



POETS AND POETRY
OF
CECIL COUNTY

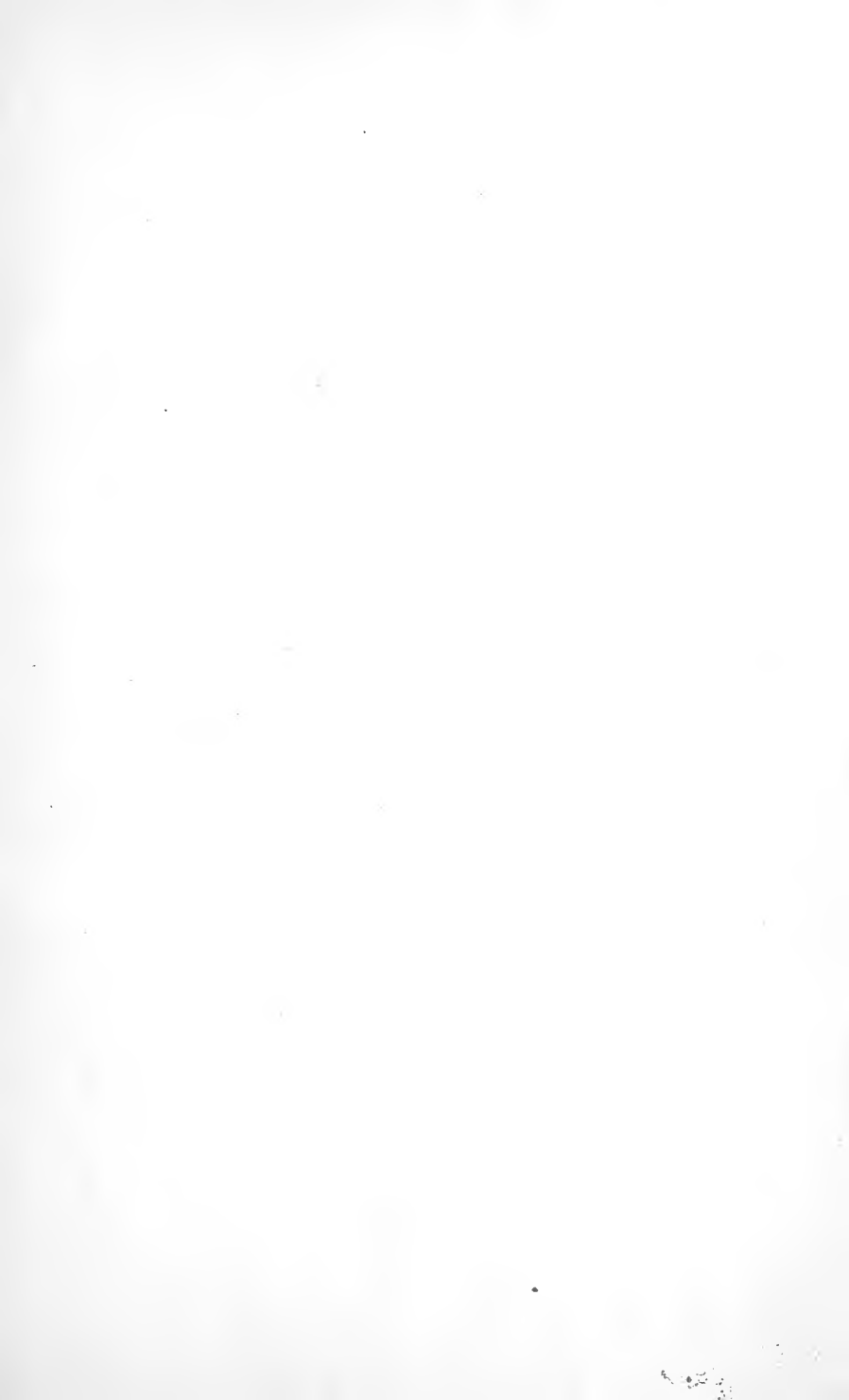
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THE
POETS AND POETRY

OF

CECIL COUNTY, MARYLAND.

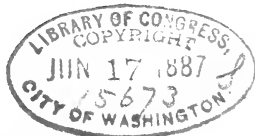
COLLECTED AND EDITED BY
GEORGE JOHNSTON,
AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF CECIL COUNTY.

A verse may finde him whom a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

—Herbert.

ELKTON, MD:
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITOR.

1887



PS 558
M3 J6

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"THE APPEAL" POWER PRESS PRINT,
ELKTON, MARYLAND.

PREFACE.

This volume owes its existence to the desire of some of the teachers and pupils of the public schools in the northeastern part of Cecil county, to do honor to the memory of the late School Commissioner David Scott. Shortly after Mr. Scott's death, some of the parties referred to, proposed to collect enough money by voluntary contributions to erect a monument over his grave, in order to perpetuate his memory, and also to show the high regard in which he was held by them. This project being brought to the knowledge of the editor, he ventured to express the opinion that the best monument Mr. Scott could have, would be the collection and publication of his poems in book form. This suggestion met the approbation of the originators of the project, who asked the writer to undertake the work of collecting the poems and editing the book. Subsequent investigation showed that Mr. Scott had not left enough poems to justify their publication in a volume by themselves; and the original plan of the work was changed, so as to include, so far as it has been practicable to do so, the writings of all the native poets of the county, and those who though not natives, have resided and written in it.

Owing to causes not necessary to state it was impracticable, in some cases, to make as creditable a selection as could have been made had it been possible to have had access to all the poetry of the different writers. In a few instances the book contains all the poetry of the different writers that it has been

PREFACE.

practicable to obtain. Herein, it is hoped, will be found sufficient apology, if any apology is needed, for the character of some of the matter in the book.

If any apology is needed for the prominence given to the poems of David Scott (of John,) it may be found in the foregoing statement concerning the origin of the book; and in the fact, that, for more than a quarter of a century, the editor was probably his most intimate friend. So intimate indeed were the relations between Mr. Scott and the writer, that the latter had the pleasure of reading many of his friend's poems before they were published. The same may be said in a more extended sense, of the poems of David Scott (of James) to whose example and teaching, as well as to that of the other Mr. Scott—for he was a pupil of each of them—the writer owes much of whatever literary ability he may possess.

The editor is also on terms of intimacy with many of the other contemporary writers whose poetry appears in the book, and has striven to do justice to their literary ability, by the selection of such of their poems as are best calculated, in his opinion, to do credit to them, without offending the taste of the most fastidious readers of the book.

From the foregoing statement it will be apparent that the object of the editor was not to produce a book of poetical jems, but only to select the poems best adapted to the exemplification of the diversified talents of their authors. The work has been a labor of love; and though conscious that it has been imperfectly performed, the compiler ventures to express the hope that it will be received by a generous and discriminating public, in the same spirit in which it was done.

EDITORIAL NOTES

It is a remarkable fact that all the native poets of Cecil county except one or two were born in the northern part of it, and within about eight miles of the boundary line between Maryland and Pennsylvania. What effect, if any, the pure atmosphere and picturesque scenery of the country along the banks and romantic hills of the Susquehanna and Octoraro may have had to do with producing or developing poetical genius, cannot be told; but nevertheless it is a fact, that William P., and Edwin E. Ewing, Emma Alice Browne, Alice Coale Simpser, John M. Cooley and Rachel E. Patterson were born and wrote much of their poetry, as did also Mrs. Caroline Hall, in that beautifully diversified and lovely section of the county.

It is also worthy of note that Tobias and Zebulon Rudolph were brothers, as are also William P. and Edwin E. Ewing; and that Mrs Caroline Hall was of the same family; and that Folger McKinsey and William J. Jones are cousins, as are also Mrs. James McCormick and Mrs. Frank J. Darlington, and Emma Alice Browne and George Johnston.

Owing to the fact that the size of the book was necessarily limited by the price of it; and to the fact that the poems of three of the writers were not obtained until after a large part of the book had been printed, it was impossible to give some of the writers, whose proper places were in the latter part of the book, as much space as was desirable. For the reason just stated, the editor was compelled to omit a large number of excellent poems, written by David Scott (of James,) and others.



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DAVID SCOTT (of John.)

David Scott (of John,) so-called to distinguish him from his first cousin David Scott (of James,) was the grandson of David Scott, who emigrated from Ireland in the latter part of the eighteenth century and settled not far from Cowantown in the Fourth district. His son John, the father of the subject of this sketch, was born in Ireland, but was quite young when his father came to this country.

David, the subject of this sketch, was born quite near to what was formerly known as Dysart's Tavern, now Appleton, on the 2nd of September, 1817, and died near Cowantown, on the 14th of November, 1885.

All his life was spent within about two miles of the place of his birth, and most of it on the Big Elk creek at what was known while he owned them, as "Scott's Mills." His early life was devoted to farming, but upon reaching the proper age he learned the trade of augermaking, which at that time was one of the leading industries of this county, and at which he soon became an expert workman, as well as a skilful worker in iron and steel. The editor of this book has heard him remark that when he could find no one else capable of making odd pieces of ironwork for the machinery in his mills he would take the hammer and make them himself, and has also seen him make and temper the knives for a spoke machine which he used for a time in his bending mill.

He and the late Palmer C. Ricketts were intimate friends in boyhood and remained such during the lifetime of Mr. Ricketts. Mr. Ricketts being of a literary turn of mind, their friendship probably had much to do with forming the literary tastes and shaping the political opinions of Mr. Scott.

Mr. Scott was originally a Democrat, and when only about 23 years of age is said to have aspired to a seat in the General Assembly of his native State. But the leaders of the party failed to recognize his claims, and he shortly afterwards was instrumental in the formation of the first politico temperance organization in this county, and ran for the House of Delegates on the first temperance ticket placed before the people in 1845. For a few years afterwards he took no part in politics, his whole time and talents being engrossed in business, but in 1853, at the solicitation of his friend Ricketts, he consented to be a candidate for County Commissioner, and succeeded in carrying the Fourth district in which he lived, which was then known as the Gibraltar of Democracy, by a small majority, and securing his election by a majority of one vote over Griffith M. Eldredge, his highest competitor on the Democratic ticket.

In 1855 he ran on the American ticket, with the late Samuel Miller and Dr. Slater B. Stubbs, for the House of Delegates, and was elected by a handsome majority.

In 1859 Mr. Scott consented to run on the American ticket for the State Senate. His competitor was the late Joseph J. Heckart, who was elected. This was a memorable campaign on account of the effect produced by the John Brown raid upon the State of Virginia and the capture of Harper's Ferry, which had a disastrous effect upon Mr. Scott's prospects, owing probably to which he was defeated.

At the outbreaking of the war of the rebellion he espoused the Union cause and gave it his hearty support during the continuance of the struggle, and remained a consistent Republican until his death.

In 1864 he was a delegate to represent Cecil county in the Constitutional Convention, his colleagues being Thomas P. Jones, George Earle and the late Joseph B. Pugh. He was assigned to a place upon the Committee on the Elective Franchise and had more to do with originating that section of the Constitution which provided for the passage of a registration law than any other person on the committee—probably more than any other member of the Convention. He was an intimate friend of Henry H. Goldsborough, whom he had previously nominated in the Republican State Convention for the office of Comptroller of the State Treasury, which office he still held, and whom Mr. Scott also nominated for President of the Constitutional Convention in the Republican caucus, and, as was very natural, was often called upon by Mr. Goldsborough to preside over the Convention in his absence, which he did with that *suaviter in modo* and *fortiter in re* for which he was remarkable and with great acceptability to the members of both political parties.

During the invasion of the State in July, 1864, he was one of the most active members in urging upon the loyalists of Annapolis and the military authorities in that city and at Camp Parole the necessity of defending the Capital of the State. He held the handles of the plow with which the first furrow that marked the line of the fortifications around the city was made. It may not be out of place to say that the editor of this book, in company with Mr. Scott, walked along the line of the ditch the morning before, and that the former walked ahead of the team attached to the plow so that the person who led the team might know where to go.

Mr. Scott was also one of about a dozen members who remained in Annapolis for about two weeks, during much of which time the arrival of the rebel raiders was hourly expected, and kept the Convention alive by adjourning from day to day, without which, by the rules adopted for the government of the Convention, it could not have maintained a legal existence.

He was appointed School Commissioner in 1882, which office he filled with great acceptability to the public until incapacitated by the disease which terminated his life.

Mr. Scott, though one of the most amiable of men, was fond of argument when properly conducted, and from the time he was twenty years of age until nearly the close of his life was always ready to participate in a debate if he could find any person to

oppose him; and thought it no hardship to walk any where within a radius of four or five miles, in the coldest weather, in order to attend a debating society. He was possessed of a large and varied stock of information and a very retentive memory, which enabled him to quote correctly nearly everything of importance with which he had ever been familiar. His ability in this direction, coupled with a keen sense of the ridiculous and satirical, rendered him an opponent with whom few debaters were able to successfully contend. But it was as a companion, a friend and a poet that he was best known among the people of his neighborhood, to which his genial character and kind and amiable disposition greatly endeared him.


Mr. Scott began to write poetry when about twenty-one years of age, and continued to do so, though sometimes at long intervals, until a short time before his death. His early poems were printed in "The Cecil Whig," but being published anonymously cannot be identified. Like many others, he did not preserve his writings, and a few of his best poems have been lost. Of his poetic ability and religious belief, we do not care to speak, but prefer that the reader should form his own judgment of them from the data derived from a perusal of his poems.

In 1844, Mr. Scott married Miss Agatha R. Fulton, a most estimable lady, who, with their son Howard Scott and daughter Miss Annie Mary Scott, survive him.

In conclusion, the editor thinks it not improper to say that he enjoyed the pleasure of Mr. Scott's intimate friendship for nearly thirty years, and esteemed him as his best and most intimate friend. And that while his friend was only mortal, and subject to mortal frailties, he had a kind and generous heart; a soul which shrank from even the semblance of meanness, and was the embodiment of every trait which ennobles and elevates humanity.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE SINGING OF A BIRD EARLY IN
MARCH, 1868.

ING on, sweet feathered warbler, sing!
Mount higher on thy joyous wing,
And let thy morning anthem ring
Full on my ear;
Thou art the only sign of spring
I see or hear.

The earth is buried deep in snow;
 The muffled streams refuse to flow,
 The rattling mill can scarcely go,
 For ice and frost;
 The beauty of the vale below
 In death is lost.


Save thine, no note of joy is heard—
 Thy kindred songsters of the wood
 Have long since gone, and thou, sweet bird,
 Art left behind—
 A faithful friend, whose every word
 Is sweet and kind.

But Spring will come, as thou wilt see,
 With blooming flower and budding tree,
 And song of bird and hum of bee
 Their charms to lend;
 But I will cherish none like thee,
 My constant friend.

Like the dear friends who ne'er forsake me—
 Whatever sorrows overtake me—
 In spite of all my faults which make me
 Myself detest,
 They still cling to and kindly take me
 Unto their breast.

AN EASTERN TALE.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. S. C. CHOATE.

 Persian lady we're informed—
 This happened long, long years before
 The Christian era ever dawned,
 A thousand years, it may be more,
 The date and narrative are so obscure,
 I have to guess some things that should be sure,

I'm puzzled with this history,
 And rue that I began the tale;

It seems a kind of mystery—
I'm very much afraid I'll fail,
For want of facts of the sensation kind;
I therefore dwell upon the few I find.

I like voluminous writing best,
That gives the facts dress'd up in style.
A handsome woman when she's dressed
Looks better than (repress that smile)
When she in plainer costume does appear;
The more it costs we know she is more *dear*.

The story is a Grecian one,
The author's name I cannot tell;
Perhaps it was old Xenophon
Or Aristotle, I can't dwell
On trifles; perhaps Plutarch wrote the story;
At any rate its years have made it hoary.

The Greeks were famous in those days
In arts, in letters and in arms;
Quite plain and simple in their ways;
With their own hands they tilled their farms;
Some dressed the vine, some plow'd the ocean's wave;
Some wrote, were orators, or teachers grave.

They were Republicans, in fact;
The Persians might have called them "black
Republicans;" they never lacked
The power to beat a foeman back.
Thermopylæ, so famed in Grecian story
Is but another name for martial glory.

A busy hive to work or fight,
Like our New England bold and strong;
A little frantic for the right,
As sternly set against the wrong;
And when for right they drew the sword, we know,
Stopped not to count the number of the foe.

To me it is a painful sight
To see a nation great and good

Reduced to such a sorry plight,
And courtiers crawl where freemen stood,
And king and priests combine to seize the spoil,
While widows weep and beggar'd yeomen toil.

The philosophic mind might dwell
Upon this subject for an age:
The philanthropic heart might swell
Till tears as ink would wet the page;
The mystery, a myst'ry will remain—
The learning of the learned cannot explain.

The Persians were a gaudy race,
Much giv'n to dress and grand display;
I'm grieved to note this is the case
With other people at this day;
And folks are judged of from outside attractions,
Instead of from good sense and genteel actions.

The dame in question was a type
Of all her class; handsome and rich
And proud, of course, and flashing like
A starry constellation, which
She was, in fact a moving mass of light
From jewels which outshone the stars at night.

The tale is somewhat out of joint—
I'm not much given to complain;
'Tis in a most essential point
A blank; I've read it oft in vain
To find one syllable about her size,
The color of her hair, or of her eyes.

Or whether she was short or tall,
Or if she sung or play'd with grace,
If she wore hoops or waterfall
I cannot find a single trace
Of proof; and as I like to be precise,
My disappointment equals my surprise.

This Persian belle; (confound the belle)
Excuse me, please; I won't be rude;

She's in my way, so I can't tell
My tale, so much does she intrude;
I wish I knew her age, and whether she
Was single, married, or engaged to be.

These are important facts to know,
I wonder how they slipped the pen
Of him who wrote the story, so
I wonder at the taste of men
Who wrote for future ages thus to spoil
A tale to save time, paper, ink or oil.

Our Persian lady, as I said,
Decked out in costly jewels rare,
A visit to a Grecian made—
A lady of great worth, and fair
To look upon, of great domestic merit
Which from a noble race she did inherit.

Puffed up with vanity and pride,
The Persian flashing like a gem,
Displayed her brilliants, glittering wide;
The Grecian coldly looked at them:
“Have you no jewelry at all, to wear?
Your dress and person look so poor and bare.”

She called her children to her side,
Seven stalwart sons of martial mien;
“These are my jewels,” she replied,
“I'm richer far than you, I ween:
These are the glory and the strength of Greece,
Which all the gems on earth would not increase.”

Let others shine in diamonds bright,
Or hoard their greenbacks, bonds or gold,
You have your jewels in your sight,
And hearing, like the matron old;
And should they still continue to increase,
You'll beat the model mother of old Greece.

Then hail Columbia, happy land!
While California yields her ore,

May you increase your jewel band,
 By adding every year one more;
 And when you're asked your jewels to display,
 Point to your score of sons saying "these are they."

THE MARKET-MAN'S LICENSE,

OR THE FARMER'S APPEAL FROM A JACKASS TO THE
 MAYOR.

The following poem grew out of a misunderstanding between Mr. Scott and the clerk of the Wilmington market. In the winter of 1868, Mr. Scott was in the habit of selling hominy in the market, and the clerk treated him rudely and caused him to leave his usual stand and remove to another one. From this arbitrary exercise of power Mr. Scott appealed to the Mayor, who reinstated him in his old place. Mr. Scott soon afterwards had several hundred of the poems printed and scattered them throughout the market. In an introductory note he says, "the lines referring to Mayor Valentine are intended as a compliment to that officer, as well as a play on his official title of Mayor."

I 'VE horses seen of noble blood,
 And stopped to gaze and stare;
 But ne'er before to-day I stood
 In presence of a Mayor.

I've talked with rulers, in and ex,
 With working man and boss;
 Mayor Valentine! they you unsex—
 You surely are a horse.

For every blooded horse one meets,
 Or clever mare he passes,
 He finds in all the city streets
 A score of brainless asses.

A Jackass, in the days of old,
 Dress'd in a lion's skin,
 Went forth to ape the lion bold,
 And raised a mighty din:

His ass-ship's ears he could not hide;
His roaring would not pass;
The startled beasts his ears descried,
And recognized the ass.

The moral of this tale you'll meet
Each market day in town,
With scales in hand, in Market street,
Dress'd in the lion's gown:

He roars, 'tis true, but scan him well
Whene'er you see him pass;
Look at his ears and you can tell
He's but a braying ass.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH SCOTT.

RANSOM'D spirit, spread thy wings,
Leave thy broken house of clay;
Soar from earth and earthly things,
To the realms of endless day.

Weary pilgrim, take thy rest,
Thine has been a tiresome road;
Aching head and tortur'd breast,
Added to thy galling load.

Patient sufferer, dry thy tears,
All thy sorrows now are o'er;
Foes without, or inward fears,
Never can afflict thee more.

Faithful soldier of the cross,
All thy conflicts now are done;
Earthly triumphs are but loss,
Thine is an immortal one.

Palms of vict'ry thou shall bear,
 And a crown of fadeless light
 Will be given thee to wear,
 And a robe of spotless white.

Thou shalt join the countless throng,
 Which, through tribulation, came:
 And repeat the angels' song—
 "Worthy! worthy is His name

Who hath conquered death and hell;
 Captive led captivity;
 Always doing, all things well;
 Giving us the victory!"

MY SCHOOLBOY DAYS.

The following poem was read at the forty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. James Swaney, on January 11th, 1883. Mr. and Mrs. Swaney's residence is not far from the site of the school house where Mr. Scott first went to school.

DEAR friends and neighbors, one and all,
 I'm pleased to meet you here;
 'Tis fit that we should make this call
 Thus early in the year.

That time flies rapidly along,
 And hurries us away,
 Has been the theme of many a song,
 And it is mine to-day.

I stand where in my childhood's days,
 I often stood before,
 But nothing meets my altered gaze
 As in the days of yore.

The trees I climbed in youthful glee,
 Or slept beneath their shade,
 Have disappeared—no trace I see
 Of them upon the glade.

The school house, too, which stood near by,
Has long since ceased to be;
To find its site I often try,
No trace of it I see.

The road I traveled to and fro,
With nimble feet and spry,
I cannot find, but well I know
It must have been hard by.

The pond where skating once I fell
Upon the ice so hard—
I lost my senses for a spell,
And hence became a bard—

Is dry land now where grain or grass
Is growing year by year;
I see the spot, as oft I pass,
No ice nor pond is there.

A barn is standing on the spot
Where once the school house stood;
A dwelling on the playground lot,
A cornfield in the wood.

I mourn not for these altered scenes,
Although it seems so strange
That all are changed; I know it means
That everything must change.

I mourn the loss of early friends,
My schoolboy friends so dear;
I count upon my fingers' ends
The few remaining here.

In early youth some found their graves,
With friends and kindred by;
While some beneath the ocean's waves
In dreamless slumbers lie;

While many more, in distant lands,
No friends nor kindred near,

Are laid to rest by strangers' hands,
Without one friendly tear.

A few survive, both far and near,
But O! how changed are they!
Like the small band assembled here,
Enfeebled, old, and gray.

Strange feelings rise within my soul,
My eyes o'erflow with tears,
As backward I attempt to roll
The flood of by-gone years.

This honored pair we come to greet,
For five-and-forty years
Through winter's cold and summer's heat,
Have worn the nuptial gears.

The heat and burden of the day
They honestly have borne,
Until their heads are growing gray,
Their limbs with toil are worn.

In all the ups and downs of life—
Of which they've had their share—
They never knew domestic strife,
Or, if at all, 'twas rare.

They now seem standing on the verge
Of that unfathomed sea,
Just waiting for the final surge
That opes eternity.

When comes that surge, or soon or late,
May they in peace depart;
And meet within the shining gate,
No more to grieve or part.

THE DONATION VISIT.

The following poem was read upon the occasion of a donation visit by the Head of Christiana congregation to their pastor, Rev. James L. Vallandigham.

FAIR ladies dear, and gentlemen,
I thought not to be here to-day:
But I'm a slave, and therefore, when
My muse commands, I must obey.

I've struggled hard against her power,
And dashed her yoke in scorn away,
And then returned, within an hour,
And meekly bowed and owned her sway.

I know the ground on which I stand
And tremble like an aspen when
I see around, on every hand,
Such learned and such gifted men,

Who really have been to college,
And know the Latin and the Greek;
And are so charged with general knowledge
That it requires no little cheek

In an obscure and modest bard
To meet a galaxy so bright,—
Indeed, I find it rather hard
To face the music here to-night.

Dear friends, we've met, as it is meet
That we should meet at such a time,
Each other and our host to greet,—
Or guest, 'tis all the same in rhyme.

No king nor queen do I revere;
The majesty of God I own.
An honest man, though poor, is peer
To him that sits upon a throne.

I long to see the coming day
When wicked wars and strifes shall cease,
And ignorance and crime give way
Before the march of truth and peace.

That welcome day is drawing near;
I sometimes think I see its dawn;
The trampling of the hosts I hear,
By science, truth and love led on.

I see the murderous cannon fused,
With its death-dealing shot and shell,
For making railway carwheels used,
Or civil railway tracks as well.

And small arms, too, will then be wrought
Into machines for cutting wheat;
While those who used them will be taught
To labor for their bread and meat.

God speed the day,—'tis bound to come,
But not as comes the lightning's stroke;
But slowly, as the acorn dumb
Expands into the giant oak.

Now, reverend sir, I turn to you,
To say what all your flock well know;
You, as a pastor kind and true,
Have led the way we ought to go.

You have rejoiced in all our joys,
And sympathised with us in trouble;
You have baptized our girls and boys—
And often you have made them double.

With all your gifts and talents rare,
You meekly take the servants place,
And guard the sheep with jealous care
And hold the lambs in your embrace.

In all the ups and downs of life
We've found in you a constant friend;
You've counselled peace, discouraged strife,
And taught us all our ways to mend.

For eight-and-twenty years you've stood
A watchman on the outer wall;
Repressing evil, aiding good,
And kindly watching over all.

Though age may enervate your frame
And dim the lustre of your eye,
No lapse of time can soil your name,
For names like yours can never die.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MISS MARY HAYES.

NOTHER star has left the sky,
Another flower has ceased to bloom;
The fairest are the first to die,
The best go earliest to the tomb.

That radiant star, whose cheering ray,
Adorn'd her quiet, rural home,
Went down, in darkness, at mid-day,
And left that quiet home in gloom.

That lovely flower, admired so much,
In all its loveliness, was lost,
It withered at the fatal touch
Of death's untimely, killing frost.

The mourners go about the street,
While children tell their tale of woe
To every passer-by they meet,
In faltering accents, faint and low.

"Dear Mary Hayes is dead," they say,
While tears roll down their cheeks like rain,

“ Her eyes are closed, she's cold as clay,”
And then their tears gush out again.

And stalwart men are dumb with grief,
And sorrow pales the sternest cheek,
While gentler women find relief,
In tears—more eloquent than speech.

Surely there is some fairer land,
Where friends who love each other here
Can dwell, united heart and hand,
Nor death nor separation fear.

Dear sister, dry thy flowing tears;
Fond father, raise thy drooping head;
Kind brothers, banish all your fears;
Your Mary sleeps—she is not dead,

The care-worn casket rests in dust,
The fadeless jewel wings its flight
To that fair land, we humbly trust,
To shine with ever glowing light.

For, on that ever-vernal shore,
When death's appalling stream is cross'd,
Your star will shine forevermore,
Your flower will bloom, untouch'd by frost.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MISS ELEANORA HENDERSON.

She is not dead, but sleepeth.—*Luke 8: 52.*

SHE is not dead, she's sleeping
The dreamless sleep and drear;
Her friends are gathered weeping
Round her untimely bier.

She is not dead, her spirit,
Too pure to dwell with clay,

Has gone up to inherit
The realms of endless day.

She is not dead, she's singing
With angel bands on high;
On golden harp she's singing
God's praises in the sky.

She is not dead, O mother,
Your loss you will deplore;
Kind sisters and fond brother,
Your Nora is no more!

No more, as we have seen her,
The light and life of home,
Of christian-like demeanor,
Which ever brightly shone:

Of youth the guide and teacher,
Of age the stay and hope—
To all a faithful preacher,
To whom we all looked up.

She is not dead, she's sleeping,
Her loving Saviour said;
Then friends repress your weeping,
God's will must be obeyed.

She is not dead, she's shining
In robes of spotless white;
Why then are we repining?
God's ways are always right.

She is not dead—O never
Will sorrow cross her track;
She's passed Death's darksome river,
And who would have her back?

Back from the joys of heaven!
Back from that world of bliss!
Call back the pure, forgiven,
To such a world as this?


A world of grief and anguish—
 A world of sin and strife—
 In which the righteous languish,
 And wickedness is rife,

She is not dead, she's shouting,
 Borne on triumphant wing,
 "O grave, where is thy vict'ry,
 O Death, where is thy sting?"

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. BURNITE WHO DIED

FEBRUARY 2, 1878.

HOU, my friend, in dust art sleeping,
 Closed thine eyes to all below;
 Round thy grave kind friends are weeping,
 Ling'ring, loath to let thee go.

Husband fond and children dear,
 Crushed and stricken by the blow,
 Banish ev'ry anxious fear,
 While we lay the lov'd one low.

For the angel's trump shall sound,
 And the bands of death will break;
 Then the pris'ner in this mound
 Shall to endless life awake.

Then the spirit which is gone
 Will return and claim this dust,
 And this "mortal will put on
 Immortality," we trust.

When that glorious day shall dawn,
 And the bridegroom shall descend
 With a gorgeous angel throng,
 The glad nuptials to attend,

Oh, the rapture of that meeting!
 We of earth can never know
 Till we mingle in the greeting,
 Of our lov'd, lost long ago.

Let me like the righteous die,
 Let my last end be like his;
 When I close, on earth, my eye,
 Let me wake in realms of bliss.

STANZAS

Read at the celebration of the seventy-second anniversary of the
 birthday of Joseph Steele, Dec. 13, 1884.

DEAR friends and neighbors, one and all,
 I'm pleased to meet you here to-day;
 'Tis nice for neighbors thus to call,
 In such a social way.

We meet to celebrate a day,
 Which people seldom see;
 Time flies so rapidly away
 'Tis like a dream to me;

Since I, a lad with flaxen hair
 First met our friend, so gray;
 We both were free from thought and care,
 But full of hope and play.

Well Joseph Steele, we may be glad
 That we are here to-day,
 Although it makes me somewhat sad
 To think of friends away.

Of all our schoolboy friends but few
 Alas! can now be found,
 Not many but myself and you
 Are still above the ground.

I count upon my fingers' ends
About the half, I know,
Of all acquaintances and friends
With whom we used to go;

To *Humphreys* and *Montgomery*
To *Cochran* and to *Dance*,
And some, who slip my memory,
That used to make us prance,

Whene'er we missed a lesson
Or placed a crooked pin
Just where some one would press on
Enough to drive it in.

O, it was fun alive, I vow,
To see that fellow bounce
And hear him howl and make a row
And threaten he would trounce

The boy that did the mischief,
But that boy was seldom found,
And so, he had to bear his grief
And nurse the unseen wound;

But time and rhyme can never tell
The half our funny pranks,
And that we ever learned to spell,
We ought to render thanks.

Poor *Dance*! I always pitied him
For he was just from college,
And never having learned to swim,
Was drowned with all his knowledge.

Of *Cochran*, I but little knew,
He was a stranger here,
'Twas always said he would get blue,
And acted very queer.

Montgomery I knew right well,
He was rather kind than cross,

He taught the willing how to spell,
And always would be boss.

He wrote a very pretty hand
And could command a school:
His appetite got the command,
And that he could not rule.

One day he took a heavy slug
Of something rather hot;
He took that something from a jug,
And shortly he was not.

Who "took" him, though, I never can
Nor need I ever say;
But when the Lord doth take a man,
'Tis seldom done that way.

Poor Humphreys was a sort of crank
(Folks said his learning made him mad,)
But this I know, he always drank,
And that will make the best man, bad.

Excuse this rather long digression,
My pen has carried me astray;
These schoolboy days make an impression
From which 'tis hard to get away.

Then let me turn, and return too,
For I have wandered from my text,—
Well, Mr. Steele, how do you do?
I hope you are not vexed.

'Tis pleasant in our riper years
To have our children come
And bring their children—little dears,
They make it seem like home.

An old man's children are his crown,
And you may well be proud
When from your throne you just look down
Upon this hopeful crowd.

But now my neighbors dear, adieu;
 "The best of friends must part;"
 I'll often kindly think of you,
 And treasure each one in my heart;

And if we never meet again
 On this poor frozen clod,
 O! may we meet to part no more
 Around the throne of God.

TO MARY.

The following lines suggested by the beautiful story of the sisters, Martha and Mary of Bethany, (Luke, 10: 38-42,) were addressed to Miss Mary M., of Wilmington, Del.

IN Bethany there dwelt a maid,
 And she was young and very fair;
 'Twas at her house that Jesus stayed,
 And loved to stay, when he was there.

For Mary seated at his feet,
 In rapture hung upon His word:
 His language flow'd in accent sweet,
 Such language mortal never heard.

Her sister, cross in looks and word,
 (The cares of life have this effect,)
 Came and accused her, to her Lord,
 Of idleness and of neglect.

"Martha, Martha," He kindly said,
 Forego thy troubles and thy care—
 One needful thing; a crust of bread,
 Is all I ask with thee to share.

"Mary hath chosen that good part,
 To hear my word and do my will,
 Which shall not from her trusting heart
 Be taken." It shall flourish still.

Dear Mary, in this picture see
 Thy own, drawn by a master hand;
 Name, face and character agree
 Drawn by Saint Luke, an artist grand.

IMPROMPTU

TO MRS. ANNA C. BAKER.

Composed in the top of a cherry tree when the wind was blowing a gale.

IN fishing for men, I should judge from your looks
 You've always had biters enough at your hooks.
 And whenever you dipp'd your net in the tide
 You had little need to spread it out wide.
 To encircle so many you wish'd for no more
 And like the old fishers sat down on the shore,
 Casting all the worthless and bad ones away—
 Preserving the good and the true to this day.
 May the promising youth, I saw by your side
 All blooming and beaming, your hope and your
 pride,
 Be a pillar of state, so strong and so tall
 As to make you rejoice, that you made such a
 haul.

LAMENT FOR THE YEAR 1887.

Read before the Jackson Hall Debating Society.

MY tale to-night is full of woe,
 I would that it were one of gladness;
 I would not thrill your hearts, you know,
 With notes of grief or sadness.

My friend and yours is near his end,
 His pulse is beating faint and low,
 'Tis sad to lose so good a friend,
 His time has come and he must go.

His life is ebbing fast away,
His mortal race is almost run,
He cannot live another day,
Nor see another rising sun.

While watching round his dying bed,
The tears we shed are tears of sorrow,
We'll close his eyes for he'll be dead,
And carried hence before to-morrow.

His frame, so fragile now and weak,
Was late the seat of vital power,
But now, alas! he cannot speak,
He's growing weaker every hour.

Old seventy-seven, your friend and mine,
Has done his part by you and me,
Then friends, let us unite and twine,
A bright wreath to his memory.

His reign has been a checker'd reign,
While some have suffered loss and wrong,
We have no reason to complain,
So come and join me in my song.

He found me in the lowly vale,
In poverty with robust health,
And sweet contentment in the scale,
Outweighing fame and pomp and wealth.

Destroying war beneath his reign,
Has drench'd the earth with blood and tears,
Which ever flow, but flow in vain,
As they have done through countless years.

When will the reign of peace begin?
When will the flood of human woe,
That flows from folly, pride, and sin,
Subside, and ever cease to flow?

God speed the time when war's alarms,
Will never more convulse the earth,

And love and peace restore the charms
Which dwelt in Eden at its birth.

Old seventy-seven, again adieu,
We'll ne'er again each other see.
I've been a constant friend to you,
As you have always been to me.

"Step down and out" you've had your day,
Your young successor's at the gate,
Let him be crowned without delay,
The royal stranger seventy-eight.

VERSES

Presented to my daughter with a watch and a locket with a picture
of myself.

RECEIVE, my child, this gift of love,
And wear it ever near thy heart,
A pledge of union may it prove,
Which time nor distance ne'er can part.

I've watched thy infant sleep, and prest
My eager lips against thy brow,
And lingered near thy couch, and blest,
Thy tender form with many a vow.

But O! the rapture of that hour,
None but a parent's heart can know
When first thy intellectual power
Began the germ of life to show.

I've marked the progress of thy mind,
And felt a thrill of joy and pride,
To see thy youthful steps inclined
To wisdom's ways and virtue's side.

And when this fiery restless soul,
Has chafed the thread of life away

And reached, or high or low, the goal,
And fought and won or lost the day,—

Then cherish this bright gift, my dear,
And on those features kindly gaze,
And bathe them with a filial tear,
When I'm beyond all blame or praise.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY OF WILMINGTON.

HILL frost will nip the fairest flower;
The sweetest dream is soonest pass'd;
The brightest morning in an hour,
May be with storm clouds overcast.

So Josephine in early bloom,
Was blighted by death's cruel blast,
While weeping round her early tomb,
We joy to know, she is not lost.

Fond mother, dry that tearful tide,
Your child will not return, you know:
She's waiting on the other side
And where she is, you too may go.

YOUTHFUL REMINISCENCES.

THEIR schoolboy days have form'd a theme,
For nearly all the bards I know,
But mine are like a fading dream
Which happen'd three score years ago.

My memory is not the best,
While some things I would fain forget
Come like an uninvited guest,
And often cause me much regret.

I see the ghosts of murdered hours,
As they flit past in countless throngs,
They taunt me with their meager powers,
And ridicule my senseless songs.

'Tis useless now to speculate,
Or grieve o'er that which might have been,
My failures though they have been great,
Are not the greatest I have seen.

In school I was a quiet child,
And gave my teachers little fash,
But as I grew I grew more wild,
And hasty as the lightning's flash.

Of study I was never fond,
My school books gave me no delight,
I patronized the nearest pond,
To fish or swim by day or night.

And when the frosts of winter came,
And bound the streams in fetters tight,
It gave me pleasure all the same
To skate upon their bosom bright.

I was athletic in my way
And on my muscle went it strong,
And stood to fight or ran to play,
Regardless of the right or wrong.

In wrestling I did much excel
And lov'd to douse a boasting fop,
Nor cared I how or where we fell
Provided I fell on the top.

I loved my friends with all my might,
My foes I hated just as strong,
My friends were always in the right,
My foes forever in the wrong.

A sportsman early I became,
A sort of second Daniel Boone,

And bagg'd my share of ev'ry game
From cony, up or down, to coon.

No tawny chieftain's swarthy son,
Was ever fonder of the chase,
Than I was of my trusty gun,
Although I had a paler face.

I shot the squirrel near his den.
The silly rabbit near her lair;
And captured ev'ry now and then,
A pheasant in my cunning snare.

And many things I think of here,
Which time forbids me now to say,
That happen'd in my wild career,
To me, since that eventful day

When my fond mother wash'd my face,
And combed my flaxen hair,
And started me in learning's race,
And breath'd to heav'n a silent prayer,

That I might grow to man's estate,
And cultivate my opening mind;
And not be rich or wise or great,
But gentle, true and good and kind.

My mother's face, I see it yet,
That thoughtful face, with eyes of blue,
I trust I never shall forget
Her words of counsel, sage and true.

She left me, when she pass'd away,
More than a royal legacy,
I would not for a monarch's sway,
Exchange the things she gave to me.

She gave me naught of sordid wealth,
But that which wealth can never be,
Her iron frame and robust health,
Are more than diadems to me.


She left to me the azure sky,
 With all its countless orbs of light,
 Which wonder-strike the thoughtful eye,
 And beautify the dome of night.

The deep blue sea from shore to shore,
 The boundless rays of solar light,
 The lightnings flash, the thunders roar—
 I hold them all in my own right.

And lastly that there be no lack,
 Of any good thing by her given,
 She left to me the shining track,
 Which led her footsteps up to heaven.

STANZAS


TO A LITTLE GIRL ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Y dear, the bard his greeting sends,
 And wishes you and all your friends,
 A happy birthday meeting.
 Let social pleasures crown the day,
 But while you chase dull care away,
 Remember time is fleeting.

Then learn the lesson of this day,
 Another year has pass'd away,
 Beyond our reach forever.
 And as the fleeting moments glide,
 They bear us on their noiseless tide,
 Like straws upon the river,

Into that vast, unfathomed sea,
 Marked on the map "eternity,"
 With neither bound nor shore.
 There may we find some blissful isle
 Where basking in our Saviour's smile,
 We'll meet to part no more.

TO MISS MARY BAIN.

Y cousin fair, dear Mary B,
 Excuse my long neglect I pray,
 And pardon too, the homely strain,
 In which I sing this rustic lay.

My muse and I are sorted ill,
 I'm in my yellow leaf and sere;
 While she is young and ardent still
 And urges me to persevere.

She reads to me the roll of fame,
 And presses me to join the throng,
 That surge and struggle for a name,
 Among the gifted sons of song.

Of that vain stuff the world calls fame
 I've had I think my ample share.
 At best 'tis but a sounding name
 An idle puff of empty air.

For more than once I've been the choice
 Of freemen to enact their laws,
 And patriots cheered me when my voice,
 I raised to vindicate their cause.

And more than this I've brought to pass,
 For I have made a lot of ground
 Produce the second blade of grass,
 Where formerly but one was found.

But now I love the calm retreat,
 Away from tumult, noise and strife,
 And in the works of nature sweet
 I learn her laws, the laws of life.

The monuments which I erect
 Will hand my name for ages down,
 While tombs of kings will meet neglect,
 Or worse, be greeted with a frown.

My trees will bloom and bear their fruit,
My carp-pond glitter in the sun;
My cherished grape-vines too, though mute,
Will tell the world what I have done.

Now lest you think that I am vain,
And that my trumpeter is dead,
I'll drop this graceless, boasting strain,
And sing of you, dear Coz, instead.

Of all my Cousins, old or new,
I love the prairie chicken best,
I see the rising sun in you,—
Although you're rising in the west.

