him."§  
 Men look mute mystery furtive in the face,  
 Then make its silence sanction of their grace,  
 As if the service and the recompense  
 Were not the very sanction of their sense.  
 The things above, beyond and past the known  
 Nourish belief and fill faith's zealous zone.  
 Are there such things extant? it matters not,  
 So well we feign, when feigning is forgot.

\* Jupiter, thought to arise from the fusion of tribal cults, has at Argos three eyes, at Crete no ears; at Caria he sits enthroned, as appears from their coins.

† These were made in walking attitude; one missing was said to have escaped from its pedestal.

‡ The oracle at Delphi, closed by Theodosius about 390 A.D.

§ The Greeks held middle ground between fetishism, the cult of the savage, and monotheism, the cult of the civilized. Human thought, purely speculative and fantastic, is traced up from fetishism, spirit in everything, to polytheism, spirit in many powers, to monotheism, spirit in one power: all highly imaginative, naïve, and poetical.



Now one and then another formal reigns,  
As, more or less, the inner fancy deigns.  
All have their epochs, crises and decline,  
States fall, times change from chaos into line;  
Then men the old desert, the new discern  
And faiths, successive with fresh raptures learn.  
Thus Jupiter's temples gorgeous, gave way,  
When paganism was turning to decay,  
And soon, the oracles to Julian told  
The passing domination of the old.

Worship, when lost, emerges from the mist  
Of things unknown, that need not to exist.  
A fund of fear and awe and wonder, blent  
In admiration, love and worship, spent,  
Till divination cool and thoughtful wit  
Divulge new treasures from the infinite.  
Indulge it if we will, yet let us know  
Whence, why and wherefore these fog-fancies grow.  
Phantasmagoria of most captive charm,  
Fair Fancy's feint, well freighted with alarm.  
Nature's elements, suns and stars precede,  
Are deified in man's first simple creed,  
Before the gods, swift, vengeful, fierce come down  
To greet poor human actors with a frown.  
Things posited, believed, but never proved,  
Regenerate, they have man's spirit moved.  
As dreams, they dominate and searching span  
The hidden realm, unknown, that piques proud man.  
Such is his world, playhouse of blocks, upreared  
To counterfeit and fill the darkness feared.  
Thus plays the grandest drama of the day  
Which seems so real when loth we turn away.

## III.

Nations to nations lend their myths and dreams,  
 Moulded by Nature's circumstance, mid gleams  
 Of light and clouds of darkness, Fate so soon  
 Throws round them here; the stars and mystic moon  
 Obscured, the sun eclipsed, the desert storm  
 Aroused despair; gave pessimistic form  
 To thought; chilled the temperature of hope,  
 Which lowered, men in melancholy mope.  
 Ill-fated life, lost hope and fear, war's ire  
 And fierce Sirocco fed awed Fancy's fire.  
 Their narrow geographic limits lent  
 Strange stimulus to dreams; by mountains pent,  
 Dark forests, shifting, sanded deserts, drear  
 And limitless, the dread unknown, so near.  
 Even Rome's brave soldiery cried with fear,  
 When they came to Hercules' pillars near;  
 They would follow Cæsar to earth's round end,  
 Beyond dear earth, some counter march pretend.

Romans, all vigilance from warfares, reap,  
 "The gods respect, but at a distance keep."  
 And yet so large a space for gods, they plan,\*  
 That scanty space remained to offer man.  
 And what to reason out and argue hence  
 They stoned those deities that gave offence.  
 We could but smile that Cæsars were adored  
 Until our gods alike are won with sword.  
 Some thank the Romans, some the Greeks, a few  
 With ardor leavened, thank the joyless Jew,  
 Whose lingering, long and modern-faring fate  
 To live the tossed and turned of every state.

\* Petronius.

Egypt herself, so 'tis said, lost some legions  
 Pursuing Jews in the Cinnamon regions.  
 How can world wait for Jew to mend his lot  
 If worn out whimsies will not be forgot?  
 Nor do as Paul advised and Heine did,  
 Who, while in Gaul, his German jewsharp hid.  
 No other history quite so well acquaints  
 With madness of perseverance of saints.  
 Their plight as pressed, as in Egerian day,  
 They dwelt "with basket and bundle of hay."

Egypt stands, all pre-eminent a tomb,  
 Of far enshrouding sands, deep in the gloom.  
 There joyful life once faced the desert drear,  
 That soon with fatal charms aroused its fear.  
 Across the Nile, Egyptians bore their dead  
 West to the desert's edge, each sacred head.  
 The journey, thus begun at life's recall,  
 They carried to Osiris' judgment hall;  
 Where sun-god nightly sank beneath the sand  
 Of the tenderly colored west-windward land,  
 The ransomed soul, pursuing God, would go  
 While empty body followed fate below.  
 Secure, within the sweet-spiced mummy's bed,  
 They placed celestial chapters for the dead\*  
 To reach Amenti† with scribed papyrus roll,  
 The lofty litany of sage sacred scroll;  
 But when the thousand humbler people die,  
 Beneath the shallow sea of sands they lie.

Earth's loved imagery mingles in their dreams;  
 The spirit pure embarks and crosses streams,

\* From the Book of the Dead; consisting of 166 chapters (Mahaffy).

† The Egyptian Hades.

Wanders in somber, dark, o'ershaded valleys  
And there, its still sweet, living essence, rallies;  
Happy again within the mummy's fold,  
Life would regain perchance its home of old,  
When tuneful art and joy led merry bands,  
Who, on their sculptured tombs still clap their hands.  
Who loved the Nile, the fan-shaped lotus land,  
That living loam, the delta and its strand,  
From whose deep loins their very bodies sprung,  
Gardens, statues, towers, they lived among;  
Where boundless billows of the sanded sea,  
Back from the shallow, waving waters flee  
And spread along the many-templed shore,  
Where Luxor, Karnak, Isis dwell no more;  
Whose ruined sepulchres and gloomy mystery  
And fallen might out-record human history.

Who gave life's longing thought to endless time  
And sought beyond the earth more blessed clime,  
In visions, viewing that far boundless while,  
And "more in Hades dwelt than on the Nile."  
The pyramid, like a colossal mound,  
Did life's last royal love and passion bound;  
Wonders forever these, of which, 'tis said,  
"Time has only the pyramids to dread";  
While all things earthly, more or less sublime,  
Slow or fast decaying here, "all dread time."  
Where ancient Thebes and Memphis, ruined stand  
And up the Nile, near Philae's temple, grand  
Galleried halls of sepulchres in gloom,  
Surpassing in their wealth the modern tomb,  
Features present, to the astonished eye,  
Of a life and luxury long gone by.

Tombs of the lifeless, soon the living spoil,  
 Egypt's queer, whimsied, faithful mummied toil,  
 Two thousand years preserved, then all awoke;  
 Strange languages they heard around them spoke.  
 Persians,\* then Greeks, then raiding Romans came  
 Rifled the tombs and left them but a name.  
 Egyptians put their mummied loves in pawn;  
 The dead could thus relieve the life forlorn.  
 Europe's museums now in pawn display  
 Creatures aged centuries and a day.  
 Cleopatra fair receives no more oblation  
 But now displays herself in transmigration.  
 There stands a Rameses† before our eyes,  
 Quite alive again, much to our surprise  
 And his, if with three thousand years of death,  
 He could be still aware of drawing breath.  
 With folded arms, senseless he looks on earth,  
 Capacious still, these myriad years from birth;  
 Noble and famed, in all his grim array,  
 Wrapped in centuries as he stands to-day.

Farewell! Serapis and days when Memnon spoke,  
 Statue colossal the morn with music woke,  
 And reeded shores and birds in bowery isle  
 And rushes tall that first saw Moses smile.  
 Mute mother-land of faith divine and lore  
 Of future life that modern faiths adore;  
 Still shrouded in Time's tireless, muffled mystery,  
 In forms demotic and Rosetta history.  
 Storms fierce flood full the dark-blue, watered Nile,  
 Where, no more sunning, basks the crocodile;  
 No more o'er upper Egypt Horus reigns;  
 Set holds no more the Delta and restrains.

\* Persian dominion from 525 B.C.

† In Cairo Museum, Rameses II, found in 1881.

Farewell! to palms and cliffs, on desert's verge,  
 That parting, palisade Nile's narrow surge,  
 To where Sahara's trackless barrens scan  
 And lure, o'er warning wastes, the caravan.  
 Empires, old and new, Asia's shepherd kings.  
 Changes the drift of later ages brings  
 When Thebes arose to grandeur, more sublime,  
 To brilliant bloom of that low sunset clime;  
 Nor needles lost, nor monoliths the more,  
 Nor hundred gates to Thebes shall time restore;  
 And up the Nile, as dahabeahs pursue,  
 The vales of Nile have vanished in the view!  
 The heart of Egypt's lifeless lute is broke,  
 With harp that once Egyptian fingers woke:  
 No joys, no tuneful glees in festive hall,  
 No echoes murmur at the shepherd's call!

## IV.

In Grecian grief, the pæan rung, then fire  
 Inflamed the night and zephyrs fanned the pyre  
 That sluggish burned, till rising with the dawn  
 The winds flew back o'er Thracian sea, withdrawn—  
 So flamed the relay watchfire of the Greeks  
 That passed to Lemnos from Mount Ida's peaks—  
 For high the pyre\* they built and far around  
 They covered deep with slaughtered kine the ground.  
 As fuel, sons of men were slain to burn  
 With wine and sacrifice and oil in turn.  
 Thus hours of bright day-night the hero spent  
 And scene of wail and woe his body lent;  
 When round the ghost, Achilles though restrained  
 His arms would fondly fling—there it had waned!

\* Iliad xxiii, pyre of Patroclus.

Greeks took pleasure brightest in living breath  
 And shunned the thought of dalliance with death.  
 The lower world dismissed unknown, unseen,  
 The lifeless wandered there, all shadows lean,  
 In Hades, dolefully to pass the hours  
 In saddened thoughts of life's past happy bowers:  
 Shadows with shadows drear in shades to wander,  
 On loved joys lost, and gained miseries to ponder.  
 There Tantalus, in cooling water, stands,  
 That floats so near, then flies from reaching hands;  
 With sinews none and none with body seems,  
 All from each other fly away like dreams:  
 Hades, Styx and Acheron barred the way  
 To shadows, seeking for life's happy day.

There prison pent, so little pastime yields,  
 They laugh at Becker\* in the Elysian Fields.  
 Elysian Fields and Islands of the Blest  
 Expressed their more expanding hopes of rest  
 When conflicts past, they found beneath the sods  
 The sweet, "eternal leisure of the gods."  
 O'er Plato's grave, the eagle's wing outstretched,  
 O'er Sophocles, siren in stone was etched.  
 Upon their tombs with wondrous gentle grace,  
 The scenes of daily life and toil, they trace;  
 Physicians with the badges of their art,  
 Farewells and taking leave picture a part;  
 Charon and his boat, triumphs and the chase,  
 Arms, ornaments and amphora they place.  
 And when from body soul took final flight,  
 They prayed the earth might rest upon it light,  
 "Hard by the rolling thunder of the sea,"  
 Where dwelt life's sweet Aegean mystery.

\* So thinks Bodley, an Oxford scholar. Becker, the author of *Charicles and Gallus*, describing Greek and Roman life.

The Romans brave, around the dying stood,  
The parting breath, inhaling as they could,  
And when pale Death, at last reluctant, spy  
Vale! vale! farewell! farewell! they cry.  
Along the river-banks of endless woe,  
To sands of Acheron their shadows go,  
Crossing, forgetful, that Lethean stream  
Whose wizard waters made earth's life, a dream.

The Romans made true tragical displays  
Around the dead with many rare relays  
And pomp of mourners, their dirges singing,  
Mimics and dancers more graces bringing.  
Images ancestral, leading first the way,  
Gladiators then making more sad the day.  
And there in marshaled ranks about the bier  
They fed the flames with love and flowing tear.  
The ashes then, in sepulchre, they lay  
On the grand Appian or Flaminian Way,  
Where passing life dispelled or veiled the gloom  
That in drear loneliness surrounds the tomb  
And siste viator! here traveler stand,  
Arrested attention with its command.  
Now desolate wends the Appian Way,  
Still bearing emblems of its prouder day,  
When far along the low campagna plain  
The dead, entombed upon it, lived again,  
In sculptured monuments, majestic high  
Whose art concealed or would console the sigh.  
And they, when life passed jocund to its play,  
Although entombed, were partners in decay.  
Here fashions viewed and vied, as idlers strolled,  
War's chariots swift went forth or homeward rolled,  
Far southward way-stones led the tallied mile,  
Where Egypt, Greece and eastern empires smile.



Norsemen sent lifeless viking with the tide  
 O'er 'wide-wayed' seas on billows to abide;  
 Firing the ship that bore him o'er the wave,  
 From visible to void, invisible grave.  
 Only the choicest and the noblest souls  
 Were paid the honors of immortal rôles.  
 Early as the dawn, fire freed forms of life  
 With trinkets, baubles, gauds and living wife;  
 Mingled with all he loved, in wondrous shrouds,  
 The hero's soul went 'curling to the clouds.'

In medieval age, tumults were rife  
 And man 'the slave of Death' was called in life.  
 Artists make this the subject of display;  
 Holbein made 'the Terror' dance life away,  
 In sketches strange, skeletoned to amuse,  
 The scythe and hour-glass serve in varied views.  
 Kaulbach draws painfully the fabled fight  
 Of ghosts of Huns and Romans in the night;  
 Strife of Attila and his swarthy Hun  
 With Theodoric's dread Visigoths, begun:  
 When the battle's fierce phrenzied rout had ended,  
 The warriors slain then roused them and contended  
 In the enshrouding darkness of the air  
 And strove the day's foul fortunes to repair;  
 There, clear above the fatal field retreating,  
 Valorous deeds, still more in death, repeating.  
 So sanguinary furies of the battled day  
 Forced to strife the spent passions of decay.

Endless is myth: Fancy herself displays  
 And adds to the darkness of elder days—  
 Valleys and shadows, rivers like the Styx,  
 Hunting grounds, Paradise—and Valhallas mix

Their sweeter dreams—vagaries of all kinds  
Strive to relieve and pacify all minds  
And souls go seeking for some deathless land,  
Beyond the sinking shores of shifting sand.  
Undaunted thus, life's generations range  
Speeding from birth to death with ceaseless change;  
Each breath contributing one mortal more,  
Hopeful to extend an immortal score.

INTRODUCTORY ELEGY : PART IV.

## WORD INDEX: PART IV.

The last adieu: Hearts bowed down:  
Through household aisles: Wend their chastened way:  
In friendly links: Sorrow's waters:  
At plaintive eve: Life's last soreness:  
Tullia's touch: The minor harmony:  
Learning not to be: Anodynes to youth:  
Tenants of our tears: Sorrow's younger sister:  
Mysteries allied: Secret of outward grace:  
Give gentle greeting: Let thoughts enliven:  
Fair tranquil climate: Cool courageous calm:  
Queries revolve: Memories bloom: Daring dreams:  
This precious phantom: Immortal in the race:  
Legends of Brittany: Ill-fated, fancied Is:  
Our hidden city, lost like this.

## INTRODUCTORY ELEGY: PART IV.

*Westside Obsequies:*

## I.

Where parting comes all joys together meet—  
 With sympathy and love and sadly greet  
 Life's finished farings. all sweet thoughts renew,  
 These give their pathos to the last adieu.  
 Here have we seen loved life disrupt its bond  
 And pass from day into the bourne beyond.  
 Here have we kept night-vigil with the dead  
 Prone, motionless and still, as slow hours fled.  
 Affrighting comrade, weird and grim and cold,  
 Restored to earth's enshrouding mantling mould.  
 Here we have borne, but loth along the way,  
 The truant treasure, destined to decay.

It brings a melting mood to view a scene  
 Of westside obsequies: the saddened mien  
 Of hearts, bowed down beside the darkened bier  
 Alone, the awed suspense, the telling tear,  
 The gathered group who, mindful of past grief,  
 Give now, to other's sorrow, their relief.  
 Thought faints away in mind and hopeless heart  
 When heedless here, forever friends depart  
 And life, as if reverent of its ends,  
 Its joy and animation full suspends.  
 Sound is silenced or tuned to minor tone,  
 Speech falters then, in lower notes, alone;  
 The house door's creak, a bird's bewailing call,  
 And there a shrouding shadow on the wall,  
 All join to stifle joyous, happy sense

For life has come to its last recompense.  
O'er all things sorrow broods and on them all  
Despair, regret and grief, in reverie, fall.

The pastor's voice, firm, friendly, calm and kind,  
Brings ancient lore of sore sad days to mind,  
In words so welcome, borne from ancient woe,  
Now read anew, though uttered long ago ;  
Words tender, true and touching in their passion,  
That show flesh changes not its fevered fashion.  
The aids of prayer, in full and calm devotion,  
Then ease the tenser strain of deep emotion.  
Faith struggles present anguish to make less  
With visions faint of far-off happiness.