The picture you are working on,
I'd almost give my eyes to see,
I know it is a striking one,
For it is of the "deep blue sea."

But how you ever took the notion
To paint a picture of the sea
Before you ever saw the ocean,
Is something that surprises me.

I'm glad you have the skill to paint,
And pluck to labor and to wait;
And too much sense to pine and faint,
Because the world don't call you great.

True greatness is achieved by toil,
And labor for the public good,
'Tis labor breaks the barren soil,
And makes it yield our daily food.

Then cultivate your talents rare,
And study nature's lovely face,
And copy every tint with care;
Your work will then have life and grace.

When fame and fortune you attain,
And more than royal sway is sure,

'Twill be the majesty of brain,
A majesty that must endure,

Till thrones of kings and queens shall tumble,
And monuments of stone and brass,
Shall into shapeless ruin crumble,
And blow away like withered grass.


The world moves on with quickening pace,
And those who falter fall behind,
Then enter for the mental race,
Where mind is pitted against mind.


While we are cousins in the flesh,
In mind I think we're nearer still,
Your genius leads you to the brush,
But mine inclines me to the quill.

And now, my cousin fair, adieu,
My promise I have somehow kept,
That I would write a line for you,
I hope you will these lines accept.

STANZAS

Addressed to Mr. and Mrs. T. Jefferson Scott, upon the occasion
of the 24th anniversary of their wedding, March 2nd, 1882.


RIND gentlemen and ladies fair,
I have a word or two to say,
If you have got the time to spare,
Sit down, and hear my humble lay.


RNo tiresome homily, I bring,
To chill your joys and make you sad,
I'd rather hear you laugh or sing,
Than see you solemn, dull or mad,

A bow that's always bent, they say,
Will lose its force and wonted spring,
And Jack's all work and never play,
Makes him a dull and stupid thing.

Man's greatest lesson is mankind,
A problem difficult to solve,
I've turned it over in my mind,
And reached, at last, this sage resolve:

That when I know myself right well,
I have a key to all the race,
Thoughts, purposes and aims that tell
On me, are but a common case.

There is a time to laugh and sing,
A time to mourn and grieve as well;
Then let your song and laughter ring,
This is no time on griefs to dwell.

We've met to greet our friend, T. J.,
And tender our congratulations,
Without forgetting Phebe A.,
In our most heartfelt salutations.

For four-and-twenty changeful years
They've worn the bright hymenial bands,
And shared each other's hopes and fears,
And each held up the other's hands.

He, like a stately, giant oak,
Has spread his branches wide and high,
Unscathed by lightning's fatal stroke,
Or tempest raving through the sky.

She, like a tender, trusting vine,
Twines round and through and o'er the tree;
Her modesty and worth combine,
To hide what roughness there might be,


Beneath this cool, refreshing shade,
 The wretched quite forget their woes,
 The hungry find the needed bread,
 The weary wanderer, his repose.

Long live this honored, worthy pair!
 May fortune come at their command!
 And may their sons and daughter fair,
 Grow up to grace their native land!

And when their earthly toils are o'er,
 And they repose beneath the sod,
 Theirs be a home on that bright shore,
 Illumined by the smile of God.

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

Written for a little girl on her ninth birthday.


N the morning of life's day,
 All before is bright and gay,
 All behind is like a dream,
 Or the morn's uncertain beam,
 Falling on a misty stream.

In the morning of thy youth,
 Learn this sober, solemn truth;
 Life is passing like a stream,
 Or a meteor's sudden gleam;
 Like the bright aurora's blaze,
 Disappearing while we gaze;
 Soon the child becomes a maid,
 In the pride of youth arrayed,
 And her mind and form expand
 To proportions great and grand;
 Then she changes to a wife,
 Battling with the ills of life;
 Thus we come and thus we go,
 And our cups with joy and woe,
 Oft are made to overflow.

Each returning bright birthday,
 Like the mile-stones by the way,
 Will remind you as you go—
 Though at first they pass so slow
 That behind there is one more
 And, of course, one less before;
 Watch the moments as they fly,
 With a never tiring eye—
 Since you cannot stop their flow,
 O! improve them as they go.

ROLL CALL.

Written on the death of William Sutton, a member of the order
 of Good Temp'lars.

 ALL the roll! Call the roll of our band,
 Let each to his name answer clear,
 There's danger abroad, there's death in the land,
 Call the roll, see if each one is here.

The roll call is through, one answers not,
 Brother Sutton, so prompt heretofore,
 Has answered another roll call; the spot
 Which knew him shall know him no more.

He's at rest by the beautiful river,
 Which flows by the evergreen shore,
 Where the verdure of spring lasts forever,
 And sickness and death are no more.

O alas! that the righteous should die,
 While sinners so greatly abound,
 In the world that's to come we'll know why,
 The latter incumber the ground.

This mystery we'll then comprehend,
 And all will be plain to our sight,
 Then dry up the tears which flow for our friend,
 In full faith that God doeth right.

IN MEMORIAM

RENSELLAER BIDDLE.

A noble heart is sleeping here,
Beneath this lowly mound;
With reverence let us draw near,
For this is holy ground.

The mortal frame that rests below
This consecrated sward,
Was late with heavenly hope aglow,
A temple of the Lord.

His charity was like a flood,
It seemed to have no bound,
But reached the evil and the good,
Wherever want was found.

The poor and needy sought his door,
The wretched and distressed,
He blessed them from his ample store,
With shelter, food and rest.

Giving his substance to the poor,
He lent it to the Lord;
While each returning harvest brought
Him back a rich reward.


Thus passed his useful life away,
Dispensing good to all,
Till on the evening of his day,
He heard his Master call.

“ Brave soldier of the cross, well done,
You’ve fought a noble fight;
Come up, and claim the victor’s crown,
And wear it as your right.”

“ For all your works of christian love
And heaven-born charity,
Are registered in Heaven above
As so much done to Me.”

STANZAS

WRITTEN ON THE FLY LEAF OF A CHILD'S BIBLE.



 EAR Mollie, in thy early days,
 While treading childhood's dreamy maze,
 Peruse this book with care:
 Peruse it by the rising sun;
 Peruse it when the day is done,
 Peruse it oft with prayer.

Search it for counsel in thy youth,
 For every page is bright with truth
 And wisdom from on high.
 Consult it in thy riper years,
 When foes without and inward fears
 Thy utmost powers defy.

And when life's sands are well nigh run
 And all thy work on earth is done,
 In patience wait and trust,
 That He whose promises are sure
 Will number you among the pure,
 The righteous and the just.

 CHRISTMAS GREETING, 1877.


Read before the Jackson Hall Debating Society.


 HE rolling seasons come and go,
 As ebbs the tide again to flow,
 And Christmas which seemed far away
 A year ago, is near to-day.
 And day and night in quick succession,
 Are passing by like a procession,
 While we like straws upon a stream,
 Are drifting faster than we deem,
 To that unknown, that untried shore,
 Where days and nights will be no more,

And where time's surging tide will be,
 Absorbed in vast eternity.
 Where then shall we poor mortals go?
 No man can tell, we only know
 We are but strangers in the land.
 Our fathers all have gone before,
 And shortly we shall be no more.
 This hall where we so often meet
 Will soon be trod by other's feet,
 And where our voices now resound,
 Will other speakers soon be found.
 And thus like wave pursuing wave,
 Between the cradle and the grave
 The human tide is prone to run,
 The sire succeeded by the son.
 May we so spend life's fleeting day,
 That when it shall have passed away,
 We all may meet on that blessed shore,
 Where friends shall meet to part no more.

ANNIVERSARY POEM.

Read at the anniversary of the seventieth birthday of Mrs. Ann Peterson.


 o costly gifts have I to bring,
 To grace your festive board,
 This humble song, I've brought to sing,
 Is all I can afford.

Then let my humble rhyme be heard
 In silence, if you please,
 You'll find it true in ev'ry word,
 It flows along with ease.

We've met in honor of our friend
 Who seventy years ago,
 Came to this earth some years to spend,
 How many none can know.

The world is using her so well,
I hope she'll tarry long,
And ten years hence I hope to tell,
"I have another song."

THE PETERSON GENEALOGICAL TREE.

I'll sing you a song of a wonderful tree,
Whose beauty and strength are a marvel to me;
Its cloud piercing branches ascend to the sky,
While its deep rooted trunk may the tempest defy,
Like the tree which the great king of Babylon saw,
Which fill'd him with wonder, amazement and awe.
This vision the wise men all failed to expound,
Till Daniel the Hebrew, its true meaning found.
What the king saw in vision, we lit'rally see,
In the Peterson genealogical tree;
It was feeble at first, and slowly it grew;
Its roots being small and its branches but few.
The whirlwinds and tempests in fury raved round it,
And the rains fell in floods, as if they would drown it.
Though slow in its growth it was steady and sure,
And like plants of slow growth 'tis bound to endure.
While the seasons roll round in their wanted succes-
sion,
And the ages move on in an endless procession,
While the sun in its glory reigns over the day,
And the moon rules the night with her gentler sway,
While the planets their courses pursue in the sky,
And far distant stars light their torches on high,
May this family tree grow taller and stronger
And its branches increase growing longer and longer.
May every branch of this vigorous tree,
Increase and spread wider from mountain to sea,
And under its shade may the poor and distressed
Find shelter and comfort and kindness and rest,
And when the great harvest we read of shall come
When the angels shall gather and carry it home
May this tree root and branch, trunk and fruit all be
found,
Transplanted from earth into holier ground,
Where storms never rise and where frosts never blight

Where day ever shines unsucceeded by night,
 Where sickness and sorrow and death are no more,
 And friends never part. On that beautiful shore,
 May we hope that the friends who have met round
 this board,
 And greeted each other in social accord,
 May each meet the others to part never more.

LINES

Written on the death of Jane Flounders, a pupil of Cherry Hill
 public school, and read at her funeral.

THE mysteries of life and death,
 Lie hidden from all human ken,
 We know it is the vital breath
 Of God, that makes us living men.

We also know, *that* breath withdrawn,
 And man becomes a lifeless clod,
 The soul immortal having gone
 Into the presence of its God.

Here knowledge fails and faith appears,
 And bids us dry the scalding tear,
 And banish all our anxious fears,
 Which cluster round the loved ones here.

The deep, dark, cold, remorseless grave
 Has closed o'er lovely Jennie's face,
 No art, nor skill, nor prayers could save
 Her from its terrible embrace.

Home now is dark and desolate,
 And friends and schoolmates are in tears,
 While strangers wonder at the fate,
 Which crushed her in her tender years.

Death never won a brighter prize,
 Nor friends a richer treasure lost,
 Another star has left our skies,
 But heaven is richer at our cost.

We mourn but not in hopeless grief,
 In tears we kiss the chast'ning rod,
 This sweet reflection brings relief,
 That all is good that comes from God.

Through and beyond this scene of gloom,
 Faith points the mourner's downcast eyes,
 While from the portals of the tomb,
 They see their lost loved one arise,

In blooming immortality;
 As she comes forth they hear her sing
 O! grave, where is thy victory!
 O! monster death where is thy sting!

WHAT IS MATTER?

DEDICATED TO HIS FRIEND GEORGE JOHNSTON.

How are you, George, my rhyming brother?
 We should be kinder to each other,
 For we are kindred souls at least;
 I don't mean kindred, like the beast,—
 Mere blood and bones and flesh and matter,—
 But what this last is makes no matter.
 Philosophers have tried to teach it,
 But all their learning cannot reach it;
 'Tis matter still, "that's what's the matter"
 With all their philosophic chatter,
 And Latin, Greek, and Hebrew clatter,
 Crucibles, retorts, and receivers,
 Wedges, inclined planes, and levers,
 Screws, blow pipes, electricity and light,
 And fifty other notions, quite
 Too much to either read or write.


Just ask the wisest, What is matter?
And notice how he will bespatter
The subject, in his vain endeavor,
With deep philosophy so clever,
To prove you what you knew before,
That matter's matter, and no more.
Well, this much then, we know at least,
That matter's substance, and the beast
And bird and fish and creeping thing
That moves on foot, with fin or wing,
Is matter, just like you and me.
Are they our kindred? Must it be
That all the fools in all creation,
And knaves and thieves of every station
In life, can call me their relation?
But that's not all—the horse I ride,
The ox I yoke, the dog I chide,
The flesh and fish and fowl we feed on
Are kindred, too; is that agreed on?
Then kindred blood I quite disown,
Though it descended from a throne,
For it connects us down, also,
With everything that's mean and low—
Insects and reptiles, foul and clean,
And men a thousand times more mean.
Let's hear no more of noble blood,
For noble brains, or actions good,
Are only marks of true nobility.

The kindred which I claim with you,
Connects us with the just and true,
And great in purpose, heart and soul,
And makes us parts of that great whole
Whose bonds of all embracing love
A golden chain will ever prove
To bind us to the good above.
Then strive to elevate mankind
By operating on the mind;
The empire of good will extend,
A helping hand in trouble lend,
Go to thy brother in distress,
One kindly word may make it less,

A single word, when fitly spoken,
 May heal a heart with sorrow broken,
 A smile may overcome your foe,
 And make his heart with friendship glow,
 A frown might turn his heart to steel,
 And all its tendencies congeal,
 Be it our constant aim to cure
 The woes our fellow men endure,
 Teach them to act toward each other
 As they would act toward a brother.
 Thus may our circle wider grow,
 The golden chain still brighter glow;
 And may our kindred souls, in love
 United live, here and above,
 With all the good and wise and pure,
 While endless ages shall endure.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

Written for the anniversary of the Jackson Sabbath School, Aug.
 23rd, 1870.

 HE ever rolling flood of years,
 Is bearing us, our hopes and fears,
 With all we are or crave,
 Into that fathomless abyss—
 A world of endless woe or bliss,
 Beyond the darksome grave.

One year of priceless time has passed,
 Since we in Sabbath school were class'd,
 To read and sing and pray;
 To hear the counsels of the good;
 Have we improved them as we should?
 How stands the case to-day?

How have we used this fleeting year?
 Have we grown wiser? O, I fear,
 And tremble to reflect,
 How sadly it has gone to loss,

How I have shunn'd my daily cross,
Some idol to erect.

To gain some trifling, selfish end,
It may be I have wronged a friend,
And turned his love to hate;
How many idle words I've said;
How many broken vows I've made;
How shunn'd the narrow gate!

O Lord! forgive our wanderings wide,
Our oft departures from thy side,
And keep us in thy fold;
Be thou our Shepherd and our all;
Protect these lambs, lest any fall,
And perish in the cold.

On this our Anniversary,
Help us to put our trust in Thee,
And lean upon Thy arm;
Direct us through the coming year;
Protect us, for the wolf is near,
And shield us from all harm.

Our Superintendent superintend;
On him Thy special blessings send,
And guide him in the way;
Enrich our Treasurer with Thy grace,
So that he may adorn the place,
He fills so well to-day.

Write on our Secretary's heart
Thy perfect law; and O, impart,
To our Librarian dear,
The volume of thy perfect love
Which cometh only from above,
And casteth out all fear.

In pastures green, O lead us still!
And help us all to do thy will,
And all our wants supply;

Help us in every grace to grow,
 And when we quit thy fold below,
 Receive us all on high.

Then, by life's river broad and bright,
 Our blissful day will have no night;
 On that immortal plain
 May all the Jackson scholars meet,
 And all their loving teachers greet,
 And never part again.

THE INTELLECTUAL TELEGRAPH.

ADDRESSED TO MISS C. CASHO.

DEAR friend! O, how my blood warms at that word,
 And thrills and courses through my every vein;
 My inmost soul, with deep emotion stir'd—
 Friend! Friend! repeats it o'er and o'er again.

I'll make a song of that sweet word, and sing
 It oft, to cheer me in my lonely hours,
 Till list'ning hills, and dells, and woodlands ring,
 And echo answers, Friend! with all her powers.

'Tis truly strange, and strangely true; I doubt
 If any can explain, though all have seen,
 How kindred spirits find each other out,
 Though deserts vast or oceans lie between.

Some golden sympathetic cords unseen,
 Unite their souls as if with bands of steel,
 So finely strung, so sensitively keen,
 The slightest touch all in the circle feel.

Their pulses distance electricity,
 And leave the struggling solar rays behind,
 The slightest throb pervades immensity.
 And instant reaches the remotest mind,

'Tis an inspiring, glorious thought to me,
 Which raises me above this earthly clod,
 To think the cords which bind our souls may be
 Connected some way with the throne of God.

I sometimes think my wild and strange desires,
 And longings after something yet unknown,
 Are currents passing on those hidden wires
 To lead me on and upward to that throne.

These visions often do I entertain,
 And, if they are but visions, and the birth
 Of fancy, still they are not all in vain;
 They lift the soul above the things of earth.

They teach her how to use her wings though weak,
 And all unequal to the upward flight—
 The eaglet flaps upon the mountain peak,
 Then cleaves the heavens beyond our utmost sight.

LINES ON AN INDIAN ARROW-HEAD.

RUDE relic of a lost and savage race!
 Memento of a people proud and cold!
 Sole lasting monument to mark the place
 Where the red tide of Indian valor rolled.

Cold is the hand that fashion'd thee, rude dart!
 Cold the strong arm that drew the elastic bow!
 And cold the dust of the heroic heart,
 Whence, cleft by thee, the crimson tide did flow.

Unnumbered years have o'er their ashes flown;
 Their unrecovered names and deeds are gone;
 All that remains is this rude pointed stone,
 To tell of nations mighty as our own.

Such is earth's pregnant lesson: through all time
 Kingdom succeeds to kingdom—empires fall;
 From out their ashes, others rise and climb,
 Then flash through radiant greatness, to their fall.

ACROSTIC

TO MISS ANNIE ELIZA M'NAMEE.

MY much respected, fair young friend
 In youth's bright sunshine glowing:
 Some friendly token I would send,
 Some trifle, worth your knowing.

A lovely bird; the garden's pride;
 Nurs'd with the utmost care,
 No flow'r, in all the gardens wide;
 Incited hopes so rare:
 Each passing day develops more
 Each beauty, than the day before.

Lovely in form, in features mild;
 In thy deportment pure:
 Zealous for right, e'en from a child,
 A friend, both true and sure.

May thy maturer years be bright,
 Cloudless and fair thy skies;
 No storms to fright, nor frosts to blight,
 And cause thy fears to rise.
 May thy last days, in peace go past,
 Each being better than the last;
 Eternally thy joys grow brighter—
 So prays D. Scott the humble writer.

MINUTES

OF THE JACKSON HALL DEBATING SOCIETY, DEC. 5, 1877.

MY muse inspire me, while I tell
 The weighty matters that befell
 On Monday night at Jackson Hall
 December fifth. I'll tell it all,
 Day and year I'll tell you even,
 'Twas eighteen hundred seventy-seven.

The Jacksonites were out in force,
No common thing was up of course,
But something rare and rich and great,
'Twas nothing short of a debate;
What was the question? Let me see,
Yes; "Can christians consistently
Engage in war against a brother
And at the same time love each other?"
But first and foremost let me say,
My muse has taken me astray,
So I'll return to the beginning
Digression is my common sinning
For which your pardon I implore,
If granted, I will sin no more,
That is no more till the next time,
For when I'm forging out a rhyme,
The narrative which I would fix up,
I somehow rather oddly mix up.

A president must first be got,
So they elected James M. Scott,
He said he'd serve; (and that was clever,)
A little while, but not forever.
A paper called a "constitution,"
Was read and on some person's motion,
Was all adopted, at a word,
A thing that seemed to me absurd.
Then instantly to work they went,
And filled the chair of president,
And William Henderson they took,
They knew their man just like a book.
A scribe was wanted next to keep,
A record of their doings deep,
On looking round they cast the lot,
And so it fell on David Scott.
A treasurer was next in order
When looking up and down the border,
For one to hoard the gold and silver,
The mantle fell on Joseph Miller.
The executive committee
Was now to fill and here we see
A piece of work I apprehend,


*

May lead to trouble in the end,
For while they only wanted five,
Yet six they got, as I'm alive,
First they installed Peter Jaquett,
Then John Creswell, two men well met,
James Law, but they were not enough,
And so they added William Tuft.
One more was wanted that was plain,
That one was found in John McKane,
But when the five were call'd to meet
There were but four came to the seat;
There are but four, said one so racy,
So they elected William Gracy.
Now you perceive this grave committee
Which numbers five both wise and witty,
Has got into a pretty fix
With but five seats and numbers six.
The question for the next debate
Was then selected, which I'll state
If I have only got the gumption
To make some word rhyme with resumption,
"Should Congress now repeal the act
To pay all debts in gold in fact."

The speakers now were trotted out
Their sides to choose and take a bout
Upon the question, which I stated
As having been so well debated,
Namely, "Can christians go to war,"
The very devil might abhor
To contemplate this proposition
Offspring of pride and superstition
That brothers by a second birth,
Should make a very hell of earth.
The war of words waxed loud and long,
Each side was right, the other wrong;
The speakers eager for the fray,
Wished their ten minutes half a day;
But time and tide will wait for none,
So glibly did the gabble run,
That nine o'clock soon spoiled the fun,
And all that rising tide of words,

Was smothered never to be heard.
 The fight is o'er, the race is run,
 And soon we'll know which side has won,
 But this is not so easy done;
 Indeed I have a world of pity
 For the executive committee
 Who hear in silence all this clatter
 And then decide upon the matter;
 To give each speaker justice due,
 And sift the error from the true,
 Is not an easy thing to do.
 To decide what facts have any bearing
 Upon the question they are hearing,
 And generally keep in hand
 The arguments, so strong and grand,
 And draw from them a just conclusion
 Without a mixture of confusion ;
 The negative got the decision
 Unanimous, without division.
 The speakers then took their position,
 Upon the doubtful proposition
 Of the repeal of gold resumption,
 Upon the plausible presumption,
 That those who pay must have the money,
 That laws of Congress, (that seems funny,)
 Are not above the laws of trade,
 And therefore cannot be obeyed.
 Here now my muse, poor worthless jade,
 Deserted, as I was afraid
 From the beginning she would do;
 So I must say good-night to you,
 And these long rambling minutes close,
 In just the dullest kind of prose.

RETROSPECTION.

 HE phantoms have flown which I cherished;
 The dreams which delighted have passed;
 My castles in air have all perished—
 I grieved o'er the fall of the last.
 'Twas bright, but as frail as a shadow;

It passed like a vapor away—
As the mist which hangs over the meadow
Dissolves in the sun's burning ray.

The joys of my youth are all shattered;
My hopes lie in wrecks on the shore;
The friends of my childhood are scattered;
Their faces I'll see never more.

Some are estranged, some have gone under;
The battle of life is severe.
When I stand by their graves, the wonder,
The mystery, seems to be clear:

They were vet'rans more noble than I;
And placed in the van of the fight,
They fell where the hero would die,
When he bleeds for truth and the right.

The battle of life is proceeding—
The rear will advance to the van;
I'll follow where duty is leading,
And fall at my post like a man.

ACROSTIC

TO MISS FLORENCE WILSON M'NAMEE.

MAIDEN, lovely, young and gay,
In the bloom of life's young May!
Sweet perfumes are in the air;
Songs of gladness ev'rywhere!

Flowers are springing round thy way,
Lovely flowers, bright and gay:
Over head and all about
Rings one constant joyous shout!
Earth is carpeted with green,
Nature greets you as her queen.
Call the trees and flow'rs your own,

Each will bow before your throne.
 While in youth's enchanting maze,
 Incline thy steps to wisdom's ways!
 Lead a quiet peaceful life;
 Swiftly fly from noise and strife;
 Own thy Lord before mankind;
 'Neath his banner you will find
 More than all this world can give;
 Contentment while on earth you live,
 Nearer to your journey's end,
 All your aspirations tend:
 May you end your days in peace;
 Earthly ties in joy release;
 Eternally thy joys increase;
 That this may be thy joyous lot
 Ever prays thy friend D. Scott.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

Written on a blank leaf of a Bible presented to Martha Cowan,
 June 1st, 1868.

FESTEEMED young friend
 This book I send,
I know full well thou wilt receive;
 For thou canst read
 Its shining creed,
 And understand it and believe.

Oh could I say
 As much to-day,
 What joys would thrill this heart of grief,—
 I do believe.
 Oh Lord, receive
 My prayer—help THOU mine unbelief!

This book though small,
 Is more than all
 The wealth of India to thee;
 Oh priceless treasure!
 Rich beyond measure
 Are all who build their hopes on thee.

THE LESSON OF THE SEASONS.

Written for a little girl on her eleventh birthday.

FLEETING time is on the wing—
 Surely Winter, joyous Spring,
 Glowing Summer, Autumn sere,
 Mark the changes of the year.

Late the earth was green and fair,
 Flowers were blooming everywhere;
 Birds were singing in the trees,
 While the balmy healthful breeze,
 Laden with perfume and song,
 Health and beauty flowed along.

But a change comes o'er the scene;
 Still the fields and trees are green,
 And the birds keep singing on,
 Though the early flowers are gone;
 And the melting noon-day heat,
 Strips the shoes from little feet,
 And the coats from little backs;
 While the paddling bare-foot tracks,
 In the brooklet which I see,
 Tell of youthful sports and glee.
 Hay is rip'ning on the plain,
 Fields are rich in golden grain,
 Mowers rattle sharp and shrill,
 Reapers echo from the hill,
 Farmer, dark and brown with heat,
 Push your labor—it is sweet,
 For the hope, in which you plow,
 And sow, you are reaping now.
 Corn, which late, was scarcely seen,
 Struggling slowly into green,
 'Neath the Summer's torrid glow—
 How like magic it does grow;
 Rising to majestic height,
 Drinks the sunbeams with delight,
 Sends its rootlets through the soil,
 Foraging for hidden spoil;

Riches more than golden ore,
Silent workers they explore:
With their apparatus small,
Noiselessly they gather all.
When their work is done, behold
Treasures, richer far than gold,
Fill the farmers store-house wide—
And his grateful soul beside.

But the scene must change again,
Hill and dell and spreading plain,
Speak so all can comprehend
Summer's reign is at an end.
Forests, gorgeously arrayed,
(Queens such dresses ne'er displayed)
Grace the coronation scene
Of the lovely Autumn queen.
Birds, with multifarious notes,
Ringing from ten thousand throats,
Shout aloud that Summer's dead,
And Autumn reigns in her stead.
Now another change behold—
All the varied tints of gold,
Purple, crimson, orange, green—
Every hue and shade between,
That bedecked the forest trees,
Now lie scattered by the breeze.
The birds have flown. Faithless friends
Love the most when they're best fed;
And when they have gained their ends,
Shamefully have turned and fled.
Winter claims his wide domain,
And begins his frigid reign.
Thus the seasons come and go:
Spring gives place to Summer's glow;
Then comes mellow Autumn's sway,
Rip'ning fruits and short'ning day;
Gorgeous woods in crimson dress,
Surpassing queens in loveliness.
Then the Frost King mounts the throne,
Claims the empire for his own;
Hail and rain and sleet and snow

Are his ministers that go
On the swift wings of the blast,
At his bidding, fierce and fast.

Like the seasons of the year,
Your young life will change, my dear.
Now you're in your early Spring,
Hope and joy are on the wing;
Flow'rets blooming fresh and gay,
Shed their fragrance round your way.
Summer's heat is coming fast,
And your Spring will soon be past;
For, where you are, I have been;
All that you see, I have seen.
Hopes that beamed around my way,
Cast their light on yours to-day.
All that you do, I have done;
All your childish ways I've run,
All your joys and pangs I've had—
All that make you gay or sad;
I have sported in the brook,
Truant from my work or book;
Chased the butterfly and bee,
Robb'd the bird's nest on the tree;
Damm'd the brook and built my mill;
Flew my kite from hill to hill;
Sported with my top and ball—
Childish joys, I know them all.
Childish sorrows, too I've felt—
Anguish that my heart would melt;
Tears have wet my burning cheek,
Caused by thoughts I could not speak.
Mysteries then confused my brain,
Which have since become more plain;
Much that then seemed plain and clear
Has grown darker year by year;
When my artless prayers I said,
Skies were near—just over head;
And the angels seemed so near,
I could whisper in their ear.
All that I have learned since then,
I would give, if once again,

Those bright visions would return.
 For I find, the more I learn,
 Further off the skies appear,
 And the angels come not near.
 Though in better words I pray,
 Heaven seems so far away,
 That I wish, but wish in vain,
 That the skies were near again;
 That no other words I knew,
 But those simple ones and few,
 That the angels used to hear,
 When I whispered in their ear.
 I would barter all the fame,
 Wealth and learning that I claim,
 Which a life of toil have cost,
 For those priceless seasons lost.

JOHN A. CALHOUN, MY JOE JOHN.

A PARODY.

This poem was the outgrowth of a newspaper controversy between John A. Calhoun, a school teacher of this county, and one of the trustees of Jackson Hall, who wrote above the signature of "Turkey," in which Mr. Calhoun said some rather hard things about the school trustees of the county. The poem was written at the request of the trustee, who was the other party engaged in the controversy.

JOHN A. CALHOUN, my Joe John, "I wonder
 what you mean?"
 You're always getting in some scrape and get-
 ting off your spleen;
 Keep cooler, John, and do not fret, however
 things may go;
 You'll longer last and have more friends, John
 A. Calhoun, my Joe.

John A. Calhoun, my Joe John, don't pout about
 your name;
 It never will disgrace you, John, but you may it de-
 fame

By doing silly things, John, and things, you ought
to know,
Will but recoil upon yourself, John A. Calhoun, my
Joe.

John A. Calhoun, my Joe John, the "Turkey" let
alone;
My name is very humble, John, but then it is my
own.
"There's nothing in a name," John, and this you
ought to know,
That actions are the cards that win, John A. Calhoun,
my Joe.

John A. Calhoun, my Joe John; your temper must
be sour;
Your scholars pester you, John; you flog them every
hour.
But leave the rod behind you, John, when from the
school you go,
Or else you may get flogged yourself, John A.
Calhoun, my Joe.

John A. Calhoun, my Joe John, the terror of your
name
Does not extend beyond the walls which for your own
you claim;
So drop your haughty airs, John, and lay your wattle
low,
And people will esteem you more, John A. Calhoun,
my Joe.

John A. Calhoun, my Joe John, just take a friend's
advice;
And drop your pedagogic ways (you know they are
not nice;)
And treat grown people with respect, and they the
same will show,
And use those "open eyes" of yours, John A.
Calhoun, my Joe.

John A. Calhoun, my Joe John, the trustees of our
schools
Are not so smart as you, John, but then they're not
all fools;
And you have made yourself, John, appear a little
low,
By your abuse of these poor men, John A. Calhoun,
my Joe.

John A. Calhoun, my Joe John, now let us part in
peace,
And may your honest name, John, so mightily in-
crease,
That half a score of sons, John, may like their father
grow—
But just a little modester, John A. Calhoun, my
Joe.



EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

EMMA ALICE BROWNE was born about forty-five years ago, in an unpretentious cottage, which is still standing near the north-east corner of the cross-roads, on the top of Mount Pleasant, or Vinegar Hill, as it was then called, about a mile west of Colora. She is the oldest child of William A. Browne and Hester A. Touchstone, sister of the late James Touchstone. Her father was the youngest son of William Brown, who married Ann Spear, of Chester county, and settled a few yards north of the State Line, in what is now Lewisville, Chester county, Pennsylvania, where his son William was born, early in the present century. He was a stonemason by trade, and though comparatively uneducated, was possessed of a brilliant imagination, and so highly endowed by nature with poetic ability that he frequently amused and delighted his fellow-workmen by singing songs which he extemporized while at his work. There is no doubt that his granddaughter, the subject of this sketch, inherited much of her poetic talent from him; though her family is connected with that of Mrs. Felicia Hemans, the English poetess, whom though in some respects she resembles, we hesitate not to say she greatly surpasses in grandeur of conception and beauty of expression.

William Brown was a half-brother of the mother of the editor of this book; consequently Emma and he are cousins. If, therefore, this sketch should seem to exceed or fall short of the truth, the reader must attribute its imperfections to the inability of the writer to do justice to the subject, or to the great, but he hopes pardonable, admiration which he has long entertained for his relative's literary productions.

The Brown family are of Scotch-Irish extraction, and trace their lineage away back through a long line of ancestors to the time when the name was spelled Brawn, because of the great muscular development of the rugged old Scotch Highlander who founded it.

William Brown's early education was obtained at the common schools of the neighborhood where he was born. He was endowed by nature with a logical mind, a vivid imagination and great practical common sense; and a memory so tenacious as to enable him to repeat a sermon almost, if not quite, verbatim, a year after he had heard it delivered. Early in life he became an exemplary member of the Methodist Church, and was ordained as a Local Preacher in the Methodist Protestant persuasion, by the Rev. John G. Wilson, very early in the history of that denomination, in the old Harmony Church, not far south of Rowlandville. Subsequently he was admitted to the Conference as a traveling minister and sent to southeastern Pennsylvania, where he continued to preach the gospel with much success until his death, which occurred when his daughter Emma was a child about eight years of age.

Emma's education began on her father's knee, when she was little if any more than three years old. Before she was four years old she could repeat Anacreon's Ode to a Grasshopper, which her father had learned from a quaint old volume of heathen mythology, and taught his little daughter to repeat, by reciting it aloud to her, as she sat upon his knee. Subsequently, and before she had learned to read, he taught her in the same manner "Byron's Apostrophe to the Ocean," Campbell's "Battle of Hohenlinden," and Byron's "Destruction of Sennacherib," all of which seem to have made a deep impression upon her infantile mind, particularly the latter, in speaking of which she characterizes it as "a poem whose barbaric glitter and splendor captivated my imagination even at that early period, and fired my fancy with wild visions of Oriental magnificence and sublimity, so that I believe all my after life caught color and warmth and form from those early impressions of the gorgeous word-painting of the East." Emma's subsequent education was limited to a few weeks' attendance at a young ladies' seminary at West Chester, Pennsylvania, and a like experience of a few weeks in Wilmington, Delaware, when she was about sixteen years old. But her mind was so full of poesy that there was no room in it for ordinary matters and things, and the duties of a student soon became so irksome that she left both the institutions in disgust. Of her it may be truly said, "she lisped in numbers, for the numbers came," for she composed verses at four years of age, and published poems at ten. Her first effusions appeared in a local paper at Reading, Pa. Being a born poetess, her success as a writer was assured from the first, and her warmth of expression and richness of imagery, combined with a curious quaintness, the outgrowth of the deep vein of mysticism that pervades her nature, soon attracted the attention of the *literati* of this country, one of the most distinguished of whom, the late George D. Prentice, did not hesitate to pronounce her the most extraordinary woman of America; "for," said he, "if she can't find a word to suit her purpose, she makes one." While some of her earlier poems may have lacked the artistic finish and depth of meaning of those of mature years, they had a beauty and freshness peculiar to themselves, which captivated the minds and rarely failed to make a deep impression upon the hearts of those who read them.

In 1855, the family came to Port Deposit, where they remained about two years, and then went West, Emma having secured a good paying position on the *Missouri Republican*, for which she wrote her only continued story, "Not Wanted." For the last twenty years she has been a regular contributor to the *New York Ledger*.

In 1864, Emma came East and was married to Captain J. Lewis Beaver, of Carroll county, Maryland, whose acquaintance she made while he was a wounded invalid in the Naval School Hospital at Annapolis. After her marriage, she continued to write under her maiden name, and has always been known in the literary world as Emma Alice Browne, though all the rest of the family spell the name without the final vowel. Her marriage was


not a fortunate one, and the writer in deference to the wishes of his relative, will only say she is now a widow, with three sons, the youngest of whom seems to have inherited much of his mother's poetic faculty, and who, though only about ten years of age, has written some very creditable verses, which have been published.

Within a year or two, Emma has developed a talent for painting, which seems to have been overshadowed and dwarfed by her poetic faculty, but which now bids fair to make her as famous as an artist as she has long been as a poetess. She resides in Danville, Illinois, and is about publishing a volume of poems, which will be the first book from her pen.

The following selections have been made with the view of showing the versatility, rather than the poetic beauty and power of their author. Most, if not all, of those designated as earlier poems were written more than thirty years ago.

EARLIER POEMS.

MY BROTHER.

H, brier rose clamber;
 And cover the chamber—
 The chamber, so dreary and lone—
 Where with meekly-closed lips,
 And eyes in eclipse,
 My brother lies under the stone.

Oh, violets, cover,
 The narrow roof over,
 Oh, cover the window and door!
 For never the lights,
 Through the long days and nights,
 Make shadows across the floor!

The lilies are blooming,
 The lilies are white,
 Where his play haunts used to be;
 And the sweet cherry blossoms
 Blow over the bosoms
 Of birds in the old roof tree.

When I hear on the hills
 The shout of the storm,
 In the valley the roar of the river;
 I shiver and shake,
 On the hearth stone warm,
 As I think of his cold "forever."


His white hands are folded,
 And never again,
 With the song of the robin or plover,
 When the Summer has come,
 With her bees and her grain,
 Will he play in the meadow clover.

Oh, dear little brother,
 My sweet little brother,
 In the palace above the sun,
 Oh, pray the good angels,
 The glorious evangels,
 To take me—when life is done.

MY FATHER.

IN MEMORIAM, 1857.

The late George D. Prentice in speaking of this poem used the following language: "To our minds there is nothing in all the In Memoriam of Tennyson more beautiful than the following holy tribute to a dead father from our young correspondent at Pleasant Grove." The poem was first published in the "Louisville Journal" of which Mr. Prentice was the editor.

Y Father! Orphan lips unknown
 To love's sweet uses sob the word
 My father! dim with anguish, heard
 In Heaven between a storm of moan
 And the white calm that faith hath fixed
 For solace, far beyond the world,
 Where, all our starry dreams unfurled,
 We drink the wine of peace unmixed.

Mine! folded in the awful trust
That draws the world's face down in awe,
Holding her breath, as if she saw
God's secret written in the dust—
My father! oh, the dreary years
The dreary winds have wailed across
Since his path, from the hills of loss,
Wound, shining, o'er the golden spheres.

What time the Angel at our door
Said soft, between our orphan-moan—
Arise! oh, soul! the night is done
And day hath bloomed forevermore!
I locked my icy hand across
My sobbing heart and sadly cried—
I lose thee in the glorified—
The world is darkened with my loss!

Oh, Angel! cried I—wrath complete!
With awful brows and eyes intense!
(For faith's white robe of reverence
Slid noiseless to my sorrow's feet)
Oh, Angel, help me out of strife!
I could have borne all mortal pain—
I could have lived my life in vain—
But this hath touched my inner life!

And eighteen hundred fifty-seven
Hath filled a decade of slow years
Since first my orphan cries and tears
Broke wild across the walls of Heaven.
This eve his grave is winter-white!
And 'twixt the snow-wind's stormy thrills
I hear across the Northern hills
The solemn footsteps of the night!

Blow wind! Oh, wind, blow wild and high!
Blow o'er the dismal space of woods—
Blow down the roaring Northern floods
And let the dreary day go by!
Blow, wind, from out the shining West,

And wrap the hazy world in glow—
Blow wind and drift about my snow
The summer of his endless rest!


For he has fallen fast asleep
And cannot give me moan for moan—
My heart is heavy as a stone
And there is no one left to weep!
My *soul* is heavy and doth lie
Reaching up from my wretchedness—
Reaching up blindly for redress
The stern gray walls of entity!


Once in the golden spring-time hours,
In the sweet garden of my youth,
There fell a seed of bitter truth
That sprang and shadowed all the flowers—
Alone! The roses died apace
And pale the mournful violet blew—
Only the royal lily grew
And glorified the lonesome place!

In me the growth of human ills
Than human love had reached no higher,
But Seraphim with lips of fire
Have won me to the shining hills—
I cannot hide my soul in art—
I cannot mend my life's defect—
This thunderous space of intellect
God gave me for a peaceful heart!

Hush! oh, my mournful heart, be still,
The heavy night is coming on,
But heavier lie the shadows drawn
About his grave so low and chill—
From out the awful sphere of God,
Oh, deathly wind, blow soft and low!
My soul is weary and would go
Where never foot of mortal trod!

AT THE NIGHTFALL.

 muse alone in the fading light,
 Where the mournful winds forever
 Sweep down from the dim old hills of night,
 Like the wail of a haunted river.

 Alone! by the grave of a buried love,
 The ghostly mist is parted,
 Where the stars shine faint in the blue above,
 Like the smile of the broken-hearted.

The living turn from my fond embrace,
 As if no love were needed;
 The tears I wept on thy young dead face
 Were never more unheeded

Than my wild prayer for peace unwon—
 One pure affection only,
 One faithful heart to lean upon,
 When life is sad and lonely.

The low grassy roof, my glorious dead,
 Is bright with the buttercup's blossom,
 And the night-blooming roses burn dimly and red
 On the green sod that covers thy bosom.

Thy pale hands are folded, oh beautiful saint,
 Like lily-buds chilly and dew-wet,
 And the smile on thy lip is as solemn and faint
 As the beams of a norland sunset.

The angel that won thee a long time ago
 To the shore of the glorious immortals,
 In the sphere of the starland shall wed us, I know,
 When I pass through the beautiful portals,

 THE MIDNIGHT CHIME.

Suggested by the tolling of the bell on the sash factory in Port
Deposit on a stormy night in January, 1856.

THE rain is the loudest and wildest
Of rains that ever fell;
And the winds like an army of chanters
Through the desolate pine-woods swell,
And hark! through the shout of the tempest,
The sound of the midnight bell.

Now close on the storm it rises,
Now sadly it sinks with a moan—
Like a human heart in its anguish,
Crushing a fruitless groan—
Like a soul that goes wailing and pining,
Thro' the motherless world, alone.

Is it hung in an ancient turret?
Is it swung by a mortal hand?
Is it chiming in woe or gladness,
Its symphonies sweet and grand?
Is it rung for a shadowy sorrow,
In the shadowy phantom land?

Alas for the beautiful guesses
That live in a poet's rhyme—
'Tis only the bell of the factory
Tolling its woe sublime;
And the wind is the ghostly ringer,
Ringing the midnight chime.

Toll, mournful bell of the tempest,
Through my dreams by sleep unblest;
My bosom is throbbing as madly
To surges of wild unrest—
E'en as thy heart of iron
Is beating thy brazen breast!

MAY-THALIA.

TO THOMAS HEMPSTEAD.

WHY lay—a sweet sung bridal hymn,
Wedding the Old year to the New,
'Mid starry buds, and silver dew,
And brooks, and birds in woodlands dim—
That touched the hidden veins of thought
With the electric force of strife,
Thrilled the dumb marble of my life
Unto a perfect beauty wrought.

And straight, unclasping from my brow
The thorny crown of lost delight,
The solemn grandeur of the night
Flashed on me from old years, as now.

The budding of my days is past!
And May sits weeping in the shade
The weeds on April's grave have made,
Blown slantwise in the sobbing blast.

Ah me! but in the Poet's heart
Some pools of troubled water lie!
The hidden founts of agony,
That keep the better springs apart.

What comfort is there in the Earth!
What height, or depth, where we may hide
Our life long anguish, and abide
The ripening unto newer birth!

But Poet, in thy song is power
To lift the flood gates of my woe,
And bid its solemn surging flow
Far from the triumph of this hour.

Yea, rising from life's evil things,
My soul, long blinded from the light,

Starlit across the purple night
Sweeps the red lightning of her wings!

I will be free! there is a strength
In the full blowing of our youth
To climb the rosied hills of truth
From the dry desert's burning length.

From far a voice shouts to my fate
As shout the choiring Angels, when
The fiery cross of suffering men
Falls broken at the narrow gate!

Be brave! be noble, and sublime
Thyself unto a higher aim—
Keeping thy nature white of blame
In all the dreary walks of time!

Oh musty creeds in mouldy books!
Blind teachers of the blind are ye—
A plainer wisdom talks with me
In God's full psalmody of brooks.

The rustling of a leaf hath force
To wake the currents of my blood,
That sweep, a wild Niagara-flood,
Hurled headlong in its fiery course.

The moaning of the wind hath power
To stir the anthem of my soul,
Unto a mightier thunder roll
Than ever shook a triumph hour.

Betwixt the gorgeous twilight bars
Rare truths flow from melodious lips—
God's all-sublime Apocalypse—
His awful poem writ in stars!

Each ray that spends its burning might
In the alembic of the morn,
Is, in the Triune splendors, born
Of the great uncreated light!

To me the meanest creeping thing
 Speaks with a loud Evangel tongue,
 Of the far climes forever young
 In His all-glorious blossoming.

And thus, oh Poet! hath thy lay—
 Woven of brightest buds and flowers
 Blowing, in breezy South-land bowers,
 Against the blushing face of May—

A passion, and a power, that thrills
 My hidden nature unto strife,
 To battle bravely, for the life
 Across the dim Eternal hills!

MEMORIES.

WHILE the wild north hills are reddening
 In the sunset's fiery glow,
 And along the dreary moorlands,
 Shine the stormy drifts of snow,
 Sit I in my voiceless chamber
 From the household ones apart,
 And again is Memory lighting
 The pale ruins of my heart.

And again are white hands sweeping,
 Wildly, its invisible chords,
 With the burden of a sorrow
 That I may not wed to words.
 Vainly I this day have striven,
 List'ning to the snow-wind's roll,
 To forget the haunting music
 That is throbbing in my soul.

Not my pleasant household duties,
 Nor the rosied light of Morn,
 Nor the banners of the sunset

On the wintry hills forlorn,
Could unclasp the starry yearning
From my mortal, weary breast,
Nor interpret the weird meaning
Of the phantom's wild unrest.

All last night I heard the crickets
Chirping on the lonely hearth,
And I thought of him that lieth
In the embraces of the earth;
Till the lights died in the village,
And the armies of the snow,
In the bitter woods of midnight
Tracked the wild winds to and fro.

Oh my lover, safely folded
In the shadow of the grave,
While about my low-roofed dwelling
Moaning gusts of winter rave.
Well I know thy pale hands, folded
In the silence of long years,
Cannot give me back caresses
For my sacrifice of tears.

Oh ye dark and vexing phantoms—
Ghostly memories that arise,
Keeping ever 'twixt my spirit
And the beauty of the skies—
Memories of a faded splendor,
And a lost hope, long ago,
Ere my April grew to blushing
And my heavy heart to woe.

Saw ye in your solemn marches
From the citadel of death,
In our bridal halls of beauty
Burning still the lamp of faith?
Doth a watcher, pale and patient,
Folded from the tempest's wrath,
Wait the coming of my footsteps
Down the grave's long, lonesome path?

No reply!—the dreary shadows
 Lengthen from the silent hills,
 And a heavy boding sorrow
 Still my aching bosom fills.
 Now the moon is up in beauty,
 Walking on a starry hight,
 While her trailing vesture brightens
 The gray hollows of the night.

Things of evil go out from me,
 Leave this silence-haunted room,
 Full enough of darkness keepeth
 In the chamber of his tomb.
 Full enough of shadow lieth
 In that dim futurity—
 In that wedding night, where, meekly,
 My beloved waits for me!

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

I remember the dear little cabin
 That stood by the weather-brown mill,
 And the beautiful wavelets of sunshine
 That flowed down the slope of the hill,
 And way down the winding green valley,
 And over the meadow—smooth shorn,—
 How the dew-drops lay flashing and gleaming
 On the pale rosy robes of the morn.

How the blush-blossoms shook on the upland,
 Like a red-cloud of sunset afar,
 And the lilies gleamed up from the marsh pond
 Like the pale silver rim of a star;
 How the brook chimed a beautiful chorus,
 With the birds that sang high in the trees;
 And how the bright shadows of sunset
 Trailed goldenly down on the breeze.

I remember the mossy-rimmed springlet,
 That gushed in the shade of the oaks,

And how the white buds of the mistletoe;
 Fell down at the woodman's strokes,
 On the morning when cruel Sir Spencer
 Came down with his haughty train,
 To uproot the old kings of the greenwood
 That shadowed his golden grain.

For he dwelt in a lordly castle
 That towered half-way up the hill,
 And we in a poor little cabin
 In the shade of the weather-brown mill,
 Therefore the haughty Earl Spencer
 Came down with his knightly train,
 And uprooted our beautiful roof-trees
 That shadowed his golden grain.

Ah! wearily sighed our mother,
 When the mistletoe boughs lay shed;
 But never the curse of the orphan
 Was breathed on the rich man's head;
 And when again the gentle summer
 Had gladdened the earth once more,
 No branches of gnarled oaks olden
 Made shadows across the floor.

GURTHA.

THE lone winds creep with a snakish hiss
 Among the dwarfish bushes,
 And with deep sighing sadly kiss
 The wild brook's border rushes;
 The woods are dark, save here and there
 The glow-worm shineth faintly,
 And o'er the hills one lonely star
 That trembles white and saintly.

Ah! well I know this mournful eve
 So like an evening olden;

With many a goodly harvest sheaf
The upland fields were golden;
The lily moon in bridal white
Leaned o'er the sea, her lover,
And stars with beauty filled the Night—
The wind sang in the clover.

The halls were bright with revelry,
The beakers red with wassail;
And music's grandest symphony
Rung thro' the ancient castle;
And she, the brightest of the throng,
With wedding-veil and roses,
Seemed like the beauty of a song
Between the organ's pauses.

My memory paints her sweetly meek,
With her long sunny tresses,
And how the blushes on her cheek
Kissed back their warm caresses;
But like an angry cloud that cleaves
Down thro' the mists of glory,
I see the flowers a pale hand weaves
Around a forehead gory.

The road was lone that lay between
His, and her father's castle,
And many a stirrup-cup, I ween,
Quaffed he of generous wassail.
My soul drank in a larger draught
From the burning well of hate,
The hand that sped the murderous shaft
Was guided by my fate.

Red shadows lay upon the sward
That night, instead of golden—
And long the bride's maids wait the lord
In the bridal-chamber olden;
Ah, well! pale hands unwove the flowers
That bound the milk-white forehead—
The star has sunk, the red moon glowers
Down slopes of blackness horrid.

IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN B. ABRAHAMS, OF PORT DEPOSIT, AGED 22 YEARS.

He giveth His beloved sleep.—*Psalms 127 : 2*

FROM heaven's blue walls the splendid light
 Of signal-stars gleams far and bright
 Down the abyssmal deeps of night.

Against the dim, dilating skies
 Orion's radiant mysteries
 Of belt, and plume, and helmet rise—

I see—with flashing sword in hand,
 With eyes sublime, and forehead grand—
 The conquering constellation stand!

And on one purple tower the moon
 Hangs her white lamp—the night wind's rune
 Floats faint o'erholt and black lagoon.

Far down the dimly shining bay
 The drifting sea-fog, cold and gray,
 Wraps all the golden ships away—

The fair-sailed ships, that in the glow
 Of ghostly moon and vapor go,
 Like wandering phantoms, to and fro!

With mournful thought I sit alone—
 My heart is heavy as a stone,
 And hath no utterance but a moan.

I think of him, who, being blest,
 With pale hands crossed on silent breast,
 Taketh his long unending rest;

While lone winds chant a funeral stave,
 And pallid church-yard daisies wave
 About his new unsodded grave.

The skies are solemn with their throng
Of choiring stars—and deep and strong
The river moans an undersong.

Oh mournful wind! Oh moaning river,
Oh golden planets, pausing never!
His lips have lost your song forever!

His lips, that done with pleadings vain—
And human sighing, born of pain—
Are hymning heav'ns triumphal strain.

The ages tragic Rhythm of change
Clashing on projects new and strange—
The tireless nations forward range—

Can ne'er disturb the perfect rest
Wherein he lieth—being blest,
With chill hands cross'd on silent breast.

Oh mourning heart! whose heavy plaint
Drifts down the deathly shadows faint,
Why weep ye for this risen saint?

His life's pale ashes, under foot
That cling about the daisies' root
Will bear at last most glorious fruit!

'Tis but the casket hid away
Neath roof of stone and burial clay;
The jewel shines in endless day!

And thus I gather for my tears
Sweet hope from faith in after years;
And far across the glimmering spheres

Height over height the heavens expand—
I see him in God's Eden land,
With palms of vict'ry in his hand;

O'er brows of solemn breadth profound,
 With fadeless wreaths of glory wound,
 He stands a seraph, robed and crowned.

Aye! in a vision, see I now;
 Christ's symbol written on his brow—
 Found worthy unto death art thou!

And ever in this heart of mine,
 So won to glorious peace, divine
 This vision of our lost shall shine;

Not with pale forehead in eclipse
 With close-sealed lids and silent lips,
 But grand in Life's Apocalypse!

For very truly hath been said—
 For the pale living—not the dead—
 Should mourning's bitterest tears be shed!

MISSIVE TO _____

PURPLE shafts of sunset fire
 Glory-crown the passionate sea,
 Throbbing with a fierce desire
 For the blue immensity.

Floods of pale and scarlet flame
 Sweep the bases of the hills,
 With a blushing unto shame
 Thro' their rosy bridal-thrills.

Slowly to the gorgeous West
 Twilight paces from the East,
 Like a dark, unbidden guest
 Going to a marriage feast.

Dian—palaced in the blue—
 O'er the eve-star, newly born,

Shakes a sweet baptismal dew
From her pearly drinking-horn.

Not the Ocean's fiery soul
Throbbing up thro' all his deeps—
Not the sunset tides that roll
Gloriously against the steeps

Of the hills, that to the stars
Lift their regal wedded brows,
Glittering, through the golden bars
Clasping close their nuptial snows.

Not the palace lights of Hesper
In the Queendom of the Moon,
Win me from that lovely vesper—
The last one of our last June.

Oh the golden-tressed minutes!
Oh the silver-footed hours!
Oh the thoughts that sang like linnets,
In a woodland full of flowers!

When my wild heart beat so lightly
It forgot its mortal shroud;
And an Angel trembled brightly
In the fold of every cloud.

Wo! That storms of sorrow-strife
Hold the pitying light apart,
And the golden waves of life
Beat against a breaking heart.

Saddest fate that e'er has been
Woven in the loom of years,
Our sworn faith has come between,
Heavy with the wine of tears.

Broken vow and slighted trust—
Hope's white garments soiled and torn—

Passion trampled in the dust
By the iron heel of scorn.


Thou art dead, to me, as those
Folded safe from mortal strife;
Dead! as tho' the grave-mould froze
The red rivers of thy life!

Oh! My Sweet! My Light! My Love!
With my grief co-heir sublime!
Storms and sorrows ever prove
True inheritors of Time.

Hush! An Angel holds my heart
From its breaking—tho' I stand,
From the happy world apart,
On a broad and barren sand.

I will love thee tho' I die!
Love thee, with my ancient faith!
For immortal voices cry:
Love is mightier than Death!

CHICK-A-DEE'S SONG.

WEET, sweet, sweet!
High up in the budding vine
I've woven and hidden a dainty retreat
For this little brown darling of mine!
Along the garden borders,
Out of the rich dark mold,
The daffodils and jonquils
Are pushing their heads of gold;
And high in her bower-chamber
The little brown mother sits,
While to and fro, as the west winds blow,
Her pretty shadow flits.

Weet, weet, weet!
Safe in the branching vine,

Pillowed on woven grasses sweet,
 Our pearly treasures shine;
 And all day long in the sunlight,
 By vernal breezes fanned,
 The daffodil and the jonquil
 Their jeweled discs expand;
 And two and fro, as the west winds blow,
 In the airy house a-swing,
 The feeble life in the pearly eggs
 She warms with brooding wing!

Sweet, sweet, sweet!
 Under a flowery spray
 Downy heads and little pink feet
 Are cunningly tucked away!
 Along the shining furrows,
 The rows of sprouting corn
 Flash in the sun, and the orchards
 Are blushing red as morn;
 And the time o' the year for toil is here,
 And idle song and play
 With the jonquils, and the daffodils,
 Must wait for another May.

LATER POEMS.

TO MY SISTER.

M. A. KENNON.

“God's dear love is over all.”

DEAR, the random words you said
 Once, as we two walked apart,
 Still keep ringing in my head,
 Still keep singing in my heart:
 Like the lone pipe of a bird,
 Like a tuneful waterfall

Far in desert places heard—
 “God’s dear love is over all!”

Thro’ the ceaseless toil and strife
 They have taught me to be strong!
 Fashioned all my narrow life
 To the measure of a song!
 They have kept me brave and true—
 Saved my feet from many a fall,
 Since, what ever fate may do,
 God’s dear love is over all!

Lying in your chamber low,
 Neath the daisies and the dew,
 Can you hear me? Can you know
 All the good I owe to you?
 You, whose spirit dwells away
 Free from earthly taint and thrall!
 You who taught me that sweet day
 God’s dear love is over all!

From your holy, far off Heaven,
 When the beams of twilight wane,
 Thro’ the jasper gates of even
 Breathe those trustful words again;
 They shall aid and cheer me still,
 What-so-ever fate befall,
 Since thro’ every good and ill
 God’s dear love is over all!

MEASURING THE BABY.

WE measured the riotous baby
 Against the cottage wall:
 A lily grew at the threshold,
 And the boy was just so tall;
 A royal tiger lily,
 With spots of purple and gold,
 And a heart like a jeweled chalice,
 The fragrant dews to hold.

Without the blue birds whistled,
High up in the old roof trees;
And to and fro at the window
The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of the baby
Were never a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow,
That danced on the lattice sill!

His eyes were wide as blue-bells,
His mouth like a flower unblown,
Two little barefeet, like funny white mice,
Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture,
That yet had a touch of pain—
When June rolls around with her roses
We'll measure the boy again!

Ah me! In a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Thro' tears that fell like a bitter rain
We measured the Boy to-day!
And the little bare feet, that were dimpled,
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together,
In the hush of a long repose!

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the rising dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling
With the light of Heaven thereon!
And the dear little hands, like rose leaves
Dropt from a rose, lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunshine,
That crept to the shrouded sill!

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rose-wood casket
That waited him below;

And out of the darkened chamber
 We crept with a childless moan:
 To the height of the sinless Angels
 Our little one had grown!

THE LIGHT OF DREAMS.

LAST night I walked in happy dreams,
 The paths I used to know;
 I heard a sound of running streams,
 And saw the violets blow;
 I breathed a scent of daffodils;
 And faint and far withdrawn,
 A light upon the distant hills,
 Like morning, led me on.

And childish hands clung fast to mine,
 And little pattering feet
 Trod with me thro' the still sunshine
 Of by-ways green and sweet;
 The flax-flower eyes of tender blue,
 The locks of palest gold,
 Were just the eyes and locks I knew
 And loved, and lost—of old!

By many a green familiar lane
 Our pathway seemed to run
 Between long fields of waving grain,
 And slopes of dew and sun;
 And still we seemed to breathe alway
 A scent of daffodils,
 And that soft light of breaking day
 Shone on the distant hills.

And out of slumber suddenly
 I seemed to wake, and know
 The little feet, that followed me,
 Were ashes long ago!

And in a burst of rapturous tears
 I clung to her and said:
 "Dear Pitty-pat! The lonesome years
 They told me you were dead!

"O, when the mother drew, of old,
 About her loving knee
 The little heads of dusk and gold,
 I know that we were three!
 And then there was an empty chair—
 A stillness, strange and new:
 We could not find you anywhere—
 And we were only two!"

She pointed where serenely bright
 The hills yet glowed afar:
 "Sweet sister, yon ineffable light
 Is but the gates ajar!
 And evermore, by night and day,
 We children still are three,
 Tho' I have gone a little way
 To open the gates," said she.

Then all in colors faint and fine
 The morning round me shone,
 The little hands slipt out of mine,
 And I was left alone;
 But still I smelled the daffodils,
 I heard the running streams;
 And that far glory on the hills—
 Was it the light of dreams?

BEN HAFED'S MEED.

BEN HAFED, when the vernal rain
 Warmed the chill heart of earth again,
 Tilled the dull plot of sterile ground,
 Within the dank and narrow round
 That compassed his obscure domain;
 With earnest zeal, thro' heat and cold,

He wrought and turned the sluggish mold,
And all in furrows straight and fair
He sowed the yellow seed with care,
Trusting the harvest—as of old.

Soft fell the rains, the suns shone bright,
The long days melted into night,
And beautiful, on either hand,
Outspread the shining summer land,
And all his neighbor's fields were white.
Long drawn, beneath the genial skies,
He saw deep-fruited vineyards rise;
On every hill the bladed corn
Flashed like the falchions of the morn
Before Ben Hafed's wistful eyes.

But in the garden, dull and bare,
Where he had wrought with patient care,
No cluster purpled on the vine,
No blossom made the furrows shine
With hints of harvest anywhere!
Ben Hafed, scorning to complain,
Bent to his thankless toil again:
"I slight no task I find to do,
Dear Lord, and if my sheaves be few,
Thou wilt not count my labor vain?"

His neighbors, rich in flocks and lands,
Stood by and mocked his empty hands:
"Why wage with ceaseless fret and toil
The grim warfare that yields no spoil?
Why spend thy zest on barren sands?
The circling seasons come and go,
And others garner as they sow;
But year by year, in sun and rain,
Thou till'st these fields with toil and pain,
Where only tares and thistles grow!"

With quiet mien Ben Hafed heard,
And answered not by sign or word,

Tho' some divine, all-trustful sense
 Of loss made sweet thro' recompense,
 In God's good time, within him stirred.
 With no vain protest or lament,
 Low to the stubborn glebe he bent:
 "I till the fields Thou gavest me,
 And leave the harvest, Lord, to thee,"
 He said—and plodded on, content.

And ever, with the golden seeds,
 He sowed an hundred gracious deeds—
 Some act of helpful charity,
 A saving word of cheer, may be,
 To some poor soul in bitter need!
 And life wore on from gold to gray;
 The world went by, another way:
 "Tho' long and wearisome my task,
 Dear Lord, 'tis but a tithe I ask,
 And Thou will grant me that, some day!"

One morn upon his humble bed,
 They found Ben Hafed lying dead,
 God's light upon his worn old face,
 And God's ineffable peace and grace
 Folding him round from feet to head.
 And lo! in cloudless sunshine rolled
 The glebe but late so bare and cold,
 Between fair rows of tree and vine
 Rich clustered, sweating oil and wine,
 Shone all in glorious harvest gold!

And One whose face was strangely bright
 With loving ruth—whose garments white
 Were spotless as the lilies sweet
 That sprang beneath His shining feet—
 Moved slowly thro' those fields of light;
 "Blest be Ben Hafed's work—thrice blest!"
 He said, and gathered to His breast
 The harvest sown in toil and tears:
 "Henceforth, thro' Mine eternal years,
 Thou, faithful servant, cease and rest!"

WINTER BOUND.

IF I could live to see beyond the night,
 The first spring morning break with fiery thrills,
 And tremble into rose and violet light
 Along the distant hills!

If I could hear the first wild note that swells
 The blue bird's silvery throat when spring is here,
 And all the sweet, wind ruffled lily bells
 Ring out the joyous matins of the year!

Only to smell the budding lilac blooms
 The balmy airs from sprouting brake and wold,
 Rich with the strange ineffable perfumes
 Of growing grass and newly furrowed mold!

If I could hear the rushing waters call
 In the wild exultation of release,
 Dear, I might turn my face unto the wall
 And fall asleep in peace!

MISLED.

THRO' moss, and bracken, and purple bloom,
 With a glitter of gorses here and there,
 Shoulder deep in the dewy bloom,
 My love, I follow you everywhere!
 By faint sweet signs my soul divines,
 Dear heart, at dawning you came this way,
 By the jangled bells of the columbines,
 And the ruffled gold of the gorses gay.

By hill and hollow, by mead and lawn,
 Thro' shine and shade of dingle and glade,
 Fast and far as I hurry on
 My eager seeking you still evade.
 But, were you shod with the errant breeze,
 Spirit of shadow and fire and dew,

O'er trackless deserts of lands and seas
Still would I follow and find out you.

Like a dazzle of sparks from a glowing brand,
'Mid the tender green of the feathery fern
And nodding sedge, by the light gale fanned,
The Indian pinks in the sunlight burn;
And the wide, cool cups of the corn flower brim
With the sapphire's splendor of heaven's own blue,
In sylvan hollows and dingles dim,
Still sweet with a hint of the morn—and you!

For here is the print of your slender foot,
And the rose that fell from your braided hair,
In the lush deep moss at the bilberry's root—
And the scent of lilacs is in the air!
Do lilacs bloom in the wild green wood?
Do roses drop from the bilberry bough?
Answer me, little Red Riding Hood!
You are hiding there in the bracken, now!

Come out of your covert, my Bonny Belle—
I see the glint of your eyes sweet blue—
Your yellow locks—ah, you know full well
Your scarlet mantle has told on you;
Come out this minute, you laughing minx!
—By all the dryads of wood and wold!
'Tis only a cluster of Indian pinks
And corn flowers, under the gorses' gold.

AT MILKING-TIME.

WOE, Berry-brown! Hie, Thistledown!
Make haste; the milking-time is come!
The bells are ringing in the town,
Tho' all the green hillside is dumb,
And Morn's white curtain, half withdrawn,
Just shows a rosy glimpse of dawn."
Tinkle, tinkle in the pail:
"Ah! my heart, if Tom should fail!

See the vapors, white as curd,
 By the waking winds are stirred,
 And the east is brightening slow—
 Tom is long a-field, I know!

“Coe, Bell! Come Bright! Miss Lilywhite,
 I see you hiding in the croft!
 By yon steep stair of ruddy light
 The sun is climbing fast aloft;
 What makes the stealthy, creeping chill
 That hangs about the morning still?”
 Tinkle, tinkle in the pail:
 “Some one saunters up the vale,
 Pauses at the brook awhile,
 Dawdles at the meadow stile—
 Well! if loitering be a crime,
 Some one takes his own sweet time!

“So! Berry, so! Now, cherry-blow,
 Keep your pink nose out of the pail!
 How dull the morning is—how low
 The churning vapors coil and trail!
 How dim the sky, and far away!
 What ails the sunshine and the day?”
 Tinkle, tinkle in the pail:
 “But for that preposterous tale
 Nancy Mixer brought from town,
 ‘Tom is courting Kitty Brown,’
 I’d not walked with Willie Snow,
 Just to tease my Tom, you know!

“So! stand still, my thistledown!
 Tom is coming thro’ the gate,
 But his forehead wears a frown,
 And he never was so late!
 Till that vexing demon, Doubt,
 Angered us, and we fell out!”
 Tinkle, tinkle in the pail:
 “Tom roosts on the topmost rail,
 Chewing straws, and looking grim
 When I choose to peep at him;

Wonder if he's sulking still,
All about my walk with Will?

“Cherry, Berry, Lilywhite,
Hasten fieldward, every one;
All the heavens are growing bright,
And the milking time is done;
I will speak to him, and see
If his lordship answers me:
‘Tom!’ He tumbles off the rail,
Stoops to lift the brimming pail;
With a mutual pleading glance
Lip meets lip—mayhap by chance—
And—but need I whisper why?—
Tom is happy—and so am I!”

THE SINGER'S SONG.

O weary heart of mine,
Keep still, and make no sign!
The world hath learned a newer joy—
A sweeter song than thine!
Tho' all the brooks of June
Should lilt and pipe in tune.
The music by and by would cloy—
The world forgets so soon!

So thou mayest put away
Thy little broken lay;
Perhaps some wistful, loving soul
May take it up some day—
Take up the broken thread,
Dear heart, when thou art dead,
And weave into diviner song
The things thou wouldst have said!

Rest thou, and make no sign,
The world, O, heart of mine,
Is listening for the hand that smites
A grander chord than thine!

The loftier strains that teach
 Great truths beyond thy reach;
 Whose far faint echo they have heard
 In thy poor stammering speech.

Thy little broken bars,
 That wailing discord mars,
 To vast triumphal harmonies
 Shall swell beyond the stars.
 So rest thee, heart, and cease;
 Awhile, in glad release,
 Keep silence here, with God, amid
 The lilies of His peace.

AUNT PATTY'S THANKSGIVING.

Now Cleo, fly round! Father's going to town
 With a load o' red russets, to meet Captain
 Brown;

The mortgage is due, and it's got to be paid,
 And father is troubled to raise it, I'm 'fraid!
 We've had a bad year, with the drouth and
 the blight

The harvest was short, and the apple crop light;
 The early hay cutting scarce balanced the cost,
 And the heft o' the after-math's ruined with frost;
 A gloomy Thanksgiving to-morrow will be—
 But the ways o' the Lord are not our ways, ah me!

But His dear will be done! If we jest do our best,
 And trust Him, I guess He'll take care o' the rest;
 I'd not mind the worry, nor stop to repine,
 Could I take father's share o' the burden with mine!
 He is grieving, I know, tho' he says not a word,
 But, last night, 'twixt the waking and dreaming, I
 heard

The long, sobbing sighs of a strong man in pain,
 And I knew he was fretting for Robert again!

Our Robert, our first-born: the comfort and stay
Of our age, when we two should grow feeble and
gray;
What a baby he was! with his bright locks, and eyes
Just as blue as a bit o' the midsummer skies!
And in youth—why, it made one's heart lightsome
and glad
Like a glimpse o' the sun, just to look at the lad!

But the curse came upon him—the spell of unrest—
Like a voice calling out of the infinite West—
And Archibald Grace, he was going—and so
We gave Rob our blessing, and jest let him go!

There, Cleo, your father is out at the gate:
Be sry as a cricket; he don't like to wait!
Here's the firkin o' butter, as yellow as gold—
And the eggs, in this basket—ten dozen all told.
Tell father be sure and remember the tea—
And the spice and the yard o' green gingham for me;
And the sugar for baking:—and ask him to go
To the office—there might be a letter, you know!

May Providence go with your father to town,
And soften the heart o' this rich Captain Brown.
He's the stranger that's buying the Sunnyside place,
We all thought was willed to poor Archibald Grace,
Along with the mortgage that's jest falling due,
And that father allowed Archie Grace would renew;
And, Cleo, I reckon that father will sell
The Croft, and the little real Alderney, Bel.
You raised her, I know; and it's hard she must go;
But father will pay every dollar we owe;
It's his way, to be honest and fair as the day;
And he always was dreadfully set in his way.

I try to find comfort in thinking, my dear,
That things would be different if Robert was here;

I guess he'd a stayed but for Archibald Grace.
 And helped with the chores and looked after the
 place;
 But Archie, he heard from that Eben Carew,
 And went wild to go off to the gold-diggings, too;
 And so they must up and meander out West,
 And now they are murdered—or missing, at best—
 Surprised by that bloody, marauding "Red Wing,"
 'Way out in the Yellowstone country, last spring.

No wonder, Cleora, I'm getting so gray!
 I grieve for my lost darling day after day;
 And, Cleo, my daughter, don't mind if it's true,
 But I reckon I've guessed about Archie and you!
 And the Lord knows our burdens are grievous to
 bear,
 But there's still a bright edge to my cloud of despair,
 And somehow I hear, like a tune in my head:
 "The boys are coming! The boys aren't dead!"

So to-morrow, for dear father's sake, we will try
 To make the day seem like Thanksgivings gone by;
 And tho' we mayn't see where Thanksgiving comes
 in,
 Things were never so bad yet as things might a-been.
 But it's nigh time the kettle was hung on the crane,
 And somebody's driving full tilt up the lane—

For the land's sake! Cleora, you're dropping that
 tray
 O' blue willow tea-cups! What startled you? Hey?
 You're white as a ghost— Why, here's father from
 town!
 And who are those men, daughter, helping him down?
 Run! open the door! There's a whirr in my head,
 And the tune's getting louder—"The boys aren't
 dead!"
 Cleora! That voice—it is Robert!—O, Lord!
 I have leaned on Thy promise, and trusted Thy word,
 And out of the midst of great darkness and night
 Thy mercy has led me again to the light!

IN HOC SIGNO VINCES!

(UNDER THIS SIGN THOU SHALT CONQUER.)

BENEATH the solemn stars that light
 The dread infinitudes of night,
 Mid wintry solitudes that lie
 Where lonely Hecla's towering pyre
 Reddens an awful space of sky
 With Thor's eternal altar fire!
 Worn with the fever of unrest,
 And spent with years of eager quest,
 Beneath the vaulted heaven they stood,
 Pale, haggard eyed, of garb uncouth,
 The seekers of the Hidden Good,
 The searchers for Eternal Truth!

From fiery Afric's burning sands,
 From Asia's hoary temple lands,
 From the pale borders of the North,
 From the far South—the fruitful West,
 O, long ago each journeyed forth,
 Led hither by one glorious quest!
 And each, with pilgrim staff and shoon,
 Bore on his srip a mystic rune,
 Some maxim of his chosen creed,
 By which, with swerveless rule and line,
 He shaped his life in word and deed
 To ends heroic and divine!

Around their dreary winter world
 The great ice-kraken dimly curled
 The white seas of the frozen zone;
 And like a mighty lifted shield
 The hollow heavens forever shone
 On gleaming fiord and pathless field!
 Behind them, in the nether deep,
 The central fires, that never sleep,
 Grappled and rose, and fell again;
 And with colossal shock and throe
 The shuddering mountain rent in twain
 Her garments of perpetual snow!

Then Aba Seyd, grave-eyed and grand,
 Stood forth with lifted brow and hand;
 Kingly of height, of mien sublime,
 Like glorious Saul among his peers,
 With matchless wisdom for all time
 Gleaned from the treasure house of years;
 His locks rose like an eagle's crest,
 His gray beard stormed on cheek and breast,
 His silvery voice sonorous rang,
 As when, exulting in the fray,
 Where lances hissed and trumpets sang,
 He held the Bedouin hordes at bay.


“ Lo! Here we part: henceforth alone
 We journey to the goal unknown;
 But whatsoever paths we find,
 The ties of fellowship shall bind
 Our constant souls; and soon or late—
 We laboring still in harmony—
 The grand results for which we wait
 Shall crown the mighty years to be!
 Now scoffed at, baffled, and beset,
 We grope in twilight darkness yet,
 We who would found the age of gold,
 Based on the universal good,
 And forge the links that yet shall hold
 The world in common Brotherhood!

“ O, comrades of the Mystic Quest!
 Who seek the Highest and the Best!
 Where'er the goal for which we strive—
 Whate'er the knowledge we may win—
 This truth supreme shall live and thrive,
 'Tis love that makes the whole world kin!
 The love sublime and purified,
 That puts all dross of self aside
 To live for others—to uphold
 Before our own a brother's cause:
 This is the master power shall mould
 The nobler customs, higher laws!

“ Then shall all wars, all discords cease,
 And, rounded to perpetual peace,

The bounteous years shall come and go
 Unvexed; and all humanity,
 Nursed to a loftier type, shall grow
 Like to that image undefiled,
 That fair reflex of Deity,
 Who, first, beneath the morning skies
 And glowing palms of paradise,
 A God-like man, awoke and smiled!"
 * * * * * Like some weird strain of music, spent
 In one full chord, the sweet voice ceased;
 A faint white glow smote up the east,
 Like wings uplifting—and a cry
 Of winds went forth, as if the night
 Beneath the brightening firmament
 Had voiced, in hollow prophecy,
 The affirmation: "By and by!"

HOW KATIE SAVED THE TRAIN.

HE floods were out. Far as the bound
 Of sight was one stupendous round
 Of flat and sluggish crawling water!
 As, from a slowly drowning rise,
 She looked abroad with startled eyes,
 The engineer's intrepid daughter.
 Far as her straining eyes could see,
 The seething, swoolen Tombigbee
 Outspread his turbulent yellow tide;
 His angry currents swirled and surged
 O'er leagues of fertile lands submerged,
 And ruined hamlets, far and wide.

Along a swell of higher ground,
 Still, like a gleaming serpent, wound
 The heavy graded iron trail;
 But, inch by inch, the overflow
 Dragged down the road bed, till the slow
 Back-water crept across the rail.
 And where the ghostly trestle spanned
 A stretch of marshy bottom-land.

The stealthy under current gnawed
 At sunken pile, and massive pier,
 And the stout bridge hung airily where
 She sullen dyke lay deep and broad.

Above the hollow, droning sound
 Of waves that filled the watery round,
 She heard a distant shout and din—
 The levees of the upper land
 Had crumbled like a wall of sand,
 And the wild floods were pouring in!
 She saw the straining dyke give way—
 The quaking trestle reel and sway,
 Yet hold together, bravely, still!
 She saw the rushing waters drown
 The piers, while ever sucking down
 The undermined and treacherous "fill!"

Her strong heart hammered in her breast,
 As o'er a distant woody crest
 A dim gray plume of vapor trailed;
 And nearer, clearer, by and by,
 Like the faint echo of a cry,
 A warning whistle shrilled and wailed!
 Her frightened gelding reared and plunged,
 As the doomed trestle rocked and lunged—
 The keen lash scored his silken hide:
 "Come, Bayard! We must reach the bridge
 And cross to yonder higher ridge—
 For thrice an hundred lives we ride!"

She stooped and kissed his tawny mane,
 Sodden with flecks of froth and rain;
 Then put him at the surging flood!
 Girth deep the dauntless gelding sank,
 The tide hissed round his smoking flank,
 But straight for life or death she rode!
 The wide black heavens yawned again,
 Down came the torrent rushing rain—
 The icy river clutched her!
 Shrill in her ears the waters sang,


Strange fires from the abysses sprang,
The sharp sleet stung like whip and spur!

Her yellow hair, blown wild and wide,
Streamed like a meteor o'er the tide;
Her set white face yet whiter grew,
As lashed by furious flood and rain,
Still for the bridge, with might and main,
Her gallant horse swan, straight and true!
They gained the track, and slowly crept
Timber by timber, torrents swept,
Across the boiling hell of water—
Till past the torn and shuddering bridge
He bore her to the safer ridge,
The engineer's intrepid daughter!

The night was falling wild and black,
The waters blotted out the track;
She gave her flying horse free rein,
For full a dreadful mile away
The lonely wayside station lay,
And hoarse above his startled neigh
She heard the thunder of the train!
"What if they meet this side the goal?"
She thought with sick and shuddering soul;
For well she knew what doom awaited
A fell mischance—a step belated—
The grinding wheels, the yawning dyke—
Sure death for her—for them—alike!

Like danger-lamps her blue eyes glowed,
As thro' the whirling gloom she rode,
Her laboring breath drawn sharply in;
Pitted against yon rushing wheels
Were tireless grit and trusty heels,
And with God's favor they might win!
And soon along the perilous line
Flamed out the lurid warning sign,
While round her staggering horse the crowd
Surged with wild cheers and plaudits loud.—
And this is how, thro' flood and rain,
Brave Kate McCarthy saved the train!

OFF THE SKIDLOE.


 WITH leagues of wasteful water ringed about,
 And wrapped in sheeted foam from base to peak,
 A sheer, stupendous monolith, wrought out
 By the slow, ceaseless labor of the deeps,
 In awful isolation, old as Time,
 The gray, forbidding Rock of Skidloe stands—
 Breasting the wild incursions of the North—
 The grim antagonist of a thousand waves!

Far to the leeward, faintly drawn against
 A dim perspective of perpetual storms,
 A frowning line of black, basaltic cliffs
 Baffles the savage onset of the surf.
 But, rolled in cloud and foam, old Skidloe lifts
 His dark, defiant head forever mid
 The shock and thunder of contending tides,
 And fixed, immovable as fate, hurls back
 The rude, eternal protest of the sea!

Colossal waters coil about his feet,
 Deep rooted in the awful gulfs between
 The measureless walls of mountain chains submerged;
 An infinite hoarse murmur wells from all
 His dim mysterious crypts and corridors:
 The inarticulate mutterings that voice
 The ancient secret of the mighty main.

In all the troubled round of sea and air,
 No glimpse of brightness lends the vivid zest
 Of life and light to the harsh monotone
 Of gray tumultuous flood and spectral sky;
 Far off the black basaltic crags are heaved
 Against the desolate emptiness of space;
 But no sweet beam of sunset ever falls
 Athwart old Skidloe's cloudy crest—no soft
 And wistful glory of awakened dawn
 Lays on his haggard brows a touch of grace.

Sometimes a lonely curlew skims across
 The seething torment of the dread abyss,
 And, shrieking, dips into the mist beyond;
 But, solitary and unchanged for aye,
 He towers amid the rude revolt of waves,
 His stony face seamed by a thousand years,
 And wrinkled with a million furrows, worn
 By the slow drip of briny tears, that creep
 Along his hollow cheek. His hidden hands
 Drag down the drowned and tossing wrecks that drive
 Before the fury of the Northern gales,
 And mute, inscrutable as destiny,
 He keeps his sombre secrets as of yore.

The slow years come and go; the seasons dawn
 And fade, and pass to swell the solemn ranks
 Of august ages in the march of Time.
 But changeless still, amid eternal change,
 Old Skidloe bears the furious brunt of all
 The warring elements that grapple mid
 The mighty insurrections of the sea!
 Gray desolation, ancient solitude,
 Brood o'er his wide, unrestful water world,
 While grim, unmoved, forbidding as of yore,
 He wraps his kingly altitudes about
 With the fierce blazon of the thunder cloud;
 And on his awful and uplifted brows
 The red phylactery of the lightning shines;
 And throned amid eternal wars, he dwells,
 His dread regality hedged round by all
 The weird magnificence of exultant storms!

LIFE'S CROSSES.

life! O, veiled destiny!"
 She cried—"within thy hidden hands
 What recompense is waiting me
 Beyond these naked wintry sands?
 For lo! The ancient legend saith:
 'Take ye a rose at Christmas tide,

And pin thereto your loving faith,
And cast it to the waters wide;
Whate'er the wished-for guerdon be,
God's hand will guide it safe to thee!

“ I pace the river's icy brink,
This dreary Christmas Eve,” she said,
“ And watch the dying sunset sink
From pallid gold to ashen red.
My eyes are hot with weary tears,
I heed not how the winds may blow,
While thinking of the vanished years
Beyond the stormy heave and throe
Of yon far sea-line, dimly curled
Around my lonely island-world.

“ The winds make melancholy moan;
I hear the river flowing by,
As, heavy-hearted and alone,
Beneath the wild December sky,
I take the roses from my breast—
White roses of the Holy Rood—
And, filled with passionate unrest,
I cast them to the darkening flood.
O, roses, drifting out to sea,
Bring my lost treasures back to me!

“ Bring back the joyous hopes of youth!
The faith that knew no flaw of doubt!
The spotless innocence and truth
That clothed my maiden soul about!
Bring back the grace of girlhood gone,
The rapturous zest of other days!
The dew and freshness of the dawn,
That lay on life's untrodden ways—
The glory that will shine no more
For me on earthly sea or shore!

“ Call back the sweet home-joys of old
That gladdened many a Christmas-tide—

The faces hidden in the mould,
The dear lost loves that changed or died!
O, gentle spirits, gone before,
Come, from the undiscovered lands,
And bring the precious things of yore
To aching heart and empty hands;
Keep all the wealth of earth and sea,
But give my lost ones back to me.

“Vain are my tears, my pleadings vain!
O, roses, drifting with the tide,
To me shall never come again
The glory of the years that died!
Thro' gloom and night, sweet flowers, drift on—
Drift out upon the unknown sea;
Into the holy Christmas dawn
Bear this impassioned prayer for me:
O, turn, dear Lord, my heart away
From things that are but for a day;
Teach me to trust thy loving will,
And bear life's heavy crosses still.”



NATHAN COVINGTON BROOKS, A. M., LL. D.

The following sketch is principally from the Third Volume of Biographical Sketches of Eminent Americans.

"NATHAN COVINGTON BROOKS, the youngest son of John and Mary Brooks, was born in West Nottingham, Cecil county, Maryland, on the 12th of August, 1809. His education was commenced at the West Nottingham Academy, then under the charge of Rev. James Magraw, D. D., and subsequently he graduated as Master of Arts, at St. John's College, Annapolis, Md. His thesis was a poem on the World's Changes. Diligent and persevering in his studies, his rapid progress and high attainments won the regard of his teachers, while his amiable manners endeared him to his classmates. While his principal delight was in the study of the Classics, he devoted much attention to mathematics and other studies. Like many other writers, some of his earliest efforts were in verse. Indeed it may be said of him, as of Pope, that he 'lisp'd in rhyme.'