A hallowed hymn then moves the mournful air  
With lamentation deep or plaintive prayer ;  
In tuneful tones of thoughts and notes, so sweet,  
The ear and heavy heart, they gently greet.  
They rise and move in slow and waiting files  
With sad faint courage through the household aisles ;  
With hushed and reverent awe and bending head  
And grouped around, they look upon the dead.  
Reluctant then and heeding none to greet,  
They wend their chastened way along the street.  
The line in friendly links of love moves slow,  
As in no haste to lay its burden low.  
The bell strikes in with solemn sounding peal,  
What depths of welling woe those tones reveal !  
Across the stream and sadly up the hill  
The cortège veiled with heavy foot and will  
Creeps on, seeking the kindred in earth's crust,  
Where now one more may mingle with the dust.  
Around the hallowed spot, in concourse blent,  
The choristers pour bravely forth lament

And give in some outbursting cry of song  
Their deep expression to life's sorest wrong.  
And while the living parting, silent weep,  
The lifeless low are chanted to their sleep.

"Sigh not, ye winds, as passing o'er  
The chambers of the dead, ye fly.  
Weep not ye dews, for these no more  
Shall ever weep, shall ever sigh.  
Why mourn the throbbing heart at rest?  
How still it lies within the breast!  
Why mourn when Death presents us peace  
And in the grave our sorrows cease?"

As when sweet tears, to sorrow's waters pent,  
Give their relieving solace and their vent,  
Its touching pathos, soothing to the ear,  
Consoles the heart and brings a comfort near,  
And borne along the low, meandering main,  
It wakens tones of sympathy again.  
The cradled tide ebbs out with lessened zest  
As with the sun a body sinks to rest  
And from the west at plaintive eve sounds shrill  
The requiem of the wailing whippo-will.  
The sense of parting still returns with power,  
When closing day brings in the evening hour  
And forms the circle that will never more  
Receive the lost way-wanderer as before.  
Then bravely life resumes a living tone  
Around the hearth, more silent and alone,  
While other homes, in happiness grouped near,  
Send tender tides of sympathy sincere  
And consolation, calm would bear away  
The bosom's burden of sad sorrow's day.

## II.

Still life's last soreness ever comes the same  
And differs not in essence if in name.  
Cicero grieved for Tullia's touch in ways  
Like David over Absalom's short days;  
Betook himself to shadows, dark and drear,  
Wandered in woods, and there the troubled tear  
In solitude found no resigned relief  
But left him still more shadowed by his grief.

If then the shock, surprise and pain of parting  
Make one dread Death, his fatal arrows darting,  
Treat normal Nature yet with due respect  
And suffer then what she cannot correct.  
For, sadder far to lose the feeling sense  
And have in sorrow no intelligence.  
For who would crave a life no tears bedew,  
Nor bravely bear the lot, all others knew,  
Nor chastened feel within the plaintive power,  
That comes alone in sorrow's sacred hour?

Of love and friendship, painful is the price.  
Beware of them if joy does not suffice.  
The narrow circle more confines the grief,  
But larger boundaries give rich relief;  
For they who journey stoic, lone along,  
May discord dire with greater force prolong,  
As chords that singly sound rough tones apart,  
When nearing, 'tremble to the tuner's art.'  
If sadness stirs the deep low pulse of pain.  
Joy knows the scale where happy hopes remain;  
There, touched in unison, mournful with sweet,  
They make the minor harmony complete.  
If mumming mirth and gushing glee were all,



E'en mirth and pleasure peevish soon would pall.  
So life to all, veiled, varied and diverse,  
Doth joys and griefs, the same to all, rehearse;  
If soon resigned and reft, it reappears  
And passes on in other younger years,  
To live again, to traverse old worn ways  
And coaches on apace with swift relays;  
Thus forward moves upon its counter course,  
Like restless river, speeding from its source,  
That quick departs and flooding to the main,  
O'erleaps itself, flies, floats and falls again.

Whether to be content and have no quest  
Or not to be resigned entire is best.  
If aught makes happiness an afterthought,  
The quest of fortune its own pleasure brought.  
If grief like gladness dwelt in future tense,  
And rare recurring, lessened our suspense,  
Then misery right rare and far should be  
And life, from terror's thrills, find shore to lee.  
But few will stand beside the narrow clay  
And let mute memories resurrect the day,  
When life thought not of doom of mortal state,  
Of learning not to be, the future fate;  
Nor dreamed of spirit sore and burdened breast  
And moods that must be felt to be expressed,  
When feeling fainted not at thrilling truth  
Since Fortune gives all anodynes to youth.

Abundant, falling tears bring rue relief  
To soften sorrow and assuage our grief,  
For sleepless sorrow, gushing grief and fears  
And poignant pains are tenants of our tears.  
Deep mysteries, allied here, are we,

Fair pleasure, pain and smart in us agree.  
 Where'er we wander and evasive roam,  
 They mingling find in us a common home;  
 For joy is 'sorrow's younger sister' sweet,  
 Relieved of cares that, in the elder, meet.

If years long lost, now presently reversing,  
 We conjure with the past and brief rehearsing  
 The loved record memory holds in store,  
 Thus we may view those we shall see no more.  
 Let us recall the feature, form and face,  
 The inner source, secret of outward grace  
 And give another breath of joyful life,  
 Ere we ourselves shall cease the happy strife,  
 To some, though few in all the number near,  
 Of those below, who silent slumber here,  
 Who, once a part of our own daily joy,  
 Must evermore our fondest thought employ.

### III.

Fair, 'shining visitants,' in endless trance,  
 Who have coursed through and rounded life's romance  
 And here have come, from its fatiguing quest  
 "And one by one crept silently to rest";  
 Who sanctify this mound with precious blood  
 That we have watered with a gushing flood,  
 For whom with tears, lament and tolling bell,  
 We mourned and cried a long and last farewell;  
 Whose resting places, guarding Nature's wreck,  
 Fond loving memories and garlands deck  
 And give to the embosomed, lifeless dearth  
 The dearest token and sanctity of earth:  
 Where ivy green with wreaths and sheaves are thrown  
 And grief with faithful footsteps comes alone.

For, when the sun is red, these aisles we tread  
And give a gentle greeting to the dead  
And let our thoughts enliven them, who rest  
In our warm wounded love, forever blest;  
Then view the emblems of life's final dower  
And calmly learn the lesson of the hour,  
When heedless here, in turn and all obscure  
Neglect, with rare respect, we shall endure.  
No more life's sunshine, nor its fretting storm;  
No more sweet harmony give pleasure, form;  
No more victorious labor and repose  
Mingle earth's fickle sweets and joys and woes;  
No more this fairy glorious, loved realm  
The sense and fervent fancy overwhelm.

And will these daring dreams turn ever true.  
These dreams our aspirations, firm renew,  
That this so precious phantom we call 'soul,'  
Has still some future, final, endless goal;  
When the melancholy of death's dull trance  
Shall end and waken to a new romance  
And when anon, in some more varied sphere,  
We shall resume what is abandoned here?  
Will fuller increments of joy's increase  
A sweet and fond contentment then release  
And earth's fair self, with far more bounties blest,  
Become the haven here of heavenly rest?  
Will some fair tranquil climate of the mind  
Disease dispel, make man to self resigned?  
Will Stoic tempered, cool courageous calm  
Invade life's realm and banish its alarm?  
These anxious queries with their shadowed scope  
Give pathos infinite to human hope,  
However surely they bespeak despair

That lies deep hidden underneath life's care;  
Queries that now, in innocence revolve,  
Futurity of time may slowly solve,  
The while men live, immortal in the race  
Though man himself receives short shift in space.

In others then, in like or varied sphere,  
We may resume what is abandoned here,  
When soon with kindred ones, we shall abide  
Where murmuring waters flow past riverside;  
'Neath laurel wreath, beside the fir-tree's gloom,  
Where treasures lie and mellow memories bloom,  
In mother earth with sacred mother dust,  
Midst elements of swift decay and rust,  
Where storm and blast may work their hidden harm  
But all unheeded there, cause no alarm.

Legends Iorn, of sea-girt Brittany, tell  
How once an ancient, lofty city fell  
Through deep down heaving of the whirling wave  
And sunk beneath into an ocean grave.  
From time to time, a tomb or templed shrine  
And old foundations through the waters shine,  
When surging low, the ruffled hollow sea  
Discloses shapes of walls below the lea.  
Then oft its pinnacles and towers arise  
And pierce the parting waters with surprise.  
And many a bell, emerging, swings and tolls  
The requiem for its sea-buried souls;  
Till surges turn again with forward strike  
And backward rolls the bay within the dike.

We too, like some ill-fated, fancied Is,  
Have our own hidden city, lost like this,

And on the common, where we careless stray,  
Are the narrow houses of an elder day;  
There now unknown within the quiet keep  
Unnamed forefathers of our hamlets sleep;  
There, constant round them, pinnacles and spires,  
Peering through summer shades, mark altar fires  
And billows, yonder dashing, beat the shore  
Where wanton winds in waves engulf men o'er.  
Here forever, may mortals come and go,  
As swift time bears them on its forward flow;  
May bells, that o'er them wake the sacred lay,  
Swing echoes, ringing to that distant day!

GUILFORD PORTRAITS,  
MEMORIAL EPITAPHS OF WESTSIDE.

PART V.: ALLEN—FISHER.





REV. A. C. BALDWIN.



## EDEN PHILLIPS ALLEN.

AUGUST 20, 1800—NOVEMBER 25, 1869.

He played a character in life's romance  
 And went with England's embassy to France  
 In days, when Louis XVIII royal ruled;  
 To many languages, his tongue was schooled.  
 Beguiling Fortune lured him to our shores  
 With French and continental lingual lores,  
 Which, speechful he diffused and taught the ton  
 To express themselves in more ways than one.  
 As time rolled on, the certainties of chance  
 Next brought him here to finish his romance.  
 Some, puzzled by his variance of speech,  
 Would tutor him in turn and English teach;  
 So had he wandered from and lost his clan  
 And lost the tokens of an Englishman.  
 These made him French, others made him Spanish;  
 Till he soon followed after years that vanish,  
 Passed on with his gentle spirit and stored mind,  
 His cottage home and attic, left behind,  
 Well stocked with polyglot and bookish lore,  
 Of which more story, but we tell no more.

## REVEREND ABRAM CHITTENDEN BALDWIN.\*

APRIL 26, 1804—JULY 6, 1887.

His noble port and reverend manly mien,  
 No intervening years nor change can screen  
 From view; we see the very gracious gravity,  
 The fair and clever ministerial suavity,  
 As late, they journeyed with him to and fro.  
 Much more than theology did he know,  
 This active brainy man for order made

\* Burial in Hartford.

And function, full executive in grade.  
 Of model excellent, superb and grand,  
 He was well fitted to give cool command.  
 The Griffing Institute, he fathered first  
 And cheered its building, when a droughty thirst  
 For letters took the cautious town by storm;  
 Then further, he was active for reform.  
 His very English essay took the prize,  
 Quite scholarlike; sad slavery gave it rise.  
 Further history, as in some pastorate,  
 A shepherd, here and there, we might narrate.  
 From our near northern highland hills, he came  
 And added lustre to a lustrous name.

MINER BRADLEY.

MARCH 19, 1779—AUGUST 26, 1862.

Slow to and fro, he makes his promenade  
 Beneath his ample, roofy, pillared shade;  
 The oldtime landlord, bluff, stout, hearty host;  
 Who saw the early stage, primeval post,  
 When horses four, proud, prancing and high-hoofed,  
 The village roused and shook the houses roofed.  
 Boys ran behind and half the town held on  
 In wizard ways, but rode inside anon,  
 On some trumped errand, out of town a-wandering,  
 All planned with days of deep elective pondering;  
 Quite foreordained and doctrinal, all this,  
 Things planned prove cause unless they go amiss.

Of mighty build, large understanding had  
 Or shoes, so called by those who make a fad  
 Of terms, particular; but still he walked  
 And of himself oft laughed and bluffly talked;





MISS CAROLINE BRADLEY.

“My feelings now, with youth, do ill agree;  
 Old age or ‘something’ has got hold of me.  
 The noble elders here, and village wits  
 Once sat around and chaffed with happy hits;  
 The lawyer and the poet and the major,  
 The ‘squire, the merchant and the passing stager.  
 Now, all but strangers from my gates are gone;  
 I to myself am left to look upon.”

This sight alone, we younglings all enjoyed,  
 Nor thought it sad but pleasure unalloyed.  
 The ripeness of old times, in him displayed,  
 Our curious wonderment, so much allayed.  
 That chatting group, that pillared colonnade,  
 Out of sweet life have made their escapade;  
 The host himself at last has followed on  
 And overtaken those he smiled upon.

MISS CAROLINE BRADLEY.

MARCH 8, 1804—OCTOBER 12, 1876.

MISS HARRIET BRADLEY.

AUGUST 27, 1807—SEPTEMBER 9, 1878.

These sisters two had each her own fair glory  
 And grace genteel, as in much fancied story.  
 We saw them, passing fair down life’s decline,  
 Hand in hand; so shall they be joined in mine.  
 They made sweet home attract, in woman’s ways,  
 The wayworn traveler, in his coaching days;  
 They lent a hand to things as they were going,  
 What things now are rather past our knowing;  
 Quilting was one and green tea drinking one  
 And prayerful thoughts for heathen had begun.  
 In forty other ways their days went whirling

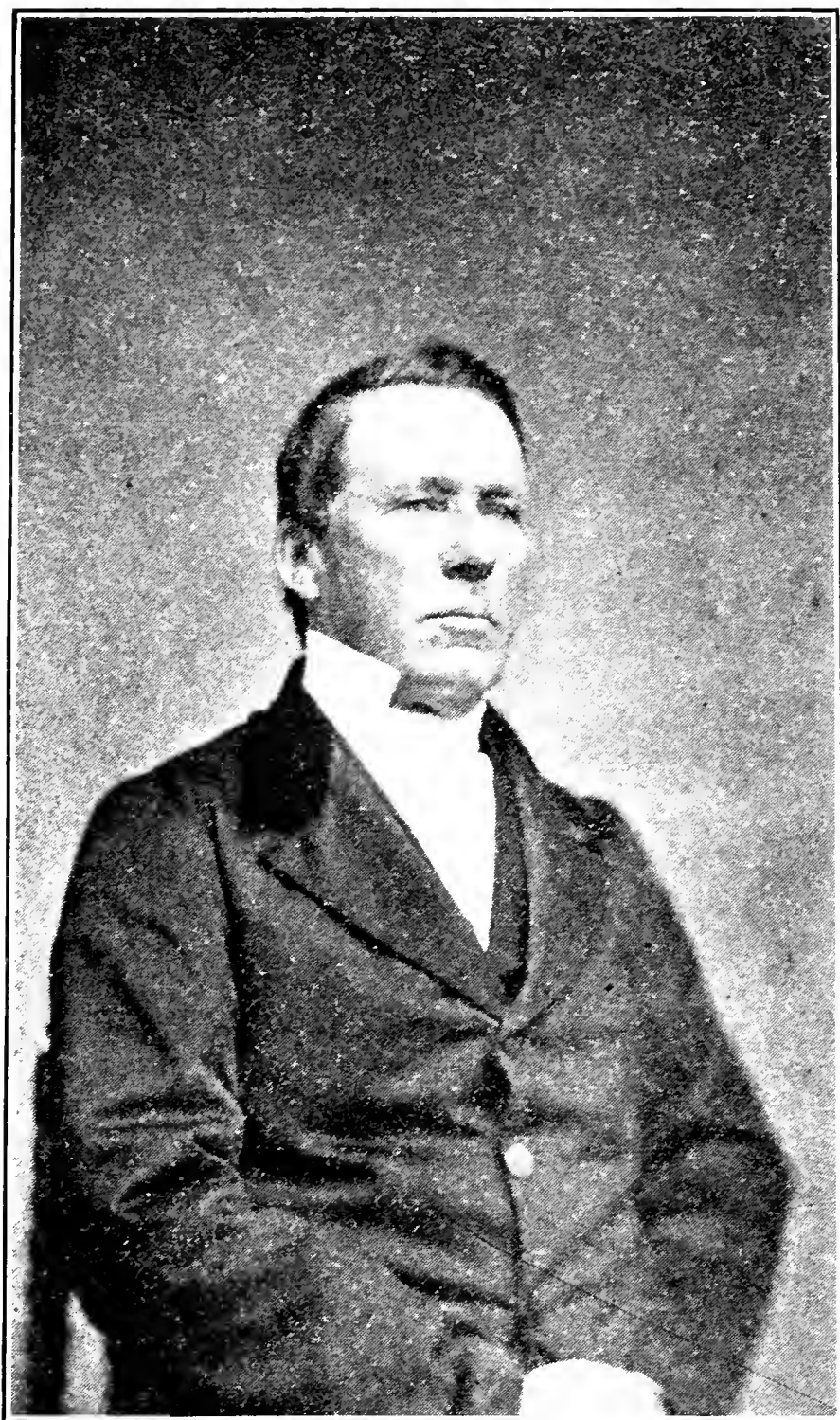
And they grew into features, we call sterling.  
 They heard long, loud disputes on orthodoxy  
 And slavery and suffrage, but voted proxy;  
 When up the centre aisle to church they came,  
 Serene and stately, shawled and tall, either dame  
 Benign; the one, curled, fair with noble mien,  
 The other quite as gentle could be seen;  
 A fairer, statelier and more gracious pair  
 Would not then be found, blooming in our air.

DOCTOR JOEL CANFIELD.

MARCH 10, 1801—APRIL 9, 1877.

Benignant and composed and costumed black,  
 In summer cool in an alpaca sack,  
 Gloved like a knight, all tidy and genteel,  
 These symptoms clear the doctor should reveal.  
 Young and old, into life and out, he eased  
 And mended up the ailing and diseased,  
 But sent for Sweet, if broken bones were bad.  
 A gracious winsome way, this doctor had;  
 When on the road, his coat unbuttoned flew  
 And bland he spoke to every one he knew;  
 First, asking in his line, if all were well?  
 Then what about the weather could they tell  
 Or did they know a single thing called new?  
 Now, all this time, we quite too healthy grew  
 To call him in and let him have our case,  
 Who had, for generations, healed our race.  
 About to leave the world, he had the care  
 Aside to lay some money,\* always rare,  
 For man and hoe to keep a watch and ward  
 And kindly treat and guard this sainted sward.

\* \$500 bequest to Westside Cemetery Association.



DR. JOEL CANFIELD.





## MRS. LUCRETIA MARILLA CANFIELD.

FEBRUARY 22, 1802—MAY 26, 1876.

We thought her dainty, womanly, discreet,  
 In whom the very best of virtues meet.  
 And tall enough withal and with an air  
 Of worth, refinement and complexion fair;  
 Eyes dark and hair, as slenderly she stood,  
 A pleasing picture of wed womanhood.  
 And when arrayed in choice silk, flared in train,  
 She looked, for all the world, like porcelain.  
 They were a rare and comely pair indeed,  
 She and the doctor, whom she never feed,  
 When he came in from Clapboard hill, but fed,  
 As hungry as the patient he had bled.  
 Out of our northern hills, full forested,  
 She came, consenting where the doctor led.  
 So fared they on through life, a gracious pair,  
 Till eyes grew dim and silver gray the hair.  
 Then often, he would gently walk around  
 And speak above to her, beneath the ground,  
 And sweeter words, than living tongues may say,  
 She whispered back to him, as there she lay.

## MRS. EUNICE FOWLER CHITTENDEN.

FEBRUARY 9, 1793—OCTOBER 17, 1890.

In youth, she learned and listened to the lyre  
 And added concord to the sacred choir;  
 Then charmed the circle with her telling tales  
 And cheered the company where mirth prevails.  
 She was a valiant soul, nor feared a ghost,  
 With wit to hold her own against a host.  
 Her living portrait, in the window framed,  
 Looked on us, in passing, and well proclaimed

Her hold on life and showed her visage strong  
 And full intention, resolute to prolong  
 Her days and see one hundred years extend  
 Or, like the nineteenth century, soon end.  
 Life's finished purpose there incarnate sat  
 And the marked features, all did preface that.  
 Eli's daughter—and well did she agree  
 With her inheritance from the family tree  
 And showed the General, in common life,  
 In march and countermarch, as busy wife.  
 And when earth's joys and sorrows all were done,  
 Four generations took their life from one.

MRS. ELSIE REEVE CHITTENDEN.

APRIL 24, 1784—FEBRUARY 26, 1885.

Behold a character so naïve and pure,  
 To full one hundred years she did endure;  
 With days to spare to start a second score,  
 Alas! for presently she was no more.  
 She lived upon the hill, the house was red;  
 Her clothes she hung to dry, her chickens fed.  
 The shining village in the distance saw  
 Nor entered it; here was her life and law.  
 Her tastes were simple, all her wants were few.  
 For thirst, cold water drank and bucket drew;  
 Then longed to sneeze and needed measures took  
 Of snuff; the Bible was her only book.  
 Beside the table, where that treasure lay,  
 She daily knelt, at evening hour, to pray.  
 The close-capped, spectacled and wrinkled face,  
 To look content and happy, had rare grace.  
 So calm and unperturbed and without passion,  
 Her frock, nor frilled nor flouncing out to fashion,  
 So loth to pledge, but prone to please and quaint,  
 For full a century, she was a saint.



MRS. EUNICE F. CHITTENDEN.



## FREDERICK CRUTTENDEN.

AUGUST 7, 1795—APRIL 8, 1865.

Surviving, like some presence with us still,  
 He moves before us as the living will,  
 Who, in our visions, seems to come alone,  
 Who has lain long beneath the sod and stone.  
 The eye of day led him to early cares,  
 The eyes of night shone as he homeward fares:  
 Fruitful and green he made the earthy loam  
 And tardy brought the teeming harvest home.  
 Here, joyous life in youthful spirits grew  
 And gathered round the hearth, in forms he knew;  
 Then guiding, faithful, watchful and aware,  
 He must be and as patient to forbear.  
 His placid countenance and ready mind,  
 Of gentle impulse tell, and temper kind.  
 Emotion ruled his life and ruled it well,  
 For in him gentleness and love did dwell.  
 The homestead stands, bedecked and bowered fair,  
 But he, who in his days of duty there,  
 Filled it with happy life and love, no more  
 Wardens the lean-to roof and double door.

## MRS. MARY GRISWOLD CRUTTENDEN.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1803—AUGUST 25, 1882.

There, in the rocker sitting, she looked sage  
 Unruffled and serene in her sweet age;  
 The white lace cap, encircling round the face,  
 Enclosing so its own fair-featured grace,  
 A full containing face with outlines clear,  
 Expressive of calm happiness and cheer;  
 The form entire, well moulded and complete,  
 Nor tall nor short, but medium to greet;  
 The voice, full clear, in modulated flow,

In rising tones and cadence falling low.  
Converser fair with queries ready first  
To put and draw us out if so athirst  
For conversation in its chance exchange,  
On hazard happenings within our range.  
She was, in life's decline, the remnant fair  
Of character strong and decision rare;  
Outspoken, frank, nor sparing of herself,  
Nor did she wait to be laid upon the shelf;  
But ending well her days, so well begun,  
She saw last settings of the summer sun.

DEACON JULIUS ALBERT DOWD.

AUGUST 22, 1806—JANUARY 16, 1898.

He filled in life a useful, honored place,  
Who has now come to this pent, narrow space.  
For years, God's stubborn stony glebe subdued,  
Sowed, reaped, harvested and the earth renewed.  
While, serving self as a tillman of the acre,  
He tilled warm aspirations for the Maker;  
To His high courts, he loyally repaired  
And there his awed allegiance declared,  
There raised his voice in exhortation wise,  
There Christian influence did well devise;  
Discharged the functions of that holy place,  
Unceasing worked to moralize the race.  
He had the gift of thinking on his feet,  
This sent him up to where the wise men meet.  
He had an air of silent inward pondering;  
Certain observers thought his mind went wandering,  
When seemingly engaged in commonplace,  
As walking, breakfasting and saying grace.  
He was then doubtless thinking of his duty;  
His mind and temper had that golden beauty.

## EDWIN FLOOK.

NOVEMBER 16, 1816—FEBRUARY 24, 1900.

He groped his lowly way upon the street,  
 Yet lifted up with kindness to greet;  
 Such almost pathos was there in that greeting,  
 One took a way, especial for the meeting.  
 It is eclipsed, that kindly human ray,  
 Whose smiling lit the dreariness of the day!  
 Unto the veiling vine, his skill he brings  
 And health and courage gives the tenderlings,  
 The budding flower, the luscious fruit and sward,  
 And reputation was his just reward.  
 Then grew he like the windings of the vine,  
 By some deep hidden principle, in fine;  
 So like the very grape, he had befriended,  
 When chilling winds its sinews warped and bended.  
 But more serene and sweet his nature strove  
 Within, and there his faith and virtues throve.  
 Perchance the bindings of the body stout  
 Loosed finest elements of spirit out,  
 And when the soul, released itself, did quit,  
 Earth, the spent body took to treasure it.

## ABRAHAM SCOTT FOWLER.

NOVEMBER 25, 1788—NOVEMBER 6, 1875.

He comes, meandering thoughtfully along,  
 Guarding himself with wary eye 'gainst wrong  
 And rolling stone; his careful, creeping pace  
 Gives fair occasion now to view the face,  
 Its aspect mark, clear, gentle and serene;  
 See what that elegance must once have been,  
 That drew election to 'the Ugly Club'\*  
 Of wits, all manly fine, unfit to rub

\* A club of handsome men of New York City. Jan. 2, 1815.

Against or much be seen in homely crowds,  
 And lifted him and Halleck to the clouds!  
 Then, clerk of town, to legislature sent;  
 Nor use, nor worth, did elegance prevent.  
 Our phrenzied haste could scarce await his pace,  
 Nor stand to catch and copy out his grace.  
 He tilled his uplands and stored full his cellar;  
 Turned sunstroke and drove oxen with umbrella.  
 His tall black hat and velvet collar match  
 The graces of the form, we cannot catch.  
 A truant gentleman, from the olden school,  
 By Master Johnson taught, when he held rule.

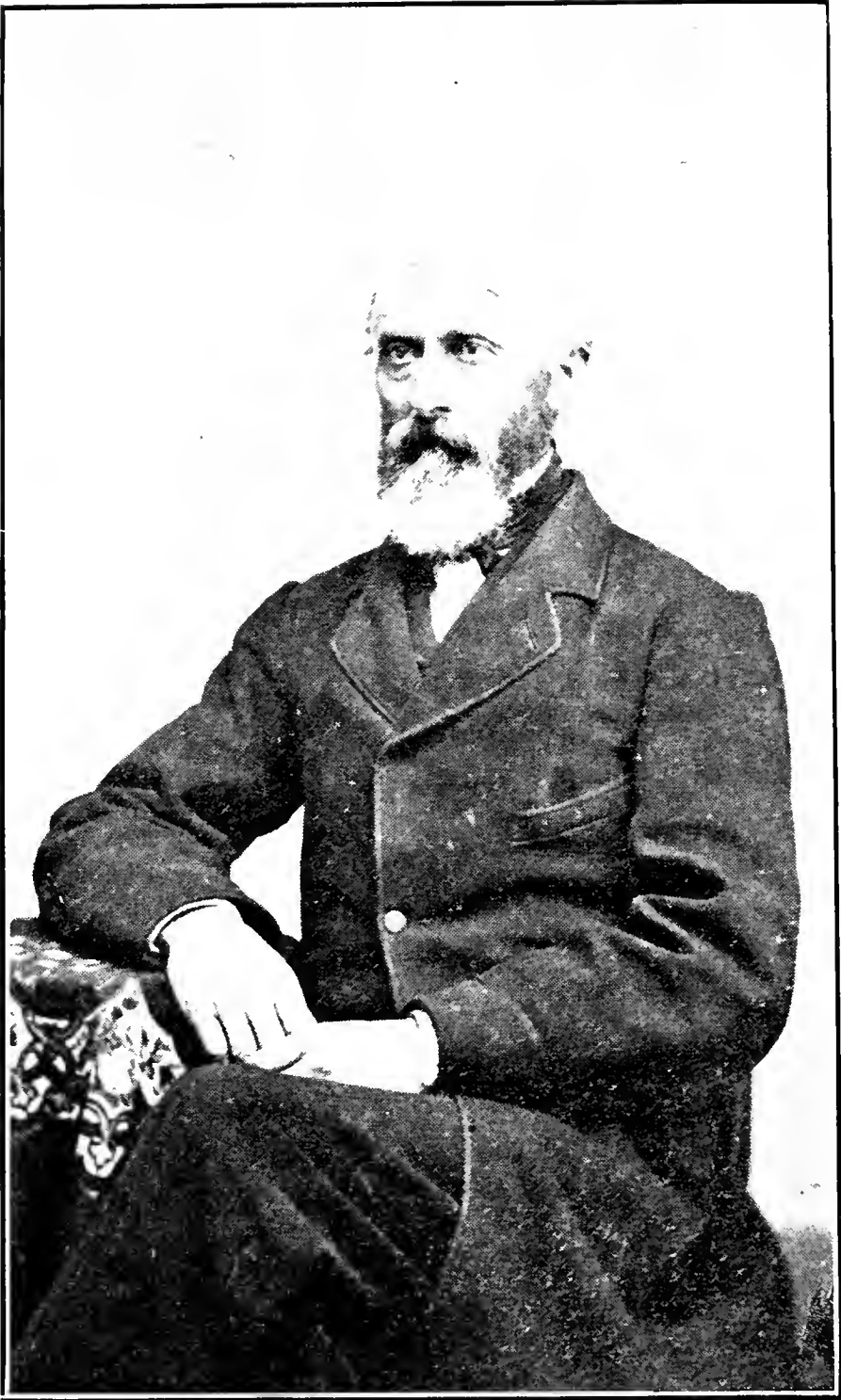
MISS ANNETTE BARKER FOWLER.

MARCH 19, 1876—NOVEMBER 7, 1902.

She ran and chased the sunlight in and out,  
 Then on life's threshold stood and looked about  
 And, smiling, crossed the leafy ways to-day,  
 Nor thought to-morrow an uncertainty;  
 An artless winsome child, whose maiden hair  
 Soft, floated on the breeze, and she was fair  
 And frank and brave to breast the shock of storm,  
 When the north wind blew fierce upon her form  
 And the chill dews cooled the warm zeal and fire  
 That, kindling, burned bright with life's desire.  
 Then saw she cruel Fate, cutting life short,  
 And Death come, offering his grim escort;  
 Nor ran, but stood to meet him in the way,  
 This fair young girl, a heroine of to-day.  
 So quietly laid down the gift, we crave,  
 And walked alone with firmness to the grave.  
 No tourney knight, whose pride gave valor bold,  
 No soldier stern, would stouter spirit hold.  
 Fair maiden of few years, soon decked with flowers,  
 Whose steadfast simple courage strengthens ours.







HENRY FOWLER.

## GEORGE AUGUSTUS FOWLER.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1802—MARCH 3, 1867.

His form, then worn with toil and bowed with age,  
Did oft our youthful reverence engage.  
The waving hair the gray head did adorn,  
When faithfully he rose with shining morn,  
And coursed his way about and followed care  
And sought and found his duty everywhere.  
In cures and therapeutics versed, he knew  
The healing art; to diagnose and view  
The ills that human life do much afflict  
And its fair peace and pleasure interdict.  
Oft, as he passed some door where trouble brewed,  
The wife ran out, and faith and hope renewed,  
When his sagacious words a cure dispense  
Without reward—but thanks to Providence!  
So freely fell, the balm of healing power  
Till Fate's swift due feet brought his parting hour.  
The life, so true, beneficent and brave,  
In words and deeds, designed to serve and save;  
The gentle, hearty kindness of soul,  
We would, in love and memory, enroll.

## HENRY FOWLER.

JUNE 30, 1812—MARCH 4, 1894.

A tuneful one holds here his longest rest  
If not now chorister among the blest,  
Who, almost from the days of lining out,  
Rejoiced to guide sweet harmony devout;  
Harmonious quite, in every part himself,  
Until his lyre was laid upon the shelf.  
No discord in his gentle nature dwelt  
And vexed him when at eve in prayer he knelt;

An instrument of joy and gladsomeness,  
 Now tuned to psalmist's hopeful brighter stress  
 Or 'Come, ye drear, disconsolate,' or Dundee  
 And China's dread lamenting symphony.  
 In early life, he gently 'plied the birch,'  
 Then, like a column strong, upheld the Church;  
 Then legislates the wise restraining clause  
 In to the framework of Connecticut laws.  
 His days to kindly cheer responsive ran,  
 Rare, genial, courteous and humorous man.  
 Mirth lurked within his twinkling eye to thrill  
 And tuneful voices keep his living still.

RUSSELL FRISBIE.

JULY 27, 1780—MARCH 28, 1866.

He marches forth with his supporting cane  
 And thick surtout to warm his cooling vein—  
 And slow meanders, where his swifter feet  
 Once ran, the early joys of life to meet.  
 His active fortune-seeking days are past  
 When year by year, as long as strength did last,  
 He ventured forth on mercantile exchange;  
 For then our merchantry sought wider range.  
 Before the days of rapid transit came,  
 Good people promenaded without shame;  
 Then all required to have their feet well clad  
 And this the end our southern merchants had.  
 Bermudas were his fortunate fair isles  
 And then the Carolinas, other whiles.  
 Full forty years, so voyaging forth and back,  
 He saw wild tempests sweep tossed ocean's track,  
 And children ran to his strong arms to save,  
 When smote the whirlwind's flail upon the wave.  
 Then anchoring, he saw last suns decline  
 And joined this mortal to that life divine.