Though we have no Shakspeares, or Miltons, or Byrons, there is no scarcity of literary amateurs who, in their hours of recreation and dalliance with letters, betake themselves to poetry as an amusement for their leisure hours or a solace amid the rude trials of life. High in the rank of these writers of occasional poetry stands Dr. Brooks. Nature, in all her forms, he has made the subject of close observation and profound reflection, and in looking at Nature, he has used his own eyes and not the spectacles of other writers. He has a keen relish for the beautiful, and a deep sympathy with the truthful and the good. His taste, formed on the finest models, has been ripened and chastened by a patient study of the great monuments of antiquity. His thoughts seem to be the natural development of his mind; and his words the unstudied expression of his thoughts. The music of his verse reminds us sometimes of the soft cadences of Hemans, and not unfrequently of the mournful harp of Byron."

In his eighteenth year he was a contributor of prose and poetry to the *Minerva and Emerald*, and *Saturday Post*, of Baltimore; subsequently contributed to *The Wreath*, *Monument*, *Athenæum*,


and *Protestant*, of the same city. In 1830 he edited *The Amethyst*, an annual and soon after became a contributor of prose and poetry to *Atkinson's Casket*, and *The Lady's Book*, of which latter he was the first paid contributor; wrote for *Burton's Magazine*, and *Graham's*, *The New York Mirror*, *The Ladies' Companion*, and the *Home Journal*; and the following annuals, *The Gift*, *The Christian Keepsake*, and *The Religious Souvenir*. He contributed also prose and poetry to *The Southern Literary Messenger*, *The Southern Quarterly* of New Orleans, *The London Literary Gazette*, and *The London Court Journal*.

In 1837 Marshall, of Philadelphia, published a volume of his religious poems, entitled "Scriptural Anthology." In 1840, Kay Brothers, of Philadelphia, published a volume of his prose and poetry, under the name of "The Literary Amaranth." Besides these Dr. Brooks has edited a series of Greek and Latin classics, has written four volumes on religious subjects, one on "Holy Week," just issued from the press, "The History of the Mexican War," which was translated into German, "Battles of the Revolution," etc.

In his literary career he has won three prizes that will be cherished as heirlooms in the family, a silver pitcher, for the best prose tale, entitled "The Power of Truth," and two silver goblets, one a prize for the poem entitled "The Fall of Superstition," the other a prize for a poem, "The South-sea Islander," for which fifteen of our leading poets were competitors.

Though in his leisure moments Dr. Brooks has achieved so much in literature, his profession has been that of an educator, in which he has had the mental training of males and females to the number of five or six thousand. In 1824, he was appointed to the village school in Charlestown, Cecil county, in 1826, established a private school in Baltimore city; in 1831 was elected principal of the Franklin Academy, Reistertown, and in 1834 principal of the Brookesville Academy, Montgomery county, both endowed by the State; in 1839, he was unanimously elected over forty-five applicants as principal of the Baltimore City High School which position he held for nine years, until asked by the Trustees of the Baltimore Female College, in 1848, to accept the organization of the institution. The College is chartered and endowed by the State of Maryland, has graduated over three hundred young ladies, and trained and sent forth two hundred teachers. Emory College, Oxford, Georgia, conferred the degree of LL. D., on Professor Brooks in 1859, and in 1863 his name was presented, with others, for the presidency of Girard College. Though Major Smith, a Philadelphian of an influential family, was elected president, Professor Brooks received more votes than any of the other competitors. In 1827, he married Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of William Gobright, a lady of great beauty and excellence, and in 1867, married Christiana Octavia, youngest daughter of Dr. William Crump, of Virginia. Of the former union four sons and two daughters are living; of the latter union a son. The following poems are selected as specimens of his style.

THE MOTHER TO HER DEAD BOY.


 HE flowers you reared repose in sleep
 With folded bells where the night-dews weep,
 And the passing wind, like a spirit, grieves
 In a gentle dirge through the sighing leaves.
 The sun will kiss the dew from the rose,
 Its crimson petals again unclose,
 And the violet ope the soft blue ray
 Of its modest eye to the gaze of day;
 But when will the dews and shades that lie
 So cold and damp on thy shrouded eye,
 Be chased from the folded lids, my child,
 And thy glance break forth so sweetly wild ?

The fawn, thy partner in sportive play,
 Has ceased his gambols at close of day,
 And his weary limbs are relaxed and free
 In gentle sleep by his favorite tree.
 He will wake ere long, and the rosy dawn
 Will call him forth to the dewy lawn,
 And his sprightly gambols be seen again,
 Through the parted boughs and upon the plain;
 But oh! when will slumber cease to hold
 The limbs that lie so still and cold?
 When wilt thou come with thy tiny feet
 That bounded my glad embrace to meet ?

The birds you tended have ceased to sing,
 And shaded their eyes with the velvet wing,
 And, nestled among the leaves of the trees,
 They are rocked to rest by the cool night breeze.
 The morn will the chains of sleep unbind,
 And spread their plumes to the freshening wind;
 And music from many a warbler's mouth
 Will honey the grove, like the breath of the south;
 But when shall the lips, whose lightest word
 Was sweeter far than the warbling bird,
 Their rich wild strain of melody pour ?
 They are mute! they are cold! they will ope no
 more!

When heaven's great bell in a tone sublime
 Shall sound the knell of departed Time,
 And its echoes pierce with a voice profound
 Through the liquid sea and the solid ground,
 Thou wilt wake, my child, from the dreamless
 sleep
 Whose oblivious dews thy senses steep,
 And then will the eye, now dim, grow bright
 In the glorious rays of Heaven's own light,
 The limbs, that an angel's semblance bore,
 Bloom 'neath living trees on the golden shore,
 And the voice that's hushed, God's praises hymn
 'Mid the bands of the harping seraphim.

TO A DOVE.

MOURNING AMID THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT CHURCH.

THE fields have faded, the groves look dead,
 The summer is gone, its beauty has fled,
 And there breathes a low and plaintive sound
 From each stream and solemn wood around.
 In unison with their tone, my breast
 With a spirit of kindred gloom is opprest,
 And the sighs burst forth as I gaze, the while,
 On the crumbling stone of the reverend pile,
 And list to the sounds of the moaning wind
 As it stirs the old ivy-boughs entwined,—
 Sighs mournful along through chancel and nave,
 And shakes the loose panel and architrave,
 While the mouldering branches and withered
 leaves
 Are rustling around the moss-grown eaves.

But sadder than these, thou emblem of love,
 Thy moanings fall, disconsolate dove,
 In the solemn eve on my pensive ear,
 As the wailing sounds of a requiem drear,

As coming from crumbling altar stone
 They are borne on the winds in a dirge-like tone,
 Like the plaintive voice of the broken-hearted
 O'er hopes betrayed and joys departed.

Why dost thou pour thy sad complaint
 On the evening winds from a bosom faint?
 As if thou hadst come from the shoreless main
 Of a world submerged to the ark again,
 With a weary heart to lament and brood
 O'er the wide and voiceless solitude.
 Dost thou mourn that the gray and mouldering
 door
 Swings back to the reverent crowd no more?
 That the tall and waving grass defiles
 The well-worn flags of the crowdless aisles?
 That the wild fox barks, and the owl screams
 Where the organ and choir pealed out their
 themes?

Dost thou mourn, that from sacred desk the word
 Of life and truth is no longer heard?
 That the gentle shepherd, who to pasture bore
 His flock, has gone, to return no more?
 Dost thou mourn for the hoary-headed sage
 Who has sunk to the grave 'neath the weight of
 age?

For the vanquished pride of manhood's bloom?
 For the light of youth quenched in the tomb?
 For the bridegroom's fall? For the bride's decay?
 That pastor and people have passed away,
 And the tears of night their graves bedew
 By the funeral cypress and solemn yew?

Or dost thou mourn that the house of God
 Has ceased to be a divine abode?
 That the Holy Spirit, which erst did brood
 O'er the Son of Man by Jordan's flood,
 In thine own pure form to the eye of sense,
 From its resting place has departed hence,
 And twitters the swallow, and wheels the bat
 O'er the mercy-seat where its presence sat?

I have marked thy trembling breast, and heard
 With a heart responsive thy tones, sweet bird,
 And have mourned, like thee, of earth's fairest
 things
 The blight and the loss—Oh! had I thy wings,
 From a world of woe to the realms of the blest
 I would flee away, and would be at rest.

FALL OF SUPERSTITION.

A PRIZE POEM.

THE star of Bethlehem rose, and truth and light
 Burst on the nations that reposed in night,
 And chased the Stygian shades with rosy smile
 That spread from Error's home, the land of Nile.
 No more with harp and sistrum Music calls
 To wanton rites within Astarte's halls,
 The priests forget to mourn their Apis slain,
 And bear Osiris' ark with pompous train;
 Gone is Serapis, and Anubis fled,
 And Neitha's unraised vail shrouds Isis' pros-
 trate head.

Where Jove shook heaven when the red bolt
 was hurled,
 Neptune the sea—and Phœbus lit the world;
 Where fair-haired naiads held each silver flood,
 A fawn each field—a dryad every wood—
 The myriad gods have fled, and God alone
 Above their ruined fanes has reared his throne.*

No more the augur stands in snowy shroud
 To watch each flitting wing and rolling cloud,
 Nor Superstition in dim twilight weaves
 Her wizard song among Dodona's leaves;
 Phœbus is dumb, and votaries crowd no more
 The Delphian mountain and the Delian shore,
 And lone and still the Lybian Ammon stands,
 His utterance stifled by the desert sands.

*The Pantheon that was built to all the gods was transformed into a Christian temple.

No more in Cnydian bower, or Cyprian grove
 The golden censers flame with gifts to Love;
 The pale-eyed Vestal bends no more and prays
 Where the eternal fire sends up its blaze;
 Cybele hears no more the cymbal's sound,
 The Lares shiver the fireless hearthstone round;
 And shatter'd shrine and altar lie o'erthrown,
 Inscriptionless, save where Oblivion lone
 Has dimly traced his name upon the mouldering
 stone.


Medina's sceptre is despoiled of might—
 Once stretched o'er realms that bowed in pale
 affright;

The Moon that rose, as waved the scimeter
 Where sunk the Cross amid the storm of war,
 Now pale and dim, is hastening to its wane,
 The sword is broke that spread the Koran's reign,
 And soon will minaret and swelling dome
 Fall, like the fanes of Egypt, Greece, and Rome.
 On other lands has dawned immortal day,
 And Superstition's clouds have rolled away;
 O'er Gallia's mounts and on Iona's shore
 The Runic altars roll their smoke no more;
 Fled is the Druid from his ancient oak,
 His harp is mute—his magic circle broke;
 And Desolation mopes in Odin's cells
 Where spirit-voices called to join the feast of shells.

O'er Indian plains and ocean-girdled isles
 With brow of beauty Truth serenely smiles;
 The nations bow, as light is shed abroad,
 And break their idols for the living God.
 Where purple streams from human victims run
 And votive flesh hangs quivering in the sun,
 Quenched are the pyres, as shines salvation's star—
 Grim Juggernaut is trembling on his car
 And cries less frequent come from Ganges' waves
 Where infant forms sink into watery graves.
 Where heathen prayers flamed by the cocoa tree
 They supplicate the Christians' Deity
 And chant in living aisles the vesper hymn
 Where giant god-trees rear their temples dim.
 Still speed thy truth!—still wave thy spirit sword,

Till every land acknowledge Thee the Lord,
 And the broad banner of the Cross, unfurled
 In triumph, wave above a subject world.
 And here O God! where feuds thy church divide—
 The sectary's rancor, and the bigot's pride—
 Melt every heart, till all our breasts enshrine
 One faith, one hope, one love, one zeal divine,
 And, with one voice, adoring nations call
 Upon the Father and the God of all.

THE INFANT ST. JOHN, THE BAPTIST.

 sweeter than the breath of southern wind
 With all its perfumes is the whisper'd prayer
 From infant lips, and gentler than the hind,
 The feet that bear
 The heaven-directed youth in wisdom's pathway
 fair.

And thou, the early consecrate, like flowers
 Didst shed thy incense breath to heaven abroad;
 And prayer and praise the measure of thy hours,
 The desert trod
 Companionless, alone, save of the mighty God.

As Phosphor leads the kindling glory on,
 And fades, lost in the day-god's bright excess,
 So didst thou in Redemption's coming dawn,
 Grow lustreless,
 The fading herald of the Sun of Righteousness.

But when the book of life shall be unsealed,
 And stars of glory round the throne divine
 In all their light and beauty be revealed,
 The brightest thine
 Of all the hosts of earth with heavenly light
 shall shine.

SHELLEY'S OBSEQUIES.

*Ibi tu calentem
Debita sparges lacryma favillam
Vatis amici.—Horace.*

Percy Bysshe Shelley, an eminent English poet, while sailing in the Mediterranean sea, in 1822, was drowned off the coast of Tuscany in a squall which wrecked the boat in which he had embarked. Two weeks afterwards his body was washed ashore. The Tuscan quarantine regulations at that time required that whatever came ashore from the sea should be burned. Shelley's body was accordingly placed on a pyre and reduced to ashes, in the presence of Lord Byron and Leigh Hunt, who are the "brother bards" referred to in the last stanza of the poem.

UNDEATH the axle of departing day
The weary waters on the horizon's verge
Blush'd like the cheek of children tired in play,
As bore the surge
The poet's wasted form with slow and mourn-
ful dirge.

On Via Reggio's surf-beaten strand
The late-relentng sea, with hollow moan
Gave back the storm-tossed body to the land,
As if in tone
Of sorrow it bewailed the deed itself had done.

There laid upon his bed of shells—around
The moon and stars their lonely vigils kept;
While in their pall-like shades the mountains bound
And night bewept
The bard of nature as in death's cold arms he slept.

The tuneful morn arose with locks of light—
The ear that drank her music's call was chill;
The eye that shone was sealed in endless night,
And cold and still
The pulses stood that 'neath her gaze were wont
to thrill.

With trees e'en like the sleeper's honors sere'd
And prows of galleys, like his bosom riven,

The melancholy pile of death was reared
 Aloft to heaven,
 And on its pillared height the corpse to torches
 given.

From his meridian throne the eye of day
 Beheld the kindlings of the funeral fire,
 Where, like a war-worn Roman chieftain, lay
 Upon his pyre
 The poet of the broken heart and broken lyre.

On scented wings the sorrowing breezes came
 And fanned the blaze, until the smoke that rushed
 In dusky volumes upward, lit with flame
 All redly blushed
 Like Melancholy's sombre cheek by weeping flushed.

And brother bards upon that lonely shore
 Were standing by, and wept as brightly burned
 The pyre, till all the form they loved before,
 To ashes turned,
 With incense, wine, and tears was sprinkled and
 inurned.

THE FOUNTAIN REVISITED.

LET the classic pilgrim rove,
 By Egeria's fount to stand,
 Or sit in Vancluse's grot of love,
 Afar from his native land;
 Let him drink of the crystal tides
 Of the far-famed Hippocrene,
 Or list to the waves where Peneus glides
 His storied mounts between:
 But dearer than aught 'neath a foreign sky
 Is the fount of my native dell,
 It has fairer charms for my musing eye
 For my heart a deeper spell.

Dear fount! what memories rush
 Through the heart and wildered brain,
 As beneath the old beech I list to the gush
 Of thy sparkling waves again;
 For here in a fairy dream
 With friends, my childhood's hours
 Glided on like the flow of thy beautiful stream,
 And like it were wreathed with flowers:
 Here we saw on thy waves, from the shade,
 The dance of the sunbeams at noon;
 Or heard, half-afraid, the deep murmurings made
 In thy cavernous depths, 'neath the moon.

I have heard thy waves away
 From thy scenes, dear fount, apart;
 And have felt the play, in life's fevered day,
 Of thy waters through my heart;
 But oh! thou art not the same:
 Youth's friends are gone—I am lone—
 Thy beeches are carved with many a name
 Now graved on the funeral stone.
 As I stand and muse, my tears
 Are troubling the stream whose waves
 The lullaby sang to their infantile years,
 And now murmur around their graves.

DEATH OF SAMSON.

WITHIN Philistia's princely hall
 Is held a glorious festival,
 And on the fluctuant ether floats
 The music of the timbrel's notes,
 While living waves of voices gush,
 Echoing among the distant hills,
 Like an impetuous torrent's rush
 When swollen by a thousand rills.

The stripling and the man of years,
 Warriors with twice ten thousand spears,

Peasants and slaves and husbandmen,—
The shepherd from his mountain glen,
Vassal, and chief arrayed in gold
And purple robes—Philistines all
Are drawn together to behold
Their mighty foeman held in thrall.

Loud pealed the accents of the horn
Upon the air of the clear morn,
And deafening rose the mingled shout,
Cleaving the air from that wild rout,
As, guarded by a cavalcade
The illustrious prisoner appeared
And, 'mid the grove the dense spears made,
His forehead like a tall oak reared.

He stood with brawny shoulders bare,
And tossed his nervous arms in air—
Chains, leathern thongs, and brazen bands
Parted like wool within his hands;
And giant trunks of gnarled oak,
Splintered and into ribbons rent,
Or by his iron sinews broke,
Increased the people's wonderment.

The amphitheatre, where stood
Spell-bound the mighty multitude,
Rested its long and gilded walls
Upon two pillars' capitals:
His brawny arms, with labor spent,
He threw around the pillars there,
And to the deep blue firmament
Lifted his sightless orbs in prayer.

Anon the columns move—they shake,
Totter, and vacillate, and shake,
And wrenched by giant force, come down
Like a disrupted mountain's crown,
With cornice, frieze, and chapter,
Girder, and spangled dome, and wall,
Ceiling of gold, and roof of fir,
Crumbled in mighty ruin all.

Down came the structure—on the air
 Uprose in wildest shrieks despair,
 Rolling in echoes loud and long
 Ascending from the myriad throng:
 And Samson, with the heaps of dead
 Priest, vassal, chief, in ruin blent,
 Piled over his victorious head
 His sepulchre and monument.

AN INFANT'S PRAYER.

THE day is spent, on the calm evening hours,
 Like whispered prayer, come nature's sounds
 abroad,
 And with bowed heads the pure and gentle flowers
 Shake from their censers perfume to their God;
 Thus would I bow the head and bend the knee,
 And pour my soul's pure incense, Lord, to Thee.

Creator of my body, I adore,
 Redeemer of my soul, I worship Thee,
 Preserver of my being, I implore
 Thy light and power to guide and shelter me;
 Be Thou my sun, as life's dark vale I tread,
 Be thou my shield to guard my infant head.

And when these eyes in dewy sleep shall close,
 Uplifted now in love to Thy great throne,
 In the defenceless hours of my repose,
 Father and God, oh! leave me not alone,
 But send thy angel minister's to keep
 With hovering wings their vigils while I sleep.

JOHN MARCHBORN COOLEY.

JOHN MARCHBORN COOLEY, the eldest son of the late Corbin Cooley, was born at the Cooley homestead, on the Susquehanna river, in Cecil county, a short distance below the junction of that stream and the Octoraro creek, on the first of March, 1827; and died at Darlington, Harford county, Maryland, April 13th, 1878.

In childhood he showed a taste for learning, and in early youth was sent to West Nottingham Academy, where he received his education. While at the Academy he is said to have been always willing to write the compositions of his fellow students, and to help them with any literary work in which they were engaged.


Mr. Cooley studied law in the office of the late Col. John C. Groome, and was admitted to the Elkton bar on the 4th of April, 1850. He practiced his profession in Elkton for a short time, during a part of which he was counsel to the County Commissioners, but removed to Warsaw, Illinois, where he continued to practice his profession for six years, after which he came to Harford county, where he resided until the outbreaking of the war of the rebellion, when he joined the Union army and continued to serve his country until the close of the war. In 1866, he married Miss Hattie Lord, of Manchester, New Hampshire, and settled in Darlington, Harford county, Maryland, where he was engaged in teaching a classical school until the time of his death.

Mr. Cooley was born within a few miles of the birthplace of William P. and E. E. Ewing, and Emma Alice Brown and almost within sight of the mansion in which Mrs. Hall wrote the poems which are published in this book.

Mr. Cooley was a born poet, a voluminous and beautiful writer, and the author of several poems of considerable length and great merit.

Mr. Cooley's widow and son, Marvin L. Cooley, still survive, and at present reside in Darlington,

A STORY WITH A MORAL.


 NE ev'ning, as some children play'd
 Beneath an oak tree's summer shade,
 A stranger, travel-stained and gray,
 Beside them halted on his way.
 As if a spell, upon them thrown,
 Had changed their agile limbs to stone,
 Each in the spot where it first view'd
 Th' approaching wand'rer mutely stood.
 Ere silence had oppressive grown
 The old man's voice thus found a tone;
 "I too was once as blithe and gay—
 My days as lightly flew away
 As if I counted all their hours
 Upon a dial-plate of flowers;
 And gentle slumber oft renew'd
 The joyance of my waking mood,
 As if my soul in slumber caught
 The radiance of expiring thought;
 As if perception's farewell beam
 Could tinge my bosom with a dream—
 That twilight of the mind which throws
 Such mystic splendor o'er repose.
 Contrasted with a youth so bright
 My manhood seems one dreary night,
 A chilling, cheerless night, like those
 Which over Arctic regions close.
 I married one, to my fond eyes
 An angel draped in human guise.
 Alas! she had one failing;
 No secret could she keep
 In spite of all my railing,
 And curses loud and deep.
 No matter what the danger
 Of gossiping might be,
 She'd gossip with a stranger
 As quickly as with me.
 One can't be always serious,
 And talking just for show,
 For that is deleterious
 To fellowship, and so

I oft with her would chatter,
Just as I felt inclined,
Of any little matter
I chanced to call to mind.
Alas! on one ill-fated day,
I heard an angry neighbor say,
'Don't tell John Jones of your affairs,
Don't tell him for your life,
Without you wish the world to know,
For he will tell his wife.'
'For he will tell his wife' did ring
All day through heart and brain;
In sleep a nightmare stole his voice,
And shouted it again.
I spent whole days in meditating
How I should break the spell,
Which made my wife keep prating
Of things she shouldn't tell.
Some awful crime I'll improvise,
Which I'll to her confide,
Upon the instant home I rushed,
My hands in blood were dyed.
'Now, Catharine, by your love for me,
My secret closely hide.'
Her quiet tongue, for full three days,
The secret kept so well,
I almost grew to hope that she
This secret wouldn't tell.
Alas! upon the following day
She had revealed it, for I found
Some surly men with warrants arm'd
Were slyly lurking round.
They took me to the county jail
My tristful Kate pursuing,
And all the way she sobb'd and cried
'Oh! what have I been doing?'
Before the judge I was arraigned,
Who sternly frowning gazed on me,
And by his clerk straightway inquired,
What was the felon's plea.
May't please your honor, I exclaim'd
This case you may dismiss—

Now hearken all assembled here,
 My whole defence is this:
 I killed a dog—a thievish wretch—
 His body may be found,
 Beneath an apple tree of mine,
 A few feet under ground,
 This simple plot I laid in hope
 To cure my tattling wife;
 I find, alas! that she must talk,
 Though talking risk my life.
 So from her presence then I fled,
 In spite of all the tears she shed,
 And since, a wand'ring life I've led,
 And told the tale where'er I sped.

FORTY YEARS AFTER.

FOR twenty guests the feast is laid
 With luscious wines and viands rare,
 And perfumes such as might persuade
 The very gods to revel there.

A youthful company gathered here,
 Just two score years ago to-day,
 Agreed to meet once ev'ry year
 Until the last one passed away.

And when the group might fewer grow
 The vacant chairs should still be placed
 Around the board whereon should glow
 The glories of the earliest feast.

One guest was there, with sunken eye
 And mem'ry busy with the past—
 Could he have chosen the time to die,
 Some earlier feast had been his last.

“But thrice we met” the old man said,
 But thrice in youthful joy and pride,

When all for whom this board was spread
Were seated gaily at my side.

Then first we placed an empty chair
And ev'ry breast was filled with gloom,
For he we knew, who should be there,
That hour was absent in the tomb.

The jest and song were check'd awhile,
But quickly we forgot the dead,
And o'er each face th' arrested smile
In all its former freedom spread.

For still our circle seem'd intact.
The lofty chorus rose as well
As when our numbers had not lack'd
That voice the more in mirth to swell.

But we parted with a sadder mien
And hands were clasped more kindly then,
For each one knew where death had been
We might expect him o'er again.

Ah! wondrous soon our feast before
A lessening group was yearly spread,
And all our joys were ruffled o'er
With somber mem'ries of the dead.

The song and jest less rude became,
Our voices low and looks more kind,
Each toast recall'd some cherish'd name
Or brought a buried friend to mind.

At length, alas! we were but two
With features shrivel'd, shrunk, and changed,
Whose faded eyes could scarcely view
The vacant seats around us ranged.

But fancy, as we passed the bowl,
Fill'd ev'ry empty chair again.

Inform'd the silent air with soul
 And shaped the shadowy void to men.

The breezy air around us stirr'd
 With snatches of familiar song,
 Nor cared we then how fancy err'd
 Since her delusion made us strong.

But now, I am the only guest,
 The grave—the grave now covers all
 Who joined me at the annual feast
 We kept in this deserted hall.

He paused and then his goblet fill'd,
 But never touch'd his lips the brim,
 His arm was stay'd, his pulses still'd,
 And ah! his glazing eyes grew dim.

The farther objects in the room
 Have vanish'd from his failing sight;
 One broad horizon spreads in gloom
 Around a lessening disc of light.

And then he seem'd like one who kept
 A vigil with suspended breath—
 So kindly to his breast had crept
 Some gentlest messenger of death.

THE PAST.

STILL—still the Earth each primal grace renews,
 And blooms, or brightens with Creation's hues:
 Repeats the sun the glories of the sky,
 Which upward lured the earliest watcher's eye;
 Yet bids his beams the glowing clouds adorn
 With all the charms of Earth's initial morn,
 And duplicates at eve the splendors yet
 That fixed the glance, that first beheld him set

LOVED AND LOST.

LOVE cannot call her back again,
But oh! it may presume
With ceaseless accents to complain,
All wildly near her tomb.

A madd'ning mirage of the mind
Still bids her image rise,
That form my heart can never find
Yet haunts my wearied eyes.

Since Earth received its earliest dead,
Man's sorrow has been vain;
Though useless were the tears they shed,
Still I will weep again.

“The breast, that may its pangs conceal,
Is not from torture freed,
For still the wound, that will not heal,
Alas! must inly bleed.

Vain Sophist! ask no reason why
The love that cannot save,
Will hover with despairing cry
Around the dear ones grave.

Mine is not frenzy's sudden gust,
The passion of an hour,
Which sprinkles o'er beloved dust
Its brief though burning shower.

Then bid not me my tears to check,
The effort would but fail,
The face, I hid at custom's beck,
Would weep behind its veil.

The tree its blighted trunk will rear,
With sap and verdure gone,
And hearts may break, yet many a year
All brokenly live on.

Earth has no terror like the tomb
 Which hides my darling's head,
 Yet seeking her amid its gloom,
 I grope among the dead.

And oh! could love restore that form
 To its recovered grace,
 How soon would it again grow warm
 Within my wild embrace.

DEATH OF HENRY CLAY, JR.

KILLED IN ONE OF THE BATTLES OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

FIERCE as the sword upon his thigh,
 Doth gleam the panting soldier's eye,
 But nerveless hangs the arm that swayed
 So proudly that terrific blade.
 The feeble bosom scarce can give
 A throb to show he yet doth live,
 And in his eye the light which glows,
 Is but the stare, that death bestows.
 The filmy veins that circling thread
 The cooling balls are turning red;
 And every pang that racks him now,
 Starts the cold sweat up to his brow,
 But yet his smile not even death
 Could from his boyish face unwreath,
 Or in convulsive writhing show
 The pangs, that wring the brain below.

To the far fight he seeks to gaze,
 Where battling arms yet madly blaze,
 And with a gush of manly pride,
 Weeps as his banner is descried
 Above the piling smoke-clouds borne,
 Like the first dubious streaks of morn
 That o'er the mountains misty height
 Will kindle in a lovely sight.

“ A foreign soil my blood doth stain,
And the few drops that yet remain
Add but still longer to my pain.
Land of my birth! thy hills no more
May these fast glazing eyes explore,
Yet oh! may not my body rest
Beneath that sod my heart loves best?
My father—home! Joys most adored
Dwell in that simple English word—
Go, comrades! Till your field is won
Forget me—father, I die thy son.”

Hark the wild cry rolls on his ear!
The foe approach who hovered near;
Rings the harsh clang of bick'ring steel
In blows his arm no more may deal.

“ Beside me now no longer be,
Ye need not seek to die with me;
Go, friends ”—his manly bosom swell'd
With life the stiff'ning wounds withheld;
And struggling to his knees, he shook
The sword his hand had not forsook,
But to his arm it was denied
To slay the foe his heart defied.
The faintly wielded steel was left
In the slight wound it barely cleft.
Borne to the earth by the same thrust,
That smote his en'my to the dust,
His breast receiv'd their cowardly blows—
The fluttering eye-lids slowly close,
Then parting, show the eye beneath
White with the searching touch of Death.
The last thick drops congeal around
The jagged edge of many a wound;
See breaking through the marble skin
The clammy dews that lurk within,
The lip still quivers, but no breath
Seeks the unmov'ing heart beneath.

Thou gallant Clay—thy name doth cast
A halo o'er the glorious past;

For in the brightness of such blaze
 Even Alexander fame decays,
 Yes—yes, Columbia's noble son
 Died! Monarchs could no more have done.

A VALENTINE.

H! for a brief poetic mood
 In which to write a merry line—
 A line, which might, could, would or should
 Do duty as a Valentine.
 Then to the woods the birds repair
 In pairs, prepared to woo
 A mate whose breast shall fondly share
 This world's huge load of ceaseless care
 Which grows so light when borne by two.
 But ah! such language will not suit,
 I'd better far have still been mute.
 My mate is dead or else she's flown
 And I am left to brood alone,
 To think of joys of vanish'd years
 And banish thus some present tears;
 But then our life is but a dream
 And things are not what they seem.

LINES

SUGGESTED ON VISITING THE GRAVE OF A DEAR FRIEND.

LIKE him who mourns a jewel lost
 In some unfathomable sea,
 The precious gem he cherish'd most—
 So, dearest, do I mourn for thee.
 For oh! the future is as dark
 As is the ocean's barren plain,
 Whose restless waters wear no mark
 To guide his eyes, who seeks in vain.

True, reckless Fancy dares invade
The realm of time's uncounted hours,
As fondly gay, as if she stray'd
In safety through a land of flowers.

And still doth hope shine bright and warm—
But oh! the light with which it cheers,
My darling one, but glows to form
A rainbow o'er a vale of tears.



GEORGE WASHINGTON CRUIKSHANK.

GEORGE W. CRUIKSHANK was born in Fredericktown, Cecil county, Md., May 11th, 1838. He received his early education in the common school of Cecilton, and was afterwards sent to a military academy at Brandywine Springs, in New Castle county, Delaware, and graduated at Delaware College in 1858.

He is among the very best classical and literary scholars that his native county has produced. Mr. Cruikshank studied law for about a year in the office of Charles J. M. Gwinn, of Baltimore, but was compelled by the threatened loss of sight to relinquish study until 1865, when he completed the prescribed course of reading in the office of Colonel John C. Groome, in Elkton, and was admitted to the Elkton Bar on September 18th, 1865, and on the same day purchased an interest in *The Cecil Democrat*, and became its editor, a position he still continues to fill.

In 1883 Mr. Cruikshank became connected with the *Baltimore Day*, which he edited while that journal existed.

Mr. Cruikshank, in 1869, married his cousin Sarah Elizabeth Cruikshank. They are the parents of five children—three of whom survive.

Mr. Cruikshank is one of the most forcible and brilliant editorial writers in the State, and the author of a number of chaste and erudite poems written in early manhood, only two or three of which have been published.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

[1863.]

AN IMPROMPTU ON HEARING OF HIS DEATH.

BURY the mighty dead—
Long, long to live in story!
Bury the mighty dead
In his own shroud of glory.

Question not his purpose;
Sully not his name,

Nor think that adventitious aid
 Can build or blight his fame,
 Nor hope, by obloquizing what
 He strove for, glory's laws
 Can be gainsaid, or he defiled
 Who'd honor any cause.

Question not his motives,
 Ye who have felt his might!
 Who doubts, that ever saw him strike,
 He aimed to strike for right?
 His was no base ambition;—
 No angry thirst for blood.
 Naught could avail to lift his arm,
 But love of common good.
 Yet, when he deigned to raise it,
 Who could resist its power?
 Or who shall hope, or friend, or foe,
 E'er to forget that hour?

His life he held as nothing.
 His country claimed his all.
 Ah! what shall dry that country's tears
 Fast falling o'er his fall?
 His life he held as nothing,
 As through the flame he trod;
 To duty gave he all of earth
 And all beyond to God.
 The justness of his effort
 He never lent to doubt.
 His aim, his arm, his all was fix'd
 To put the foe to rout.
 Mistrusting earth's tribunals,
 Scorning the tyrant's rod,
 He chose the fittest Arbiter,
 'Twixt foe and sword, his God.
 And doubted not, a moment,
 That, when the fight was won,
 Who rules the fate of nations
 Would bid His own:—Well done!
 And doubted not, a moment,
 As fiercest flashed the fire,

The bullet's fatal blast would call:—
 Glad summons!—Come up higher!

And who would hence recall thee?—
 Thy work so nobly done!
 Enough for mortal brow to wear
 The crown thy prowess won:—
 Grim warrior, grand in battle!
 Rapt christian, meek in prayer!—
 Vain age! that fain would reproduce
 A character as rare!

The world has owned its heroes;—
 Its martyrs, great and good,
 Who rode the storm of power,
 Or swam the sea of blood:—
 Napoleons, Cæsars, Cromwells,
 Melancthons, Luthers brave!
 But, who than Jackson ever yet
 Has filled a prouder grave?

The cause for which he struggled,
 May fall before the foe:
 Stout hearts, devoted to their trust,
 All moulder, cold and low.
 The land may prove a charnel-house
 For millions of the slain,
 And blood and carnage mark the track
 Where madmen march amain,—
 Fanatic heels may scourge it,
 Black demons blight the sod;
 And hell's foul desolation
 Mock Liberty's fair God.—
 The future leave no record,
 Of mighty struggle there,
 Save hollowness, and helplessness,
 And bitter, bald despair.—
 Proud cities lose their names e'en;
 Tall towers fall to earth.—
 Mount Vernon fade, and Westmoreland
 Forget illustrious birth;—
 And yet, upon tradition,

Will float the name of him
 Whose virtues time may tarnish not,
 Eternity not dim.
 Whose life on earth was only,
 So grand, so free, so pure,
 For brighter realms and sunnier skies,
 A preparation sure.
 And whose sweet faith, so child-like,
 Nor blast, nor surge nor rod,
 One moment could avert from
 The bosom of his God.

Bury the mighty dead!
 Long, long to live in story!
 Bury the hero dead
 In his own shroud of glory!

IN MEMORIAM.

FRANK M. CRUIKSHANK, DIED 1862.

FRANK is dead! The mournful message
 Comes gushing from the ocean's roar.
 Frank is dead! His mortal passage
 Has ended on the heavenly shore.
 In earthly agony he died
 To join his Saviour crucified.

Frank is dead! Time's bitter trials
 Drove him a wanderer from home,
 To meet life's lot, share its denials,
 Or gain a rest where cares ne'er come.
 His frail form sinking, his grand spirit
 Careered to realms the blest inherit.

Frank is dead! In life's young morning,
 When heavenly promise lit his day,
 His smitten spirit, howeward turning,
 Forsook its tenement of clay.

No more to battle here with sin;
No more to suffer mid earth's din.

Frank is dead! By fever stricken,
How long he suffered, and how deep!
With none to feel his hot blood quicken,
No loved one near to calm his sleep.
No mother's presence him to gladden:
Naught, naught to cheer—all, all to sadden.

Frank is dead! His pangs are over.
His gentle spirit hence has flown.
Strangers, with earth, his body cover,
Strangers attend his dying moan.
On stranger forms his eyes last close,
To meet A FRIEND in their repose.

Frank is dead! Aye! weep, fond mourner!
The grand, the beautiful is lost.
Too pure for earth, the meek sojourner,
On passion's billows tempest-tossed,
Has found a source of sweeter bliss
In realms that sunder wide from this.

Frank is dead! Yes, dead to sorrow,
Dead to sadness, dead to pain.
Dead! Dead to all save the tomorrow
Whose light eternally shall reign.
He's dead to young ambition's vow
And the big thought that stamped his brow.

Frank is dead! Dead to the labors
He'd staked his life to triumph in:—
To win his friends, his dying neighbors,
And fellows all from death and sin.
With steady faith he toiled to fit
Christ's armor on and honor it.

Frank is dead! Omniscient pleasure
Has closed his bright career too soon
To realize how rich a treasure
The ranks had entered ere high noon.

His brilliant promise, dashed in youth,
One less is left to fight for truth.

Frank is dead! Yes, dead to mortals.
No more we'll see his noble brow
Or flashing eye; but in the portals
Above, by faith I see him now
With gladden'd step and fluttering heart,
Marching to share the better part.

Frank is dead! ! No, never, never!
Not dead but only gone before.
Back,—back! Thou tear-drop, rising ever;
Nor Heaven's fiat now deplore.
Wail not the sorrows earth can lend
To banish spirits that ascend.

And fare thee well, my noble brother!
'Tis hard to think that thou art not;
To realize that never other
Footstep like thine shall share my cot,
And think of all thy heart endured,
By sore besetments often tried.
But,—Heaven be thanked,—all now is cured
And thou, fair boy, art glorified.

NEW-YEAR ODE.

[1863.]

LET the bier move onward.—Let no tear be shed.
The midnight watch is ended: The grim old
year is dead.
His life was full of turmoil. In death he ends
his woes.
As fraught with toil his pilgrimage, may peace-
ful be its close.

Let the bier move onward.—Let no tear drop
fall.

The couch of birth is waiting the egress of the
 pall.
 Haste! Hasten the obsequies:—the natal hour
 is nigh.
 Waste not a moment weeping when expecta-
 tion's high.

* * * * *

Draw back the veil; the curtain lift.
 Ho! Thirsting hearts, rejoice!
 The new-born is no puny gift:—
 Time's latest, grandest choice.

Nurseling and giant! Infant grown!
 Majestic even now!
 'Tis well that such a restless throne
 Descends to such as thou.

* * * * *

Dame nature's travail bore thee;
 Her pangs a world upheaved.
 A world now bending o'er thee
 Awaits those pangs relieved.
 A world is waiting for thee:
 And shall it be deceived?

Ah no! Such pangs were never
 To mother giv'n in vain.
 Rise, new-born! Rise and sever
 Tyranny's clanking chain.
 Rise, Virtue! Rise forever!
 The New-Year comes amain!
 O! Give him welcome ever!
 Can bleeding hearts refrain?

* * * * *

All hail! Oh beautiful New-Year!
 Full, full of promise fraught with cheer.

Bright promise of the glad return
Of glowing fires that erst did burn
 On hearths long desolate!
Hail! Great deliverer from wrath,
Brave pioneer upon the path
 That leads to better fate!
Joy be to thee thy natal day,
As dawns Aurora's earliest ray,
While youth is fresh and faith is clear
And hope is bright with coming cheer!
 Thou promisest eventful life
As, giant-like, thou leap'st to earth,
Robed in full majesty at birth;
With power to do and will to dare
And arm to shield from threat'ning care,
 And eye to ken the dead past's strife.

Thy young life's hand knows yet no stain
Of blood, or greed, or guilt, or gain.
But, know, Oh Friend! thou'rt ushered in
To feel the jar and note the din
 Of war-blast's rude alarms.
Thy elder brother, gone before,
Has left upon this nether shore
 A burden for thine arms.

'Tis thine to choose the part thou'lt take,
Oh giant mighty! Thine to make
An early choice; lose not an hour.
'Tis crime to waste prodigious power.
Great, vast, appalling, is the task
By fate assigned to thee. No mask
Of indecision now is given.
The bolt of Mars the rock has riven.
The hour is dark:—the danger nigh.
The ravens caw: the eagles cry.
The breakers dash—the chasm yawns:
The skies are lurid:—chaos dawns.
Thunder with thunder-peal is riven
As if to shake earth's faith in heaven!
All, all is wild! No sun! No moon!

Earth, air and sky, in dire commune,
Demand—what hand shall guide them now?

New-Year, stand forth and bide the call
To thee address'd.

We stand or fall
As thou decree'st.

Frown, and we perish. Smile, we rise
To joys that savor of the skies.

Bid lethargy depart thy brow
And strike for right and truth.

Young, thou; but hast no youth.

No hours are thine for sportive mirth.

Minerva-like, mature from birth,

Great deeds and valiant thine must be,

In wisdom guided, fair and free.—

Deeds that no year hath known before;

Fraught not with strife;—drenched not in gore.—

Free from old taint of fell disease

And ancient forms of party strife.

Rich in the gentler modes of life

With sweeter manners, purer laws,

Forerunner of those years of ease

That token a sublimer cause!

What say'st thou? Giant, young and strong,

What impulse heaves thy throbbing breast?

Shall warrior plumes bedeck thy crest?

Wilt whisper peace? Or shout for war?

Wilt plead for right, or bleed for wrong?

Wilt peal the bugle-blast afar

And urge the cannon's madd'ning roar?

Or wing the note through vale and glen:—

Hail! Peace on earth! Good-will to men!

Reason return:—let strife be o'er?

Thou speak'st not, giant, but I feel

Hope's roseate flush upon my brow.

Thy deeds will seal thy silent vow.

New aims thy glory will reveal.

Thou heed'st the anguished bosom's smart,

And thou wilt choose the better part.