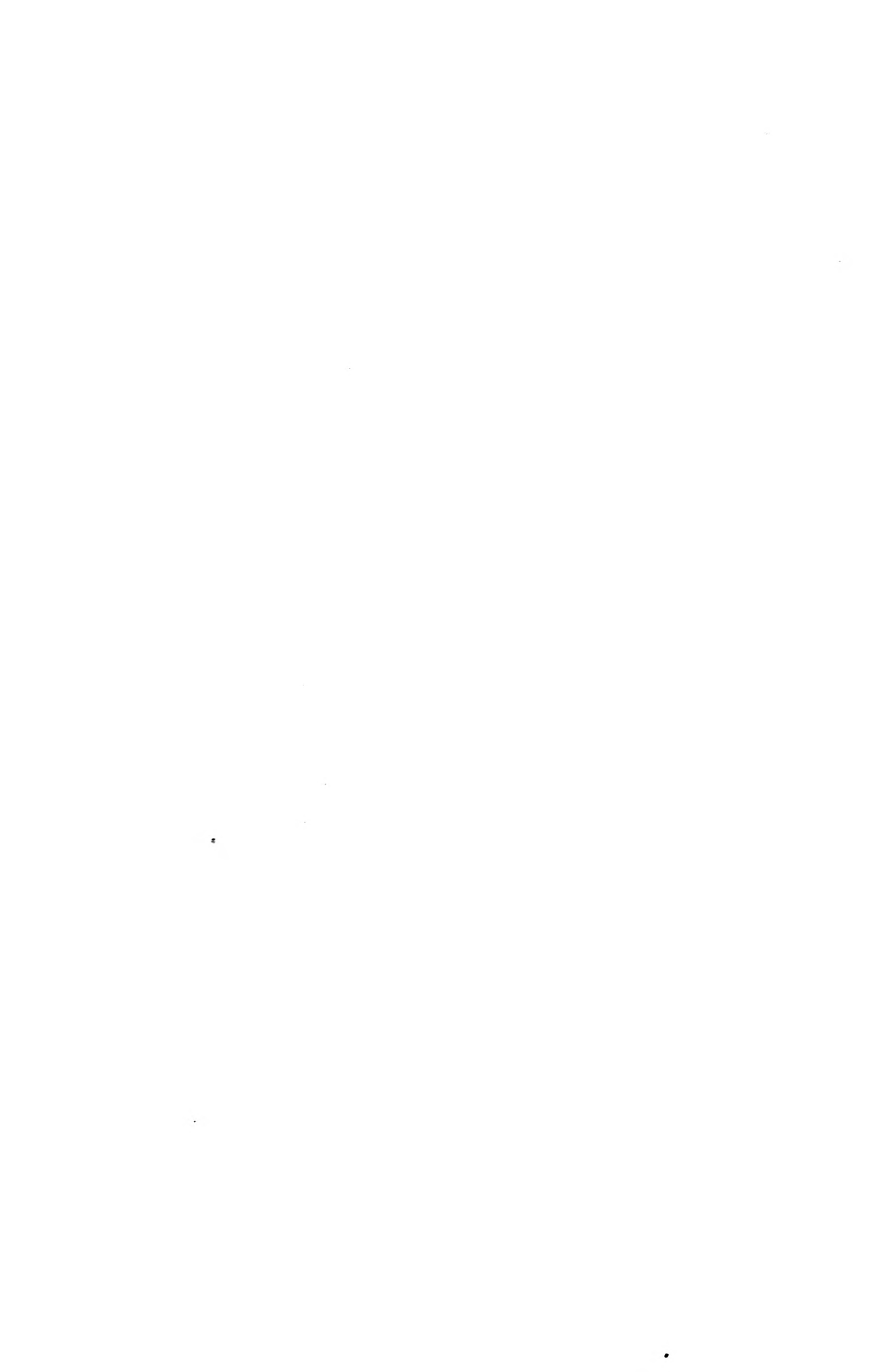
## MRS. NANCY JUDSON FISHER.

AUGUST 29, 1828—SEPTEMBER 19, 1882.

Dark-eyed brunette, well rounded and petite,  
Vivacious in her manners, in habits neat;  
By nature, training, care and education,  
Well fitted to fill high or humble station.  
She poised her parasol with ready grace  
And speaking, looked you frankly in the face;  
Then tripped along and meeting, not a few,  
And seeing others, still remembered you.  
She was a favorite, in good renown,  
With all the bachelors and belles in town,  
And drilled herself in woman's way to be  
A useful, apt and skilled authority;  
Relieved the needy and the friendless found  
And practiced 'Good Samaritan' around.  
Then Fortune bore her, far among the hills,  
To serve and bless there other lives and wills.  
So rose and ran the few swift years away,  
Till life's last journey brought her back one day.  
Her presence still before us comes in view,  
As fadeless, fair and frank, as once we knew.

GUILFORD PORTRAITS,  
MEMORIAL EPITAPHS OF WESTSIDE.

PART VI: GOLDSMITH—JOHNSON.





MRS. M. C. GOLDSMITH.



REV. A. B. GOLDSMITH.



## REVEREND ALVAH BRADLEY GOLDSMITH.

DECEMBER 2, 1792—JUNE 12, 1863.

Precise we see him, as precise he wore  
 His daily dignity and careful before  
 Him picked his way along; but all the while  
 He sought another path with wary guile.  
 Such thought was much the fashion of the day;  
 Folk grounded here planned how to get away.

Bookish, he learn-ed letters, bought and sold;  
 And in the freedom of his thought, he told  
 The positive conclusion he had found  
 In unbelief; but quick it turned unsound.

He would not, with the truth, be left alone.  
 So finding few in the unbelievers' zone,  
 He turned him to the faithful for repair,  
 Yet still continued unbeliever there.

So bent and bound to shift his veering views,  
 As often as he learned some later news.  
 He led a few, as warm surrendered souls,  
 Away to their own chosen goodly goals.

And, in a kind of "Oxford movement" rare,  
 This legion, to the school-house, did repair;  
 Taking for doctrine, not intending theft,  
 Portions of what the Oxford men had left.

The butt'nut suit, he wore, his cool repose,  
 Fur hat and spectacles that bridged his nose,  
 The simple virtue that becalmed his humor  
 And made him far too shrewd to credit rumor,  
 We saw to days of usefulness increase,  
 For he was later, justice of the peace.

## MRS. MARY CRUTTENDEN GOLDSMITH.

DECEMBER 22, 1790—FEBRUARY 4, 1861.

She stands in vista of the past to view,  
 A dim and flitting figure, known to few;  
 But busy housewives know what she's about,  
 As round the house she bustles in and out.  
 And little reck's of Alvah's devious ways;  
 When slowly he emerges from some haze  
 Of clouded thought to say at table grace,  
 She shows, serene before the Father's face,  
 The humble eye, the awed and stilled suspense,  
 That full betoken her deep reverence.  
 She runs to see the jockey gypsies pass  
 And trembles at the bolt that shakes the glass;  
 Enlivens with a draught the thirsty flower  
 And civil with a neighbor, chats an hour,  
 Then feeds her hungry household; such was life,  
 A calling to this faithful, willing wife.  
 Her full compacted form and gentle gaze  
 Are warrants of well spent, devoted days.  
 With hope and cheer and spicy humor blest,  
 These make her many merits manifest.

## JUDGE NATHANIEL GRIFFING.

JANUARY 26, 1767—SEPTEMBER 17, 1845.

He lies with all his honor in this bed,  
 Who long life, strenuous and useful, led;  
 So welding common suffrage in himself  
 That he was never laid upon the shelf.  
 At home, alas! scarce suffered to reside,  
 Sent off so constant to the council side.  
 Of large and liberal mind, he was trained  
 To all our civil functions and ordained.





JUDGE NATHANIEL GRIFFING.



MRS. SARAH BROWN GRIFFING.

His call, unanimous did Nature give  
 And he, a son of Yale, for all did live  
 In higher ministry of the civil state,  
 Whereunto all these other things relate;  
 As home, school, church that are protected safe,  
 But under taxes and some strictures, chafe.  
 He studied how commercially to thrive  
 And soon to large possessions did arrive  
 To-day they tell, when the Esquire drove round,  
 The children near all courtesied to the ground.  
 About his two-caped cloak, they love to twine  
 The fonder memories of auld lang syne.

MRS. SARAH BROWN GRIFFING.

JUNE 3, 1767—JUNE 1, 1865.

Beside the hearth with her, we silent sat  
 In reverent mood and listened to her chat.  
 The voice seemed plaintive, in its mellow tone,  
 As clear sustained and full, she talked alone.  
 The capped head, moving to enforce the word,  
 We listened while the rocker barely stirred.  
 Scarce wrinkle had then graved the matron's face,  
 The collar broad gave full its gentle grace.  
 Upon the brow, the nut-brown parted hair  
 Held its own color, fadeless full and fair:  
 The temper calm and well composed the mind  
 And if the eyes, with sightless sense, were blind,  
 The thought so clear, and sensible and kind,  
 Made her far-seeing and not strictly blind.  
 True fairer picture of the Pilgrim mother,  
 We should not find here in any other.  
 When finally, she stirred our parting tears,  
 She lacked but two of full one hundred years.  
 May love and reverence shield her hidden dust  
 That should remain, a known and sacred trust.

## FREDERICK REDFIELD GRIFFING.\*

NOVEMBER 5, 1798—OCTOBER 13, 1852.

He laid his hand on large affairs indeed,  
 And builded up the ways that quicken speed,  
 To foster full exchange, from mart to mart,  
 To make the world all center at one heart.  
 He sent forth ships upon the trading wind,  
 That blows soft gales to shores of Western Ind.;  
 Then sacked the coal-black bowels of the earth,  
 Made Gotham shine by night to show his worth.  
 Who could, sagacious, lofty labors plan  
 And among leaders walk a leading man;  
 Who knew to counsel youth and wisdom give,  
 The while, must acclimate himself to live:  
 Who still remained affectionate to please  
 And sought to put his neighbors at their ease.  
 Upon the Sabbath day, the parson knew  
 He would be punctual to the corner pew.  
 Decades have passed, yet well his memory lives  
 In his own deeds and fond affection gives  
 Warm welcome to his name; while still survive  
 The fruitful seeds he planted when alive.

## AUGUSTUS PRATT HALL.

JUNE 11, 1822—FEBRUARY 24, 1889.

He lived his life just, open and sincere  
 And long and well will be remembered here;  
 Impulsive sure, outspoken in his speech,  
 But fair and frank to all within his reach.  
 He helped preserve that busy elder day,

\* A builder of the Shore Line, New Haven to New London, and parts of other early Eastern and Western railroads. An associate of John I. Blair of New Jersey.

When Guilford fashioned shoes and sent away.  
Whatever rugged brambled paths, we trod,  
He strove to keep us always stoutly shod.  
Of large and varied gifts, this family  
For vocal hymn, for tuneful psalm and glee:  
With flutes and viols, Sabbath song, they raised  
When here, with harmony, the Lord was praised.  
And when the village rung with tuneful art,  
To beat the reveillé was long his part;  
More thorough make the bass and mark the time  
And give the theme and note, emphatic chime.  
As deep, in Alpine dell, the drummer, lost  
His dying strokes did soldiers' ears accost,  
So still, these notes their echoed sounds prolong  
That here were beat before our village throng.

SHERMAN BRADLEY HALL.

OCTOBER 29, 1842—JULY 3, 1897.

An eager-eyed, fair, sanguine-tempered youth  
With dark and raven hair and gentle sooth.  
He had a quick, divining eye for numbers  
And while his mate, on an example, slumbers,  
Sherman has solved his puzzle like a book.  
Such once, were early notes of him we took.  
For mutual upbuilding then soon he sought  
The city and commercial, sold and bought.  
He prospered, in a word, and lived his life,  
Immersed in mercantile and honest strife,  
Then grew in form more handsome and robust,  
A certain manly grace, display, he must.  
With stores of sense, bright, active and awake.  
He clearly saw and crisp his comments spake.  
Then well it pleased and could but charm the neighbors  
To see fond Sherman, from his busy labors

Take time and spend it at the mother's side,  
 Till each was justly termed the other's pride.  
 Then time with wafting wings flew on, and he  
 Sailed forth alone, upon the unknown sea!

MISS HARRIET ELIZABETH HALL.

MARCH 1, 1810—MARCH 15, 1881.

She rises, well enfolded, full and fair,  
 As comely, tall and womanly in air;  
 With Roman nose and far perceiving eye  
 And salutation sure in passing by.  
 So resolute and willful, on occasion,  
 She wears the look of humorous evasion  
 And arch disinclination to collide  
 With others, as willful and full of pride.  
 Her sphere for decades was the sacred choir,  
 When drawing curtains clicked along the wire.  
 The viol loud blew in the bass; the flute  
 Its tenor threw; then she, no longer mute,  
 Poured forth her soul in praise and led the host  
 That worshipped where they felt the spirit most.  
 And now her counter tone runs, high and clear,  
 And chases fast the fleeting fugue so near.  
 Then those sonorous notes, so pure, so brave,  
 That we had learned to listen for and crave,  
 No longer tuned, from harmony released,  
 This sweet-toned spirit, pure of song, deceased.

ALFRED HINCKLEY.

NOVEMBER 24, 1821—APRIL 18, 1900.

His life was silent, cloistered, hid from view.  
 His function was to clothe a man anew,  
 To fashion form and give some fitting grace,



That should reflect its comfort in the face.  
His face was mobile, where his features played,  
Smiled or looked troubled, anxious and dismayed  
If the garment, promised one in November,  
Was not quite fit by Christmas in December.  
Himself was stalwart, tall and brawny made;  
There sometimes, in the soil, he pushed the spade  
And eased the earth and trained the vaulting vine,  
The orchard reared and changed the grape to wine.  
To humor and amuse, he turned to art  
And with sweet harmony he played his part.  
And then, full martial as the grenadier,  
He marched and countermarched, in quickstep here.  
Conscience, he had in super-eminent degree  
And was the very pattern of sincerity;  
Those, fashioned, cut and tailored to his plan,  
All had a larger liking for the man.

WILLIAM HENRY HUBBARD.

MAY 17, 1841—SEPTEMBER 16, 1863.

He was our daily school and running mate.  
We dreamed of present, past and future state  
And sent our vain, beloved selves to glory,  
When up rose war and quickly changed the story.  
He went to glory last, but first to war;  
Love of country and courage were his law.  
And when away to war he proudly went,  
He took the valor for a regiment;  
At least, as much as any man, who gave  
Himself to prospects of a soldier's grave.  
He chose and turned him strong, stern and severe  
Away from caring for these acres here,  
Away from happy school-boy life and play,

In early manhood's brightest, dearest day;  
 Aglow with fire, but peaceful as the dawn  
 Athletic, daring, brave, with breasted brawn,  
 And fleet of foot to chase our ball away  
 Upon the Green, our centre guard in play;  
 War's fever laid him waste on Southern soil  
 And took him from his hearty life and toil.

DANIEL HAND.\*

JULY 16, 1801—DECEMBER 17, 1891.

Recalling all the mighty, whom we can,  
 None had more of the majesty of man.  
 Electric, tense and tall, he stood erect  
 Compactly formed, upright and circumspect.

His might and personality were strong.  
 To him too, charms and graces did belong;  
 A manner frank, engaging and polite,  
 Confident, animated, earnest quite.  
 Responding now with arch, appealing glance,  
 He holds the willing listener in a trance.

With many likings, some dislikes he had.  
 His energies were, of a tangent, glad  
 To run and vent themselves; so strong, his will  
 He could, at leisure, but be active still;

Would obstacles deride and Fate defy,  
 All means employ, but on himself, rely.  
 He loved the world, but would not pay it court,  
 Nor e'er with fairy pleasure quite disport.

\* Burial in Hammonasset cemetery. His bequest for the education of freedmen was one million of dollars.



DANIEL HAND.



In long decline of years, he viewed us o'er,  
 Coursing the winding ways, as oft before;  
 Across the lawns, now glancing at the fields,  
 Admires the toil and what the harvest yields.

His ken was large and statesmanlike his view.  
 From southern lands, where first his fortune grew,  
 Fortune with honor full, he saw returned;  
 Then gave for freedmen what his honor earned.  
 In pure philanthropy, he holds high place  
 As friend and factor of that lowly race.

### AMOS SAMUEL HOTCHKISS.

SEPTEMBER 9, 1810—JUNE 26, 1893.

Beneath the shrouding soil, he loved and spaded,  
 And set these spreading elms his form have shaded  
 He sleeps; around him prone, I silent pace  
 And think how kindly beamed his hidden face.  
 How oft the light that from his window shone,  
 Allured me in to chat with him alone!

The gray, worn visage, the hawked Roman nose  
 And all the features, rugged in repose,  
 With pleasure gleamed, while far into the past,  
 All our eager, studious thought was cast.

Now as I come alone and pensive walk,  
 'Uncle Amos' seems as of old to talk  
 About the prophets and the ancient Jew;  
 Isaiah and King David, whom he knew;

Isaac, Jacob and others of the race  
 He revered; he spoke with grudging grace  
 Almost, of his own early days; his life  
 Made strenuous with barter, toil and strife.

He dwelt beside the out and inning tides,  
 Where rising waters meet when storm presides;  
 He battled for his bread there, day by day,  
 Plucked fom earth, air and water and salt hay.  
 Through all his battled life, he comfort took  
 And "cordial" in its day; nor faith forsook.

His table, lecturn-like the Bible held.  
 He, of the now, in past and future dwelled;  
 Amos loved every line of sacred lore  
 And we loved Amos till he was no more.

### JOHN HOTCHKISS.

MARCH 9, 1791—APRIL 19, 1873.

Upon the forest verge, where shadows dwell,  
 And leaves of vines of purple vintage tell,  
 Where arbutus first prinks May's beauty out  
 And laurel brightens June, he lived devout,  
 And plenty plucked from stern and flinty soil,  
 Reward of prickly smart and timely toil.  
 A man to muse and love the tranquil day  
 Nor lose his head by leaving out his hay.  
 The form was never bent, the hair grew white  
 And threw a happy halo round his height.  
 When peals of Sabbath bells rung out, he rose  
 And dignified his outward mien and chose  
 The way to church; with cane, high hat, erect  
 He passed slow onward, thoughtful, circumspect.  
 Then stirred by choral lay, inspired by priest,  
 He homeward turned with happy hope increased.  
 There youth made revelry and oft by night,  
 Dance, song and voice in minstrelsy unite.  
 What wanted more? in daughters three and son  
 He saw descending, how his race would run.



AMOS S. HOTCHKISS.



JOHN HOTCHKISS.





## ROBERT HUNT.

JULY 24, 1795—APRIL 4, 1870.

Where gentle breezes flush the summer glow,  
He settled in our town, a model mile below  
The village, valed and bluffed around with hills.  
There, came strange flying folk looking for thrills  
From ocean's dashing spray that cools the wave  
Of air, too timely hot, the solstice gave.

Here Tritons blow to raise or hush the storm,  
Sweet sirens peaceful come, in luring form;  
Gulls lightly soar above, then ride the waves,  
When seas are tranquil over seamen's graves.

Friends walk and talk by moon or Falcon light  
And drink the outdoor raptures of the night,  
Then read and cooler fan the air; at eve  
The breeze fans them till ready to receive  
Old friends and new fair fresh delights, rehearse  
Poem or parlor-song and hours converse.

Such pleasures held the host and here divers  
Many shared his sweet retreat and thrivers  
In busy marts, rested their worn out reason  
And loved this host of the sweet summer season.

Then old he grew and for himself sought rest  
And wished release from heavy care's behest  
And canvassing to find, where all friends meet,  
He came to Riverside for last retreat.

Old guests from far with slow, reluctant feet  
Gathered in sacred house, where Christians meet;  
Their dirges sang, their words of sorrow read,  
Then down the aisle bore him with muffled tread.

## SAMUEL JOHNSON, JR.

MARCH 10, 1757—JUNE 20, 1836.

A ripe old man with shoulders round and eyes  
 That peering, pierce and hidden stars surprise.  
 A teacher and yet lover of our rising race,  
 We cannot slight him here with any grace.

Indeed, he is recalled by not a few  
 To whom he had imparted all they knew,  
 Or would have, had Fortune to him brought them.  
 And in other ways this teacher taught them;  
 A lexicon, for instance, once he made  
 This rare remembered present passing shade.

He reared and disciplined into their letters,  
 That generation past, so much our betters,  
 Our very sires; and watched their scanty speech  
 And taught them, not the words, to overreach.

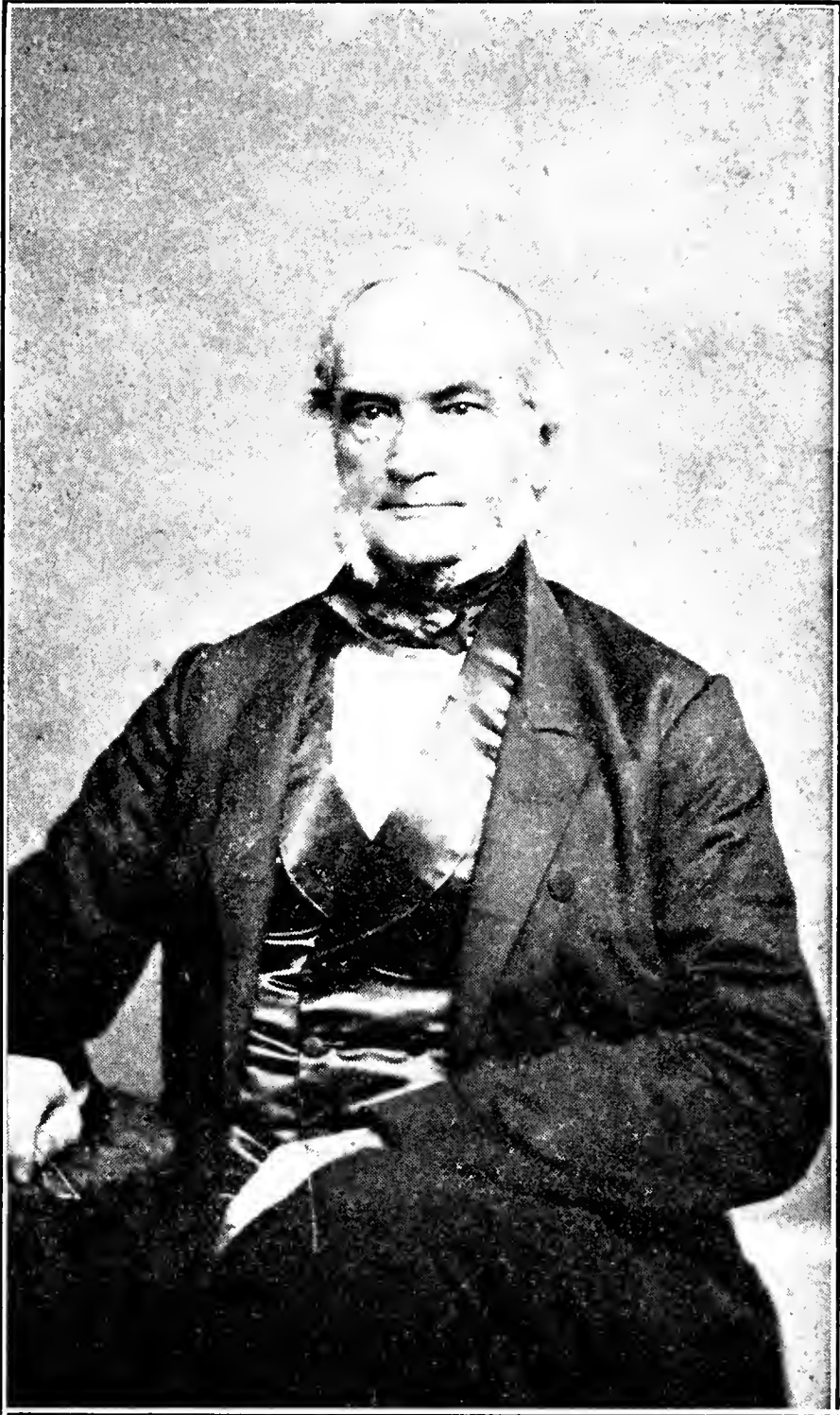
He ruled and copy wrote and 'corder' used.\*  
 Then fulled the cloth no gentleman refused.  
 To mill he strides in cloak and double cape;  
 All this, his life and form, to toil must shape.

But now, his lexicon is rare as he.  
 Sall Stanton's, kept at Yale, is sad to see;  
 The cover boards have lost their paste through fraud,  
 For Sally was a bookworm, there she gnawed.

He stocked the town with Eden's apples fair,  
 The Bristol and the Pippin, pledged to bear.  
 Those lustrous eyes, that form remembered yet,  
 Prove him: a man, not easy to forget.  
 These choice Colonials in Johnson meet,  
 Eaton, Theophilus and Jones and Leete.

\* To measure wood—four stakes, set up.





MAJOR S. C. JOHNSON.

## MAJOR SAMUEL COLLINS JOHNSON.

OCTOBER 24, 1792—NOVEMBER 11, 1872.

This man, in frame and mould, majestic grew,  
 In outward form, the rarest man we knew.  
 Inward serene, composed and ever cool,  
 Mayhap betokened power, reserved to rule.  
 Some governors to like dignity might rise;  
 Some generals, when decked in warlike guise.  
 He was a man, with wit and humor blest,  
 And quick to turn a sentiment and jest.  
 His humor led him into craft of state,  
 Merchantry to leave and learn to legislate  
 And govern and firm call down disorder,  
 When politics should on rebellion border.  
 Allied with Ruggles name, to Hulda thanks,  
 Where we have traced her in the Johnson ranks  
 And praise her now for sending down the line,  
 The form, the wondrous eyes, so dark divine.  
 Ah! would that still again our eyes could greet  
 This man, we knew and spoke upon the street.  
 Friend of our kinsman, both here in retreat,  
 Yet how, where, when two majors more complete!

## MRS. OLIVE SPENCER JOHNSON.

FEBRUARY 27, 1810—MAY 19, 1891.

The corner house and store adjoining stood,  
 Where turn we gave to State street if we would.  
 The "upping block" of stone lay anchored nigh,  
 For man or woman who came riding by.  
 We ran with cordial step unto the door  
 And met her in those golden days of yore.  
 Molded fair and well, she was—eyes like day  
 And hair to match in color, doubtless grey.

While, in the clear, frank aspect of her face,  
All gentle goodness shone with stintless grace.  
Kindness, that in her heart prolific grew,  
Was spread abroad on sufferers, she knew.  
A large and noble nature, rare to see,  
Herself plucked off the full ancestral tree,  
That much has furnished hearths and chimney sides  
With manly men and gentle blooming brides.  
Sweet life, she gave to breathe the native air  
To son and daughter, radiant spirits fair.  
For heart humane, she was beloved around  
And there are those who worship here the ground.

GUILFORD PORTRAITS,  
MEMORIAL EPITAPHS OF WESTSIDE.

PART VII: LEETE—ROBINSON.

## DEACON ALBERT AUGUSTUS LEETE.

OCTOBER 11, 1805—MAY 17, 1888.

This hardy, manly, faithful saintly soul  
 Had, in the nearing eighties, neared his goal.  
 The form, of ripe and full pathetic beauty,  
 Then touched the heart with proofs of closing duty.  
 Far back, we well remember and recall  
 When ranked he with our foremost men of all.  
 A primate to the old "foundation church,"  
 He gave his pithy speech with shrewd research.  
 His lofty thought dwelt not in sordid zone.  
 Feeling with pathos mingled in the tone.  
 His earnest nature gave life small relent;  
 His head, in mood of contemplation bent,  
 He pondered o'er the ways of man on earth  
 And spent no time in idle joys and mirth.  
 His deep strong nature, bound to narrow heath,  
 To all that's best like pillar stood beneath.  
 When under years he bowed and age began,  
 Fond guidance waited on the rare old man.  
 To-day, how gladly give him watch and ward,  
 Who here lies slumbering beneath the sward!

## MRS. BETSEY ANN LEETE.

DECEMBER 23, 1805—OCTOBER 14, 1881.

The household's mother, guardian, guide and wife,  
 Within the flesh, she led the spirit-life;  
 While in and yet not of the world, a part  
 She nurtured well her excellence of heart;  
 Patience through pain, magnanimous survey  
 Of life's plans thwarted and sweet hope's delay.  
 She seemed a saintly character on her way,  
 Lengthening out with us an earthly stay.





DEACON ALBERT A. LEETE.



Who was indeed a true and human creature,  
 With liquid eyes, radiant and fair of feature,  
 In youth's full rounded form with soulful look,  
 Whom neither grace nor chastened cheer forsook.  
 Words still resound to us from echoing hall,  
 Exchange of hail and hope with friendly call.  
 All centered here, she sons and daughters reared,  
 Sweet influence sent out and was revered;  
 Gained love of all and gave it forth around  
 And was a joyful presence homeward bound.  
 Her shining spirit graced this wayside rest,  
 Whom now we love to think among the blest.

SIDNEY WARD LEETE.

APRIL 7, 1833—AUGUST 9, 1901.

He sat him down at eve with pain opprest,  
 Beneath his vine and tree and fell at rest.  
 And now has come to reap life's last reward  
 Under this same green, turfed and tender sward.

A staunch and rugged soul, sincere and true;  
 Too prudent far to tell us all he knew;  
 Though mirthful eyes would warn of merry thought  
 That smiles and tears with joyous laughter brought.

His mental gifts were vigorous and rare,  
 His constitution, sturdy, tall and spare.  
 He cared for friends, but little cared for self  
 And storm and sunshine through, remained himself.

More than his footsteps stamped the ways he walked;  
 The man, the life, the things of which he talked.  
 His soul, set much on earth, yet hoped for heaven;  
 This hope insured his life and gave it leaven.  
 He strove with faith along the narrow way  
 And revered the words of ancient day.

His merits high, his stature would not tell.  
 He saw far shorter men above him dwell;  
 Upon them all for years he must look down  
 But never coveted their earned renown.

Nature's flowers and children he could love  
 And smile upon their innocence from above.  
 Dwelling side by side never caused us pain.  
 We met to-day and hoped to meet again.  
 Neighbors in life, our dust will neighbors be,  
 When Riverside shall hold both him and me.

DEACON CALVIN MINER LEETE.\*

OCTOBER 18, 1816—FEBRUARY 17, 1900.

Where waters pour and pave the pebbled strand,  
 His home a light-house stood to sea and land.  
 It looked inviting, shining red around,  
 And was a station on "the underground."  
 For there his justice and his mercy shone  
 To guard and guide some wanderer alone.

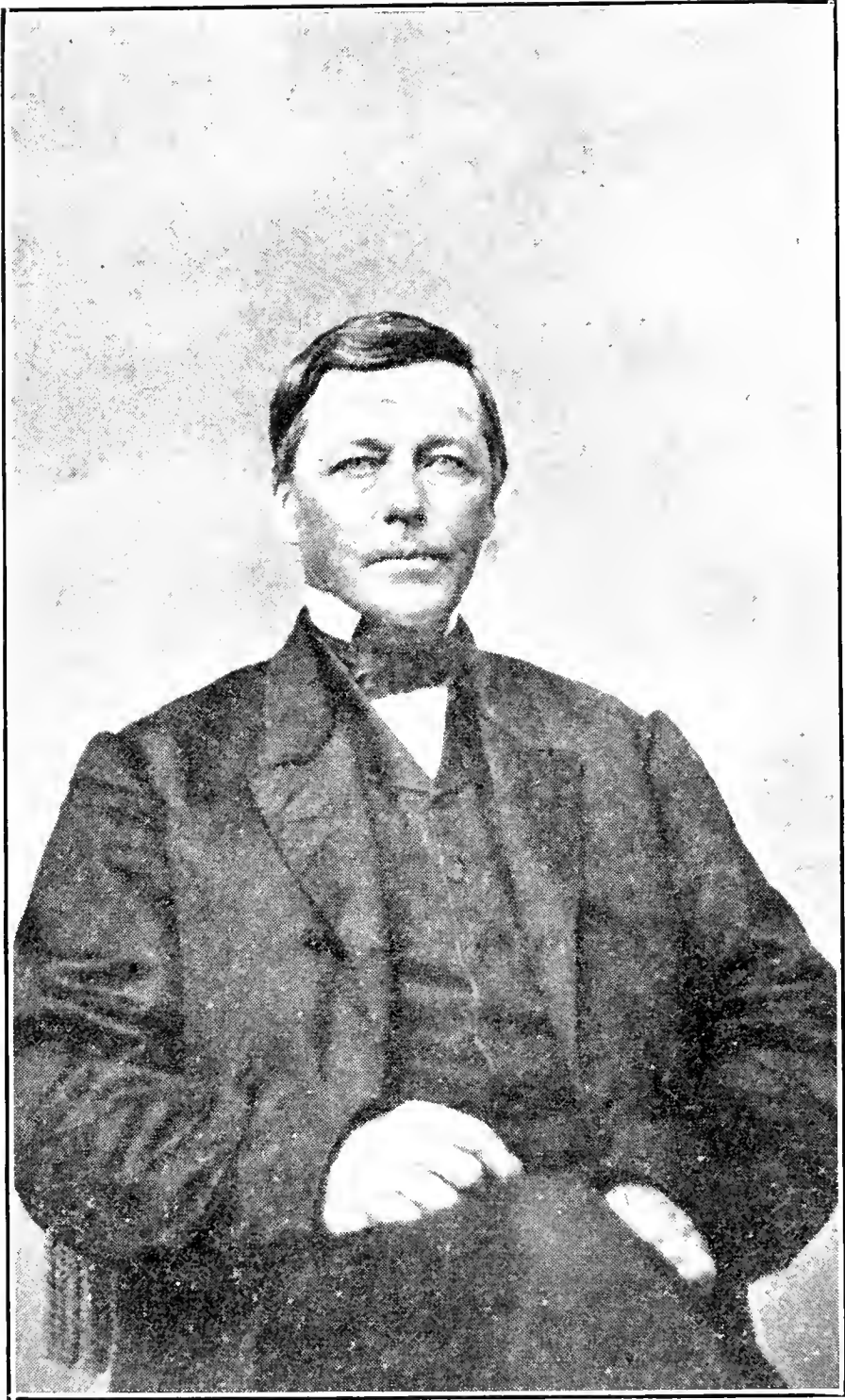
Governor William then would shine through him  
 As in the olden days, fast growing dim.  
 No old-time soldier, fresh from Bunker Hill,  
 Showed more of fire with scant military drill.