Thou'lt live on hist'ry's brightest page
 A monarch mighty, gentle sage:
 Great, great for what thou wilt have done
 And blest in all the course thou'lt run:—
 Thy crown not carved in brass or wood,
 To crumble or decay;
 But be in endless day,
 Emblem of grandeur, shrined in good.
 And truth and peace will round thee weave
 An amaranthyne wreath of love,
 Its blessed motto . . . trust—believe.
 And thou wilt share the realm above,
 Where bleeding hearts shall triumph meet,
 Around one common mercy-seat.

All hail, then, beautiful New-Year!
 Hero of promise, fraught with cheer!
 Bright promise of the glad return
 Of glowing fires that erst did burn
 On hearths long desolate!
 Thy stainless youth supports our faith
 That thou wilt break the bonds of death
 And snap the web of hate.

* * * * * *

And thou farewell, grim tyrant old!
 Who, who would call thee back!
 Thou cam'st with bloody footstep, bold;
 Thou leav'st a blood-stained track.

Go! Find a grave in the billowy surge
 That ne'er can wash thee clean;
 The wail of millions be thy dirge—
 Thy judge—the Great Unseen!

And when the resurrection morn
 Shall seek thy name to blot,
 Ho! Heed the voice that asks in scorn,—
 Thou liv'dst and reign'dst for what?

Passion unbridled, stubborn pride,
 Avengers, thine to rue,
 Of outraged virtue, truth defied,
 Shall 'balm in blood thy due,
 Lost eighteen sixty-two.

MY BIRTHDAY.

TO S—— 1864.

THE night is strangely, wildly dark;
 The thunders fiercely roll,
 And lightnings flash their angry spark;
 But thou absorb'st my soul.
 I have no care for storm-king's cloud,
 How black soe'er it be;—
 No truant thought for earth's dark shroud:
 I'm thinking, love, of thee.

To-night the God of battles views,
 With deprecating eye,
 A scene where demons wild infuse
 A thirst for victory.
 'Tis His, not mine to guide the storm;
 'Tis His to calm the sea:
 My spirit hovers 'round thy form.
 I'm thinking, love, of thee.

Time's cycle once again has wrought
 Its round:—I'm twenty six.
 Another mile-stone's gained—sad thought—
 Toward deep, silent Styx.
 I count no laurels I have won;
 Years bring no joy to me,
 While yet alone I wander on
 In timid thought of thee.

Years six and twenty have been mine
 To journey on alone:
 Shall I as many more repine,

Before I am undone?
Or shall the journey henceforth take
A brighter phaze for me?
Shall I next six-and-twenty make
My journey, love, with thee?

If so, good-bye grim doubt and fear:
Adieu to arid sand.
All Hail! Oh prospect bright and clear!
All Hail, oasis grand!
Hand joined in hand, heart linked with heart,
Come joy, come hope, come glee!
United, ne'er on earth to part,
I'll always think of thee.

If not, Good-bye! The spirit breaks;
The fountain soon must dry.
If not, good God! The temple shakes;
It totters! What am I?
A wreck of hope!—An aimless thing!
A helmless ship at sea
To whose last spar love still must cling,
And sigh:—Alas!—for thee.




MRS. ANNIE MCCARER DARLINGTON.

ANNIE MCCARER DARLINGTON, the daughter of Charles Biles and Catharine Ross Biles, was born July 20th, 1836, at Willow Grove, in Cecil county, about four miles east of the village of Brick Meeting House, and near the old Blue Ball Tavern. She is a cousin of Mrs. Ida McCormick, whose poetry may be found in this book, their mothers being sisters. Miss Biles was married November 20th, 1860, to Francis James Darlington, of West Chester, Pa., and spent the next five years of her life on a farm near Unionville, formerly the property of the sculptor, Marshall Swayne. The family then removed to their present residence near Westtown Frienus' Boarding School, where they spend the Summer season. The Winters are spent with their seven children, in a quiet little home in the town of Melrose, on the banks of the beautiful Lake Santa Fe, in Florida. Miss Biles began to write poetry when about eighteen years of age, and for the ensuing five years was a frequent contributor to *The Cecil Democrat*, under the *nom de plume* of "Gertrude St. Orme."

A BIRTHDAY GREETING

TO MY LITTLE NEPHEW.

[JULY 4TH, 1886.]

 know a happy little boy,
They call him Charlie Gray,
Whose face is bright, because you know,
He's six years old to-day.

I scarce can think six years have passed
Since Charlie really came,
I well remember long ago,
We never heard his name.

But here he is, almost a man,
With knickerbockers on,
And baby dresses packed away,
You'll find them, every one.

And every year as time rolls on,
And Charlie's birthdays come,
The world goes out to celebrate
With banner, fife, and drum.

At sunrise on those happy days
The cannon's deaf'ning roar,
Reminded us that Charlie Gray
Was two, or three, or four.

But now those landmarks all are passed,
He's getting fast away,
The boy's a man, no baby now,
He's six years old to-day.

Just think of it, ye many friends
Who wish him worlds of joy,
That Charlie Gray is six to-day,
A patriotic boy.

And if he sometimes noisy grows,
What matter, if he's right?
Give me the boys that make a noise
And play with all their might.

I know 'tis whispered far and near,
That Charlie loves his way,
But I can tell of grown up men,
Who do the same to-day.

Who never yield or quit the field,
Can you blame Charlie then?
For most small boys will imitate
What's seen in grown up men.

And now good friends, I give you leave
To find him if you can,

Another boy, more glad with joy,
Than this brave little man.

Heigh ho! I still am in a maze,
To think he's six to-day,
Some other time I'll tell you more,
If—Charlie says I may.

MURMURINGS.

FALLING, falling—gently falling,
Pattering on the window pane,
Like a weird spirit calling
Come the heavy drops of rain.



Sweeping by the crazy casement,
Where the creeping ivy clings,
Sounds the wind in gustful musings
Loudly speaking bitter things.

Hush! the tones are sinking lower,
Sweetest strains of music roll;
Like Aeolian harps in Heaven,
Pouring incense o'er the soul.

But 'tis gone! a wilder wailing
Fills the air where music reigned,
Hoarsely groans the wild storm-demon,
Drowning all those sweeter strains.

And the tall pines shake and quiver
As the monarch rideth by;
Onward where the troubled river
Dashes spray-drops towards the sky.

But he pauses not to listen,
Onward with demoniac will;
Till Aeolian harps in Heaven
Softly whisper, "Peace, be still."

THE OLD OAK TREE.

Woodman, spare that tree!
 Touch not a single bough!
 In youth it sheltered me,
 And I'll protect it now.
 —*George P. Morris.*

It is living yet! Time has not dared
 To mark it, as his own,
 Nor claimed one bough, but kindly spared
 This giant, firm and lone.
 It stands, as stood in years gone by,
 The chieftain in its shade,
 And breathed the warning, ere the cry
 Of war went through the glade.

The Council fires then brightly burned
 Beneath its spreading bough,
 But oh, alas! the scene has turned,
 Where burn those fires now?
 The old oak stands where it did then,
 The same fresh violets bloom,
 But far down in the narrow glen,
 They deck the Indian's tomb.

Life then seemed bright and free from care;
 When this old tree was young
 The Indian maiden twined her hair,
 And to her chieftain sung
 A song, low, gentle, and sincere,
 In pathos rich and rare;
 The warrior-lover brushed a tear,
 For thought was busy there.

Yes, busy was the fertile brain,
 That bid him onward flee,
 The Indian moon was on the wane
 And drooped the hawthorne tree.
 The light canoe of rounded bark
 Scarce dared to skim the flood,

For they had come with meaning dark
To ravage lake and wood.

* * * * *

The conflict ended! but the bow
Which twanged across the plain,
Dealt its proud owner death's cold blow,
And laid him with the slain.
But to a better, happier home,
Have gone the Indian braves;
Where cruel white men cannot come,
To call their brothers—slaves.

Then let it stand, that aged oak,
Among its kindred trees;
Tho' now, no more the wigwam smoke
Will curl upon the breeze.
'Tis left alone—the last sad thing
That marks a nation vast,
Then spare it, that its boughs may sing
A requiem to the Past.

SWEET FLORIDA.

BEAUTIFUL Florida! land of the flowers,
Home of the mocking bird, saucy and bold,
Sweet are the roses that perfume thy bowers,
And brilliant thy sunshine like burnished gold.

Soft are thy rivulets, gentle thy water-falls,
Rippling so merrily toward the broad sea;
Fringed with bright daisies, which bloom on thy
borders,
E'en Nature herself pays a tribute to thee.

Sweeter and lovelier than all thy fair sisters,
Thy gentleness surely hath fame for thee won,
While thy star, not forgotten, shines forth in a glory
That crowns the best flag that waves under the sun,

Thy name brings a scent of the dogwood and myrtle,
 The jessamine, too, comes in for a share,
 With great yellow petals so heavy with perfume,
 That can with the tube-rose's only compare.

Tho' large be the family, there's room for the fairest;
 No house is too small for a family with love:
 So Florida, thou who art brightest and dearest,
 The "Pet of the Household" forever shall prove.

Thy rivers are broad and thy lakes fringed with
 grasses,
 The glint of the waves of the bright Santa Fe,
 With her edging of cypress and long-floating mosses,
 Forever are murmuring a sonnet to thee.

While high on a hill sits the Queen of the Villas,
 Sweet Melrose! whose name is the least of her
 charms,
 Waves a welcome to all, to come over the billows
 And find a safe home 'neath her sheltering arms.

And so they are coming, the weak and the weary,
 From near and from far, the strong and the brave,
 All ready to drink of the life giving breezes,
 The only Elixir that truly can save.

EVENING.

THIS Evening! soul enchanting hour,
 And queenly silence reigns supreme;
 A shade is cast o'er lake and bower,
 All nature sinks beneath the power
 Of sweet oblivion's dream.

The Sun—the hero-god of day,
 Has from this happier half of earth,
 Passed on with sweet life-giving ray,
 To smile on millions glad and gay,
 In sorrow or in mirth,

While in his stead, the Heavens above
Are shaded with a silver light,
So soft, so pure—that angels rove,
To guard from evil those who love
The God, who made all bright.

Then soon that planetary sea
Is studded o'er with diadems,
Shining alike on land and sea,
High, high above the loftiest tree;
Proud Nature's priceless gems.

Who would not leave the crowded room,
The grand, but cold musician's art;
To wander 'neath the calm still moon,
When nature speaks 'mid wild perfume,
So sweetly to the heart.

Who would not shun proud Fashion's hall,
Escape her cold and torturings ways,
To calmly rest where dew-drops fall;
Perfumes that mind and soul enthrall,
Beneath fair Luna's rays.

Who would exchange a home of flowers,
Down in a pure and modest dell,
For palaces 'mid art-reared bowers,
Washed o'er by artificial showers,
Where naught but sorrows dwell.

Blest hour of thought! to thy pure scene
A mild and soothing charm is given,
When hearts to hearts in love convenc,
And roses deck the silvered green
Of mingled Earth and Heaven.

The truth—that plainly proves a God,
Not chance, performed the better part
Which teaches us His Heavenly Word:
Breathes magic for the singing bird,
And links us heart to heart.

REV. WILLIAM DUKE.

The REV. WILLIAM DUKE was born in the southern part of what is now Harford county, but was at the time of his birth included in Baltimore county, on the 15th of September, 1757, and died in Elkton on the 31st of May, 1840. He became enamoured of the doctrines of Methodism in early youth, and allied himself with that denomination before its separation from the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was licensed to preach by Rev. Francis Asbury when he was only seventeen years old. Mr. Duke's name appears upon the minutes of the first Conference, held in Philadelphia in 1774, as one of the seven ministers who were that year taken on trial. The next year he was admitted to full membership, and remained in connection with the Conference as a traveling preacher until 1779, when he ceased to travel, and subsequently took orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church; being impelled to do so by his opposition to the erection of the Methodist Society into an independent Church.

Mr. Duke became Rector of North Elk Parish in 1793, but resigned the charge three years later, and removed to Anne Arundel county, but returned to Elkton about a year afterwards; soon after he removed to Kent county, where he taught a parochial school for a short time, but returned to Elkton again in 1799 and opened a school, and preached during the three following years at North East, Elkton, and at the Episcopal Church near New London, Pa.

In 1803 he was appointed Professor of Languages in St. John's College, Annapolis, and had charge of St. Ann's Church, in that city, until 1806, when he returned to Elkton, and the next year took charge of the Elkton Academy.

Mr. Duke remained in Cecil county until 1812, when he took charge of Charlotte Hall, in St. Mary's county, and continued in charge of the school at that place until 1814, when he returned to Elkton, where he officiated as aforesaid until the Spring of 1818, when he was appointed Principal of the Academy. He continued to reside in Elkton until the time of his death.


In 1793 Mr. Duke married Hetty Coudon, the daughter of the Rev. Joseph Coudon, a former Rector of North Elk Parish, and the ancestor of the Coudon family of this county. Mr. and Mrs. Duke were the parents of Miss Hetty Duke, who was their only child, and who died in Elkton, February 19th, 1875.

Mr. Duke was a very learned man, and is said by the Rev. Ethan Allan, the Historian of "The Old Parishes of Maryland," to have been more of the student than the preacher. He was the author of a pamphlet published in Elkton in 1795, entitled "Observations on the Present State of Religion in Maryland," which is now of great rarity and value. He also published a small volume entitled "Hymns and Poems on Various Occasions," which was printed by Samuel and John Adams, of Baltimore, in 1790; and several other poems of considerable length, the most popular of which was entitled "A View of the Woods," which was descriptive of the adventures and experience of Western emigrants in the latter part of the last century.

The following selections have been made from "Hymns and Poems on Various Occasions."

HYMN.

And truly if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned; but now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.—
Hebrews 11: 15, 16.

 BR'AM, the father of the Jews,
The servant, and the friend of God,
When call'd from heaven, did not refuse
To leave his Syrian abode.

His father's house and kindred dear
Plead, and dissuaded him in vain;
Neither could earthly hope nor fear
The noble enterprise restrain.

Nor he alone; a host of saints
Renounced the world, and nobly chose
That heavenly inheritance
Which neither death nor sorrow knows.

No intervening dangers check
Their ardent progress to the skies,
Well may they venture, who expect
An heavenly and immortal prize.

When faith to their delighted view
 Their future blissful portion brings,
 They, firm and cheerful, bid adieu
 To sin, and self, and earthly things.


Happy to leave the world behind,
 Their conduct speaks a noble aim;
 They seek a city, and shall find
 The promised new Jerusalem.

Nor yet does impotence or fear
 Their sense of earthly bliss restrain,
 Did they not heaven to earth prefer,
 They soon might wed the world again.

In heaven their treasure is laid up
 Beyond the reach of accident,
 There shall their lively glorious hope
 Receive its full accomplishment.

HYMN.

But yield yourselves unto God as those that are alive from the dead; and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God.—*Romans 6: 13.*

Y heart, the world forsake,
 And every earthly toy;
 The Lord of all thy portion make,
 And in Him all enjoy.

May sensible delight,
 Corrected and refined,
 A thirst of nobler joys excite,
 And urge the lingering mind.

Should ardent love impel
 And actuate my soul,
 Still may celestial fires prevail,
 And every thought control,

Should glory stimulate,
 And daring deeds propose,
 That only fame I'd emulate,
 To triumph in the cross.


Or should my yielding powers
 Acknowledge pleasure's sway,
 I'd think of sacred streams and bowers,
 And sweets that ne'er decay.

Should soaring science me
 Her votary avow,
 My only excellence should be
 Christ crucified to know.

Should wealth my mind impress,
 With the desire of more,
 In Christ the fullness I possess,
 Of Heaven's exhaustless store.

With all that nature craves,
 Fully from thence supplied,
 No aching want my bosom heaves
 No wish unsatisfied.

REJOICING IN HOPE.

OST on the troubled sea of life,
 On every side assailed,
 Involved in passion's stormy strife,
 In irksome suff'rance held.

The faithful word of promise cheers
 And bears my spirits up,
 Dispels my dark desponding fears
 And stablishes my hope.

Hope that shall every toil survive,
 That smoothes the rugged path,

That mitigates the ills of life,
And soothes the hour of death.

And when the storms of life are o'er,
And all our conflicts cease,
When landed on the heavenly shore
To enjoy eternal peace.

Hope at the last, her charge resigned,
Securely we dismiss,
And an abundant entrance find,
To the abodes of bliss.


Till then our progress she attends
To solace and relieve:
And waits till every conflict ends
To take her final leave.

Possessed of all we hoped below,
Our utmost wish attained,
Our happiness complete, we know
Our full perfection gained.

Thus may I cheerfully endure,
Till thus my warfare past;—
Suffice for me the promise sure,
I shall be crowned at last.

HYMN.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.—
Hebrews 4: 9.

 How I languish to possess,
A safe and permanent abode!
To rest in unmolested peace,
And cast my care on thee, my God.

In thee I joy, in thee I rest,
Though all inferior comforts fail;

No hopeless anguish heaves my breast,
And no tormenting fears assail.

To thee with confidence I look,
And calmly wait thy promised aid;
I rest securely on that Rock,
On which Almighty help is laid.

Oh may I on His firmness stand,
The ground of my immortal hope;
Or nobly rise, at his command,
To Pisgah's heaven-aspiring top.

That I may with ecstatic view,
My future heritage descry,
Where pleasures spring forever new,
And perfect love shall never die.

REMORSE.

WHAT racking fear, what painful grief
Ensure a pleasant sin!
In vain the world proffers relief
For maladies within.
Its blandishments and smooth deceit
No real succor bring;
Its remedies but irritate
And pleasure leaves a sting.
Confusion, shame, and slavish fear
O'erwhelm a guilty mind;
A burden more than I can bear,
My sins upon me bind.
Oh had I weighed the matter well
Ere my consent was given!
Avoided then the gates of hell
And urged my way to heaven!
Lord, give me strength now to resume
My former confidence;
Remove my terrors, bid me come
With hopeful penitence.

In mercy hear my humble cry,
 Redeem my soul from sin,
 My guilty conscience pacify
 And speak the peace serene.

MORNING.

BUT now the dawn of day appears,
 And now the dappled East declares
 Ambrosial morn again arrived,
 And nature's slumbering powers revived,
 And while they into action spring
 The infant breeze with odorous wing,
 Perfumes of sweetest scent exhales,
 And the enlivened sense regales,
 With sweets exempt from all alloy
 Which neither irritate nor cloy.
 Nor less the calmly gladdened sight
 Enjoys the milder forms of light,
 Reflected soft in twinkling beams,
 From numberless translucent gems.
 But now Aurora dries her tears,
 And with a gayer mien appears,
 With cheerful aspect smiles serene,
 And ushers in the splendid scene
 Of golden day: while feeble night
 Precipitates his dreary flight
 Dispelled by the all cheering sway
 Of the resplendent God of day,
 Who, mounted in his royal car,
 And all arrayed in golden glare
 With arduous career drives on
 Ascending his meridian throne:
 From thence a Sovereign of the day,
 His full-grown glories to display.

EDWIN EVANS EWING.

EDWIN EVANS EWING, son of Patrick Ewing and brother of William Pinkney Ewing, was born on his father's farm on the Octoraro creek, not far from Rowlandville, in this county, on the 9th of January, 1824. His family is of Scotch-Irish extraction, and settled on the Octoraro more than a century ago. The family has long been distinguished for the intellectuality and literary ability of its members, among whom were the Rev. John Ewing, one of the most eminent scientists and Presbyterian divines of his time, and his daughter Sarah, who became the wife of John Hall, and whose biography is published in this volume.

The subject of this sketch spent his youth and early manhood, on his father's farm. Recently when asked for a sketch of his life Mr. Ewing replied: "I didn't have any life. I just growed like Topsy. I didn't have any educating. I just picked it up; and as for poetry, I never wrote any, only rhyme." Notwithstanding this assertion, Mr. Ewing being unable to resist the prompting of the "divinity which stirred within him," when quite young, began to write poetry. There seems to be a subtle influence pervading the romantic Octoraro hills, which if not the direct cause of poetic inspiration seems to encourage its growth, Mr. Ewing being one of five poets who claim that region as their birthplace, or who have profited by a residence therein.

When quite young Mr. Ewing wrote poetry which was published in the local journals of Cecil and Lancaster counties, and subsequently contributed poetry to the Philadelphia *Dollar Newspaper*, being a contemporary contributor to that journal with his brother, William P. Ewing, and the late David Scott (of James.)

In 1856 Mr. Ewing made a trip to the Southwest, traveling extensively on horseback in Texas. He gave an account of his travels and a description of the country through which he passed in a series of letters published in the *Cecil Whig*, which were much admired.


In 1861, Mr. Ewing became the proprietor and editor of the *Cecil Whig*, which was the Union organ of the county. Being a

man of decided convictions, and unflinching courage, he never lost an opportunity to advocate the cause of the Union, to which he adhered with great devotion, through evil and through good report.

In 1876 he disposed of the *Whig* and the next year bought an interest in the *Kansas Farmer* and the *Juvenile Magazine*, published in Topeka, Kansas. He subsequently became connected with the *Daily Capital*, and eventually became sole proprietor of the *Kansas Farmer*. The climate of Kansas not agreeing with him, he removed to Highlands, Macon county, N. C., where in 1882 he established the *Blue Ridge Enterprise* which he soon afterwards disposed of, and in 1885 became the proprietor of the *Midland Journal*, published in the village of Rising Sun, in this county.

Mr. Ewing is a brilliant and forcible writer. Like many others Mr. Ewing kept none of his poems except one which is too lengthy to be given a place in this volume. In consequence of this the compiler has only been able to obtain the following specimens of his poetry after great labor and trouble.

THE CHERUBIM—A VISION.


 WAS at that season, when the gloom
 Of cheerless Winter's pass'd away,
 And flowers spring up, with sweet perfume,
 To scent the breeze and cheer our way,
 Where'er we saunter—o'er the hill,
 Or through the valley—warm and still,
 Or broken only by the sound
 Of tinkling rills, which softly flow,
 And busy bees, that hum around
 The flowers which on their borders grow,
 That I, from life's turmoil had strayed
 To spend an hour in solitude;
 And where a sparkling fountain played,
 I laid me down, in pensive mood,
 To ponder o'er the fleeting day
 Of youth, that hies so fast away
 In golden dreams which quickly fly,
 Like tints that deck a Summer sky.

Soon Fancy, on her airy wing,
 Was sporting mid Elysian bowers,
 Where flowers of sweetest odor spring,

And birds of golden plumage sing,
And wanton thro' the sylvan bowers.
There lakelets sparkled in the glow,
Wreathed round with flowers of many a hue,
And golden pebbles shone below
The wave that bore the swan of snow,
Reflecting, in its mirror true,
The flowers which o'er its surface grew,
The tints of earth—the hues of sky—
That in its limpid bosom lie.
And groups of happy children played
Around the verge of each cascade;
Or gambol'd o'er the flowery lea
In wanton mirth and joyous glee;
Pursuing, o'er the sparkling lawn,
The insect in its airy flight,
Which still eludes, but tempting on
From flower to flower, with plumage bright,
The hand that woos to stay its flight—
Till soaring high, on pinions wild
It leaves the charm'd and tearful child.

One maid there was, divinely fair,
Whose cheeks, beneath her peerless eyes,
Bloomed like the roses, rich and rare,
That yield perfume to summer skies;
Her shining locks of silky hair
Hung round her neck like grapes of gold,
And o'er her snowy bosom roll'd,
Hiding the blush that mantled there.

The brightest of the fairy throng,
She led the dancing group along
Through tangled brakes and fretted bowers,
Where grew the richest, rarest flowers,
That wooed the bee to banquet there,
Or yielded sweets to Summer air.
But she who moved with elfin pace,
And taught the infant throng to play,
Raised to heaven her cherub face,
While that bright celestial ray,
Which halos the throne of glory round,

Illumed her azure, orient eye,
 That seemed to penetrate the sky.
 Bending her gaze upon the ground,
 Her gentle bosom heaved a sigh,
 And anxious faces press around,
 While pearls of pity dim each eye,
 As tho' they'd weep again to rest
 The troubled spirit of that breast.

"Weep not for me!" the cherub said,
 While o'er her seraph beauty played
 A smile like evening's parting beam,
 That sparkles o'er the glassy stream,
 Or lingers on a lucid lake—
 Whose dimpling wave the zephyrs break.
 "Far thro' yon skies, where orient day
 Is shedding his last lingering ray,
 Bright angels beckon me away;—
 I go—I go—a last farewell!"
 And as she spoke around her fell,
 From heaven, a bright celestial ray,
 Whose lustre dimm'd the light of day;
 And 'mid that heavenly blaze unfold
 Her glittering pinions tipp'd with gold.
 While strains of sweet unearthly sound
 Awoke their dulcet chime around,
 She soared away on wings of light,
 Like sparkling meteor of the night;
 Still lessening, as she further drew
 Amid the ether of heavenly blue,
 Till lost within a blazing star
 That above the horizon shown—
 As if from Paradise a car
 'Twere sent to bear the cherub home.

No more that happy throng is rending,
 With gladsome shouts the summer air,
 Nor songs of love to heaven ascending,
 From hearts that know no guile nor care;
 But on each peerless infant brow
 The gloom of care is settling now;
 While passion madly fires each eye,

And swells each bosom beating high;
 And tongues that lisped an infant name,
 Now speak in haughty tones of Fame!
 While some, in senatorial pride,
 With scorn their fellow-man deride;
 And others, more sanguinary still,
 From words of ire appeal to brands,
 Nor scruple a brother's blood to spill—
 Cain-like!—with ensanguined hands
 Polluting the flowers which smile—in vain
 Wooing the heart to love again.

Long o'er this painful scene I sighed,
 Where licentious passion, unrestrained,
 Was left to riot in her pride—
 Spreading destruction where'er she reigned.
 "And was this bright—this fair domain—
 With all its beauty, formed in vain?
 Where Nature, a paradise to grace,
 Hath loved her every charm to trace,
 'That man, enamored of distress
 Should mar it into wilderness?'"
 I raised my arm while thus I spoke,
 And o'er Beauty's broken bowers sighed;
 But with the effort I awoke,
 And found myself by Hela's side.

DEATH AND BEAUTY.

IN a lone sequestered mead,
 Where silver streamlets flow,
 I saw a rose and lily twine,
 And in love and beauty grow;
 Again to that lone, peaceful spot,
 From worldly cares I hied—
 But the flowers that lately bloom'd so fair,
 Had wither'd, drooped, and died!

Like love's young dream, they passed away,
 With all their vernal bloom,

And they, who lately shone so fair,
Now moulder in the tomb!
But ere the minstrels left the bowers,
And to summer climes had fled,
They sang the dirge o'er fading flowers,
That by their stems lay dead.

Slumbering on its mother's breast
A beauteous infant lay,
The blush upon its dimpled cheek,
Was like a rose in May:
But the glow that tinged that cheek so fair,
Was but the transient bloom,
That brightens with the flitting breath—
A flow'ret of the tomb.

The infant oped its azure eyes,
And sweetly smiling, said,
"Mamma," its gentle spirit ebbing,
Was numbered with the dead;
It laid its throbbing temples on
The mother's heaving breast,
And its gentle spirit pass'd to Heaven,
With angels bright to rest!

Lovely as the morning flowers,
That bloom so fresh and gay,
I saw a beauteous fair one decked
In the bridal's bright array;
But she, who had, at morning rise,
Exulted in her bloom,
Was doom'd ere evening's sun had set,
To grace the silent tomb.

Alas! that things so beautiful,
So soon must pass away,
And all of earth that's loveliest
Must moulder in the clay;
But well we know those charms so bright,
Which Heaven hath form'd in love,
Tho' ravaged by death's icy hand,
Shall bloom again above!

TAKE THE HARP.

TO KATE.

'Tis supposed the muses hang a harp by every stream, where it remains till some lady arises to take it and sing the "loves and joys, the rural scenes and pleasures," the beauty and grandeur of the place.

TAKE the harp, nor longer leave it
 Sighing on the willow tree;
 Pass thy gentle fingers o'er it,
 And awake its melody;
 The streams tho' icy chains may bind them,
 Still will murmur back thy trill,
 And the roses wild, though blasted,
 On thy cheeks are blooming still.

Then touch the harp, till its wild numbers
 The lone groves and valleys fill;
 And tho' winter's frosts have sear'd them,
 Thou canst dream they're beauteous still—
 Thou canst clothe their banks with verdure,
 And wild flowers above them rise;
 What tho' chilly blasts have strewn them,
 Their fragrance lingers on thy sighs!

Take the harp, nor on it dirges
 Longer let Eolus play;
 Touch it, and those notes of sadness
 Change to joyous rhapsody!
 And tho' the grape, the gift of Autumn,
 Has been prest to crown the bowl—
 Still in thy tresses shine its clusters,
 While down thy snowy neck they roll.

Take the harp, and wake its numbers
 To thy sister planet's praise,
 As up the eastern sky she blazes,
 Followed by the morning rays;
 Queen of starry heaven beaming,
 From her azure realm afar;

So thou dost shine midst beauty's daughters,
Love's bright and glorious morning star.

DEATH OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

The following poem was written in 1850 on the death of Miss Sarah E. McCullough, of Pleasant Grove, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. Miss McCullough was a cousin of Mr. Ewing.

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale Decay
Would steal before the steps of Time,
And waste its bloom away.—*Moore.*

AND thou art dead,
The gifted, the beautiful,
Thy spirit's fled!
Thou, the fairest 'mong ten thousand, art no
more!
Death culls the sweetest flowers to grace the
tomb—
He hath touched thee—thou hast left us in thy
bloom!
How oft amid the virgin throng,
I've seen thee, fairest, dance along;
And thine eyes, so brightly dark,
Gleaming like the diamond's spark;
But now how dim
Those orbs are left—
By Death bereft
Of their brightness,
And that neck of its whiteness,
Where once the curling tress descended,
Where once the rose and lily blended,
As the warm blush came and flew;
Now o'er all hath Death extended
His pallid hue—
Sallow and blue;
And sunken 'neath the purple lid,
Those eyes are hid,
Once so bright;
And the shroud, as thine own pure spirit white,
All that remains of what was once so lovely, holds!

In its snowy folds—
 Then fare thee well, sweet one,
 Thy bright, thy fleeting race is run,
 And with the flowers thou art sleeping,
 And o'er thy grave the friends are weeping
 Of thine early day.
 Thou wert lovely—aye, as Spring,
 When birds and blossoms bloom and sing,
 The happy, happy hours welcoming
 Of gentle May.
 In the past I see thee shining,
 Like the star of tender morning,
 A day of love and peace divining,
 And the sky of Hope adorning.
 Smiles—that dimpled mouth are wreathing;
 Music—those rosy lips are breathing,
 Like morn glancing through the sky,
 Like the zephyr's softest sigh.
 Ah, then, who'd dream that aught so fair,
 Was fleeting as the Summer air?
 Yet in that hour
 Disease, so deceitful, stole upon thee,
 As blight upon a flower;
 And thou art dead!
 And thy spirit's past away,
 Like a dew-drop from the spray,
 Like a sunbeam from the mountain,
 Like a bubble from the fountain;
 And thou art now at rest,
 In thy damp, narrow cell,
 With the clod heap'd o'er thy breast;
 Fare thee well!

 ASPHODEL.

I'll think of thee, I'll think of thee,
 When raging tempests wildly blow,
 Mid storm and darkness—wond'rous powers!
 Heaping the stainless, virgin snow
 Above thy fragile form, that bowed
 Beneath the blighting frost that fell,

Scattering o'er earth those gorgeous hues,
Thy grace and pride, sweet Asphodel.

I'll think of thee, I'll think of thee,
When dreary winter leaves the plain,
And smiling spring leads forth in state,
With vestal pride, her flow'ry train,
And vernal songs of love and hope,
In one harmonious concert swell—
Amid the floral throng I'll turn
To thee, alone, sweet Asphodel.

I'll think of thee, I'll think of thee,
When morning dawns upon the world,
And through the golden gates of Heaven,
Like fiery cars his beams are hurled,
Driving the shades of somber night,
Back to their caverned haunts to dwell—
Thou'lt come to me with charms renewed,
My peerless flower, sweet Asphodel.



WILLIAM PINKNEY EWING.

WILLIAM PINKNEY EWING, son of Patrick Ewing, was born May 28, 1828, on his father's farm near Rowlandville. He is a brother of Edwin E. Ewing, a sketch of whose life is published in this book, and to which the reader is referred for other information respecting the family. Mr. Ewing's early life was spent on his father's farm. When about eighteen years of age he commenced to write poetry, the first of which was published in the Philadelphia *Dollar Newspaper*. He was subsequently a frequent contributor to the *Ladies' Garland*, the *Cecil Whig* and *Cecil Democrat*. In 1848, Mr. Ewing commenced the study of the law in the office of the late John C. Groome in Elkton, and was admitted to the Elkton Bar, April 10, 1851. In 1853 he removed to Cincinnati, and became connected with the editorial department of the *Daily Atlas* of that city, and contributed editorially and otherwise to several other papers in Cincinnati, until the *Atlas* was merged into the *Gazette*. He then accepted a position on the *Southern Lady's Book*, published in New Orleans and remained in that city until the magazine changed proprietors. Mr. Ewing returned to Elkton in 1855, and resumed the practice of his profession, but continued to write poetry occasionally for some years afterwards. In 1871 Mr. Ewing removed to Ashtabula, Ohio, and has since been connected with newspapers in Chicago, Topeka and other western cities; and has corresponded occasionally with the *New York Tribune*, *New York Evening Post* and *Chicago Tribune*.

In politics Mr. Ewing was originally a Democrat, but in 1850 became a member of the Free Soil party, and an elector on the Free Soil ticket in 1856. He was a delegate to the Chicago convention that nominated Lincoln in 1860, and also an elector for the State of Maryland on the Lincoln ticket the same year. In 1861 Mr. Ewing was appointed United States Naval Agent for the

port of Baltimore, and held the position until the office was abolished in 1865.

In September 1863 he married Mrs. Emma P. Smith, a lady of fine literary taste and ability who is at this time the head of the cooking school of the State Agricultural College of Iowa.

Like many other writers Mr. Ewing took no pains to preserve his poems and it was only after the expenditure of great labor and much trouble that the following meagre selection was made, which it is feared will not do full justice to the ability of their author.

THE ANGEL VOICE.



Mother, dear mother,
 As calmly last night
 I lay on my pallet
 An angel in white
 Hover'd o'er me, and softly
 Said—' come, brother, come,
 Away from this world,
 To a heavenly home! ' "

" Then let me die, mother—
 Tho' sweet birds are singing,
 And flowers in brightness
 And beauty are springing
 On hillside and mountain,
 O'er meadow and lea,
 They no longer possess
 Any sweetness for me."

" For that angelic voice,
 Ringing still in my ear,
 Has attuned my heart
 To a holier sphere;
 And like a caged eagle,
 My soul pines to stay
 So long from its home—
 Its redeemer away."

O, pale grew that mother,
 And heavy her heart,

For she knew her dear boy
 From her sight must depart,
 And be laid, cold and stiff,
 In the earth's humid breast,
 Where the wicked cease troubling,
 The weary have rest;

But she smoothed down his pillow,
 And murmured a prayer,
 For the Giver of mercies
 Her loved one to spare;
 But ere she had finished
 Her pious request,
 His spirit had flown
 To the realms of the blest!

THEN AND NOW.

[MIDNIGHT.]


I love thee, Maude, as I ne'er loved before,
 And as I feel I cannot love again;
 And though that love has cost me much of pain,
 Of agony intense, I would live o'er
 Most willingly, each bitter hour I've known
 Since first we met, to claim thee as my own.
 But mine thou wilt not be: thy wayward heart
 On one by thee deemed worthier is set,
 And I must bear the keen and deathless smart,
 Of passion unrequited, or forget
 That which is of my very life a part.
 To cherish it may lead to madness, yet
 I will brood over it: for oh,
 The joy its memory brings, surpasses far the woe.

[DAYDAWN.]

"I love thee, Maude, as I ne'er loved before,
 And as I feel I cannot love again;"

Thus wrote I many moons ago, and more
 Devotedly I love thee now, than when
 Those lines were written. But avails it aught?
 Have I return? Hold I the slightest part
 Within the boundless realm of thy confiding heart?
 Or dost thou ever give to me one thought?
 I dare believe so:—nor will soon resign
 The dream I've cherished long, that some day
 thou'lt be mine.

THE NEGLECTED HARP.

ouch not that harp,
 Let it slumber alone;
 For its notes but awaken
 Sad memories of one
 Whose hand often swept
 The soft wires along,
 And aroused them to music,
 To love, and to song.

But Death, the destroyer,
 Ere grief threw a ray
 O'er her flowery path,
 Snatched her rudely away;
 And the harp that resounded,
 With loveliest tone,
 To her delicate touch,
 Has since slumbered alone.

Then awake not a strain—
 Let it still repose there,
 And be breathed on alone
 By the sweet summer air;
 For its numbers though lively,
 Though joyous and light,
 But cast o'er my spirits
 A wildering blight.

ALONE.

NEVER, no nevermore,
 Shall thy soft hand be pressed in mine,
 Or on my breast thy weary head recline,
 As oft of yore.

And though thou wert to me
 Life's only charm, I yet can bear
 A little while, since thou art free from care,
 Alone to be.

For to my heart is given,
 The cheering hope, that soon, where pain
 And partings are unknown, we'll meet again—
 In yonder heaven.

GONE ASTRAY.

EILA, thou art resting well,
 In thy lonely, narrow cell—
 Dark and lonely, narrow cell,—
 And I would with thee had died,
 And was sleeping by thy side,—
 In the graveyard by thy side,—
 She who gave thee being, she
 Who made life a joy to me,—
 A blessing and a joy to me.

Were she with thee, I could bear
 All life's agony and care,—
 Bitter agony and care,—
 But alas, she went astray
 From the straight and narrow way,—
 Virtue's straight and narrow way—
 And, O misery, became
 To her sex a thing of shame,—
 A thing of infamy and shame.

Now, of her and thee bereft,
 Naught have I to live for left,—
 Naught on earth to live for left;—
 And with bleeding heart I roam,
 From a desecrated home,—
 A broken, desecrated home,—
 Looking, longing for the day
 When my life shall ebb away,—
 To its giver, ebb away.

For I feel, a God of love,
 In the better land above,—
 Brighter, better land above,—
 To these yearning arms again,
 With a soul all free from stain,—
 Free from every earthly stain,—
 Will the wanderer restore,
 To be tempted nevermore—
 Passion-tempted nevermore.

LAY OF THE LAST INDIAN.

THEY are gone—They are gone,
 From their green mountain homes,
 Where the antelope sports,
 And the buffalo roams;
 For the pale faces came,
 With insidious art,
 And the red men were forced
 From their homes to depart!

In the land Manitou
 Bestowed on their sires,
 Oh! never again
 Round their bright council-fires,
 Will they gather, to talk
 Of the feats they have done,

Or, to boast of the scalps
By their prowess they've won.

For they've gone—they have passed,
Like the dew from the spray,
And their name to remembrance
Grows fainter each day;
But for this were they forced
From their ancestors' graves;
They dared to be freemen,
They scorned to be slaves.



CHARLES H. EVANS.

CHARLES H. EVANS was born in Philadelphia, March 17, 1851, and was educated in the public schools of that city. In 1866 his father David Z. Evans, purchased a farm at Town Point in Cecil county, and removed to that place taking his son with him.

Shortly after coming to Town Point Mr. Evans began to write poetry, much of which was published in one of the local newspapers under the signature of *Agricola*. In 1873 Mr. Evans married Isabell R. Southgate, since deceased, of Christiana, Delaware.

For some years Mr. Evans has been engaged in business in Philadelphia, but occasionally finds time to cultivate his acquaintance with the Muses.

INFLUENCES.

DROP follows drop and swells,
With rain, the sweeping river;
Word follows word, and tells
A truth that lasts forever.

Flake follows flake, like sprites,
Whose wings the winds dissever;
Thought follows thought, and lights
The realms of mind forever.

Beam follows beam, to cheer
The cloud a bolt would shiver;
Dream follows dream, and fear
Gives way to joy forever.

The drop, the flake, the beam,
Teach us a lesson ever;
The word, the thought, the dream,
Impress the heart forever.

MUSINGS.

FEW the joys—oh! few and scattered—
 That from fleeting life we borrow;
 And we're paying, ever paying,
 With an usury of sorrow!

If a bright emotion, passing,
 Casts a sun-ray o'er our faces,
 Plodding Time—the envious plowman—
 Soon a shadowy furrow traces!

If a hope—ambition-nurtured—
 Gilds our future, ere we've won it,
 Vaunting Time—the hoary jailor—
 Shuts his somber gates upon it!

If a heart our bosom seeking,
 With a fond affection woos it,
 Heartless Time—remorseless reaper—
 Sweeps his ruthless sickle through it!

Things of earth, all, all, are shadows!
 And while we in vain pursue them,
 Time unclasps his withered fingers—
 And our wasted life slips through them.

LINES.

WRITTEN ON VIEWING TURKEY POINT FROM A
 DISTANCE.

THOU gray old cliff, like turret raised on high,
 With light-house mingling with the summer sky,
 How long in lonely grandeur hast thou stood,
 Braving alike the wild winds and the flood?
 What howling gales have swept those shores
 along,

What tempests dire have piped their dismal song,
And lightnings glared those towering trees among?

And oft, as now, the summer sun has shed
His golden glories round thy mountain head,
And tarried there with late and lingering hues,
While all below was steeped in twilight dews,
And night's proud queen, in ages past, as now,
Hung her pale crescent o'er thy beetling brow.
Soft lamp—that lights the happy to their rest,
But wakes fresh anguish in the hapless breast,
And calls it forth a restless ghost, to glide
In lonely sadness up the mountain side;
And couldst not thou, oh! giant of the past,
Some far off knowledge o'er my senses cast,
Sigh in the hollow moanings of the gale,
And of past ages tell mysterious tale—
Speak of those ages of primeval worth,
And all the hidden wonders of thy birth—
Convulsions strange that heaved thy mighty
breast,
And raised the stately masses of thy crest?

Perchance the Indian climbed thy rugged side,
Ere the pale face subdued his warlike pride,
And bent him down to kneel, to serve, to toil,
To alien shrines upon his native soil.
It needs not thee, O mount! to tell the story
That stained the wreath of many a hero's glory;
But Nature's mysteries must ever rest
Within the gloomy confines of thy breast,
Where wealth, uncounted, hapless lies concealed,
Locked in thine inmost temple unrevealed.

MRS. SARAH HALL.

MRS. SARAH HALL was born in Philadelphia October 30th, 1761, and died in that city April 8th, 1830. She was the daughter of the Rev. John Ewing, D. D., a member of the Ewing family of the Eighth district of this county, and one of the most distinguished scholars and divines of his time, and who was for many years Provost of the University of Pennsylvania and pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia.

Miss Ewing's early education was confined to learning to read and write, and in acquiring a thorough knowledge of housewifery. In 1782 she married John Hall, a member of the Hall family of the Eighth district, and the newly wedded pair came to reside in the house near Rowlandville, formerly owned by the late Commodore Conner, and now occupied by his son P. S. P. Conner.

It was while residing in this old mansion, surrounded by the picturesque scenery of the Octoraro hills, that she wrote the poem entitled "Sketch of a Landscape," which no doubt was inspired by the beauty of the surrounding scenery and the fine view of the "Modest Octoraro," which may be had from the porch of the old historic mansion in which she resided.

After a residence of about eight years in Cecil county the family removed to Philadelphia, where Mr. Hall successively filled the offices of Secretary of the Land Office, and United States Marshal for the District of Pennsylvania. The family returned to Maryland in 1805, and resided on Mr. Hall's paternal estate for about six years.

Mrs. Hall's literary career commenced with the publication of her writings in the *Port Folio*, a literary magazine published in Philadelphia about the beginning of this century, and of which her son, John E. Hall, subsequently became the editor. She soon attained high rank as a magazine writer, and, until the time of her death, occupied a position second to none of the female writers of this country.

Mrs. Hall is best known in the literary world by her book entitled "Conversations on the Bible." It was written after she was fifty years of age and the mother of eleven children, and was so popular as to astonish its author by the rapidity of its sale.

SKETCH OF A LANDSCAPE

In Cecil county, Maryland, at the junction of the Octoraro creek with the Susquehanna, suggested by hearing the birds sing during the remarkably warm weather in February, 1866.

WHAT joyous notes are those, so soft, so sweet,
That unexpected, strike my charmed ear!
They are the Robin's song! This genial morn
Deceives the feathered tribe: for yet the sun
In Pisces holds his course; nor yet has Spring
Advanc'd one legal claim; but though oblique
So mild, so warm, descend his cheering rays,
Impris'ning winter seems subdued. No dread
Of change retards their wing; but off they soar
Triumphing in the fancied dawn of Spring.

Advent'rous birds, and rash! ye little think,
Though lilacs bud, and early willows burst,
How soon the blasts of March—the snowy sleet,
May turn your hasty flight, to seek again
Your wonted warm abodes. Thus prone is youth,
Thus easily allured, to put his trust
In fair appearance; and with hope elate,
And naught suspecting, thus he sallies forth,
To earn experience in the storms of life!

But why thus chide—why not with gratitude
Receive and cherish ev'ry gleam of joy?
For many an hour can witness, that not oft,
My solitude is cheered by feelings such,
So blithe—so pleasurable as thy song
Sweet Robin, gives. Yet on thy graceful banks,
Majestic Susquehanna—joy might dwell!
For whether bounteous Summer sport her stores,
Or niggard Winter bind them—still the forms
Most grand, most elegant, that Nature wears
Beneath Columbia's skies, are here combin'd.

The wide extended landscape glows with more
Than common beauty. Hills rise on hills—
An amphitheater, whose lofty top,
The spreading oak, or stately poplar crowns—
Whose ever-varying sides present such scenes
Smooth or precipitous—harmonious still—

Mild or sublime,—as wake the poet's lay;
 Nor aught is wanting to delight the sense;
 The gifts of Ceres, or Diana's shades.
 The eye enraptur'd roves o'er woods and dells,
 Or dwells complacent on the numerous signs
 Of cultivated life. The laborer's decent cot,
 Marks the clear spring, or bubbling rill.
 The lowlier hut hard by the river's edge,
 The boat, the seine suspended, tell the place
 Where in his season hardy fishers toil.
 More elevated on the grassy slope,
 The farmer's mansion rises mid his trees;
 Thence, o'er his fields the master's watchful eye
 Surveys the whole. He sees his flocks, his herds
 Excluded from the grain-built cone; all else,
 While rigid winter reigns, their free domain!
 Range through the pastures, crop the tender root,
 Or climbing heights abrupt, search careful out,
 The welcome herb,—now prematurely sprung
 Through half-thawed earth. Beside him spread-
 ing elms,

His friendly barrier from th' invading north,
 Contrast their shields defensive with the willow
 Whose flexile drapery sweeps his rustic lawn.
 Before him lie his vegetable stores,
 His garden, orchards, meadows—all his hopes—
 Now bound in icy chains: but ripening suns
 Shall bring their treasures to his plenteous board.
 Soon too, the hum of busy man shall wake
 Th' adjacent shores. The baited hook, the net,
 Drawn skilful round the wat'ry cove, shall bring
 Their prize delicious to the rural feast.

Here blooms the laurel on the rugged breaks,
 Umbrageous, verdant, through the circling year
 His bushy mantle scorning winds or snows—
 While there—two ample streams confluent grace—
 Complete the picture—animate the whole!
 Broad o'er the plain the Susquehanna rolls,
 His rapid waves far sounding as he comes.
 Through many a distant clime and verdant vale,
 A thousand springy caverns yield their rills,
 Augmenting still his force. The torrent grows,

Spreads deep and wide, till braving all restraint
 Ev'n mountain ridges feel the imperious press;
 Forced from their ancient rock-bound base—they
 leave

Their monumental sides, erect, to guard
 The pass—and tell to future days, and years,
 The wond'rous tale! Meanwhile,
 The conqueror flood holds on his course,
 Resistless ever—sinuous, or direct.
 Unconscious tribes beneath his surface play,
 Nor heed the laden barques, his surface bear;
 Now gliding swiftly by the threat'ning rocks,
 Now swimming smoothly to the distant bay.
 To meet and bring his liberal tribute too,
 The modest Octoraro winds his way—
 Not ostentatious like a boasting world
 Their little charities proclaiming loud—
 But silent through the glade retir'd and wild,
 Between the shaded banks on either hand,
 Till circling yonder meed—he yields his name.
 Nor proudly, Susquehanna! boast thy gain,
 For thence, not far, thou too, like him shalt give
 Thy congregated waters, title—all,
 To swell the nobler name of Chesapeake!

And is not such a scene as this the spell,
 That lulls the restless passions into peace?
 Yes. Cold must be the sordid heart, unmov'd
 By Nature's bounties: but they cannot fill,
 That ardent craving in the mind of man,
 For social intercourse,—the healthful play—
 The moral gem—the light of intellect—
 Communion sweet with those we love!


WITH A ROSE IN JANUARY.

WILL you accept this bud my dear,
 Fit emblem of the coming year:
 The bud expands, the flower blooms,
 And gives awhile its rich perfumes:
 Its strength decays, its leaf descends,
 Its sweets are gone—its beauty ends.

Such is the year.—The morning brings
 The bud of pleasure in its wings:
 Hope, health, and fortune, smile their day,
 And charm each threat'ning cloud away:
 But gathering ills increase their force,
 And though concealed—make sure their course.
 They come—they press—they stand confest,
 And disappointment tells the rest.

LIFE.

SUGGESTED BY A SUMMER EVENING.


 is early eve—the sun's last trembling glance,
 Still hovers o'er and gilds the western wild,
 And slowly leaves the haunts of solitude.
 Venus, bright mistress of the musing hour,
 Above the horizon lifts her beck'ning torch;
 Stars, in their order, follow one by one
 The graceful movement of their brilliant queen,
 Obedient to the hand that fix'd them all,
 And said to each—Be this thy place.
 Refreshing airs revive man's sinking strength,
 And hallowed thoughts come rushing to the heart!
 Now from her eastern clime the golden Moon,
 Set in a frame of azure, lifts her shield,
 And all creation wakes to life renewed!
 Not long she holds supreme her joyous course;
 Her foes in sullen vapors fitful rise,
 And envious, hovering over her splendid path,
 Now thin—now dense, impede her kindly ray.
 In hasty, partial gleams, of light and shade,
 She holds her purposed way.—Now darker clouds
 Collect, combine, advance—she falls—'twould
 seem
 To rise no more—sudden they break—they pass,
 Once more she shines—bright sovereign of the
 skies!
 Thus 'tis with life—it is not dubious hope
 In early youth—'tis joy—joy unalloy'd;

Joy blooms within, all objects take the tint,
And glowing colors paint the vista's length.
Not long, life dances on the plastic scene,
Care's haggard form invades each flow'ry path;
Disease, with pallid hue, leads on her train,
And Sorrow sheds her tears in wasting showers!
But Pain and Grief pass on, and harrowing Care
Awhile put on some pleasing, treacherous shape;
Then hope revives, health blooms! love smiles—
And wealth and honors crown the distant day.
How long? Envenom'd ills collect all 'round,
And while short-sighted man his fragile schemes
Pursues—not grasps—blow after blow fall swift,
Fall reckless—and he sinks beneath their weight!
To rise no more? Like yon triumphant Moon,
That "walks in brightness" now, beyond the
clouds,
Through patient suffering, man shall surely rise
To dwell above that orb, in light ineffable,
Where pain—where sin—where sorrows, never
come!



MRS. SALLIE WILLIAMS HARDCASTLE.

MRS. HARDCASTLE'S maiden name was Sallie Williams Minter. She was born in Bedford county, Virginia, June 19, 1841.

Reared in the shadow of the Peaks of Otter, whose lofty summits tower in magnificent grandeur far above the wooded heights and billowy green hills of the surrounding country, it is little wonder that the subject of this sketch should have been early imbued with the spirit of poesy, and led to the cultivation of tastes and the selection of themes which the grand and picturesque in nature are apt to suggest. But in addition to these favorable surroundings, a literary and thoughtful turn of mind was inherited from her father and grandfather—the latter having been eminent in his day as the author of a religious work, replete with keen arguments and logical conclusions.

The former also was a writer of ability, and having a thorough knowledge of the politics of his State, frequently discussed them in the local journals with a ready and trenchant pen.

Mrs. Hardcastle was educated at Bedford Female College, but is indebted to her father for her best and earliest tuition. At the age of fourteen her first verses, written on the death of a little friend of her own age, were published in the *Virginia Sentinel*. She was an occasional contributor to the *Literary Companion*, *Magnolia Weekly*, and other Southern periodicals.

Mrs. Hardcastle was married in 1863 to Dr. Jerome H. Hardcastle, then a surgeon in the hospital at Liberty, Va. After the war they came to Maryland, and subsequently, in 1876, to Cecilton, in this county, where they have since resided. They are the parents of five daughters and one son.

Like many other persons, Mrs. Hardcastle neglected to carefully preserve her poetical writings. And was so unfortunate as to lose most of the few in her possession at the time of the evacuation of Richmond, in consequence of which the following poems are all it has been practicable to obtain, which is a matter of regret, inasmuch as they are by no means the best of her writings.

ON RECEIPT OF A BOQUET.

Thank thee, my friend, for thy delicate gift,
 These fair and beautiful flowers,
 They come to me now, like a boon from above,
 To gladden my pensive hours.

All the brilliant bloom, of the summer days,
 These lovely flowers restore;
 And my childhood's home, with its fields and
 flowers,
 Comes back to me once more.

How fragile and fair!—some pale, some blushing,
 All breathing rarest perfume—
 But brighter and fairer they seem, my friend,
 Because from thee they come.

I know that this beauty is frail and brief—
 That their fragrance and bloom must depart,
 But like the mem'ry of thee, these flowers will live
 Forever enshrined in my heart.

OCTOBER.

Oh, days of the lovely October,
 How dear thou art to me;
 Words are weak, when my soul would speak,
 In language taught by thee.

Not alone do thy glorious sunsets,
 Nor thy trees of a thousand dyes,
 But all touch my heart with thy sweet spell,
 Oh, earth, and air, and skies.

In the gardens that shone with beauty,
 The flowers have faded, I know,
 And here, by my favorite pathway,
 The roses no longer may blow.

But the leaves are burning with splendor,
 And I'll weave them in garlands bright,
 As I did in the sweet days of childhood,
 When my heart was aglow with delight.

I've ruby and sapphire, blended with gold,
 And here's an emerald green,
 A parting gift, for my coronet,
 From summer's dying queen.

Oh, loveliest month of the year,
 Too soon will thy glories depart,
 But not the sweet faith thou'st 'wakened,
 Within this worshipping heart.

For though, like all beauty of earth,
 Thou'rt trammled by earthly decay,
 Yet my soul is lifted by thine,
 To glories that fade not away.

OLD LETTERS.

TO MRS. ANNIE P——.

TURN my old letters"—ah! for you
 These words are easy to say,
 For you, who know not the light they brought
 To many a darksome day.

And, then, old letters to me are links
 To those days forever gone;
 For we cling to the past as age would cling
 To youth, in its rosy dawn.

But the wintry air is chill without,
 And the fire is faint and low,
 So I'll gather them up—the page of to-day
 With the date of long ago.

Gather them up and cast them in
 Like trash, to the greedy flame;
 And I marvel not that the world hath said,
 "Friendship is only a name!"

For the human heart's a changeful thing,
 And sometime we would borrow
 The light, that other days have given,
 To cheer us on the morrow.

And so, as I sit in the merry light
 Of the blaze that upward flashes,
 I think, like these, our dearest hopes
 May come to dust and ashes.

JUNE ROSES.

WHAT marvelous new-born glory
 Is flushing the garden and lawn!
 Hath the queen of all blossoming beauty
 Come forth with the early dawn?

Like the first faint flush of morn,
 To the watchers, weary with night,—
 Like treasures long hidden away,
 Ye burst on my joyous sight.

Not e'en the "first rose of Summer,"
 Could yesterday be seen—
 Only a tint like the sea-shell,
 Deep in a prison of green.

Did the lover-like kiss of the south wind,
 While wand'ring o'er forest and lake,
 Bid thee start in thy slumbering beauty,
 And crimson with blushes awake?

'Tis long since the fragrant lilac
 Flourished and drooped at thy side,

While many a frail young flow'ret since
Hath quietly blossomed and died.

And for days the pale, proud lily
In regal beauty hath shown,
Catching the sun's warm glances
Ere the young roses had blown.

But perfumed breezes are whispering:
"To-day the roses have come,"
And the cottage will rival the palace,
Decked in thy radiant bloom.

MUSIC.

THE spirit is often enraptured
With sweet tokens of love divine,
But seldom in language so plain
As spoken through music, to mine.

Then my soul flings wide her portals,
And visions of Paradise throng,
While I bow, in silent devotion,
To the Author of genius and song.


The pleasures of earth are but few,
And scarce for our sorrows repay,
But we catch, in sweet moments like this,
A glimpse of the perfect day.

When I reach the Celestial City
And gaze from her golden tower,
Methinks my freed spirit would turn
Far back, to this rapturous hour.

And as angels are harping their songs—
Sweet songs of a heavenly birth—
I'll listen to hear the same touch
That played us this prelude on earth.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

E loved thee—yes, we loved thee,
But the angels loved thee too;
And so thou now art sleeping
'Neath the sky so bright and blue.

Sleeping now thy last long slumber,
In the low and quiet tomb,
Where life's ills can ne'er disturb thee—
Where sorrow ne'er can come.

What tho' our hearts are bleeding,
And our lonely spirits mourn,
That thou with Spring's sweet flow'rets
Wilt never more return,

We would not call thee back, dear friend,
To life's dull path again;
Where thorns amid the flowers,
Would often give thee pain;

But sweetly rest thee, dear one,
In thy long and dreamless sleep,
Nor heed the sighs above thee,
And the blinding tears we weep.

MRS. MARY ELIZA IRELAND.

MRS. MARY ELIZA IRELAND, the daughter of Joseph Haines and Harriet (Kirk) Haines, was born in the village of Brick Meeting House, now called Calvert, January 9. 1834. In early life she married John M. Ireland, son of Colonel Joseph Ireland, of Kent county, Md. They are the parents of three children, one of whom died in infancy. They now reside in Baltimore, where Mr. Ireland holds the position of United States storekeeper in the Internal Revenue Department.

Until the past few years Mrs. Ireland has always lived in the old homestead where she was born and married, and from whence her parents were removed by death.

Her first literary effort was a short story written when quite a young girl, entitled "Ellen Linwood," and published in the *Cecil Whig*, then edited by the late Palmer C. Ricketts, under the *nom de plume* of "Marie Norman." For several years after the publication of "Ellen Linwood" Mrs. Ireland occasionally contributed to the *Cecil Whig* and *Oxford Press*.

Some years ago she wrote a story for *Arthur's Magazine*, and being in Philadelphia soon after it was written, she took it to the publishing house, and there met for the first time T. S. Arthur, whom she had known from childhood through his books. He received her kindly, promised to read her story, and to let her know his decision the next day. That decision was, that though entertaining and well written, it was scarcely suited to his magazine. He suggested another periodical where it would likely meet with favor. He also asked for another story, and presented her with a set of the magazines that she might see the style of writing that he desired.

Her next story for *Arthur's* was a success, and from that time until his death he remained the candid critic of all she sent him for publication, as well as of some stories published elsewhere, and the kind literary adviser and friend. She retained her first story (which he had declined) for three years, made some changes in it, and he accepted and published it.

Since then she has been an acceptable contributor to *Cottage Hearth*, *Household*, and other domestic magazines, besides the *Literary World*, *Ladies' Cabinet*, *Woman's Journal*, and several church papers; and has written two prize stories, which took first prizes.

In 1882 her short stories were collected and connected into a continued story, which was accepted and published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., under the title of "Timothy; His Neighbors and His Friends."


Many letters of appreciation from distant parts of the Union testified to the merit of the book, and she was encouraged to accede to the request of the Presbyterian Observer Company of Baltimore to write a serial for their paper. It was entitled "Ivendale," and was warmly commended by judges of literary work.


Wishing to read German literature in the original, she undertook the study of German, and as she had no time which she was willing to devote to regular lessons, she obtained a German pronouncing reader, and without instruction from any one she succeeded in learning to read and translate, pronouncing correctly enough to be understood by any German. This knowledge of the language has been a well-spring of pleasure to her, and well repays her for the few moments' attention she daily bestowed upon it. She has translated several books, two of which were published as serials in the *Oxford Press*, and the Lutheran Board of Publication have published one of her translations, entitled "Betty's Decision." Many beautiful short stories have found their way into our language and periodicals through the medium of her pen.

Her time is well filled with her household duties, her missionary and church work, and in reviewing new books for the press. She has no specified time for writing, nor does she neglect her household or social duties for the sake of it, always having looked upon her literary work as a recreation. She leads a busy life, yet is rarely hurried; and, although she enjoys the companionship of many people noted in literature, it is powerless to weaken her attachment for friends who have no inclination in that way. All have a warm place in her heart, and a cordial welcome to her cheerful and happy home.

Mrs. Ireland, contrary to the experience of most writers, never wrote any poetry until she had attained distinction as a writer of prose.

AT THE PARTY.

 gave her a rose, so sweet, so fair;
She picked it to pieces while standing there.

 I praised the deep blue of her starry eyes;
She turned them upon me in cold surprise.

Her white hand I kissed in a transport of love;
My kiss she effaced with her snowy glove.

I touched a soft ringlet of golden brown;
She rebuked my daring with a haughty frown.

I asked her to dance in most penitent tone;
On the arm of a rival she left me alone.

This gave me a hint; I veered from my track,
And waltzed with an heiress, to win my love
back.

I carried her fan, and indulged in a sigh,
And whispered sweet nothings when my loved
one was nigh.

It worked like a charm; oh, joy of my life!
This stratagem wins me a sweet little wife.

MOTHER AND SON.

POSTMAN, good postman, halt I pray,
And leave a letter for me to-day;
If it's only a line from over the sea
To say that my Sandy remembers me.


I have waited and hoped by day and by night;
I'll watch—if spared—till my locks grow white;
Have prayed—yet repent that my faith waxed dim,
When passing, you left no message from him.

My proud arms cradled his infant head,
My prayers arose by his boyhood's bed;
To better our fortunes, he traversed the main;
God guard him, and bring him to me again.

The postman has passed midst the beating rain,
And my heart is bowed with its weight of pain;
This dark, dark day, I am tortured with dread
That Sandy, my boy, may be ill or dead.

But hark! there's a step! my heart be still!
A step at the gate, in the path, on the sill;
Did the postman return? my letter forget?
Oh 'tis Sandy! Thank God, he loves me yet!

THE MISSIONARY'S STORY.


 HART were her hands, and brown;
 Coarsest of stuff her gown:
 Sod hut her home.
 Pale was her care-worn face,
 Beauty and youth and grace
 Long since have flown.


Stern was her lot in life;
 She was a drunkard's wife;
 And forests drear
 Shut not temptation out;
 Strong drink was sold and bought;
 Poor pioneer!


Slave he to demon rum;
 Houses and lands all gone;
 Want came by stealth.
 Yet her scant fare she shared
 With me, who worse have fared
 In homes of wealth.

Stranger was I to her
 Save as Christ's messenger;
 And for His sake
 She, all her little store
 Wishing it were but more,—
 Bade me to take.

Oh like the widow's mite,
 Given for love of right,
 May it be blest.
 When her last hour has come,
 May angels bear her home,
 Ever to rest.

TRANSITION.

 HE is lying in state, this fair June day,
 While the bee from the rose its sweetness sips;
 Her heart thrills not at the lark's clear lay,
 Though a smile illumines her pallid lips.

 What glorified form did the Angel of Death
 Assume to her view, that it left the bright trace
 Of a jubilant welcome, whose icy breath
 Froze the sunny smile on her fair young face?

Did angels with snow-white wings come down
 And hover about her dying bed?
 Did they bear a white robe, and a starry crown
 To place on their sainted comrade's head?


Did her gaze rest on valleys and pastures green,
 Where roses in beauty supernal, bloom?
 Where lilies in snowy and golden sheen
 Fill the air with their heavenly, rare perfume?

Did strains of sweet music her senses entrance
 While Earth, with her loved ones, receded in air?
 Did friends who had left it, to greet her, advance
 And joyfully lead her to dwell with them, there?

Did she cross the deep Jordan without any fears
 For all were now calmed on her dear Saviour's
 breast?
 On pinions of light did she mount to the spheres
 Where all is contentment, and pleasure, and rest?

All this we may humbly and truly believe,
 For Christ to the Bethany sisters did give
 The comforting promise, which all may receive:
 "He that believeth, though dead, yet shall live."

DOROTHY MOORE.


 bachelor gray, was Valentine Brown;
 He lived in a mansion just out of the town,
 A mansion spacious and grand;
 He was wealthy as Vanderbilt, Astor or Tome,
 Had money invested abroad and at home,
 And thousands of acres of land.

A friend of his boyhood was Archibald Gray;
 And to prove what queer antics Dame Fortune will
 play
 When she sets about trying to plan,
 She heaped all her favors on Valentine, bold,
 And always left Archibald out of her fold,
 The harmless, and weak-minded man.

So, while Valentine reigned like a king on his throne,
 Poor Archibald ne'er had a home of his own,
 Yet never was known to complain;
 Year in and year out, he wandered around,
 In mansion and farmhouse a welcome he found
 As long as he chose to remain.

The lilacs and snowballs which guarded the door
 Of the ivy-decked cottage of good Parson Moore,
 Were waking from out their long sleep;
 For the last month of winter was hastening by,
 The last hours of Valentine's day had drawn nigh,
 When Archibald's travel-worn feet

Were heard on the door-step; he entered and
 smiled,
 Then sat down and slept like a play-weary child,
 Woke, and told them how long he would stay;
 Then slumbered again, while sweet Dorothy Moore,
 The motherless daughter, who loved all God's poor,
 Made him welcome around the tea-tray.

And archly she said as she gave him his tea,
 "Where's the valentine Archy, you promised to me?"

All maidens expect one to-day;"
 Then forgot it; nor noticed when supper was done,
 And her father had gone to his study alone,
 That Archie had stolen away.

But, drawing the curtains on darkness and night!
 She sat down to spin by the cheery fire-light,
 While before it, so cozy and warm,
 Slept the kitten,—a snowy white ball of content—
 And her wheel, with its humming activity, lent
 To the hour, a picturesque charm.

No scene more enchanting could artist dream know,
 Than this peaceful, calm spot, in the ruby-red glow
 Of the pine knots aflame on the hearth;
 But Dorothy thought, "Were he but there with me
 And loved me as I love, a desert would be
 The happiest place upon earth."

"Oh were he but poor, and forsaken;" she sighed,
 "He then a poor maiden might seek for his bride,
 But his love will some great lady crown;
 Since all is so hopeless, dear Father above
 Oh help me to cast out my unreturned love!
 And forget the proud Valentine Brown."

In his elegant library, sat Valentine Brown,
 The argand burned brightly, the rich curtains down,
 Luxurious home of repose;—
 Yet his handsome face saddened, his heart was
 oppressed;
 He sighed, and his spirit was full of unrest,
 For his love he should never disclose.

He had roamed over Europe, and Countesses fair
 Had graciously smiled on the great millionaire,
 Yet his heart had turned coldly away;
 "From her childhood, I've loved her, sweet
 Dorothy Moore,"

Just then the latch clicked—through the half opened
door
Crept humbly, poor Archibald Gray.

“I want you!” he whispered; “I promised her,
come!”

And Valentine followed, till reaching the home
Where Dorothy spun by the hearth;
And when he had entered with Archibald Gray
And courteously waited, commands to obey,
Knew no lovelier picture on earth.

But the tact which had piloted Valentine there
Deserted poor Archie; then Dorothy fair,
Blushing deeply, yet smilingly said:
“Why, Archibald, why did you leave us I pray?
You said till to-morrow at noon, you would stay,
And in less than an hour you had fled.”

The memory of Archibald took up the clew
Thus kindly supplied, and eager he grew;
“Yes, yes; Archie promised he would;
I have brought you a valentine, Valentine Brown,”
(Here he smoothed his gray beard, and looked
helplessly down),
“He’s so good to poor Archie, so good!”

The three stood in silence, two wondering no doubt
How this intricate problem would ever turn out,
And Valentine, thoughtful and kind,—
Felt pity for Archie, who meant for the best;
And for Dorothy—flushing like clouds in the west
And fearing he thought it designed.

He looked at the maiden—modest and sweet:
At her lovely blue eyes, her peach-blossom cheek
And sighed for his youth which had fled;
“She never could love me, good Archibald Gray,
Her beauty and youthfulness stand in the way,
Just look at my frost-covered head.”


“Please tell him, good Archie,” said Dorothy fair,
 That I love-nothing better than silvery hair
 When it crowns one so noble and true;
 His heart all men say is exalted and grand,
 He is known for his good deeds all over the land,
 Loved by every one, equalled by few.”


“That heart, my good Archie, I lay at her feet
 To spurn or to thrill with an ecstasy sweet;”
 (And he reverently took her white hand,)
 “That hand is his, Archie, and so is my heart
 To have and to keep until death do us part
 To meet in the Heavenly land.”

Good friends new and old, should you journey that
 way
 And should anything happen, to cause a delay,
 And you call upon Valentine Brown:
 In the coziest nook, you'll see Archibald Gray,
 Awaiting with patience the dallying day,
 Till the sickle of Time mows him down.

And Fortune still favors her Valentine dear,
 She winters and summers there year after year;
 To thank her he never forgets;
 With his rosy-cheeked children and beautiful wife
 The heart of his heart, and the life of his life,
 The sun of his peace never sets.

HOMeward BOUND.

E grow in grace if day by day
 We keep in mind to watch and pray,
 Thus walking in the Heavenward way.

 But, drifting from the guiding hand
 Of Him who rules the sea and land,
 We wreck ourselves on barren strand,

In name of Him who for us died,
We cry for help, when deeply tried,
Receive it, whatso'er betide.

Of good we sow some scattered seed,
We help to shield the bruised reed,
Supply to want, the urgent need.

Then once more hope to reach the goal,
For faith with works will save a soul,
Though hostile billows round it roll.

Thus tempest-tost, we struggle on;
Now sad, now cheered, till life is gone,
And trust to hear the bless'd, well done!



GEORGE JOHNSTON.

[The editor is indebted to his friend, George A. Blake, Esq., of the Elkton Bar, for the following sketch of his life.]

GEORGE JOHNSTON, the editor and compiler of this book, was born in Philadelphia, May 15, 1829, the place of his birth being on Penn street, one door south of the southeast corner of Penn and Lombard streets. He is the oldest son of Isaac Johnston, and was named for his grandfather, George Johnston, the youngest son of Isaac Johnson, who lived on his farm, one mile west of the east end of Mason and Dixon's line, as early as 1755. There is reason to believe that the earliest member of the family who lived in that neighborhood was Samuel Johnston, who resided there as early as 1708.

Mr. Johnston's mother, Susan Curry, was a cousin of his father, she being the daughter of Ann Spear, the grandmother of Emma Alice Browne, a sketch of whose life appears in this volume.

When about two years of age, the subject of this sketch was placed in charge of his paternal grandmother and his uncle, George Johnston, who resided on the homestead, in Cecil county. Here he was carefully nurtured and trained, and here were planted the seeds which have since sprung up and brought forth fruit in his intellectual and moral life. The family being Presbyterian in training, and of the type from which sprang those who in earlier years drafted the Mecklenberg Declaration, the lad was early imbued with those religious principles which ever serve as the true basis of mental growth and moral purpose.

The educational advantages of a half century ago were not such as are enjoyed by the youth of to-day; but such as the neighborhood provided and his uncle's means afforded, were placed at the disposal of the boy, who soon manifested an aptitude to learn. When but five years of age he was sent to what was then called a "Subscription School," kept in the neighborhood. This he attended during the next seven years, and in the Winter time until the year 1849, when he took charge as teacher of a school, in the Center School House, situated near Fair Hill, in Cecil county.

In the Spring of 1847 Mr. Johnston spent three months in Chesapeake City (in this county) as an apprentice to the carpenter business. He completed his trade in the neighborhood in which he had been raised, and from the year 1851 to 1864 spent his time about equally in teaching school and working at his trade.

When the war of the rebellion broke out in 1861, Mr. Johnston, without hesitation, took the side of the Union, and was, during all

those dark days, an ardent supporter of the Government, the intensity of his convictions being no doubt increased by the result of his observations during a business trip to Texas and through the South in the Winter of eighteen hundred and sixty and sixty-one.


In the Constitutional Convention of this State in 1864 he served with ability as committee clerk, having accepted the position at the solicitation of the late David Scott (of John), who was a member of that body. While acting as committee clerk, Mr. Johnston had the honor of engrossing that section of the Constitution which abolished slavery in the State of Maryland. Many years afterwards he presented the pen used on that occasion to Frederick Douglass, then United States Marshal of the District of Columbia.

Mr. Johnston's health, which had always been precarious, became so bad in 1875 that he was obliged to abandon his trade and turn his attention to another occupation. Accordingly, two years later he became connected with *The Cecil Whig*, and for about three years had charge of its local columns. While associated with that journal, his attention was attracted to the mine of wealth offered to the investigator by the early history of Cecil county. Prompted by a love of historical investigation, he was led to make researches into this mine—a task hitherto largely unattempted or ineffectually prosecuted. The results of these studies enriched the columns of *The Cecil Whig* during a period of three years, and attracted wide attention. In 1881 he published the "History of Cecil County, Md., and the Early Settlements Around the Head of the Chesapeake Bay and on the Delaware River, with Sketches of Some of the Old Families of Cecil County." This work, which embodied the results of the author's investigations during a period of some years, is one of rare value. To those who have given but little thought to the subject, it is ever a matter of surprise to learn how closely the history of Cecil and the surrounding counties is interwoven with that of our common country, and how valuable as data of the past are the materials which invited the lover of truth to their discovery. One can scarcely estimate the laborious research involved in the task of gathering the component parts of a history which stretched over a period of nearly two hundred and seventy-five years. Old volumes, musty records, masses of court documents, correspondence (official and otherwise), previous historical attempts, personal knowledge, tradition and personal interviews, were all laid under contribution by the author, and served as sources of his authority. These he has woven together with such judgment in selection, skill in arrangement and force of style and diction, that just as "Gray's *Elegy*" alone has placed him in the front rank of poets, so this one work has given the author a high and permanent place among the historians of our country. The work attempted is so well done, and withal so accurate and reliable as one of reference and authority, that in recognition of its merits Mr. Johnston has been elected a member of the Historical Societies of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and Wisconsin.

On January 1, 1883, he became local editor of *The Cecil Democrat*, and was in such capacity connected with that newspaper for three years and a half.

Early in life Mr. Johnston was a pupil of David Scott (of James), who then taught a school in the Fourth district of Cecil county, and whose sister, Miss Hannah F. Scott, he subsequently married. The scholar being advanced in studies beyond the other pupils of the school, naturally a close intimacy was formed between him and his teacher. This afterwards deepened into a friendship which continued without interruption until Mr. Scott's death, and was the means of creating in Mr. Johnston an ardent love of poetry. Since 1851 he has written a number of poems, some of which have appeared in print. These have been so well received by the public that the author, in deference to the wishes of some of his friends, has ventured to include the following rhymes in this work :

HERE AND HEREAFTER.


DAD echoes of unequal strife,
 Go sighing through the aftermath,
 That skirts the dark uncertain path,
 That leads me to the close of life;—
 And years ago dark shadows fell
 Athwart the amber sky of youth,
 Blighting the bloom of hope and truth,
 That erst had blossom'd all too well.

The world's great heart beats wild and high,
 With wealth of bliss and love untold—
 While I with unblanch'd eye behold
 Its fading phantoms wane and die.
 Without a sigh I mark their flight;
 A stranger to the world unknown,
 Amid its mazes all alone,
 I wander in Egyptian night.

I worship not at its cold shrine,
 Nor fear the terror of its frown,
 It cannot chain my spirit down,
 The soaring of my soul confine.
 For ah! we parted at the tomb,
 Where buried hopes of youthful years,

Embalm'd in sorrow's bitter tears,
Lie mouldering within the gloom.

Ah! few and dim the lights that gleam
Around me in life's dismal maze,
Scarce seen amid the somber haze
That shrouds me in life's dismal dream.
I never drank the wine of bliss,
Made sweeter by the wealth of joy;
My cup is mix'd with griefs alloy,
And I have tasted only this.

Life's problem oft to solve, I try,
And hope I have not lived in vain,
And borne this galling fetter chain
Through all its years without a sigh.
Some tears, perhaps, I may have dried—
My own in sympathy I shed
O'er joys and hopes of others dead,
By sorrow's legions crucified.

Earthly joys, alas! are fleeting,
Shadowy and evanescent,
Scarce full orb'd before the crescent
Tells us of their final setting.
And soon our starry dreams are wreck'd,
And all our earthly hopes sublime
Lie stranded on the shores of Time,
In drapery of woe bedeck'd,

Yet I know 'tis vain repining;—
Though to-day the sky with sorrow
May be overcast, to-morrow
All the love-lights may be shining,
Made brighter by the long eclipse;
And shadows of earth's dreary night,
That shrouded from my spirit's sight,
Life's glorious Apocalypse.

To tread this weary round of Toil
Is not the whole of mortal life;—
There is an unseen inner strife,
Where battling for the victor's spoil,

The wrong contendeth with the right,—
 Passion and pride with gentleness
 Pity with sorrow and distress—
 And faith with sin's deep with'ring blight.

And truth my spirit oft beguiles,
 While her dear face is wreath'd in smiles,
 By whisp'ring sweetly unto me;
 As thou hast measured, it shall be
 In justice meted out to thee,
 When thou hast reached the blissful isles
 Beyond the misty veil of Time;
 Thou'lt find a rest from earthly wars,
 And healing for thy earthly scars,
 Within that sweet supernal clime.

THE TURTLE'S SERMON.

AN old and crafty terrapin,
 Who lately found his speech,
 Like many another simple lout,
 Concluded he could preach.

And so he waddled to the shore,
 And thus address'd his friends—
 The bullfrogs and the snappers bold,
 About their latter ends.

And told them all how they must be
 Made into soup at last;
 And how the serpent sharp can see
 When last year's hide is cast.

And how the wary pickerel
 Enjoys the minnow sweet,
 Which he doth never fail to catch,
 When it goes out to skate;

And how the beaver builds his house
 Within his winter dam;

And how the oyster lays its egg,
And hatches out a clam;

And how the busy bumble bee,
Doth blow his little horn,
Whene'er he goes in quest of food,
Amid the standin' corn:

And how the gentle butterfly
Sings many a merry tune
Because he's glad he has escaped
From out the old cocoon;

And how the rabbit flies his kite,
When he can find a string;
And how the owl sits up all night,
To hear the squirrel sing;

And many other curious things
That did his hearers good,—
Of cats that did a swimmin' go
And eels that chew'd the cud;

And toads that dance upon their ears
When they a courtin' go;
And moles that stand upon their heads,
That they may see the show.

His sermon, as you see, was queer,
And muchly out of joint;—
And 'cause the preacher took no text,
He failed to make his point.

And soon his hearers all grew tired,
And mortified and vex'd,
Because he chose to play the fool,
And preach without a text.

And so they left him there alone—
And this is what befel—
He grew so mad it broke his heart,
And almost burst his shell.

MORAL.

If you successfully would preach,
 Be sure a text to take,
 And stick unto it like a leech
 Until your point you make.

SKYE.

THE DOG WITH THE BEAUTIFUL EYE.

SOMEONE has written a song about "Tray,"
 But no one has courage to write about Skye;
 So methinks I will rhyme, in my own rugged way,
 Of the queer little dog with the beautiful eye.

The land that he came from is said to be cold,
 And nature has dress'd him its storms to defy—
 In the ugliest coat that ever was seen—
 But giv'n him a charming and beautiful eye.

His coat is so ugly it makes him look old
 And scrawny and poor and most ready to die;
 But you'd change your opinion, I think, if you saw
 The life and the beauty that beams from his eye.

'Twere hard to conceive of an uglier thing
 Than this queer little dog from the island of Skye—
 Grotesque and uncouth, and ugly as sin—
 Yet bless'd with a mild and a beautiful eye.

Among dogs, like the heathen Chinees among men,
 His civilization is not very high;
 But then his dark ways we can always excuse
 On account of his lovely and charming bright eye.

He is sad and forlorn, yet so gentle and kind,
 You could not but love him I'm sure if you'd try—
 This dog so demure and so kindly inclined—
 This dog with the mild and the beautiful eye.

Sometimes he will follow his master to church;
 Tho' his piety's weak, I must say with a sigh,
 Perhaps he's as good as some other ones there
 Whose piety seems to be all in their eye.

He's full of strange antics—most little dogs are—
 And tho' he's forlorn, he can mischief descry;
 Indeed—I'm strongly impress'd with the fact—
 It eternally lurks in his beautiful eye.

His hair is the queerest that dog ever wore;
 Tho' kind to his master, of strangers he's shy;
 He is wise in his way; deeply learned in dog lore;
 Intelligence beams from his beautiful eye.

He's patient and faithful, affectionate too;
 My love for his virtues time's lapse will defy;
 I'm sure, if you knew him, you'd love him, like me,
 This dog with the mild and the beautiful eye.

IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, TRY IT.

Is better far to wear away
 In honest strong endeavor,
 Than idly rust in slow decay
 And work and labor never;
 By honest toil to earn your bread,
 Or wherewithal to buy it;
 'Tis very well, and truly said—
 If you don't believe it, try it.

Ye idle loafers in the streets,
 The honest workman spurning,
 Know this—a living to be sweet
 Is better for the earning.
 To loaf and lounge and lie about,
 On others' toil to riot,
 Is only practiced by a lout;
 No honest man will try it.

Oh! him that earns his daily bread!
 Despise and spurn him never,
 A thousand blessings on his head
 'Tis he that feeds you ever.
 Should others work no more than you
 Quite spare would be your diet,
 Your gills would turn a livid hue
 If they would stop and try it.

Then go to work with hands or head,
 You'll surely profit by it;
 And strive to earn some honest bread—
 You can, if you will try it.

Ye sweeter ones of gentler sex,
 Who tread the pavement hourly,
 I do not wish your hearts to vex,
 Then pray don't take it sourly—
 Methinks sometimes 'tis no disgrace
 'Tho' seldom you are nigh it,
 To be at home, your proper place,—
 If you don't believe it, try it.
 Are there no duties there to do?
 If so "be up and doing!"
 No clothes to mend, that you could sew,
 No beer that's worth the brewing?
 Then stay at home, sometimes, at least,
 My counsel, don't defy it,
 A little rest's as good's a feast,
 If you don't believe it, try it.

'Tis easy quite to do the right,
 And in it there is beauty,
 What e'er you do, do with your might,
 But always do your duty.
 Be true unto yourself, and then—
 Wise counsel—don't decry it,
 You can't be false to other men—
 If you don't believe it, try it.

BYE AND BYE.

SHADOWY, dreamy phantoms ever rising
Up before wild Fancy's eyes,
With their untold and beauteous splendor,
Make us present things despise.

And procrastination whispers softly,
Wait a little longer yet;
Rashness will defeat your purpose, mortal,
And be cause of deep regret.

Wait with patience just a moment longer,
Then with safety clutch them fast—
Thus the spirit of delay beguiles us,
Till the lucky time is past.

Moments freighted deep with joy ecstatic
All unheeded pass away;
While we musing scan the misty future,
Hoping they will ever stay.

Bye and bye! may gaily point us forward,
Unto scenes with joy o'er cast—
Only mirage of Life's barren desert,
They are found to be at last.

Bye and bye! with all its artful scheming,
Though it may seem most sublime,
Wisdom horror-stricken spurneth from her,
Knowing only present time.

Reason tells us now's the time for action,
And this truth will ever last,
Written as it is throughout all nature,
On the pages of the Past.