A man of trained intelligence of mind  
 And thought, nor easy to deceive and blind;  
 Could give the reason always to his deed,  
 Nor rashly strove to make the right succeed.

With wit and humor, social to address,  
 We loved the man for his rare manliness.  
 He was the leader, nor quite easy led,  
 His spirit so impetuous forward sped.

\* Burial at Leete Island.





DEACON EDWARD L. LEETE.

He sat in councils of the Church and State  
And left a name for us to venerate;  
Commanding in his form and marked in mien,  
When ripe with age, his dignity was seen,  
A man to turn and view upon the street  
If, as a stranger somewhere, you should meet.

He lived the while he lived and wore his crown,  
Known far and wide, a father of the town.  
Of history choice, unwritten in our day,  
Himself made much and carried much away.

DEACON EDWARD LORENZO LEETE.\*

JUNE 28, 1810—MAY 3, 1884.

Of all men, least could he be soon forgot,  
Who lived his long life out and now is not.  
His manly majesty with calm repose  
And quiet dignity before us rose,  
Beloved to view and showed in human guise  
Virtues we love to covet, seek and prize.

Nature endowed him well to be elect;  
For counsel formed, discreet and circumspect.  
He early taught nor ever ceased to teach;  
So well his inner life did outward reach.  
Where stands fair, fruitful learning's laureled tree,  
He came as pruning patron and trustee.

To priestly rank as faithful, he belonged  
And close around him frequent listeners thronged.  
His utterance came slow to Christian folk,  
For he was still a-thinking as he spoke.  
But when he rose to moderate town-meetings,  
He seemed full fit to have the township's greetings.

\* Burial at Leete Island.

To chambers of the State, he sometimes went  
And brought his aid to wiser government.

He was so grand a model of a man,  
To love and honor and copy if we can.  
In his own time and day, among the few,  
We should select and now hold up to view.

As when, upon the wall, the constant eye  
Of portrait follows us, when passing by  
We turn to treasure and prolong its phase,  
So he upon us bends his earnest gaze.

### MORRIS ATWELL LEETE.

NOVEMBER 10, 1795—DECEMBER 23, 1864.

A sturdy man he was nor measured right,  
As gauged alone by what first seemed to sight.  
In short, for he was not tall but reverse.  
His hidden merits let us here rehearse.  
He welded life and fortune at the forge,  
Building his fire beside the chimney's gorge;  
Then, on the anvil, smiting as he stands,  
The art most useful, skillful he commands.  
He blows the fulgent fire, then holds at rest  
And dares to grapple danger to his breast;  
Then seized the hoof and shod it iron-bound  
And pierced it through with slender nails around.  
We saw him long reliant in many things.  
He had the reputation late life brings;  
For judgment, in a word, had just renown,  
Was so called forth as counsel to the town.  
He disciplined and trained to fill his place  
Sons still mightier, of his very race,  
In days when discipline employed the rod.  
He joined respect for man with fear for God.



## MRS. CLARINDA GRAVES LEETE.

AUGUST 27, 1799—MAY 23, 1863.

The vision rises of her form, inclining  
 Her aspect mild and ever kind designing.  
 The voice, then heard in pleasant mellow flow,  
 The love that acts of friendly kindness show,  
 These dwell with us, a present potent force  
 Of happy recollection through life's course.  
 Her gliding days, not few, nor swift, nor strong,  
 She did improve and happily prolong.  
 Many a son and daughter, borne and reared,  
 And friends afar, to whom she was endeared,  
 To-day pronounce her name with tender thrill  
 With fond affection true, increasing still.  
 Her life the best ambitions did proclaim,  
 To surpass herself, in virtues, was her aim;  
 That chief ambition nobly she pursued  
 And with high impulse her beloved endued.  
 Christian conscience here served her living guide  
 And while on earth, she held her heaven aside.  
 Her life, in others, now goes pulsing on  
 And prompts the memory we look upon.

## CHARLES WILSON MILLER.

OCTOBER 6, 1819—OCTOBER 1, 1875.

Decades have passed since, master of the mart,  
 He practiced merchantry with magic art.  
 As patient as the sun and sunlike beaming,  
 Holding spiced flavored stores for our redeeming.

A man of gracious and benignant port,  
 As fair to please and general favor court;  
 To bear the brunt of traffic, shrewd and sharp,

When traders, pert and chaffering, would carp  
 And quote some down-town merchant's cheaper prices;  
 Then ask for credit over coming crises.

He, scorning payment, would his stores disburse  
 And turn the threatened panic in the purse;  
 Then, in a stylish gig, would drive away  
 This merchant to perfection in his day.

He held a House of Commons after dark  
 Open to those who could and would remark;  
 Who, benched in line before the outer door,  
 Offered laughter, part payment at the store.

And where bright mirth and joy and glee entrance,  
 He moved, a social leader of the dance.  
 Then trod the sacred aisle at church to seat,  
 Silk hat, held out in hand, so very neat;  
 Befriended there the parson, in earth's trouble,  
 Trusting heaven would sure reward them double.

Heaven sent him many blessings to enjoy  
 But mixed with Fortune's favor Fate's alloy.  
 Alas! his excellence too soon we mourn  
 Who saw his genial presence from us borne.

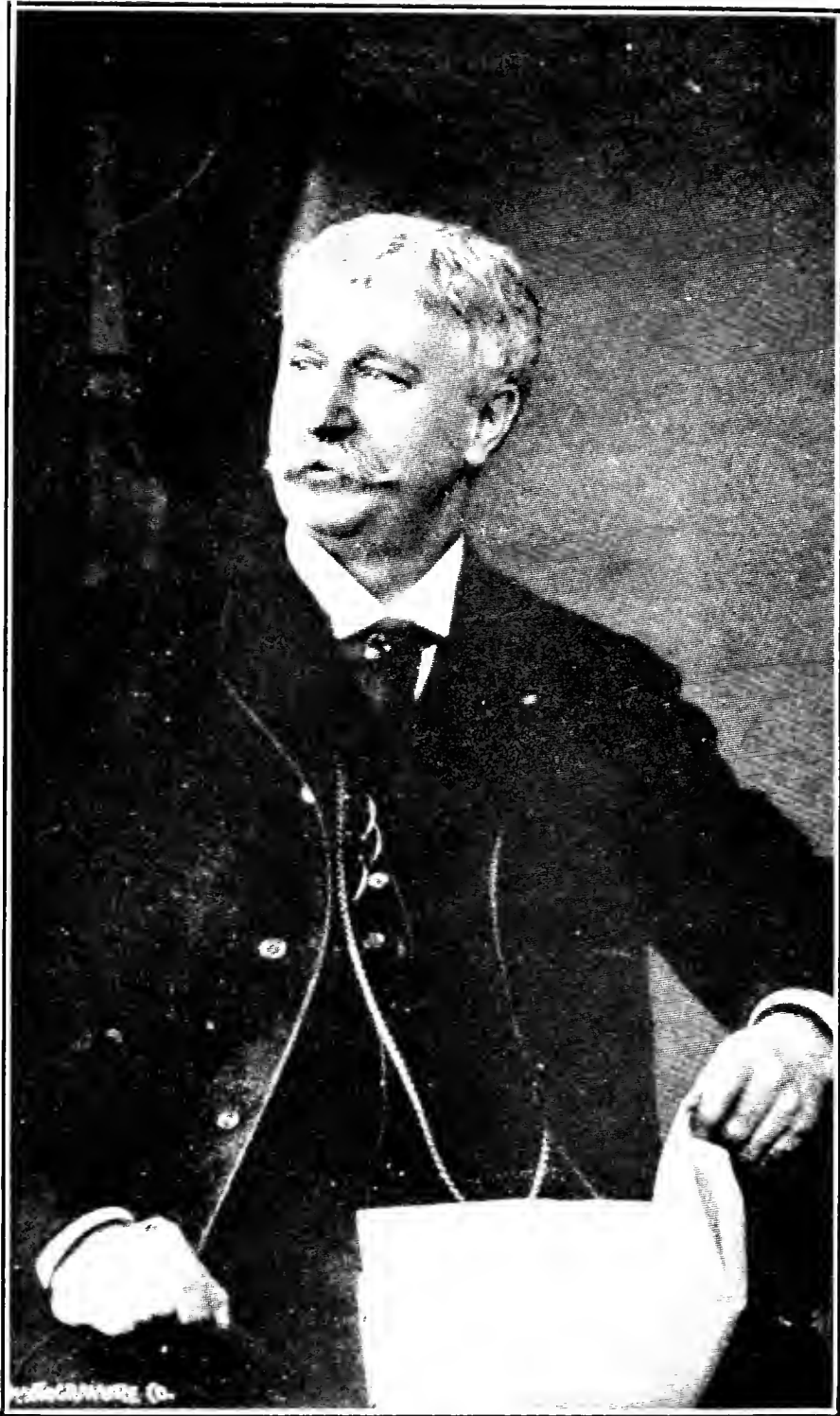
### BEVERLY MONROE.

AUGUST 18, 1824—JANUARY 26, 1906.

These weary words are all that now remain  
 To idly tell the sorrow, we sustain,  
 As vain we turn for solace and relief  
 To give expression to and ease our grief.

We crossed the threshold of each other's door,  
 Exchanging interest in each other's lore,  
 And heard the fairy fancies of his pen





WILLIAM H. H. MURRAY.

When his imagination wandered; then  
 Mingled mirth and story at the social board,  
 When California golden treasures poured.

He had old Zeno's fancy for the real,  
 Manly, ardent, aspiring in ideal;  
 But simple in his tastes, in busy strife.  
 More man than merchant to the end of life.

He had fared far and looked on other lands,  
 On Europe's, Afric's, and our western strands;  
 Nor, in annual journeying, far or near,  
 Had he, in wandering, lost interest here.

But faithful, fair and friendly in his day,  
 Served noble needy causes in his way;  
 Of shrewd and wary judgment to advise,  
 Nor apt, twixt right and wrong, to temporize.

True Scotia's scone led him through active life,  
 As though in Aberdeen, Melrose and Fife.  
 Eight busy decades, strenuous unrolled,  
 Nor dimmed his eager eye nor made him old.  
 One day we met and arms entwined around,  
 Our last farewell, for he was outward bound!

WILLIAM H. H. MURRAY.\*

APRIL 26, 1840—MARCH 3, 1904.

So comely and commanding, fair and large,  
 How shall remembrance friendly now discharge,  
 Since he is gone, its final dues to him?  
 The flashing eye, the manly form and limb,  
 The cheering tone, persuasive spell and more,  
 The hearty grasp, the laughter, all restore?

\* Burial on the Homestead.

In life's first eager prime and upward aim,  
 We saw his faithful, happy toil proclaim  
 His high ambition and devotion true  
 To reach an eminence, attained by few.

Park Street and Adirondack give the name  
 To his more early and some later fame;  
 While pulpit, desk and platform, year by year,  
 Drew eager, waiting multitudes to hear.

Then tales of forest life and Nature, rude,  
 Where health and joy and freedom better brood,  
 Soon brought an impulse to these tasking times  
 And added new attractions to our climes.

But vigor strong and aspiration high,  
 With all that earnest ardor can imply,  
 Could not prevail to bar reverses sore  
 That handicapped his later years and more.

Then, to these loved ancestral glebes retired,  
 He plied the toilsome crafts, his skill acquired  
 And threw upon the homestead all the care,  
 He had preserved in life for life's repair;  
 By Nature, formed on large and lofty plan,  
 E'en chequered life gives lustre to the man.

### WILLIAM NORTON.

NOVEMBER 7, 1801—MAY 24, 1885.

His stalwart form, erect and armed for tillage,  
 He so employed and much surprised the village;  
 That knew him well as bound to a career,  
 Then saw him, ploughing his rough acres here;





MRS. MARY C. PARKER.



With all the odds of Greek and Latin lores  
Against him sore, with logarithms and stores  
Of lessons that would set him often pondering  
And turn his mind from daily duties, wandering.

The contradiction, waste and loss of force  
In taking upward first, then downward course  
Were so unmasked to all the region round,  
He was called 'scholar' here where seen or found.

We viewed him often thus, with close discerning,  
But never saw him once display his learning;  
For while he played the stubborn farmer's rôle,  
He kept the scholar under schooled control.

Will resolute was stamped upon him strong  
And what he willed, would warrant after long.  
Not Andrew Jackson's self had firmer face.  
He carried, now a scholar's, now a farmer's grace;  
Proving faithful in both of these careers  
And took M.A. just after forty years.

For then the love of learning did revive  
And later still, he last of all, did wive.  
Life, handicapped in common estimation,  
He lived despite, but reached his destination.  
The furrow, last and deepest of all he made,  
Here shows the saddest uses of the spade.

MRS. MARY CLARISSA PARKER.

FEBRUARY 7, 1836—DECEMBER 1, 1895.

Attractive, fair and tall, she filled the space  
That Nature gave with winning ways and grace.  
She would the parson fearless entertain,  
When annual he came and would remain,

Past duty and intention, bound to see  
 Just how this lady matched in repartee;  
 For she brimmed over joyously with gladness  
 And had no close alliances with sadness.  
 And yet, a pensive undertone did flow  
 Still sweetly through her nature and did show  
 An excellence far richer than this art.  
 That there shone forth, reflected from her heart.  
 And gave then full the sympathetic power,  
 The gentlest gift in all fair woman's dower.  
 Many a year, she imparted gifted graces  
 Of lettered learning that brighten youthful faces  
 With apt instruction from the teacher's chair.  
 Life's sands ran happy out and while still fair,  
 Her strength and days declined and ere we knew,  
 To deep regret, here brought her journey through.

CAPTAIN URIAH NELSON PARMELEE.\*

AUGUST 24, 1841—APRIL 1, 1865.

He sat upon a wall seat in the rear,  
 His coat close buttoned down in front and queer:  
 And promenading up and down the aisle  
 And walking, as in dreamland, stirred the smile.

We loved him for the earnest way he trod,  
 Although it was unique as Dick and odd.  
 For oh! so happy then was he a-learning,  
 As scarce of aught thing else to be discerning.

In faculty, shrewd, active and acute,  
 He was more known for being resolute;  
 His humor, pleasing and his laughter, bright,  
 In spirit, brave, and character, upright,

\* A member of the Class of 1863, Yale College, until the beginning of the Junior Year. Burial at Five Forks, Va.



CAPTAIN U. N. PARMELEE.



Then war came on and stirred his ardor strong  
 And off he went, hot-foot to right the wrong,  
 Flung down his books and scholar's satchel then  
 And faced about before disunion men.

His duty was to bear through fire and smoke  
 The orders swift that answering fire awoke;  
 To lead a charge, to rally broken lines,  
 To dare rush in, where hazard most inclines.  
 Then Fate upon him turned and ambuscade  
 Of shell and cannon, his charmed life, waylaid.

Such was Uriah, when we knew him well,  
 Who followed his ideals, till he fell.  
 His noble brow and thoughtful, happy face,  
 The compact form, he bore with careless grace,  
 His staunch devotion and ambition, high,  
 With loves and memories, now buried lie.

#### DOCTOR GIDEON PERRY REYNOLDS.

FEBRUARY 6, 1829—DECEMBER 10, 1897.

Faithful, his life and ease he did devote,  
 O'er us to watch and our ill symptoms note;  
 Stood skilled and brave twixt us and death impending  
 And by his magic ways deferred life's ending.

We felt secure in his strong arm and will  
 And confided in his diagnosing skill  
 To read the wayward signs of storm and stress  
 That give the life disease and weariness.

Now, rising sleepless from his short repose,  
 He, forth into the stilly darkness goes;  
 Through blasts of wind and searching storm afar,

He speeds to where the silent watchers are;  
 There cheers and brightens some life's feeble ray  
 And brings hope back with dawning of the day.

A man of taste and skill and much refined  
 Intelligence with will and sense combined  
 And devotion to the weak; whom he would oft  
 Bid rise, go forth and bear themselves aloft.

So freely, spending life for us, he passed  
 His days; nor spared his ageing strength at last  
 But gave it in a moment at the call  
 And hastened, far too faithful, to his fall.  
 Till there, in yonder house, he prostrate lies  
 Whom death himself has taken by surprise.

His form, so tall in might and power abounding,  
 Guards us no more, when danger comes surrounding,  
 And we, for whom he often saved the day,  
 Could not save him from faring first away.