WILLIAM JAMES JONES.

WILLIAM JAMES JONES was born in Elkton, August 25, 1829, and received his education at the common school and Academy in that town. His youth and early manhood was spent in mechanical pursuits and in the improvement of his mind by a desultory course of reading, and in perfecting himself in the knowledge of the Latin language.

In 1852, Mr. Jones purchased a half interest in the *Cecil Whig* and became the editor of that journal for a short time, and until its founder P. C. Ricketts, who was then editing the *Daily News*, of Baltimore, returned from that city and resumed the duties of editor of the *Whig*.

In 1853, Mr. Jones commenced the study of the law in the office of John C. Groome, Esq., in Elkton and was admitted to the Bar, September 21, 1855.

In politics Mr. Jones was a Whig, but allied himself with the American party when it was in course of formation and continued to be an active member as long as the party lasted. In 1857 he was appointed State's Attorney for Cecil county, to fill a vacancy, and in 1859 was elected to the same office for the term of four years. At the outbreak of the war of the rebellion Mr. Jones allied himself with the Union cause and was elected to the House of Delegates by the Union party in 1863, and was appointed two years afterwards, United States' District Attorney for the district of Maryland, and held the office for about a year, and until he was removed by President Andrew Johnson for opposing his policy of reconstruction. In 1858 he married Miss Mary Jane Smith, of Connecticut. They are the parents of one son and two daughters, the eldest of whom is the wife of Rev. Walter E. Avery, of the Wilmington Conference.

Mr. Jones is one of the most earnest and successful members of the Elkton Bar, and though not a voluminous writer, in early life contributed poetry to the columns of the *Cecil Whig*, of which the following poems are specimens.

AUTUMN.

THE autumn winds are moaning round
 And through the branches sighing,
 And autumn leaves upon the ground
 All seared and dead are lying.

The summer flowers have ceased to bloom
 For autumn frosts have blighted,
 And laid them in a cheerless tomb
 By summer sun unlighted.

Thus all our "fondest hopes decay"
 Beneath the chill of sorrow,
 The joys that brightest seem to-day
 Are withered by the morrow.

But there are flowers that bloom enshrin'd
 In hearts by love united,
 Unscathed by the autumn wind,
 By autumn frost unblighted.

And there are hearts that ever thrill
 With friendship warm and glowing,
 And joys unseared by sorrow's chill
 With hallowed truth o'erflowing.

MARY'S GRAVE.

IN a quiet country churchyard
 From the city far away,
 Where no marble stands in mockery
 Above the mould'ring clay;
 Where rears no sculptured monument—
 There grass and flowers wave
 'Round a spot where mem'ry lingers—
 My once-loved Mary's grave.

They laid her down to slumber
 In this lonely quiet spot,

They raised no stone above her,
 No epitaph they wrote;
 They pressed the fresh mould o'er her
 As earth to earth they gave—
 Their hearts with anguish bursting,
 They turned from Mary's grave.

She knew not much of grief or care
 Ere yet by Death's cold hand,
 Her soul was snatched from earth away
 To join the spirit band:
 Her mild blue eye hath lost its gleam,
 No more her sufferings crave
 The hand of pity, but the tear
 Falls oft o'er Mary's grave.

I too would pay my tribute there,
 I who have loved her well,
 And drop one silent, sorrowing tear
 This storm of grief to quell;
 'Tis all the hope I dare indulge,
 'Tis all the boon I crave,
 To pay the tribute of a tear,
 Loved Mary, o'er thy grave.

TO ANSELMO.

Anselmo was the nom de plume of David Scott, of James.

I know thee not, and yet I fain
 Would call thee brother, friend;
 I know that friendship, virtue, truth,
 All in thy nature blend.

I know by thee the formal bow,
 The half deceitful smile
 Are valued not; they ill become
 The man that's free from guile.

I know thee not, and yet my breast
 Thrills ever at thy song,

And bleeds to know, that thou hast felt
The weight of "woe and wrong."

'Tis said the soul with care opprest
Grows patient 'neath the weight,
And after years can bear it well
E'en though the load be great.


And, that the heart oft stung by grief
Is senseless to the pain,
And bleeding bares it to the barb,
To bid it strike again.

I care not if the heart has borne
All that the world can give,
Of "disappointment, hate and scorn;"
In hope 'twill ever live,

And feel the barb'd and poison'd stings
Of anguish, grief and care,
As keenly as in years gone by,
When first they entered there.

The weary soul by care opprest
May utter no complaints,
But loaths the weight it cannot bear
And weakens till it faints.

FLOWERS.

RING flowers for the youthful throng,
Of variegated glow,
And twine of them a gaudy wreath
Around each childish brow.

Bring flowers for the maiden gay,
Bring flowers rich and rare,
And weave the buds of brightest hue
Among her waving hair,

Bring flowers to the man of grief—
 They hold the syren art,
 To charm the care-look from his brow,
 The sorrow from his heart.

Bring flowers for the sick girl's couch;
 'Twill cheer her languid eye
 To know the flowers have bloomed again,
 And see them ere she die.

Bring flowers when her soul has fled,
 And place them on her breast,
 Tho' ere their blooming freshness fade
 We lay her down to rest.

LIFE.

LIFE at best is but a dream,
 We're launched upon a rapid stream,
 Gushing from some unknown source,
 Rushing swiftly on its course,
 Save when amid some painful scene,
 And then it flows calm and serene,
 That we may gaze in mute despair
 On every hated object there.

Fortune our bark and hope our chart,
 With childish glee on our voy'ge we start,
 The boat glides merrily o'er the wave.
 But ah! there's many a storm to brave,
 And many a dang'rous reef to clear,
 And rushing rapid o'er which to steer.

Anon the stream grows wide and deep,
 While here and there wild breakers leap,
 O'er rocks half hidden by the flood,
 Where for ages they have stood,
 Upon whose bleak and rugged crest,
 Many a proud form sank to rest,
 And many a heart untouched by care
 Laid its unstained offering there.

Ah! they have met a happier lot,
Whose bark was wrecked ere they forgot
The pleasing scenes of childhood's years,
'Mid that tempestuous vale of tears
Which farther on begirts the stream,
Where phantom hopes like lightning gleam
Through the murky air, and flit around
The brain with hellish shrieking sound
Conjuring up each mad'ning thought,
With black despair or malice fraught.

Swiftly, on in our course we go
To where sweetest flow'rs are hanging low
We stretch our hand their stems to clasp
But ah! they're crush'd within our grasp,
While forward th' rushing stream flows fast
And soon the beauteous scene is past.

At last we view another sight,
The shore with drifted snow is white,
The stream grows dark and soon we feel
An icy coldness o'er us steal,
We cast our eyes ahead and see
The ocean of Eternity.

When once amid its peaceful waves
No holier joy the bosom craves—
Ten thousand stars are shining bright
Yet one reflects a purer light—
No sooner does its glowing blaze
Attract the spirit's wand'ring gaze,
Than all is turned to joy we see—
That star is Immortality.

JOHN HENRY KIMBLE.

JOHN HENRY KIMBLE was born in Buckingham township, Bucks county, Pennsylvania, September 8, 1850. He is the second son of Henry H. Kimble, and is descended on his father's side from English stock, being a lineal descendant from Governor John Carver, who came to this country in the Mayflower in 1620. On his mother's side, his grandfather, Seruch Titus, was a prominent citizen of Bucks county, and, as his name indicates, was of Italian descent.

Mr. Kimble moved with his parents to the Fourth Election district of Cecil county, in the Spring of 1855, and has been engaged in farming all his life, except two years spent in teaching in our public schools. He is a popular music teacher and performer on musical instruments, and has won local distinction as a debater.

In 1870 his first verses were published in the *Morris Scholastic* a newspaper published in Grundy county, Illinois. He afterwards wrote for the *Cecil Whig*. In 1875 he wrote "The Patrons of Husbandry," a serial poem, which was published by the Grange organ of the State of Pennsylvania, in seven parts, with illustrations. It was pronounced by competent critics to be one of the "best and most natural descriptions of farm life ever written." It attracted wide attention and received favorable comment from the *N. Y. World* and other leading papers. He wrote another serial in 1876, entitled "Two Granges."

Mr. Kimble makes no pretensions as a writer and has never allowed his love of literature to interfere with his farm work. In the Winters of 1872, '73 and '74 he taught in the public schools of this county with satisfaction to his patrons.

In December, 1873, he was married to Miss Sarah Teresa Gallagher, daughter of John E. Gallagher, of the Fourth district. They have five children, three daughters and two sons. In 1880, Mr. Kimble moved from the farm near Fair Hill, where he had spent twenty-five years, to Appleton, where he still resides. He is now a frequent and popular contributor to the *Cecil Democrat*.

HIS LAST TUNE.

HE shade of death had haunted him
Through many a weary day;
With dread disease his youthful frame
Was wasting slow away.
He took his violin and sighed,—
“I am too weak to play.”

But, rising in his cushioned chair,
He grasps, with trembling hand,
The neck and bow, and tunes the strings
And thinks of concerts grand;
And hears the crowd applauding loud
As when he led the band.

Inspired with supernatural power
He plays a melody,
Forgetting all the terrors of
His mortal malady;
And, as of yore, his soul once more
Is with the gay and free.

Something responsive in the soul
Wakes with melodious sound
A lively melody that makes
The languid pulse rebound,
While recollection takes the mind
Through many a happy round.

Now fast, now slow, he draws the bow
To suit his changing will;
A march, a waltz, a polka, and
An intricate quadrille,
Each in its turn is rendered with
An artist's ready skill.

With failing strength he strikes at length
His favorite—“Home, Sweet Home;”
His dreamy spirit ceases with
The pleasing past to roam,

And, through the future, seems to rise
Up, up to Heaven's high dome.

And mingling with his violin
He hears the joyful strains
That vibrate o'er angelic hosts,
Where song supernal reigns!
Oh! glimpse of glory! lifting him
Above all mortal pains.

The last sweet note of that sweet tune
Within the room has died—
And now he's playing on the harp
Upon the other side
Of death's dark river, safe and free,
Among the glorified.

ADVICE TO AN AMBITIOUS YOUTH.

YOU look with joy to-day along life's vista clear,
And great will be your deeds through many a
happy year,
And smiling friends will come to crown with glad
acclaim
A hero, when you reach the glittering heights
of fame.

Your life will be above the common herd, I trow,
You will not toil and drudge as they are doing now:
Success attend your steps; a word I would not say
To chill your warmest hopes, or shade your sunny
way.

Your mark is high, my child, then aim your arrow
straight,
The world has need to-day, of heroes good and
great,

You feel so strong; and wish life's battle would
begin,
You'll find a chance ere long, to do your best and
win.

But may be you will fail, 'tis ten to one you will,
And men will laugh, to see your lack of pluck and
skill,
Perhaps you will not have one mighty thing to do;
But many little things will prove if you are true.

To carry brick and stone for someone else's wall,
To do the hardest part and get no praise at all,
To see a weaker man upheld by circumstance,
And find the path hedged high, just when you
would advance;


Or, in the jostling crowd, to slip, and fall, and see,
How many men will scoff at your adversity,
And though your heart may ache, you must not
shed a tear,
But plan, and push, and work, and smother all
your fear.

No darling mother then can sympathize with you,—
No father when you stick, will kindly pull you
through;
Through years of grasping toil the wealth you
gain, and fame,
May vanish all, and leave you poverty and shame.

But you need not be lost, all people are not bad,
The Lord has servants good, as He has ever had;
They'll find you in your grief, and lend a helping
hand,
And point the road that leads up to the "Better
Land."

Remember this, my child, wherever you may go,
That God rules over all, though it may not seem so;
And what you sow, you'll reap, with joy or misery,
If not in time, O, surely in eternity.

TOO LATE.

 dear old friend of mine is very ill, I hear,
 I have not seen his face for many a weary year.
 Ah, many toilsome days we've spent with little
 gain,
 And he was poor and weak, but never would
 complain.

I knew his fears and hopes, he knew my hopes and
 fears.
 We shared each other's joys and wept each other's
 tears!
 He had his faults, and I oft sinned in word and deed;
 But through our troubles all, we seldom disagreed.

And when we did, we soon were truly reconciled;
 So, while we might have quarrelled, we compro-
 mised and smiled.
 But fortune bade us part; we bid good-bye at last,
 Each toiled as bravely on as both had in the past.

I've written him, and he has answered prompt and
 true;
 But we have never met as we had promised to.
 For he was busy there and I was busy here,
 And so our lots were cast apart from year to year.

But when a mutual friend told me this afternoon
 That he was very sick and wished to see me soon,
 I left my home at once and on the earliest train
 I'm speeding to his home across the distant plain.

He looks for me! and I, to reach him scarce can
 wait,
 O, for the lightning's speed! that I may not be late.
 The fields seem spinning round, the trees seem fly-
 ing past,
 The engine thunders on, the station's reached at
 last.

And to my friend I haste, to greet him as of yore,
 Rejoicing in his thrift, I pause beside his door.
 A servant asks me in, and there upon his bed,
 Behold my dear old friend, who sent for me—just
 dead!

I speak his name once more, and check the rising
 tears,
 And kiss his honest face, changed little through the
 years.
 ‘He asked for you,’ they said, but could no longer
 wait;
 Alas! alas! to be but fifteen minutes late.

AFTER THE SHOWER.

AFTER the shower the fields are green,
 The winds are hushed, the air is cool,
 The merry children now are seen
 Barefoot wading the wayside pool,
 Loitering on their way to school,
 After the morning shower.

After the shower the farmers walk
 Around their homes with thanks sincere.
 The shower is foremost in their talk,
 See! how it makes their crops appear,
 The finest seen for many a year.
 Thanks for the gentle shower.

Westward the dark clouds roll away
 To vanish in the ether blue,
 Eastward the curtains light and gay
 Exclude the glorious sun from view
 Till, as they shift, he flashes through
 And lights the charming scene.

Against the melting clouds, behold
 The lofty arch, the beauteous bow,
 The sacred sign to saints of old,


As bright as when first seen below,
 How fair the matchless colors glow
 After the cooling shower.

Washed by the countless, crystal drops,
 Awhile from swarming insects free,
 The cattle clip the clover tops
 Forth wandering o'er the fertile lea,
 The birds sing with unusual glee
 After the drenching shower.

Over the hills and valleys green
 Wild flowers are blooming fresh and fair,
 In cottage lawns and yards are seen
 The good results of woman's care,
 Tulips and pinks and lillies rare
 Fresh from the timely shower.

A TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF DAVID SCOTT (OF JOHN.)

 weep for the loss of a leader in thought,
 Whose lessons of truth, with simplicity taught,
 Have bless'd and encouraged the humble and
 poor,
 Who always were welcomed with joy at his door.

How happy the hours when we gathered around,
 To hear his solutions of problems profound;
 And bright through my mem'ry what pleasure
 returns
 When I think of his rendering of Byron and Burns.

The "Saturday Night," and "To Mary in
 Heaven,"
 With true Scottish accent were touchingly given,
 And reckless "Don Juan's" most comical plight,—
 And pathos of "Harold" he gave with delight.

The pages of Hebraic sages divine,
Made vocal by him with new beauties did shine;
His choice conversation with children and men,
Was often enriched with a song from his pen.

In public debate, whosoever arose,
His well-grounded argument firm to oppose,
Though sharp the contention, was forced to declare,
That he was an honorable champion there.

And, those he offended, as everyone must,
Whose thoughts are progressive, whose actions are
just,
With kindness he reasoned all errors to show,
And made a staunch friend of a bickering foe.


He owned like a hero the penalty dread—
“By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy
bread,”
And his toil through summer, and mid-winter
snows,
Has made the wild wilderness bloom as the rose.

The choicest of fruits in profusion appeared,
On trees that he planted, and vines that he reared;
And few things delighted him more than to send,
A rare little treat to an invalid friend.

He scorned false pretences and arrogant pride,
The follies of fashion he loved to deride;
But acknowledged true merit wherever 'twas shown,
By a serf in his hut, or a king on his throne.

His faults be forgotten, we've all gone astray,
Lord, show us in mercy, the straight, narrow way,
Peace, peace to his ashes, and sweet be his rest,
With angels of light, in the home of the blest.

SPRING.


 ROSY morn is brightly breaking,
 Cheerful birds melodious sing,
 Earth with thankful songs awaking
 Hails with joy the merry Spring,
 Silver clouds in sunlight glowing
 Slowly float the azure dome,
 Tender flowers are sweetly blowing
 Round each cozy cottage home.

Dreary winter's icy fingers
 Have released the bending tree,
 Genial life reviving, lingers
 O'er the cold and sterile lea.
 From the rocky, snow-clad mountains,
 Where the breath of sunny Spring
 Has unfettered muffled fountains,
 Hear the songs of gladness ring.

In the morn of playful childhood,
 With dear friends 'mid sylvan bowers,
 O'er the fields and through the wildwood,
 Culling all the choicest flow'rs;
 Twining wreaths, each other crowning,
 Dew-drops bright for royal gems,
 Ne'er a thought of worldly frowning
 On the precious diadems.

Marched we on with true devotion,
 While the scenes of after years,
 Stirr'd the spirits deep emotion,
 With alternate hopes and fears.
 While before us lay life's prizes,
 Dazzling in the sunlight gleam,—
 How we gazed with sad surprises,
 When they vanished like a dream.

Many happy hearts grew weary,
 Rosy cheeks grew pale and white,

Pleasant paths grew dark and dreary,
Swept by storms of withering blight;
How the changing years have fled,
Strewing wrecks on either side,
Cherished schemes have been defeated,
And the cares of age abide.

But when cheery Spring advances,
Crowned with gems of beauty rare,
Pleasure like a fairy, dances
O'er the landscape everywhere,
And the tide of life flows higher,
Gloom's dark curtains are withdrawn,
And again youth's hidden fire,
Thrills me as in life's fresh dawn.



JAMES McCAULEY.

JAMES McCAULEY was born August 23, 1809, near Mechanics Valley, in Cecil county, and received his education in the log schoolhouse in that neighborhood known as Maffit's schoolhouse. He learned the trade of a cooper with his father John McCauley. After coming of age he taught school for a few years, and then commenced making threshing machines and horse powers, doing the wood and iron work himself. In 1836 he removed to New Leeds, where he has since resided.

In 1841, Mr. McCauley was appointed County Surveyor by Governor Pratt, and served in that capacity for several years and has ever since practiced land surveying with much success in all parts of Cecil county. In 1857 he was elected Register of Wills and served until the Fall of 1863. In 1864 he was elected a delegate to the General Assembly of the State, and served in the session of 1865, and the special session of 1866. Mr. McCauley has always been deeply interested in the cause of education and was chairman of the committee on that subject in the House of Delegates. While in the Legislature he was instrumental in securing the passage of the law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in Cecil county on election day.

In the early part of 1868 Mr. McCauley was appointed School Commissioner, and soon afterwards Chief Judge of the Orphan's Court, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Levi H. Evans, which he did with so much acceptability that he has since been elected for four terms of four years each.

In 1834, Mr. McCauley married Sarah, the youngest daughter of Hugh Beard, a well-known surveyor of this county. His first wife died in 1846, leaving five children. In 1849 he married Milliecent, daughter of Jacob Price, of Sassafras Neck.

Mr. McCauley commenced to write poetry when a young man and has contributed poetry, but much more prose, to the newspapers of this county during the last half century.

HENRY CLAY.

He needs no monument, no marble pile,
'Tis vain thus to commemorate a name
That must endure in noble grandeur while
His country lives,—the temple of his fame.

VIRTUOUS AGE.

As early youth in brightness vies,
 With advent of the day,
 When Sol first opes his golden eyes,
 And chases night away.

So may the virtuous man compare,
 In his declining day,
 With setting sun, in ev'ning fair,
 Passing from earth away.

And though his face no more we see,
 He still reflects his light,
 And shines with glorious majesty,
 In other realms more bright.

And still his light doth ne'er decline,
 But gath'ring up fresh store,
 Through ages yet to come, shall shine,
 And shine, forever more.


ACROSTIC.

ENRAPTURED thoughts intuitive,
 Make haste to greet thy page,
 Melodious with sweet accord,
 And classic too with age.

And ever may the sacred nine,
 Lead thee to their embrace,
 Inspire thy song with themes divine,
 Choice gems select from nature's mine,
 Enriched with matchless grace.

Be thine a life of social joy,
 Removed from care and pain,
 On earth thy early years employ,
 With prospect of that gain
 No mortal here can realize,
 Eternal bliss beyond the skies.

 WORK TO-DAY.



 OUTH's the time; Youth's the season!
 Learn and labor while you may,
 Hear the voice of age and reason,—
 Work to-day.

Labor hard in morning's prime,
 Hasten on without delay,
 Make the most of early time—
 Work to-day.

Up betimes, nor let the sun
 Find you sleeping or at play,
 Sleep enough when life is done—
 Work to-day.

Cull the sweets from ev'ry flower,
 Seize the moments while you may,
 Nor idly pass one sunny hour—
 Work to-day.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.


 EAR sister, has thy little son,
 Been snatched from thy embrace,
 Thy fav'rite child, thy darling one,
 Has left a vacant place.

His father oft with little John
 Beguil'd the hours away,
 To watch his little fav'rite son,
 Enjoy his childish play;

For there was laughter in his eye,
 And health was on his cheek,
 I fancy that he's standing by,
 And almost hear him speak.


The patt'ring of his little feet,
 In fancy's ear is heard,

The music of his voice as sweet,
As singing of a bird.

The objects that we fondly prize,
How soon they pass away,
And we are left to realize,
The emblems of decay.

Dear sister, be resigned then,
Nor let your faith grow dim,
He cannot come to you again,
But you can go to him.

SPRING.

 WAKE and sing, for early Spring
Comes forth with beauty gay,
With joy elate, both small and great
Now bless the happy day.

Through all the earth comes beauty forth,
So sweet, so fresh and fair,
And ev'ry sound that echoes round,
Comes with a gladsome air.

While from the hill the little rill,
Comes trickling down so clear,
Its bubbling voice made me rejoice,
In many an early year.

Along the mead where'er we tread,
Will little flow'rets spring,
And through the air in colors rare,
Waves many a tiny wing.

Back to their home, the songsters come,
And gaily, blithely sing,
The sun looks gay, I love the day,
The sweet and early spring.

HOPE.

WHEN storms arise, and tumults jar,
 And wreck this mortal form,
 There is a bright, a lovely star,
 That shines above the storm.



'Tis hope that buoys our spirits up,
 Along the chequer'd way,
 And when we drain the bitter cup
 It points a brighter day.

Though all the ills of life stand by,
 It proffers still to save;
 And when the shades of death are nigh,
 It looks beyond the grave.

AUTUMN.

How sad the breath of autumn sighs,
 With mourning and decay;
 The woods are clothed in varying dyes,
 Of funeral array.



Where beauty bloomed of late around,
 On mountain top and vale,
 Now wither'd foliage strews the ground,
 And tells a piteous tale.

And summer birds are on the wing,
 Bound for a warmer sky,
 They greeted us in early spring—
 They bid us now good bye.

So pass away our early years,
 Youth sinks into decay,
 And age, like autumn soon appears,
 And quick we pass away.

MRS. IDA McCORMICK.

MRS. IDA McCORMICK was born at Cameron Park, the family homestead, one mile south of the pleasant little village of Zion, Cecil county, Maryland, December 31, 1850. She is the daughter of William Cameron (of Robert,) and a cousin of Annie M. Biles; her mother Anna M. Oldham, being a sister of Catherine R. Oldham, the mother of Annie M. Darlington, whose biography may be found in this volume. She was educated at the Church-side Seminary, at Zion, and at an early age engaged in teaching in the public schools of her native county. She commenced to write poetry when quite young, and for some years occasionally contributed to the columns of the *Cecil Whig*.

On the 7th of August, 1873, she married James McCormick, of Woodlawn, and for about a year after her marriage resided with her husband near that place. In 1876 the family removed to Philadelphia where they have since resided, except short intervals when traveling.

MY FANCY LAND.

I'm roaming to-day in a far-away land
Where the roses and violets grow,
Where white waves break on a silvery strand,
And are lost on the cliffs below.
High up in a palace of sparkling gold
Where voices are hushed and still,
Where lips are silent and hearts are cold,
And the days are rich with a glory untold,
And no one disputes my will.

The walls are rich with an amber light,
And waters in fountains fall,
There are landscapes which vie with Italy bright,
And servants within my call;
There are sounds of music, bewitchingly sweet,
With tender, plaintive chords,
Like the patter of tiny innocent feet,

Or the voices of joy when loved ones meet
And their hearts speak out, their words.

All day from my turret I watch the sails
That fleck the sweep of the tide,—
Whose passengers all are joyous and hale,
As into the harbor they ride.
They enter my golden castle gate,—
They roam thro' my stately halls,—
They rest in chambers furnished in state,
Then close by my glory-throne they wait,
Until I shall answer their call.

There are faces bright with a merry light
And the music of long ago;
And others dark as Lethe's night
And as cold as the winter's snow.
Hands that meet mine in a trusty clasp
With blushes that come and go,
Strangers to pain in this world so vast,
With its pleasure now and sorrow at last,
In the land we do not know.

They are bound for this strangely mystical land
So shadowy, lone and so dim,
And my castle's a port on the ocean strand,
Where they wait for the ferryman grim,
To row them away from the silvery beach
Beyond the foam of the tide,
Where a palace looms far away from their reach,
Whose gates are closed with a clang to each
Who have chosen the pathway wide.

They tell me I'm treading with careless feet
This thorny, deceitful path,
When the Master cometh my face to greet
He will open his vials of wrath.
But I turn again to the world so real,
And my "Fancy Land" grows dim,
Time's hand has taught me not to feel
The wounds which sympathy cannot heal,
And I anchor my faith in Him.

WITH THE TIDE.

BENEATH the bright sun's dazzling ray,
 She watched his vessel sail away
 To distant, far-famed lands.
 Her heart was gone,—upon her hand
 Sparkled a diamond fair and grand,
 Telling in silent jubilee
 "His love is all the world to me."

Time goes by wings,—the years flew on,
 The days had come,—the summers gone,
 And still no loved one came
 To feed the burning passion flame
 Still glowing in her heart.
 They told her "in another land
 He captive held a heart and hand
 And graced Dame Fashion's mart."

She listened to love's second tale
 That came with Autumn's misty gale,
 And hid her heart within the fold
 Of satins rare, and lustrous gold,
 Sadness so deep, must live untold
 Shut in her marble palace high,
 Reared almost up to touch the sky.

Haughty and cold her heart had grown,
 For wealth and glory she lived alone,
 Yet as oft she watched an out bound ship
 Its prow in foamy waters dip,
 The day came back when lip to lip
 Her heart met his in a sad farewell.
 Murmuring this sad and low refrain,
 As cold and chill as winter rain—
 "He's falser than human tongue can tell."

* * * * *

September's sun with yellow heat,
 Fell burning where the waves had beat

With restless motion, against the shore,
 And music like unto that of yore,
 When a tiny speck in the clouds she saw,
 Moving and nearing the pleasant land
 Quietly, swiftly, as by a law.
 Screening her brown eyes with her hand,
 She saw it strike the pebbled sand,
 And heard a glad shout cleave the air,
 And saw a noble, manly form,
 With locks of silvered raven hair,
 And a heart with love and passion warm.

She held her breath in silent dread,
 The crimson from her soft cheek fled,
 Low at her feet he knelt;—
 “No welcome for the leal and true?
 Speak, darling, speak! it is my due,
 Back through the years I've come to you
 Faithful as when I went!”

“No answer still? my love, oh, why
 No answer to my pleading cry?”
 Thou'rt dead! Why have I lived for this?
 To gain a life of shipwrecked bliss?
 To distant lands to roam and then
 Dead lips to welcome me again?

* * * * *

A funeral train,—all mourners great,
 Pall-bearers clothed in robes of state,
 The form they love more fair in death
 Than when 'twas warmed by living breath,
 A haughty man with silvered hair,
 Among the strangers gathered there;—
 A rose dropped by an unknown hand
 With perfume from a foreign land,
 Upon the casket lid,—
 A ship at anchor in the bay,
 That in the evening bore away
 A form that landed yesterday.

THE OLD FASHION.

“The old, old fashion,—Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality!”—*Dickens*.

DESPITE all human passion,
 And all that we can do,—
 There is an old, old fashion
 That comes to me and you.
 It has come to me so often
 That I know its meaning well,
 Nothing its pain can soften
 Nothing its power can quell.


When the battle-field was silent,
 Gone to their final rest,
 Dead in their last encampment
 Lay the ones I loved the best.
 And then, when my heart was lightest,
 It came with a snake-like tread,
 And darkened the day that was brightest,
 Then left me with my dead.

It came in the wild March weather
 With bluster of storm and sleet,
 And stilled in our home forever
 The patter of boyish feet.
 And then,—God pity my treason,
 When life again had smiled,
 It came in the holiday season
 And took from me my child.

“Give thanks for the old, old fashion,”
 No, that can never be.
 Where is the Divine compassion
 That God has shown to me?
 Fling wide each shining portal,—
 Let me—a sinner through,—
 Thank God for the immortal
 Is all that I can do.

No prayer of love or passion
 Can give my dead to me,
 But I bless the old, old fashion,
 Of immortality.

MY BABY AND THE ROSE.

 rose tree grew by the garden wall,
 And its highest blossom was just as tall
 As my baby's curly head;
 A lovely, fragrant, perfect rose,—
 But sweeter from head to dimpled toes,
 Was the baby I fondly led.

Now summer is over and winter gone,
 And the winds of March are whistling on
 Where the rose its petals shed;
 No trace of rose perfumed and rare,
 No baby face as seraph fair,
 My baby sweet is dead.

The summer sun will shine again,
 And 'neath the pattering, warm June rain,
 Again the rose will bloom,
 And so beyond these lowering skies
 My baby dear, with smiling eyes,
 Shall peer through earthly gloom,

And guide me with her angel hand
 Through Heaven's gates,—and with me stand
 Away from worldly woes,—
 Where Heaven's flowers, divinely sweet,
 Soften the path for weary feet
 With perfume of the rose.

FOLGER MCKINSEY.

FOLGER MCKINSEY was born in Elkton, on the 29th of August, 1866, in the cottage on Bow street now occupied by Thomas W. Green. His early life was spent in Elkton, except a few years in childhood when his parents resided in the West and South, until 1879, when they removed to Philadelphia, taking their son with them. His paternal grandfather was a Scotchman, and his grand parents on his mother's side were Germans, from the country bordering on the Rhine. Through the marriage of his maternal great grandmother he is distantly related to Daniel Defoe, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*. Both his parents are persons of intellectual ability, and have written verse, his mother having been a contributor to the local newspapers of this county, and to several western journals.

Mr. McKinsey received his education at the primary school of Miss Tabitha Jones, on Main street, in Elkton, where he was sent when seven years of age. Except an attendance of eight months at the public school of Elkton, he never attended any other schools. In early childhood he showed a great desire to read, and is indebted to his relative, William J. Jones, and to L. Marshall Haines and E. E. Ewing for the means of gratifying his early thirst for information. Shortly after removing to Philadelphia Mr. McKinsey entered a mercantile establishment as clerk, but soon afterwards accepted a position in the office of a publishing house, and subsequently entered the office of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad company as clerk in the record department. While in the office of the railroad company he wrote and published his first poem. It is called "Satana Victo" and is written in blank verse. Since that time he has been a prolific writer of both poetry and prose, much of which has been published.

In October, 1884, Mr. McKinsey accepted the position of editor of the *Shore Gazette*, a weekly journal published at Ocean Beach, N. J., which he continued to fill for some months, when he returned to Philadelphia and accepted a position as special writer on a prominent daily journal of that city. In October, 1885, Mr. McKinsey accepted the position of associate editor of the *Cecil Whig*, which he continued to fill until the following March when he became editor of the *Daily* and *Weekly News*, of Frederick City, Maryland. During the time he was connected with the *Whig* he began the publication of a journal in Darby, called the *Delaware County Independent*.

In January, 1886, Mr. McKinsey married Miss Fannie Holenrake Dungan, an estimable young English lady of Camden, N. J. Mr. McKinsey is a great admirer of Joaquin Miller and Walt Whitman, and a warm personal friend of the latter.

Though young in years he writes with as much fluency and ease as if he had been writing poetry for half an ordinary lifetime, and gives promise of a brilliant career that will be creditable to his native town, and beneficial to the human race.

WAITING THEIR CROWNS.

THEY wait, the forest monarchs tall,
 In naked beauty on the hills,
 Until the snows of Winter fall,
 And icy arms embrace the rills.

The golden glory of the days,
 When Indian Summer fills the land,
 Descends in gleams and dreamful haze,
 Like blessings from the Lord's right hand.

No matin call of tardy bird,
 Long stayed by sunshine in the north,
 Above the fluttering clouds is heard.
 A moment's pause, then bursting forth

In all the glorious sweets of song
 That thrill from soul to soul aflame,
 And die the barren hills among
 From whence the summer carols came.

All day the leafless monarchs wave
 Their hoary branches high in air,
 And white-winged spirits guard the grave
 Where late they laid the Autumn fair.

A sterner nature marks the land,
 The soft blue airs of spring-time sleep,
 The Summer trips it, hand in hand,
 With Autumn o'er the distant deep.

Where lift the dim, perpetual isles
Their purple ensigns of the youth
That ever dimples, romps and smiles
Beyond the wrinkled pale of ruth.

And deep within the wooded lane
The oak and pine, in plaintive call,
Unto the wintry tide complain,
As leaves and brown nuts constant fall.

They wait their crowns, the naked kings!
And down the avenues of night
The frosty god, December, brings
Them glistening diadems of white.

White petals of the virgin snow,
With sprigs of ivy here and there,
They deck the forest monarch's brow,
While breezes whistle through his hair.

A sterner nature marks the soul,
Men's lips draw near the cup of life,
They wait to hear the centuries' roll
That bring the kingly crowns of strife.

The spring-time months and summer years
Beside the Autumn days are laid,
Beneath the grave of conquered fears,
Beneath the sloping hill-side's shade.

And deeper joy, serener faith,
Spring forth the golden crowns to grasp,
While death, the monarch, gently lay'th
Upon their brows a kinglier clasp.

They wait no more the golden crown;
Men, trees, the careless days of strife,
Drift onward to the far, sweet town,—
God's kingdom of eternal life.

SEA ECHOES.

I walk not by the sounding sea;
 I dwell full many leagues from shore
 And still an echo drifts to me
 Of the eternal, constant roar
 Of waves, that beetle past the crags
 And moan in weary flights of song
 Where wet sea moss and coral drags
 The shiny lengths of sand along.

I see beyond the friendly vales,
 And grand old hills that guard my home,
 To where the seaward petrel sails
 And storm winds of the Northland moan.
 I live again in brighter days,
 New-born from dreams of the dead past,
 When she and I stood there to gaze
 At sparkling hull, and spar, and mast

Of some staunch sea-craft bound amain
 At will of wayward wind and fate,
 Deep plunging in the waves to gain
 Some northern isle, or rich estate
 Of palm and pine in southward clime,
 Where all day long the playful air
 Pranks with the grizzled beard of time
 And paints his hoary visage fair.

Within the dim, old forests here,
 I wander now long leagues from shore,
 And still the old song haunts my ear,
 The century singing ocean's roar;
 And now I know, fond soul of love;
 Why still the murmurous echoes live,
 And sound for aye the hills above
 That back to earth the music give;


She, too, walked there in dreams with me,
 In love's sweet unity we trod
 The moon-bathed sands, and swore to be
 Forever true before our God.

I see it still, her pale, calm face,
 With angel love-light in her eyes,
 And ever there, beside such grace,
 A dim, sweet token of surprise.

Oh, tender touch of one soft hand!
 I held it then in simple trust,
 Alas, ye waves that lick the sand!
 How long has that hand lain in dust?
 I see her soul in yonder star,
 I see the soft lines of her face,
 And could God so unkindly mar
 That angel beauty and its grace?

Roll, murmuring echoes of the sea!
 Repeat thy sweet, immortal moan,
 Drift ever inland unto me
 Within my sunny Southern home;
 And it shall be a tender dream—
 Thy plaintive music thrilling me,
 And her star face above—shall seem
 Like other days beside the sea
 When our lips touched eternally.

WHERE FANCY DWELLS.

HE sea winds blow from western isles,
 From isles where fancy dwells and peace.
 Where summer sunshine softly smiles
 And perfumes of the far off east
 Float over waves white-capped with foam
 That glisten in the pale sweet light
 Shed from the far eternal dome
 Where fair star faces paint the night.

Life must have rest sometime, somewhere,
 On land or wave its peace shall be,
 And I have found my life's fond share
 In yon fair isle of Hebride;
 In yon fair isle where all day long
 The sunlight shadows drift and float

And all the world seems bathed in song
Borne trembling from the skylark's throat.

O! isle of peace, the waves that kiss
Thy beaches all the centuries through,
Flow from mysterious founts of bliss
From founts o'er run with sunny dew,
And o'er thy tree-tops lazily
The perfumed breezes come and go
With odors from that far countree
Where eglantine and jessamine grow.

Fair isle of summer, isle of love,
Where souls forget their bitter strife
And mingled sadnesses that move
In tempests o'er the sea of life;
I kiss thy fair shore with my knee,
And lift a thankful heart to God,
For perfect joy comes unto me
Where thy trees' blossomed branches nod.

Thy long sea waves float in beyond
The dim blue lines of sunlit sky,
Where films of cloudy lacework frond
The billows tumbling mountain high;
And shoreward in the still sweet eve
The low songs of the mermaids drift,
As in some coral grot they weave
Their seaweed robes, and sometimes lift

Their long, strong, tangled-lengths of hair
Above the bosom of the wave,
While 'mid its golden meshes fair
The distant sunbeams stoop to lave.
Sweet isle of fancy, far beyond
The dark dim vales of human woe,
My bark of love sails o'er the fond
Blue waves that ever shoreward flow.


My bark sails on the unknown sea
Led by a large, pale star alone,
That star wherein her face may be,
Who to that better land hath gone.

O, never turn, brave white-sailed ship,
 Again towards that barren shore
 But bear me on the waves that dip
 And kiss yon isle forevermore.

Sweet day of rest when toil is past,
 When hearts can lay their burdens by
 And feel the peace God's angels cast
 In isleward flights from his fair sky!
 Sweet isle of love where fancy dwells,
 And nature knows no pang of care,
 I hear the music of its bells
 Far floating on the evening air.

I hear the lonely shepherd's song
 Flow down the green and mossy vale,
 And westward all the calm night long
 The restless sea gulls sail.
 I sometimes turn towards the stars
 With sudden shock of glad surprise,
 And half believe these island bars
 Are but the gates to Paradise.

AT KEY'S GRAVE.

 stood one summer, friend, beside
 The foam waves of a distant sea
 That muttered all the summer through
 A low sweet threnody.

A mournful song was ever on
 The lips that it were death to kiss,
 A song for those who died as died
 The brave at ancient Salamis.

A thousand graves lay in the trough
 Of that great ocean of the East,
 A thousand souls fled through its foam
 Towards the starlit land of peace.

And for each ship-wrecked soul that slept
 Beneath the dark inconstant waves
 The wind gave songs in memory
 Of men true-hearted, pure and brave.

But I have stood, sweet-singer, by
 Thy lonely, unmarked grave to-day,
 And all the songs thy memory got
 Came from the branches in their sway.

Ah, peace! ah, love! ah, friendship true!
 No wreath rests here wove by your hands
 To mark the Poet's silent tomb,
 As tombs are marked in other lands.

But in my noon-day dream there came
 From the fair bosom of the hills
 The voice of some sweet psalmist, thus—
 "'Tis so God wills, 'tis so God wills."

THE ETERNAL LIFE.

I care not for the life that is,
 I think not of the things that are;
 I live, oh! soul of tenderness,
 Beneath an angel blessedness
 That draws its light from one small star.

I know not if the world be ill,
 I care not for its throb of pain,
 I live, oh heart, in fellowship
 With other hearts that rise and dip
 In the great sea that floods the main

From east to west with tides of love—
 The ocean of Eternal Life,
 Whose waves flow ever free and warm
 From land of snow to land of palm
 And heal the naked wounds of strife.

I only know God's law is just,
And that is all we need to know,
 I live down creeds of hate and spite,
 I build the nobler creeds of right
That beautify our beings so.

The days are brief that come apace,
When morn wakes up and night sinks down,
 But far beyond the hills of jet
 The glory of the sweet sunset
Lights all the steeples of the town

Within whose walls no sadness lives,
No broken hearts, no simple strife,
 For that I live, oh soul of faith,
 For that whereof the Master saith
"Here find eternal love and life."



MRS. ROSALIENE ROMULA MURPHY.

MRS. ROSALIENE ROMULA MURPHY, daughter of John and Hannah Mooney, was born in Philadelphia, May, 1, 1838, and married Thomas H. P. Murphy, son of John C. and Ann Rothwell Murphy, and grandson of Hyland Price, of Cecil county, on the 18th of May, 1858. Her education was obtained at a school taught by the Sisters of Mercy, and at the public schools of her native city.

Immediately after her marriage Mrs. Murphy came to Cecil county, and for ten years resided near the head of Bohemia river; subsequently she has resided in Middletown, Delaware, in Chester county, Pennsylvania, and for the last ten years in Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy are the parents of eight children, four of whom are now living.

From early childhood Mrs. Murphy has shown a remarkable aptitude for literary work, and when quite a little girl at school, frequently took the highest average for composition. She commenced to write for the press at an early age and while in this county contributed poetry to the columns of the local newspapers and some of the journals of Wilmington and Philadelphia.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

WOMAN has certain rights I own,
That none will dare deny;
No king nor senate can destroy
Her claims,—nor will they try.
'Tis hers to smooth the homeward path
Of age,—her strength their stay;
To guide their feeble footsteps here,—
To brush life's thorns away.

'Tis hers to make a sunny home,
To cherish and support
With love, the one who claims her heart,
Through good and bad report.

To watch the tiny sleeping babe,
Just nestling in her breast,
To shield it with her mother-love,
And guard it in its rest.