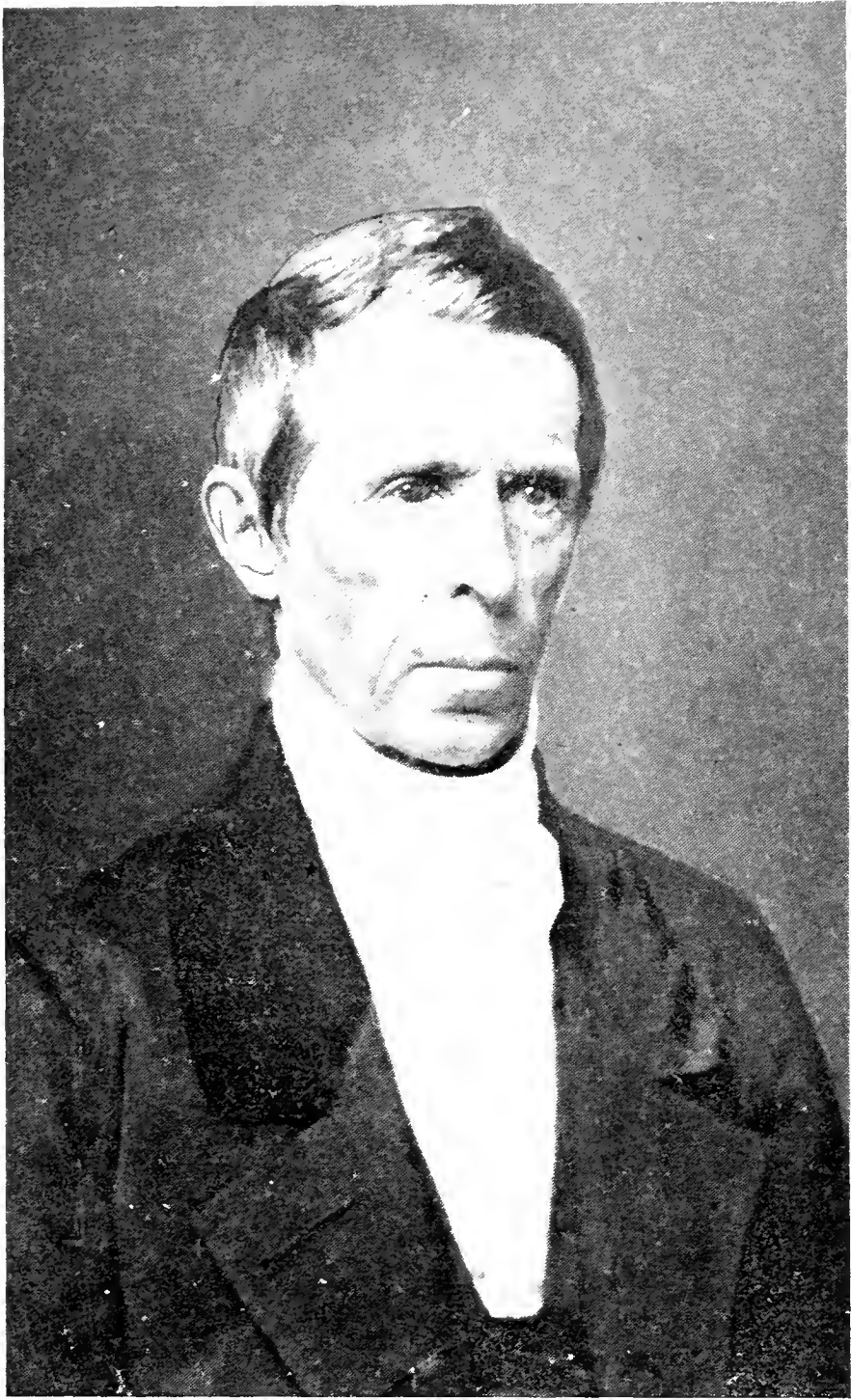
#### REVEREND HENRY ROBINSON.

DECEMBER 20, 1788—SEPTEMBER 14, 1878.

Here rests, once pupil of the elder Dwight,  
 Thinking the master knew all mortal might;  
 In youth, sang counter to the village choir,  
 In college, led and tuned the sacred lyre.

To four old high and stone-walled parish towns  
 He preached and prayed and walked their windy downs.  
 Pure clerical cravat, white not austere,  
 Carried his flag of truce then far and near.

As parson plain, he kept his humor hid,  
 But social stories told, when others did;  
 Loved wisdom well, had much historic sense,



REV. HENRY ROBINSON.









MRS. MARY C. ROBINSON.

With some misgivings, trusted Providence.  
 And full of local lore of olden times,  
 Chaucer describes him in his ancient rhymes.

His errand was the human soul to save.  
 How heathendom to win spare thought he gave;  
 But when the British came, in frockcoats red,  
 He met them with a gun at Sachem's Head.  
 The homeless sometimes dined within his door  
 And glad they stretched upon the furnished floor.

To grief's asylum, he would faithful turn,  
 When Fate had finished some leased life's sojourn,  
 And strive to soften sorrow's bitter blows  
 With pathos, such as sympathy bestows.

Taking his cue in life from the divine,  
 He sought to measure right on human line;  
 Commending to God's mercy and sweet peace,  
 In which his labors brought their due increase.

#### MRS. MARY CUSHING ROBINSON.

MAY 12, 1801—APRIL 18, 1885.

Dearest remembrance gathers round this space  
 That holds so much to us of worth and grace;  
 Of merit measureless and rare repose,  
 Of love, the fondest that life ever knows.

The tall and comely form, enfolding fair,  
 That held her pleasing presence in repair,  
 The voice for song and converse ready too,  
 With all the knitting skill her fingers knew—

Alas! no heir to all that art and ken  
 Who knew to put the nib upon a pen—  
 Cowper, minor poets and Hannah More  
 With psalms of David, her literary store.

And when, upon the knees, she hid her face  
 In prayer, beseeching at the throne of grace,  
 Then raptures, o'er her from above, came stealing,  
 As there she pled, for blessings on us, kneeling.

The dower of gifts, fitted for life's wear,  
 Sacrifice to make, joys and griefs to bear;  
 The livelong patience of the gentle sway  
 That bore, nor murmured of it, day by day;

The faith, learned early in the village manse,  
 Whose shepherd sire could teach no trust in chance—  
 These still give precious presence to the name  
 That, lost from life, life cannot be the same.

A thousand mellow memories survive  
 And keep thy gentle guidance still alive;  
 We would not part from thee, yet say farewell!  
 Who dost secure in our affections dwell.

MAJOR SAMUEL ROBINSON.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1795—APRIL 7, 1866.

He came unto this many chambered inn  
 From life's long varied busy discipline;  
 A man of rarest social gifts and humor,  
 Still mentioned over in our village rumor;

Of form and feature, manly, fair and tall,  
 As early Viking or the Jews' king Saul;  
 Whene'er he danced at 'ordination ball'  
 With fair Sophia, none fairer graced the hall.

He loved to lead the dance to violin,  
 Where cheer without made harmony within;  
 Himself and flute, two instruments of song,  
 That did through life their symphonies prolong.



MAJOR SAMUEL ROBINSON.



He was an early, loyal son of Yale  
And bore her club,\* borne by the strong and hale.  
The ways of war, he strove to cultivate,  
The ways of peace, he went to legislate.

Then youth, brave, bold or gently formed and fair,  
Guidance and discipline he rendered there,  
With years of drill, in scholar's work and play;  
To church on Sunday led and taught to pray.  
From near and far then, foreign youth and Spanish,  
He trained till blindfold ignorance did vanish.

Now far they come and spend an hour and tarry;  
The westside house and wall, away would carry.  
Homing from distant shores, men old and grey  
Come back to view the scene and place. they say  
'The Major' once life's law and lesson gave;  
These memories give pathos to his grave.

\* The famous "bully club," carried by the athletic man of the class.

GUILFORD PORTRAITS,  
MEMORIAL EPITAPHS OF WESTSIDE.

PART VIII: SMITH—WELD.







SAMUEL SPENCER.

## MISS MARY CAROLINE SMITH.

JUNE 22, 1817—APRIL 18, 1903.

As some sweet, rippling, purling, gentle stream,  
 Between its grassy banks, will flow and gleam  
 And softly murmur to the passer by,  
 Reflecting features, he will not deny,  
 So peacefully through happy life, she sped  
 And as the years fast fleeting, onward led,  
 Life's full bright cheer, responsive in her gleamed  
 And ever fair and fresh nor faded seemed;  
 When forth she held her hand to gentle grasp  
 Well veined and slight, that hand did Halleck clasp.  
 So close she linked us to the vanished past  
 And its rare radiance upon us cast.  
 Much woven intricate romance she caught  
 In real life and in romance she sought  
 And read: to all romantic schools, she clung  
 Exclusively and lived entranced among.  
 Thus, real with unreal world did blend;  
 Which she preferred, to say would not pretend.  
 One eve she closed her book and sought repose;  
 That moment short, life's page itself did close.

## SAMUEL SPENCER.\*

JUNE 10, 1775—MARCH 16, 1871.

It is a rare and ripe sweet sylvan view  
 And strikes the eye indeed as something new,  
 When from the westside Spencer home lookout,  
 We stand surveying carefully about  
 And down the river, winding seaward, look  
 To see their way the vessels warp and crook,  
 The warning light, the steamer's passing hulk,  
 White swelling waves, the farther shores that bulk.

\* State senator, 1844.

Blazing the way, as parent pioneer,  
 Came Samuel and settling, founded here  
 His family, that long has flourished well  
 And where still full as flourishing they dwell.

We saw him in his honored hale manhood  
 In large and lofty vigor, as he stood  
 Amidst the fruits and spoils of toilsome strife,  
 That gathered round his closing century life.

Yet fairer fruits and gains than those in store,  
 Gathered in yearly burdened barn, he bore;  
 Fruits of his own ancestral living tree,  
 Forms manly brave, forms womanly and free;

Till there, in many another family,  
 Joined branching, in some full new tenant tree,  
 They have in turn brought fair increase  
 In humanity and happiness and peace.

The sycamores, grown grey high overhead,  
 Beloved of those, o'er whom their branches spread,  
 Have seen the generations growing old  
 Which their protecting mighty arms enfold.

MRS. ELIZABETH TUTHILL SPENCER.

JANUARY 13, 1781—OCTOBER 17, 1873.

Her life, once young, alert with gifted strength  
 To cope with care and love the long day's length  
 Here spent its busy morn and peaceful eve,  
 Whose shadows lengthening of care relieve;  
 Four generations at that eve adorning  
 Its radiant fair and past propitious morning.



MRS. ELIZABETH T. SPENCER.



Two years she spent in "throwing off the yoke";  
Colonial old English then, alone she spoke,  
Like George the Third, who cried "What, what!" and  
"zounds!"

Her thrift that too ran off in pence and pounds.

Her mind and clear opinion were her own;  
Nor were to some new fancy quickly thrown.  
She would not worship fashion, but for change  
Preferred the gospels with their wider range.

From all weak follies, with ease refraining,  
To spend the hours, her sons and daughters, training.  
These jewels dear, she like Cornelia showed  
And to them faithful, richer worth bestowed.

Choice hours daily with Temperance spending;  
Temperance, with peace and long life, blending.  
Thus conspired to run two centuries through  
As together, they near made out to do.

So passed her happy days, supremely blest,  
And found a foretaste here of heavenly rest.  
Erect and throned, she sits in straight-backed chair,  
In folding cape, clasped hands and queenly air.  
Victory and peace are pictured in her face;  
A grand old lady with life's crowning grace.

MRS. TEMPERANCE TUTHILL SPENCER.

APRIL 13, 1787—FEBRUARY 25, 1885.

None more alive can seem than she now gone,  
Whom here again, we shall not look upon.  
A noble soul, beyond her day and time,  
A dame to be remarked, in any clime.  
The long life's happiness is in her look,  
For a vigorous hold of life, she took.

Her form, majestic, filled an ample space  
 With woman's dignity and strength and grace;  
 Of spirit full, the dark eye, kindling kind,  
 For joy, and cheer and love dwelt in her mind

With humorous mirth, for she loved the joke.  
 When from the ample, fiery hearth, the smoke  
 Flew up the chimney to regain the sky,  
 She gave the blaze a brightness from her eye.

And yet her thoughts and hopes looked far away  
 Through visions, mindful of eternal day;  
 For in the Bible she was most expert,  
 O'er its loved pages, she did hours divert.

And the parson had better well prepare  
 Nor absent-minded be, when calling there.  
 She would catch him short on—where was Babel?  
 Or ask was Vashti's unknown story fable?

Nor was she lost in depths of ancient mystery,  
 But lived herself in very modern history;  
 Close watched the movement of affairs of State  
 And their just progress would accelerate.  
 Such was "Aunt Tempe," known here far around,  
 And treasured still in our affections, bound.

#### HENRY REEVE SPENCER.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1820—JUNE 19, 1898.

He was a man to welcome on the street  
 With air of fine civility to greet  
 In turn: this drew us to him for his cheer  
 And then his manliness did more appear.  
 Nature endowed his form, in high degree,  
 And full as generous within was she.





MRS. TEMPERANCE T. SPENCER.



He was all prudent, circumspect and sound,  
 His judgment, counseling looked well around,  
 To him we ran for wisdom and behoof,  
 'Gainst fickle Fortune's turning to be proof.

He ranked in worth among our better men,  
 Whose skill the common weal craves, now and then,  
 When public things, so precious to us all,  
 For wise direction and discretion, call.  
 He served us in our year of jubilee\*  
 To serve the Church of Christ, he was as free.  
 And when at last, he came unto his end  
 Men far and wide lamented him as friend,  
 Here we are left, upon our western side,  
 Poorer, in joy and manhood, to abide.

### WILLIAM STANTON.

JULY 30, 1800—AUGUST 23, 1874.

On lilled margin of the pond, his throne;  
 His suite of rooms was one, he lived alone,  
 In body stubbed, like the stumpy tree,  
 Which, of its branches, all blown off, is free.  
 His figure made the landscape picturesque,  
 A landscape, brambly odd, almost grotesque.  
 His life was long, but shadow short and dress,  
 Like address rough, hung on with fittingness.  
 And further too, his character was bluff;  
 But in his boots of cowhide, he looked tough.  
 Such was his work outdoors; for laying walls,  
 His forte was nothing if not tough; some calls  
 And wireless message came from farmers round,

\* 1889.

With whom he toiled in mellowing the ground.  
 And once,—this was the labor of his life,—  
 He 'stooped to conquer' and took himself a wife.  
 His hut amidst the briars and burly brambles,  
 One sees no more, in all his wayside rambles;  
 Departed are the chimney and the hall,  
 But stones in walls, his memory recall.

### LEVERETT CAMP STONE.

JUNE 4, 1819—JUNE 12, 1892.

Where shades of a governor, falling near  
 Have left some ancient memorials here  
 And other lines ancestral full unite  
 And cluster round with dignity this site,  
 Clear, to our modern view, he brought the type  
 And showed us in himself those virtues ripe,  
 Which we refer to that now vanished day  
 When worshipful forerunners held their sway.  
 In spirit firm and upright as his form.  
 All incorruptible, through calm and storm  
 Of life, he held the tenor of his way  
 And as a force reliant served his day.  
 His counsel, from experience drawn, was wise.  
 He stood for what was right without disguise;  
 Fearless and brave, assertive of his thought,  
 The ends of life with diligence he wrought.  
 Though many years have hid him from our sight,  
 Since last we saw his friendly guiding light,  
 His coming steps yet seem to near us meeting,  
 The kindly voice seems still to speak a greeting.

## MEDAD STONE.

MAY 12, 1754—FEBRUARY 17, 1815.

The very picture of romance, it stands  
 And looking from its leafy seat, commands  
 The wide expansive vale, where shadows glide  
 From clouds and woods and where the speeding tide,  
 As constant as the sun, foretells the time of day.  
 The village spires and houses, there away  
 In distance, gleaming; and the still blind brook  
 Darts down and bubbles, murmuring from its nook,  
 And through bird-meadows banked its tribute pours  
 In silence; but in flood, aloud it roars.

Here Medad reigned, in this his lordly mansion,  
 And to much enterprise he gave expansion  
 And swelled the Revolution, to which he sped  
 As minute-man: at Boston prompt reported  
 At the first alarm: here was wayside inn  
 A hiding-place from life's too noisy din.

A comfort to the traveler, all day jolted,  
 Who then from further staging glad revolted  
 And rested there upon a few plucked feathers  
 That gave him safety in electric weathers  
 And pinions to his dreams: with swift relay,  
 Medad triweekly coursed the king's highway  
 And carried Guilford and commercial ends  
 To all the world of news, where trade contends.

Then, on the public square, his station kept  
 As public post; till here he came and slept  
 Beneath this monumental tablet that asserts  
 His early grandeur and his late deserts.

## MRS. MARY GRIFFING STONE.

APRIL 20, 1758—DECEMBER 31, 1826.

A Griffing and, with reason, she was proud,  
 Who with this marble tablet was endowed  
 And low, ambitious lies; nor is forgot,  
 Though many generations know her not.  
 And though here, we describe not a feature,  
 Doubt not she was a beautiful, rare creature.  
 Rare faculties executive sure she had:  
 Nor without them, had been wife to Medad—  
 To grapple daily with the stage and four,  
 To care for strangers, she should see no more.

Her presence then, commanding fair and tall,  
 Gave air distinguished to this manor-hall.  
 On the verandah, forth one morn, she walked  
 And viewed the landscape and with children talked;  
 Who now recall her living presence, when  
 She was so promenading, there and then.  
 One widowed decade, Medad she survived:  
 To fill his presence, naught on earth contrived.  
 Forth fared she then and laid her glory down  
 And added the last pathos to her crown.

## MISS CLARISSA JENNETTE STONE.

JUNE 30, 1815—MARCH 25, 1880.

This silence ill fits her, who charmed the hour  
 With magic memories, past common power;  
 Scarce less than the Britannica, she knew  
 And taught that precious scarceness to a few.  
 Was asked to meet the Dean and talk awhile,  
 Stanley the ward of London's minster pile;  
 For she was friend of Cyrus Field and wife  
 And had been, quite from very early life.  
 She wandered thoughtful in the past and few



MISS CLARA J. STONE.



MISS SARAH TALCOTT.





Like her could past recall with ready clue;  
 When, in the course of conversation, she  
 Would lecture on old English history.  
 She loved the past that piqued her by its mystery  
 And knew rare recipes for canning history.  
 Long hunted kins and names and traced relations  
 Among all sorts of folk and divers nations;  
 Traced missing Nat. and John and Ebenezer  
 And left some scripture, leading back to Cæsar.  
 Her eyes like sibyl's shone with spirit bright  
 Alas! she has stepped out into the night.

. MISS SARAH TALCOTT.

OCTOBER 2, 1841—MARCH 11, 1866.

A pure, transparent soul, without finesse,  
 Who much increased our village cheerfulness,  
 She came to visit earth, prepared to live  
 With every dower that birth and fortune give;  
 Her virtues fairly beaming in the face,  
 Showing mind, merit and a gentle grace.  
 Such was her worth and wondrous pleasing power,  
 Who sped away in life's fair morning hour.  
 She knew the muses all and tuned the lyre  
 And artful touched the notes that led the choir;  
 With zeal pursued the Greek and Roman lores  
 And added Euclid's learning to her stores.  
 Her ardent eyes with swift, clairvoyant gaze  
 Seemed to divine and pierce the darkest maze,  
 Her presence fair, the eager look refined,  
 That much so clearly saw and more divined,  
 We full lament, in all its youthful charm,  
 With all the gifts that Death must early harm,  
 Who drew his shaft and pierced this shining mark  
 And left her friends and kindred in the dark.

## DOCTOR ALVAN TALCOTT.

AUGUST 17, 1804—JANUARY 17, 1891.

Childless, alone, the old man walks the street  
 And quickly walks nor loiters, but to greet  
 A friend: then passes to his journey's end,  
 Where, as lost patient, he himself must send.

Of body slight, there wants but little space  
 To hold this figure that has run its race  
 In arts of healing, learning and research,  
 When quite undoctorlike he went to church  
 And the Bible studied: his chief delight  
 Was in the past to grope with candle light.

His life-long, dear, devoted daily work,  
 For which all sundry other things might shirk,  
 Was known to be a mammoth folio book;  
 Wherein, were written fine, the names he took  
 Of Guilford folk for many leagues around,  
 Old Guilford stock above and under ground.

He was a student apt in ancient lore  
 Of Greek and Latin tongues; and there would pore  
 And, when he pleased to, scan his Homer; then  
 Run with therapeutics and a drug, when

Some ailing body called for dose, or lance,  
 And throw the customary, healing glance;  
 Fling his powders and his opiates around,  
 Or tap a chest to see which lung was sound.

Sprightly, alert and youthful were his ways.  
 Decrepitude filled not his closing days;  
 For Fate the anchor with all ease uplifted  
 And out of life, his bark then calmly drifted.



DR. ALVAN TALCOTT.



## MRS. OLIVE NORTON TALCOTT.

APRIL 21, 1807—DECEMBER 8, 1882.

She had arch wit to charm and to divine,  
 It was a gift; indeed she did incline  
 To pierce things, hid from sun and evening stars.  
 Yet naught, to us unkind, her memory mars.  
 For she could quiz a youth to grief and wonder,  
 Who answered her too quickly with a blunder,  
 Wherever fast the chatting converse led,  
 While she stopped only to bite off a thread.  
 He might pursue, but find himself no match,  
 Conclusions back and forth to throw and catch.

This woman, full of wonders beyond mention,  
 Did good a little out of all convention  
 And gave the poor her independent lance,  
 And taught them how some comforts to enhance.  
 The stature short, the gaze of sibyl eye  
 To charm was not seen often passing by.  
 She spoke the wizard warnings of her day  
 Until responses with her passed away.  
 She had these marks of mortal here above  
 Like fostered friend, whose very lisp we love.

## JUDGE JOEL TUTTLE.

MAY 8, 1792—MAY 1, 1855.

This thriving merchant had a turn for thrift  
 And occupied with zeal his precious rift  
 Of time in life with profit and per cents.  
 Prudence, method, care thus his life presents.  
 Far seeing, he was forced to be or fail;  
 Wary of fickle fortune or bewail  
 His luckless trust and over-faith in chances,  
 For profit without loss all care enhances.

He made, to serve his ends, time, tact and skill  
 And with these instruments, he plied his will.  
 He grew in public active in those days  
 And showed the course to steer through danger's ways;  
 In town, then every trust at him was thrown;  
 As clerk, judge, senator for years was known.  
 In church his form rose, rev'rent, straight and spare  
 And closing eyes stood through the longer prayer.  
 Time sweeping drives all memories away;  
 These let us save unto a later day.  
 No heritage more precious is received  
 Than character like this, so well achieved.

MRS. LUCY EVELINE TUTTLE.

JANUARY 6, 1814—JULY 29, 1883.

Generations, long, full and of the best,  
 Had entered into her and made her blest  
 On earth and later, "sainted in the grave."  
 So sage, in name and nature, wisdom gave  
 Wide worth to life, increased its morning power  
 And lent sweet dignity to evening hour.  
 Her form had majesty full and dower  
 Of gentleness, calm and sure, as in our  
 Hard and stormy bounds of life still endure.  
 And spirits chastened, noble, fine and pure,  
 To our glad wonderment and love appear,  
 Though hardly can we tell how came they here.  
 For long years, first the widowed mother left,  
 Then more chastened, all childless and bereft,  
 Herself and graces only spared alone,  
 In deeds of kinder helpfulness were shown.  
 So wafted down the gliding years, on arm  
 Of sister love to rest, and then her charm  
 Of worth and sympathy she bore away  
 And fared her forth like the declining day.

## WILLIAM SAGE TUTTLE.

DECEMBER 28, 1854—JULY 27, 1867.

He came to us with high resolve to live  
 And of his life the best account to give.  
 Within the boy, the man did early gleam  
 And promised what his coming life should seem.  
 His pleasure sought sweet duty to obey,  
 With guides to noble ends to find his way.  
 He trained his youthful tongue to Roman speech  
 And sought the richest lore the classics teach.  
 Along the ways he plucked and pressed the flowers,  
 From Nature learned and added to his powers.  
 And when grave men of country's peril spoke,  
 He listened till the love of country woke.  
 Into the future far, life's rôle did plan  
 And here unfolding it, eagerly he ran.  
 Now we may mourn for him nor think him lost,  
 Nor idly talk of failure, waste and cost;  
 For see! where Olivet's\* bright lights now burn,  
 His impulse leads a hundred youth to learn,  
 Who multiply for him the self same thought  
 To whose unfolding once, he nobly wrought.

## ALBERT BOARDMAN WILDMAN.

JUNE 2, 1810—MAY 2, 1878.

He stood uprightly tall and manly fair,  
 And wore on his smooth face the higher air  
 Of honor and proved probity, unswerving.  
 It seemed quite natural nor needed nerving  
 From sermon or from motive practical;  
 The gift, its own reward, more actual.  
 He was a merchant, of an older time,

\* A memorial of \$15,000 for Olivet College Library, by Mrs. Tuttle.

When six pence passed by candlelight for dime.  
 Tuttle he knew and loved and linked the name  
 With his; merchants of good report and fame,  
 Successful through their dealing days and lives.  
 Not such as bold and meritless connives  
 To seize and turn the common weal to woe,  
 But sought by willing suffrage he did go  
 And added Guilford to the common sense;  
 Then through the war he served by son and pence.  
 His manner frank and fair and mild and genial,  
 As fellow man, well would treat a menial.  
 A father of the town, he walked our ways  
 And then from life retreated, full of praise .

CAPTAIN FREDERICK WELD.

FEBRUARY 1, 1820—JANUARY 12, 1893.

Of order, clear-eyed, stalwart, manly, rare,  
 He looked defiant to all dangers, where  
 A timely boldness, skill and prudent sway  
 Might o'ermatch nature standing in the way.

Of all our wanderers, on earth afar,  
 He sailed full nearest to the Northern star.  
 Then, neighbor to the seal and polar bear,  
 Mid frozen, icy, Arctic regions, where  
 Franklin had left sad tokens of defeat,  
 He lived awhile as at his country seat.  
 Among the Esquimaux and their high life,  
 Surveyed their huts and desperate, cold strife.

Where Peary, Greeley, Kane and others went,  
 He, bravely steering, sailed on errands, bent;  
 Pursuing chief those monsters of the deep  
 That with their mighty powers, raging sweep



Man and boat off from earth, air and water,  
Or try to sweep and oft succeed; such slaughter  
Nantucket knew: but on it throve and so  
Did he and through his early years did go  
Through Ochotsk and the north, connecting seas;  
Such life adventure did his spirit please,

And bounding twice from waves to waves along  
Around the world his sails did twice prolong;  
Then here, he came to rest upon his oars  
Or sail on seas, in memory's pictured stores.  
Such heroism, valorous, bold and brave,  
Reposes, anchored in this quiet grave.



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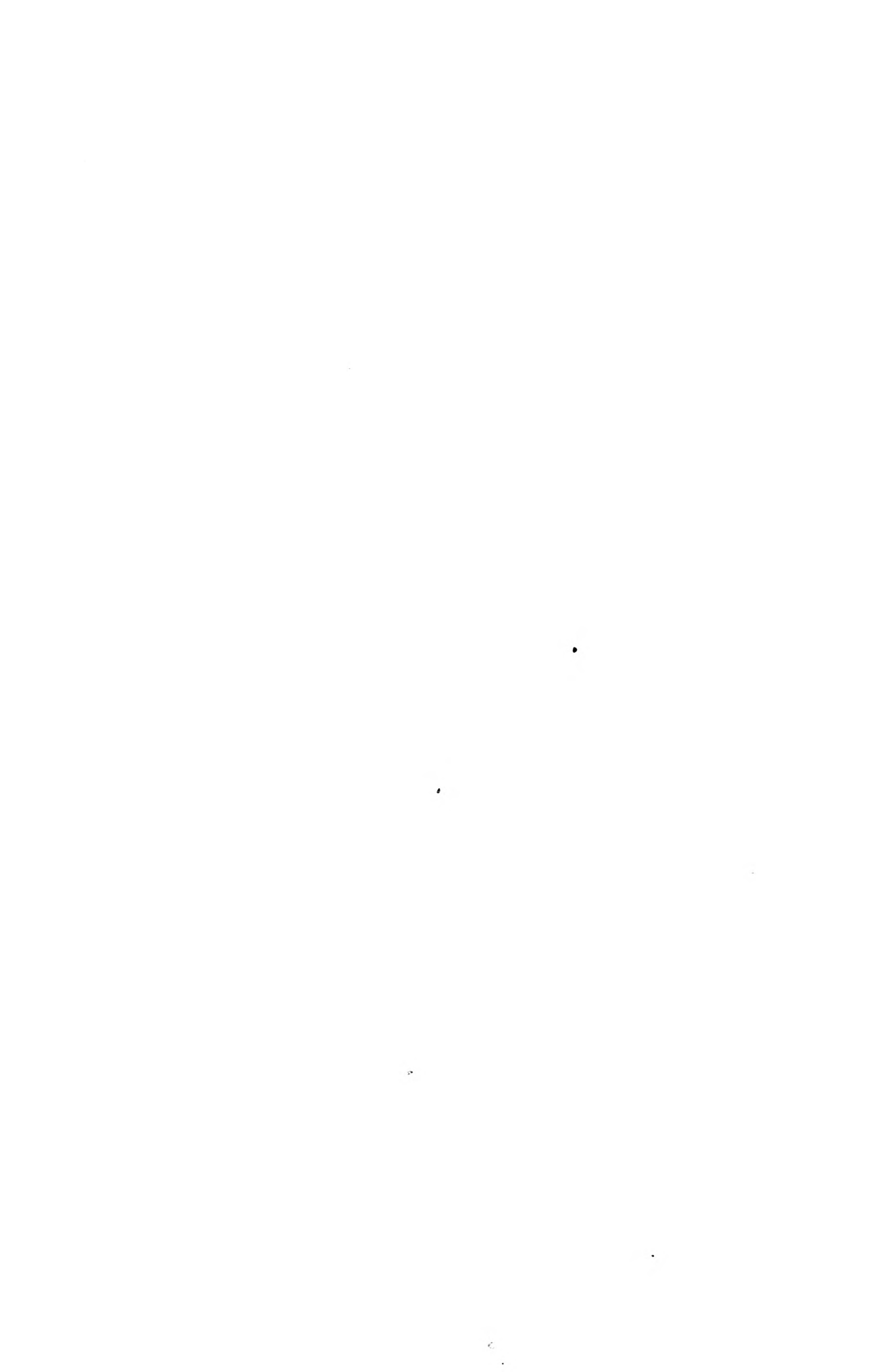
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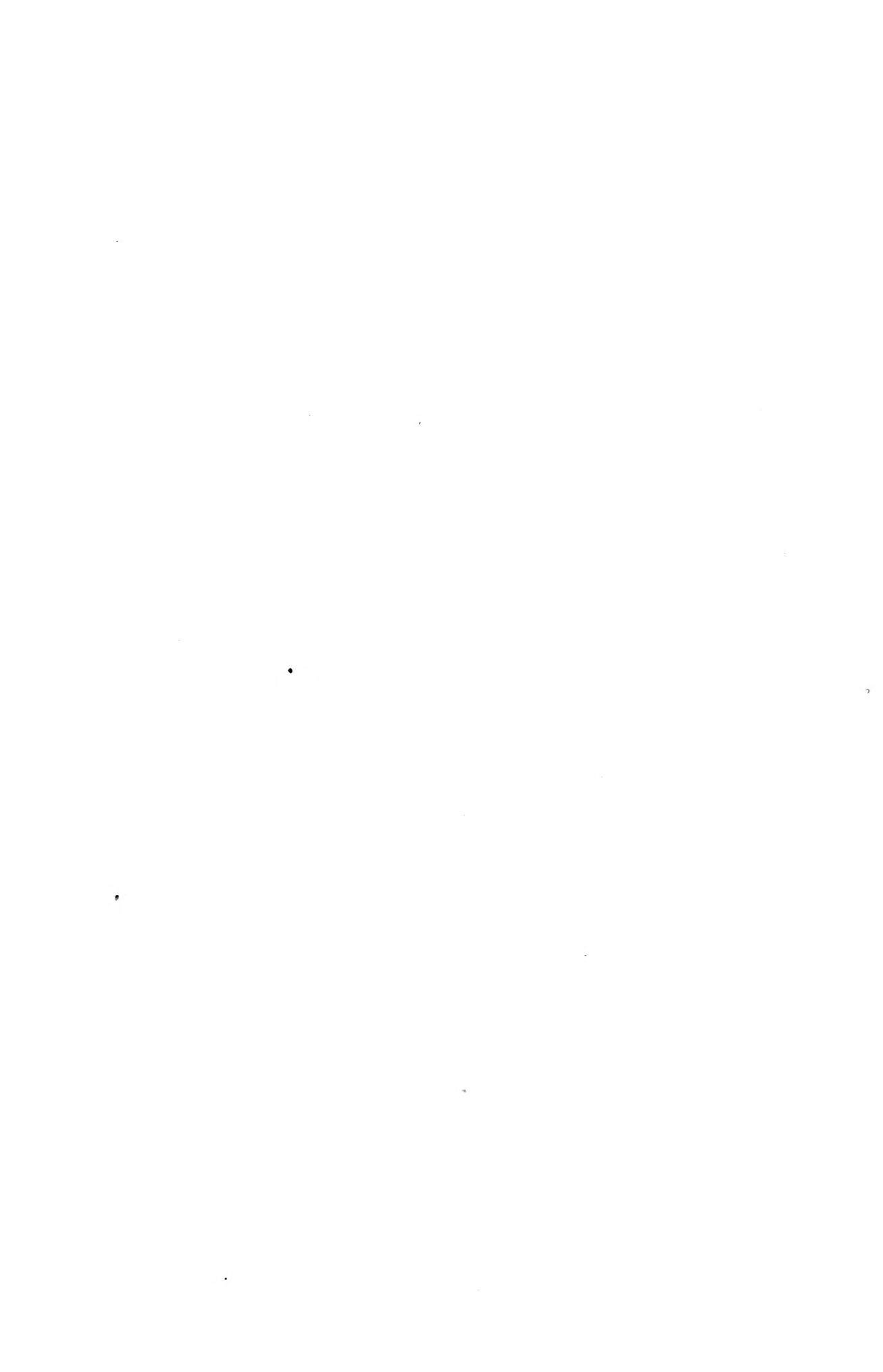
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