To watch in vigils of the night,
The fever-tossed frame;
To cool the dry, and parched lips,
And ease the racking pain.
To close the eyes when all is o'er,
To weep with those who weep;
To help the weary in their task,
Keep guard whilst others sleep.

To love and cherish, guard, protect,
Make home a sunny spot—
Keep ever pure her mother name,
A name not soon forgot!
To win and wear her husband's love,
As an honored, cherished crest;
To hold her children's hearts, so "they
Will rise and call her bless'd."

To nobly share the widow's woe,
To dry the orphan's tears,
To pray for strength for hearts oppress'd,
And help allay their fears;
To reach a helping, loving hand,
To those who go astray,
And woo them back again to God,
As they faint along the way.

She claims but loving trusting hearts!—
Let all their wealth be shown!—
No law can take, nor ballot give
The jewels of her crown!
These, these, are all a woman's rights—
Quite easy to attain—
For most she governs, it is said,
"When least she seems to reign,"

ONLY A BABY.


 Y way was stopped, as I hurried on,
 A carriage pass'd—and again 'twas clear,
 But my glance took in the tiny box,
 And the mourners bending near.
 “Only a baby”—was lightly said—
 As I safely crossed the street,
 But my heart went with the little group,
 With their darling at their feet.

“Only a baby,”—God but knows
 The mother's bleeding heart;
 And the father's white, sad face would tell,
 How hard it is to part.
 “Only a baby!” what a void,
 In a merry, cheery home;
 An empty cradle, a half worn shoe;
 And a mother's broken tone.

“Only a baby!” the aching eyes
 Look out on the busy street,
 And fall on other laughing babes,
 And the silent form at her feet.
 “Only a baby!” a desolate home,
 Those stricken hearts will know,
 When they lay their darling down to rest,
 'Neath the willows bending low.

“Only a baby!” how cold it seemed
 To speak of the angel near,—
 My heart went after the snowy form,
 For its parents I breathed a prayer:
 “Only a baby!” ah, the weary day
 And the sleepless night,
 The feverish longing—the aching heart—
 For the baby gone from sight!

“Only a baby!” the heart sobs out,
 What hopes lie shatter'd here,
 The broken bud—the tiny frame,
 An angel hovering near.

“Only a baby!”—the years creep by—
'Twill ever be, tho' locks be gray;
Growing no older—only their babe;
As years before it passed away.

TO HELEN,

ON WRITING A SECOND TIME IN HER ALBUM.

YOU plucked a grey hair from my head,
To-day, as you stood near me;
There's plenty more, that are deftly hid
By wavy crimps,—I fear me.
'Tis many years since last I wrote,
With fun, and spirits plenty;
But now my fourth son has a vote,
And my babe's not far from twenty.
Ah! so it goes; old time strides on,
Nor cares for years, and worries,
But knocks us here; and hits us there,
As past us quick he hurries;
We still are friends, and have our fun,
In spite of years, and trouble;
We've planted, reaped, and had our day,
And now we're in the stubble.

RACHEL ELIZABETH PATTERSON.

RACHEL ELIZABETH PATTERSON, better known as Lizzie Patterson, is the daughter of William Patterson and Sarah (Catts) Patterson, and was born in Port Deposit, February 2, 1820. She is also the granddaughter of an Englishman who settled on Taylor's Island, in Chesapeake Bay, where he owned considerable property, which by some means seems to have been lost by his family.

Her father at one time kept a clothing store in Port Deposit, where he died when the subject of this sketch was quite young, leaving a family of helpless children, who were soon scattered among strangers. Elizabeth was placed in a family residing a short distance south of the village of Rising Sun. While in this family she was seized with a violent illness, which confined her to bed for many months and from which she arose a cripple and a sufferer for life.

Her poetic talent began to manifest itself in those early days of suffering, and during subsequent years of confinement she found solace and recreation by composing her "Songs in Affliction," which about thirty years ago, in accordance with the advice of her friends, she published in a small volume bearing that name. The first edition consisted of eight hundred, and was so well received as to warrant the publication of another one of five hundred copies. In 1872 she published another small volume, entitled "The Little Streamlet," which contained some poems written since the publication of the first volume. Miss Patterson at present and for many years past has resided in Baltimore.

"JUDGE NOT!"

How, poor frail and erring mortal,
Darest thou judge thy fellow-man
And with bitter words and feelings,
All his faults and frailties scan?

Why rake out from time's dull ashes,
And before the world display

Deeds, it may be, long repented
And forgiven, ere this day?

Canst thou search his secret feelings?
Canst thou read his inmost soul?
Canst thou tell the hidden motives
Which his actions here control?

Is he erring? seek in kindness,
Then, to win him back to peace;
Is he weak? oh try to strengthen;
Sad? then bid his sorrows cease!

Lay thou not a heavier burden
By an unkind look or word,
On a heart which may by anguish
To its inmost depths be stirred.

O! forbear thy hasty judging!
Should thy righteous God demand
Half the justice which thy brother
Is receiving from thy hand,

What, oh what would be thy portion,
Though more righteous thou than he,
Would not the glad gates of mercy
Soon their portals close on thee?

THE WISH.

do not wish thee worldly wealth—
For it may flee away;
I do not wish thee beauty's charms—
For they will soon decay.

I do not wish for thee the joys
Which from earth's pleasures spring;
These give at best a fleeting bliss,
And leave a lasting sting.

I do not wish thee mortal fame—
 This, like a meteor bright,
 Gleams but a moment on the sky,
 And leaves behind no light.

I wish for thee that richer wealth,
 No earthly mines reveal,
 “Which moth and rust cannot corrupt,
 And thief can never steal.”

I wish for thee the sweeter joys,
 Which from religion flow;
 These have the power to soothe and bless,
 In hours of deepest woe.

I wish for thee the honor pure,
 Descending from on high;
 To lift thy soul away from earth,
 And raise it to the sky.

I wish that peace through all thy life,
 May on each step attend;
 May rapture crown its closing hour,
 And perfect bliss its end.

THE CHRISTIAN'S ANCHOR.

How oft when youthful skies are clear,
 And joy's sweet breezes round us play,
 We dream that as through life we steer,
 The morrow shall be like to-day.

We paint each scene with rainbow hues,
 And gaily sail on stormless seas,
 While hope, through life's bright future, views
 The port she thinks to make with ease.

But ah! how soon dark clouds of woe
 Spread o'er those skies a deepening shade,
 And waves of sorrow overflow,
 And all the rainbow glories fade.

'Tis thus earth's hopes, however bright,
Expire and vanish, one by one,
E'en as the shore recedes from sight,
When glides the free bark swiftly on.

Yet the redeemed, with anchor firm,
Time's swelling billows shall outride,
And far beyond the raging storm
Shall make the port on Canaan's side.

Oh, may this bright and blissful hope
Fill my poor heart with joy and peace,
Bid me 'mid all life's storms look up
To yon blest land, where storms shall cease.

And when with life's last gale I've striven,
And all its raging waves have pass'd,
Oh, may I, in the port of heaven,
My anchor Hope securely cast.




CALLANDER PATTERSON.

CALLANDER PATTERSON was born near Perryville, Cecil county, May 6, 1820. His education was obtained at the common schools of the neighborhood. Many years ago he went to Philadelphia, where he studied dentistry, which he has since practiced in that city. Mr. Patterson commenced writing poetry when quite young, but published nothing until upwards of forty years of age. His poetry—of which he has written much—seems to have been of a religious character.

Owing to causes beyond our control, the following poem is the only one, adapted to this book, that we have been able to obtain.

GOD IS GREAT.

UR God is great! and to his arm
I'll trust my destiny;
For what in life or death can harm
The soul that leans on thee?
Thine arm supports the universe,
For by thy might alone
The blazing comets speed their course,
Revolving round thy throne.
They go and come at thy command
To do thy sovereign will;
Each one supported by thy hand,
Its mission to fulfill.

Through boundless space, 'mid shining spheres,
Those wingless heralds fly;
Proclaiming through the lapse of years
That God still reigns on high.

And all those burning suns of night
That light the distant space,
Declare thy power infinite,
Thy wisdom and thy grace.

We try to scan those regions far
Till vision fades away,
And yet beyond the utmost star
Are plains of endless day.

And when we earthward turn our gaze,
With wonder and delight,
We marvel at the lightning's blaze
And tremble at its might.

And yet, thy hand is in it all,
For there thy love is seen:
By it the rain is made to fall,
And earth is robed in green.

The cyclone on its path of death
That rises in an hour,
The fierce tornadoes' wildest breath,
But faintly show thy power.

And though the laws are yet unknown
That guide them in their path,
They are the agents of thy throne
For mercy, or for wrath.

Thus I behold thy wondrous arm
And own thy works divine:
Then what in life or death can harm
So long as thou art mine?

TOBIAS RUDULPH.

TOBIAS RUDULPH, the subject of this sketch, was the third person of that name and was the grandson of the Tobias Rudulph, who was one of four brothers who emigrated from Prussia and settled in Cecil county early in the eighteenth century. For many years the family took a conspicuous part in public affairs.

Tobias Rudulph's uncle and his uncle's cousin Michael, the son of Jacob, and the uncle of Mrs. Lucretia Garfield, very early in the Revolutionary war joined a company of Light Horsemen, which was recruited in this county and served with great bravery and distinction in Light Horse Harry Lee's Legion in his Southern campaigns. They were called the Lions of the Legion.

John Rudulph won the title of "Fighting Jack" by his courage and audacity, both of which essential requisites of a good soldier he seems to have possessed in a superabundant degree.

Tobias, the subject of this sketch, was born in Elkton, in the old brick mansion two doors east of the court house, on December 8, 1787. He was the oldest of four children, namely: Zebulon, a sketch of whose life appears in this volume; Anna Maria, who married James Sewell; and Martha, who married the Reverend William Torbert.

Anna Maria is said to have been a poetess of no mean ability, but owing to the state of literature in this county at the time she wrote, none of her poetry, so far as we have been able to learn was published, and after diligent search we have been unable to find any of her manuscript.

Tobias studied law with his mother's brother, James Milner, who resided in Philadelphia, where he practiced law,—but who subsequently became a distinguished Presbyterian minister and Doctor of Divinity—and was admitted to the Elkton Bar and practiced his profession successfully until the time of his death which occurred in the Fall of 1828. He was a man of fine ability and amused himself when he had leisure in courting the Muses, but owing to his excessive modesty published nothing now extant except "Tanned, or The Siege of Antioch," a drama in three acts, which was printed in Philadelphia, in 1827. Owing to the fact that simultaneously with its publication, a drama of the same name by another author appeared as a candidate for literary favor, Mr. Rudulph—though his work was highly commended by Joseph Jefferson the

elder, then in the height of his dramatic career, through the foolish fear that he might be accused of plagiarism—suppressed his drama and never allowed it to be introduced upon the stage.

Mr. Rudolph married Maria Hayes. They were the parents of four children, Amelia, James, Anna Maria and Tobias. The two first mentioned are dead, the others reside in Elkton. Until a very recent period the family spelled the name Rudulph, which spelling has been followed in this work, though the name is now generally spelled Rudolph.

SELECTION FROM TANCRED.

Tancred was the son of the Marquis of Olo, surnamed the good, and Emma, the sister of Robert Guiscard who figured conspicuously in the wars which distracted Europe just previous to the first Crusade, which occurred under the leadership of Peter, the Hermit, and Walter, the Penniless, in A. D. 1096. The scene of the drama is laid at Antioch in 1097. A historian of the Crusades in speaking of the siege of Antioch, says that the wealth of the harvest and the vintage spread before them its irresistible temptations, and the herds feeding in the rich pastures seemed to promise an endless feast. The cattle, the corn and the wine were alike wasted with besotted folly, while the Turks within the walls received tidings of all that passed in the crusading camps from some Greek and Armenian christians to whom they allowed free egress and ingress. Of this knowledge they availed themselves in planing sallies by which they caused great distress to the Crusaders. The following extract comprises the third scene of the first act and is laid in the camp of the Crusaders—the chiefs being in council.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Godfrey of Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine.

Alexius, Emperor of Greece.

Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum.

Tancred.

Raymond, Count of Thoulouse.

ALEX. The truce being ended, I propose, my friends,

To-morrow we should storm the walls of Antioch—

What say my worthy allies?—

Boh. If any here so base and cowardly,
As to give other counsel, let him speak.—

Ray I have known those, who foremost to advise,

Were yet the last to venture on the battle.—

Boh. What means the Count of Thoulouse?—

Ray. Simply this;—

That some men thoughtlessly sit down to eat,
Without having first obtained an appetite.—

Boh. By the Holy Sepulchre I swear,
That knight must have some stomach who main-
tains,

What you have just now utter'd—

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*]

There lays my guage—

If you will wear my glove, choose with what arms
We shall decide this quarrel.—

[*Raymond advances to take up the glove.*]

God. Hold, Thoulouse, let it lay.—

I do impeach Bohemond of Tarentum of base wiles,
And treachery most foul, to knighthood's cause—

Boh. Why then take you the glove.—

God. In mine own cause I do accept the chal-
lenge.—

[*Takes up the glove.*]

Alex. Is our league dissolv'd, and shall the holy
cause

For which embattled Europe is in arms,
Be idly given to the scorn of men,
To gratify our passions and vile feuds?—

But speak Lorraine, for you have heretofore
Been held the mediator in these jars—
Upon what quarrel do you thus arraign
Bohemond of Tarentum?—

God. A gorgeous canopy, a present from
The gov'nor of Armenia I have lost—
By what base means, Bohemond best can tell.—

Boh. True he can tell—and briefly thus it is—
I won the silken bauble in a fight,
And claim it as my spoil.—

God. You basely stole
The treasure of a friend—Pancrates had
The conduct of the present to my camp;
You coward-like surprised him on the way,
And robb'd him of my prize.—

Boh. (*Contemptuously*) Well be it so—

I stole it, and will keep it—

You may keep the glove.—

Alex. Christians, forbear, the Infidels will laugh,
To know a silken toy has broke our league,
And sav'd the Sepulchre—It must not be,
My friends, that private discord shall cut short
The work we have begun—Bohemond, no—
Restore the treasure to its rightful Lord,
And my pavilion shall replace the spoil.—

Boh. I do consent—provided Godfrey will
Return my glove to the brave Count of Thoulouse—

Alex. That's nobly done Bohemond—but the war
'Twixt you and Thoulouse, is a war of words—
Like two pert game cocks picking at a straw,
You doubt each other's courage—then make proof
Upon the Paynim forces if you please,
Which is the braver man—To-morrow's field
Will afford ample scope to try your blades
Upon the common enemy of each,
And leave unscathed his ally—I propose,
That he who first shall scale the citadel,
And plant the Red-Cross banner on the walls,
Shall be rewarded with the victor's prize,
And hold the government of Antioch—
What says the council?—

All the Chiefs. We are all agreed.—

*(Bohemond and Raymond advance and shake hands
in apparent token of agreement.)*

[Enter a Greek Messenger.]

Mes. The Persian succors are but one day's
march,
Beyond the Orontes.—

God. Why let them come and help to bury then,
Their Paynim brothers.—Friends, I give you joy—
Curse on my fortune, I do much regret
The iv'ry tushes of that ruthless boar,
Will keep me from the contest for fair fame.—
Bohemond, you shall lead my Frisons on—
And doubt not but you'll win the prize from Thou-
louse.—

Boh. I thank your grace.

ZEBULON RUDULPH.

ZEBULON RUDULPH was the second son of Tobias Rudulph, an account of whose family is given elsewhere in this volume. He was born in Elkton, June 28, 1794. Though well remembered by some of the older residents of the place of his nativity who knew him when they were young, but little is known of his early life except that he was possessed of a kind heart and an affable disposition; and appears to have been more given to the cultivation of his literary tastes, than to the practice of those utilitarian traits which had they been more highly developed, would have enabled him to have reaped a richer pecuniary harvest than fell to his lot from the cultivation of the others.

For a time in early manhood Mr. Rudulph was engaged in merchandising in Elkton, and subsequently became the first agent of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company in that town, which office he held from the time the company commenced business in 1837, until 1840 or '41, when he removed to Memphis, Tennessee, where in 1847 he published a small volume of 247 pages entitled "Every Man's Book; or, the Road to Heaven Staked Out; being a Collection of Holy Proofs Alphabetically Arranged as a Text Book for Preachers and Laymen of all Denominations." Mr. Rudulph was a Universalist, and the object of the book was to inculcate the tenets of that denomination.

Mr. Rudulph remained in Memphis for a few years and subsequently removed to Izard county, Arkansas, where he died a short time before the commencement of the war of the rebellion. He was a voluminous writer, and the author of a large number of fugitive poems, many of which are said to have been quite humorous and possessed of much literary merit. Very few of his poems have been preserved, which is much regretted for the reason that it is highly probable that those extant do not fully set forth the poetical ability of their author. The following poems except the one entitled "Thoughts on the Death of his grandchild Fanny," were published in *The Elkton Courier* nearly half a century ago,

THE SURPRISE.

At twilight one ev'ning, a poor old man,
 Whose tattered cloak had once seen better days,
 (That now were dwindled to the shortest span :)
 Whose rimless, crownless hat provoked the
 gaze
 Of saucy urchins and of grown-up boys:
 Whose hoary locks should e'er protect from
 scorn,
 One who had ceased to court earth's fading joys,—
 Knock'd at a door, thus lonely and forlorn.

A pilgrim's staff supported his frail form,
 Whilst tremblingly he waited at the door;
 And feeble tho' he seemed, he feared not harm,
 For 'neath his cloak a trusty sword he bore.
 A menial came, and thus he spoke:—' Away!
 ' Old man, away! seek not to enter here:
 ' We feed none such as you: so hence! I say:—
 ' Perhaps across the street you'll better fare.'

In broken accents now the pilgrim plead—
 ' Friend, I have journeyed far; from lands abroad;
 ' And bear a message from the absent dead,
 ' To one who dwells in this august abode.
 ' Thy mistress,—fair Beatrice,—dwells she here?
 ' If so, quick, bring me to her instantly;
 ' For I have speech that fits her private ear
 ' Forthwith: none else my words shall hear but she.'

Now, ushered thro' the spacious hall, he passed
 Into a gorgeous room, where sat alone,
 Beatrice fair; who, on the pilgrim cast
 Inquiring looks, and scarce suppressed a groan.
 ' Be seated, aged father;' thus she said:
 ' And tell me whence you are, and why you seek
 ' A private conf'rence with a lonely maid
 ' Whose sorrows chase the color from her cheek.

' If true it is, from distant lands you come,
 ' Mayhap from Palestine you wend your way;

‘ If so, be silent, be forever dumb,
 ‘ Or else, in joyful accents, quickly say,
 ‘ That all is well with one most dear to me,
 ‘ Who, two long years ago, forsook his home,
 ‘ And now forgets his vows of constancy,
 ‘ For bloody wars in distant lands to roam.’


As if to dash a tear, he bends his head,
 And sighing, thus the weary pilgrim speaks:
 ‘ Alas! my words are few,—thy friend is—dead!’—
 As monumental marble pale, she shrieks,
 And falls into the aged pilgrim’s arms;
 Who, justly filled with terror and dismay,
 In speechless wonder, gazed upon her charms,
 As, inwardly he seemed to curse the day.

But, slowly she revives—when, quick as light,
 His cloak and wig are instantly thrown by—
 And what is that that greets her ’wilder’d sight?
 Ah! whose fond gaze now meets her longing
 eye?—
 Her own dear Alfred, from the wars returned,
 Had chosen thus to steal upon his love:—
 And whilst his kisses on her cheek now burned,
 He vow’d to her, he never more would rove.

THOUGHTS,

ON THE DEATH OF MY GRANDCHILD FANNY.

And all wept and bewailed her: but He said, weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth.—*Luke 8: 52.*


 H true, “ she is not dead, but sleepeth—”
 Her dust alone is here;
 The spirit pure that Heavenward leapeth,
 Hath gone to bliss fore’er.
 ’Twas but a fragile flower that lent
 Its sweets to earth a day;

From Heaven's parterre 'twas kindly sent,
But 'twas not here to stay.

Weep not, fond mother, that lost one;
'Tis clasped in angel's arms—
From earth's dread trials passed and gone,
'Tis decked in seraph's charms.

See how it beckons thee to come,
And taste its rapture there;—
No longer linger o'er that tomb—
To join it let's prepare.

THE DECREE.

And the king said, bring me a sword. And they brought a sword before the king. And the king said, divide the living child in two, and give half to the one, and half to the other. Then spake the woman whose the living child was unto the king, for her bowels yearned upon her son, and she said, O my lord give her the living child, and in no wise slay it.—*I Kings 3: 24-26.*

MARK! did you not hear that loud shriek?
Ah! do you not see that wild eye?
List—do you hear that mother speak
For her son that is doom'd to die?

Behold the eloquence of love!
A mother for her child distress'd:
A gush of feeling from above
Invades and fills her yearning breast.

That flood of tears,—those wringing hands,
Mark her abandonment of soul,
As, list'ning to the king's commands,
Her grief refuses all control.

My child! my child!—(tho' she betray it,)
"The living child" give to my foe!
'Where is my child?—Oh! do not slay it!
'Let me my arms around it throw!

Thus nature's impulse bursting forth,
 Reveals the mother's kindred blood,
 And stamps upon her claim the truth:
 Whilst foil'd the guilty claimant stood.

Such love breathes not in courts, where meet
 Soft, studied ease and pamper'd vice:
 As soon you'll find the genial heat
 Of nature's sun in fields of ice!

And that fond soul was one like she
 Who bathed the Saviour's feet with tears:
 And hers, like Mary's ecstasy,
 Flows from the influence of prayers:

For, Solomon had sought of God
 Not hoards of wealth, nor "length of days:"
 But holy unction from His rod,
 The bright indwelling of Truth's rays.

A VIEW FROM MOUNT CARMEL.

And Elijah went up to the top of Carmel; and he cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees, And said to his servant, 'Go up now, look towards the sea.' And he went up, and looked, and said, 'There is nothing.' And he said, Go again seven times. And it came to pass at the seventh time, that he said, behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand.—*I Kings 18: 42, 44.*

UP Carmel's wood-clad height an aged prophet
 slowly creeps,
 And sadly drags his weary limbs o'er rocks and
 mossgrown steeps.
 He bows himself upon the earth, "his face be-
 tween his knees,"
 And thus he to his servant speaks, beneath the
 lofty trees,

“Go further up this craggy steep, and seaward
 look, I pray—”
 His faithful servant goes, and strains his vision
 towards that way,
 But says “there’s nothing.”—“Go sev’n times,”
 the prophet says “for me,—”
 And on the seventh time, behold! arising from the
 sea, •

A little cloud, as ’twere, no bigger than a human
 hand,—
 But swiftly, darkly spreading o’er the parched,
 thirsty land,
 It widely displays its threatening armies thro’ the
 sky,
 Its lurid lightnings flash in forked streaks upon the
 eye.

Like countless fiery serpents thro’ the troubled air,
 Whilst loud the roaring thunder bursts amid the
 flaming glare;
 And rage the winds, uprooting mountain oaks be-
 fore the view,—
 Refreshing show’rs descend, and quick the fainting
 earth renew.

Scarcely could Israel’s monarch in his chariot reach
 his court,
 Ere nature’s pent up elements broke forth in airy
 sport,
 And to earth (which for three long years had known
 nor rain nor dew,)
 The long desired drops, their welcome downward
 course pursue.

Once more Samaria’s people gladly tune their harps,
 and sing
 The praises of Jehovah, God, the everlasting King:—
 Once more, the voice of gladness sounds where
 naught but anguish dwelt;
 There, once again, the gush of rapture, absent
 long, is felt!

MRS. ALICE COALE SIMPERS.

MRS. ALICE COALE SIMPERS was born in the old brick mansion known as "Traveler's Repose," a short distance south of Harrisville, in the Sixth district of Cecil county, on the first day of December, 1843.

The Coale family of which Mrs. Simpers is a member, trace their descent from Sir Philip Blodgett, a distinguished Englishman, who settled in Baltimore shortly after its foundation, and are related to the Matthews, Worthingtons, Jewetts, and other leading families of Harford county. On her mother's side she is related to the Jacksons, Puseys, and other well-known Friends of Chester county, Pennsylvania, and Wilmington, Delaware.

Mrs. Simpers' early education was received at Waring's Friends' School, near the village of Colora, which was kept up by a few families of Friends in the neighborhood. She also attended the State Normal School in Baltimore, and qualified herself for teaching in the public schools of the State, in which she taught for about ten years in Cecil county, and also in Dorchester county. She also taught school in the State of Illinois with great acceptability and success.

When Mrs. Simpers was quite young her father removed his family to the banks of the romantic Octoraro, near Rowlandville, and within less than two miles of the birth-place of the two poetic Ewings and the late John Cooley, and the romantic spot where Mrs. Hall lived when she wrote the poems which are published in this volume. The soul-inspiring beauty of this romantic region seems to have had the same effect upon her mind as it had upon the other persons composing the illustrious quintette, of which she is a distinguished member, and when only seventeen years of age she began to write poetry. At the solicitation of her friend, E. E. Ewing, she sent the first poem she published to him, who gave it a place in *The Cecil Whig*, of which he was the editor and proprietor.

In 1875 Mrs. Simpers began to write for the New York *Mercury*, which then numbered among its contributors Ned Buntline, Harriet Prescott, George Marshall, George Arnold, Bayard Taylor, W. Scott Way, and many other distinguished writers with whom she ranked as an equal in many respects, and many of whom she excelled as a brilliant satirist and pathetic painter of the quaint and the beautiful.

For ten years she continued to contribute letters, essays, stories and poems to the *Mercury*, and to advocate the claims of her sex to the right of suffrage, in which she still continues to be a firm believer. Mrs. Simpers has also contributed largely to the *Woman's Journal* and other periodicals.

Though possessed of a brilliant poetic genius, Mrs. Simpers is best known as a writer of prose; and, in addition to the large quantity of matter she has contributed to the newspaper press, is the author of a story of about two hundred pages illustrative of the principles and practices and exemplifying the social life of the Friends, for which she received a prize of two hundred dollars. This story was highly spoken of by Dr. Shelton McKenzie, with whom she was on terms of intimacy for some years immediately before his death, and also by many other distinguished writers.

On the 22d of February, 1879, the subject of this sketch married Captain John G. Simpers, who served with distinction in the Second Regiment Delaware Volunteers in the war of the rebellion. They, at the time of writing this sketch, reside near the summit of Mount Pleasant, and within a short distance of the birth-place of Emma Alice Browne.

THE MILLER'S ROMANCE.

THE miller leaned o'er the oaken door,
 Quaint shadows swung on the dusty floor,
 The spider toiled in the dust o'erhead,
 With restless haste, and noiseless speed,
 Like one who toils for sorest need—
 Like one who toils for bread.
 "Ha!" says the miller, "does he pause to hark—
 Hark! Hark! Hark!
 To the voice of the waters, down in the dark—
 Dark! Dark! Dark!
 Turning the lumbering, mumbling wheel;
 Which moans and groans as tho't could feel?"
 "Ha!" laughed the miller, "he pauses not and
 why—
 In the sunshine pausing and musing I?
 When the spiteful waves seem to repeat—
 Repeat! Repeat! Repeat!
 The hateful word deceit—
 Deceit! Deceit! Deceit!"
 "Nay," mused the miller, "their musical drip—
 Drip! Drip! Drip!

Is like to naught but the trip—
 Trip! Trip! Trip!
 In the dance of her fairy feet,
 Or her rippling laughter cool and sweet !”

* * * * *

Once more,
 The miller leans o’er the oaken door,
 Still play the shadows upon the floor,
 Still toils the spider overhead;
 Like one who toils for daily bread—
 “ Since the red lips unto me have lied
 The spell hath lost its power,
 For never a false heart brings my bride
 Whatever else her dower !”
 And louder yet the waves repeat
 Their burthen old, deceit, deceit!

* * * * *

In flocks of brown, the leaves haste down,
 And floods, in the wild March weather;
 While the mill, the miller, and the miller’s love
 dream,
 Have all grown old together!

THE LAST TIME.

WE shall see the daylight breaking,
 Watch the rosy dawn awaking;
 We shall see the twilight fading—
 Adown the path the elms are shading,
 For the last, last time.

We shall see the blossoms swelling,
 Watch the spring-bird build his dwelling,
 See the dead leaves downward sailing,
 While the Autumn winds are wailing,
 For the last, last time.

We shall hear the song of pleasure,
 Join the dance's merry measure;
 Shrink and dread the form of sorrow,
 Which may meet us on the morrow,
 For the last, last time.

We shall feel hates' venom'd dart
 Aim'd to pierce the inmost heart;
 We shall know love's sweet caressing,
 Breathed from lips our own are pressing,
 For the last, last time.

But in that land where we are going,
 Where the skies are ever glowing;
 In that fair and fadeless clime,
 Never comes the last, last time.

ONLY A SIMPLE MAID!

AND this is the end of it all!
 It rounds the years completeness,
 Though only a walk to the stile
 Through fields a-foam with sweetness.
 Only the sunset light,
 Purple and red on the river,
 Only a calm "good night,"
 That means good bye forever!


I can only go back to my simple ways—
 To my homely household cares;
 And yet,—and yet—in after days
 I shall think of you in my prayers.
 We can bear so much in youth;
 Who cares for a swift sharp pain?
 The two-edged sword of truth
 Cuts deep, but leaves no stain,
 And over the ways we have trod together,
 My foot shall fall as lightly,
 As though my heart were a feather.

Only a woman's heart, strong to have and to
 keep;
 Patient when children cry,
 Soft to lull them to sleep;
 Glad when another delving hand
 Finds a gem to wear on the breast,
 While hers found only sand;
 Good bye, but as oft as the blossoms come,
 The peach with its waxen pink,
 The waving snow of the plum;
 I shall think how I used to wait
 And watch—so happy to see you pass,
 I could almost kiss your shadow
 As it fell on the dewy grass.
 A love is but half a love,
 That contents itself with less
 Than love's utmost faith and truth
 And love's unwavering tenderness.

Only this walk to the stile—
 This parting word by the river;
 It seems to me whatever shall go or come—
 Memory shall hold forever!
 Sweetheart, good bye, good bye,
 After all—drear poverty and toil
 For the rich, red flower of love to grow,
 Were but a cold and barren soil:
 And so, good bye, good bye!

THE MYSTIC CLOCK.

A NEW YEAR'S POEM.


 ARDEN, wind the clock again!
 Mighty years are going on
 Through the shadows, joy and pain,
 And the happy hearted dawn."
 High within Time's temple hoar

Doth this mystic timepiece stand,
 And when'er twelve moons have vanished
 The clock is wound by unseen hand;
 But we hear the pinions rushing
 Through the storied air o'erhead,
 And our hearts grow sick and silent
 With throbs of fear and dread;
 For the temple seemeth crowded
 With still forms all white and shrouded,
 Like the pale, uncoffined dead;
 Stirs the startled soul within
 With a grief too deep for tears,
 Bowing with a mighty anguish—
 O'er our dead and wasted years.

* * * * *

“Warden, wind the clock again!”
 O'er the horologe's mystic dial,
 Watch the sweep of shadowy ages
 Ere the pens of seers and sages
 Wrote men's deeds on fadeless pages.
 But lo! the warden winds again—
 And see yon radiant star arise
 Flaming in the Orient skies;
 Hear the grand, glad, chorus ringing,
 Which the joyous hosts are singing,
 To the humble shepherds, keeping
 Patient watch, while kings are sleeping!
 See the wise men in the manger,
 Bow before the Heavenly stranger!
 Lowliest born beneath the sun!
 Yet He the jeweled throne shall banish,
 And the sword and sceptre vanish,
 Ere His given work be done!

* * * * *

“Warden, wind the clock again!”
 But in vain the charge is given,
 For see the mighty Angel stand,
 One foot on sea, and one on land,

Swearing with uplifted hand,
 Nevermore in earth or heaven
 Shall the mystic key be found
 Or the mighty clock be wound!

“RUBE” AND “WILL.”

AN EPISODE RELATED BY AUNT SHEBA.

ME'AH dat ole gray sinna
 H's jes brimful o' gas,
 Singin' dat tomfool ditty
 As he goes hobblin' pas'!
 He betta be prayin' and mebbe
 H'll git in de fold at las'!
 Yes, he's gwine to de grabe up yonder
 By de trees dar on de hill,
 Where all alone by hisself one day
 He buried po' massa Will!
 You see dey war boys togedder;
 To-day dey'd cuss an' fight;
 But dey'd make it up to-morrow
 And hunt fur coons at night.

It wasn't much ob a massa,
 Ole missus made you see!
 Folks sed, “dem Walden niggas
 Mought about as well be free.”
 Once dey went fur de turkeys,
 Dat's Rube and Massa Will,
 Wid roastin' ears fur stuffin',
 Made a barbecue behind de mill!
 But dey couln'd keep it secret,
 Ole missus found 'm out,
 An' she vow'd to sell dat nigga—
 He was a thievin' lazy lout,
 He was a ruinin' Massa Willum;
 Dat fac', she said, was plain;
 She'd sell him! On her plantation
 He'd never set his foot again.

An' suah befo' de sun next day went down.
 To take dat nigga Reuben
 A trader had cum from town.
 I guess she was glad to sell 'm
 Fur she needed de money bad,
 An' meant to spen' it mos'ly
 In de schoolin' ob her lad!
 But jes as dat ole trader
 Had slipt de han' cuffs on,
 We sees young massa cumin'
 Ridin' cross de lawn;
 He stopped right dar afore 'm,
 His face was pale as death,
 With all his might he shouted,
 Soon as he got his bref:
 "Take dem right off dat nigga!
 (and jerkin' his pistol out)
 Take 'em off I tell you!
 An' min' what you're about;
 Or I'll send you to de debil
 Faster dan you 'spec to go."
 Den massa trader dusted
 And he didn't trabbel slow.

* * * * *

Ah me! dem times seems like a dream,
 It was so long ago!
 Ole missus died next year,
 De war cum'd on at last
 And all de Souf lan' echoed
 With de joyful freedom blast.
 We lef' de ole plantation,
 We trabbled de Norf lan' thro;
 Chilled by de winds in Winter,
 In Summer drenched wid dew;
 But we neber cum to Canaan,
 Nor found de promised lan',
 And back to de ole plantation
 We cum a broken ban'.
 But Rube had stayed heah faithful,
 Stayed by his massa's side,

And nussed him in de fever
 Till in his arms he died;
 But de freedum star in Hebben,
 It brightens year by year,
 An' our chillun has foun' de Canaan,
 Oh yes! des foun' it here;
 So I don't care what you call us,
 De tribes ob Sham or Hem,
 Dat blessed lan' o' promise,
 Has come right home to dem.

THE LEGEND OF ST. BAVON!

SHADED lights were burning low—
 Muffled bells swung to and fro—
 Solemn monks were chanting slow—
 Chanting of the Crucified;
 When the good St. Bavon died.

Oft had he trod the jeering street,
 With bare and bleeding feet;
 Leaving crimson-flecked the snow
 In memory of his Master's woe;

With grief closed lips, sat he apart,
 The comrade of the dead man's heart;
 At last the chanting throng were gone
 And he was with th' dead alone;

When the bare uncurtained room
 Grew still and ghastly like a tomb,
 On the icy neck he fell
 And begged the death-sealed lips to tell

If one deed were left undone,—
 That in that radiance like the sun
 Didst shade with grief the spirit flown,
 Or dim the brightness of his crown!

Then heard his spirit's inmost ear
A voice that he alone could hear,
"A shadow walks with me akin to pain,
I seek to shun it, but in vain,

"For as I left the life of time,
And journeyed toward th' blessed clime,
I passed along that darkened shore,
Where wail the lost forevermore.

"As on that awful gulf I walked,
A black-robed demon with me talked:
'Behold yon spirit lost!' I heard him cry,
'Tis one we strove o'er, thou and I.

"'I, with the tempter's gilded snare,
Thou, with the pleading voice of prayer;
Hadst thou but prayed till set of sun,
My power had vanished; thou hadst won.'

"Above the harps and angel's songs I hear,
The demon's laugh, and taunting jeer;
Oh, comrade! brother! saint!
Pray for the tempted; oh, pray and do not faint!

DAVID SCOTT (of James.)

DAVID SCOTT (of James,) so called to distinguish him from his first cousin, David Scott (of John)—to a sketch of whose life the reader is referred for other information respecting the family—was born on his father's farm, called "Scott's Adventure," on the road leading from Cowantown to Newark and about two miles from the former place, on January 7, 1824 and died at Elkton, May 13, 1879.

His early life was spent on the farm, and in learning the trade of auger making, at which his father was an expert workman. His education was obtained at the common schools of the neighborhood, except that which he obtained by attending Newark Academy for a few months in early manhood.

In early life he became enamoured of learning, and commenced teaching a private school in the family mansion in the winter of 1840, when only seventeen years old, and continued to teach in the neighborhood until 1851, when he was appointed Clerk to the County Commissioners and removed to Elkton. Mr. Scott was a Democrat, and from early life took an active part in the politics of his native country. After serving as Clerk to the Commissioners for one term of two years, Mr. Scott started a general warehouse business at the Elkton depot, in which he continued as head of the firm of D. Scott & Bro. until the time of his death.

In 1867 he was elected Clerk of the Circuit Court for Cecil county, and served six years with great acceptability.

In 1876 Mr. Scott was appointed Chief Weigher, and continued to have charge of the State Cattle Scales in the city of Baltimore, until the time of his death.

In 1852 Mr. Scott was married to Miss Mary Jane Wilson, of Newark. They were the parents of three children, two of whom are now living. His first wife died in 1858, and he subsequently married Miss Annie Elizabeth Craig, who, with their four children, still survives him.

In early life Mr. Scott began to write poetry, and continued to write for the local newspapers under the nom de plume of "Anselmo," and the *Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper* during the time he was engaged in teaching school, and occasionally for the county papers until the close of his life.

For many years Mr. Scott enjoyed the friendship of the literati of Newark, Delaware, and was one of a large number of poetical writers who contributed to the columns of the *Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper*, with several of whom he enjoyed a personal acquaintance, and with several others of whom he carried on a literary correspondence for several years.

Mr. Scott, though not a voluminous writer, was the author of a considerable number of poems, all of which were of a highly intellectual character.

THE FORCED ALLIANCE.

Can earthly commerce hush the music of the heart, and shut the door of memory on a friend?—*Miss Whittlesey.*

II, that our natural wants and best affections
 Should thus in fierce, unnatural conflict struggle!
 Ah, that the spirit and its dear connections,
 Whose derelictions merit such corrections,
 Must bear the illicit smuggle!

We would it were not so. This compromising,
 Which cold, severe necessity hath bidden,
 Of higher natures, with the wants arising
 From poor humanity—'tis a sympathizing
 That may not all be hidden.

We both have learned there is a high soul feeling,
 That lifts the heart towards the stars and Heaven;
 And one of us, there is a sad congealing
 Of sweet affection!—a veil the rock concealing,
 Where hearts are rent and riven.

Ah, sorrow, change and death hold sad dominion;
 And arbitrary fate is earth's arbiter;
 The adverse elements of a marvelous union,
 With counter-currents vex the spirit's pinion,
 When high intents invite her.

It is a truth, the sad, unwelcome hearing
 May wring the spirit with a quivering pain;
 Our hearts are half of earth, and the careering
 Of highest thoughts in its divinest daring,
 Is but a momentary, blissful sharing,
 That flutters back again.

It may be ours to tread the vale of sorrow,
 Or wander withering in the maze of doubt,
 Anticipating scarce a joy to-morrow,
 Save what from the pale lamp of Song we borrow—
 That will not all go out.

Yes! there are bosom-chords—thanks to the Giver!
 The sad, low whisperings of which can never
 Be all subdued, though they may shake and shiver
 With death and coldness, if we brave the river
 With wise and strong endeavor.

O Song! O fount of sweetest nectar welling!
 Of thy refreshings let my sad heart drink;
 'Tis past!—too late—too late, vain trump, your
 swelling;
 My spirit ear hath heard a surer knelling—
 'Tis passing sweet, what these mute wires are tell-
 ing—
 O what a joy to think!

MY COTTAGE HOME.

A VESPER HYMN.

WAKE, my harp! a song for thee,
 While the mellow tinge of sunset lingers;
 'Tis an eve of June! and the sweets are free—
 Wilt thou trill to the touch of outwearied
 fingers?
 For the day's well spent,
 And I'm content,
 Tho' weary and worn, and worn and weary;
 'Tis a heaven below,
 The joys to know—
 The joys of a Cottage Home so cheery.

The world's all beauteous now and bright,
 And calm as a cradled infant sleeping,
 And the chords of love are attuned aright,
 Far joyous thoughts in the heart are leaping
 As free and sweet
 As a brother's greet
 In a foreign land all strange and dreary;
 And halls more bright
 Have less delight,
 I ween, than my Cottage Home so cheery.

My Cottage Home! My Cottage Home!
 With its trellised vines around the casement clinging,
 And the happy strain of that sweet refrain,
 The gentle tones of loved ones ringing,
 When the day's well spent,
 And all content,
 What though the o'er-labored limbs are weary?
 Our hearts are free
 And merry, and we
 Rejoice in a Cottage Home so cheery.

With wants so few, while hearts so true,
 With a fond concern, are beating near us;
 We'll cheerfully toil while we meet the smile,
 The approving smile of Him to cheer us,
 Who makes us to know
 The poor and the low,
 Tho' weary and worn, and worn and weary,
 At last will rest
 With the truly blest—
 O! this makes a Cottage Home so cheery.

THE MIGHTY ONE.

You have felt his power—you have felt his power—
 For a mighty one is he;
 He is found in the field and is known in the bower
 And hid in the cup of the tenderest flower,
 He lurks where you may not see.

He's a sleepless sprite, and at dead of night
 He'll come with his feathery tread,
 And dally with fancy, and play with your dreams,
 And light up your vision with silver beams,
 Though he leaves you an aching head.

Away, and away, like a thought, he flies,
 His home is the air and sea;

Of all that is earth he claims a birth,
 And he speaks in the wind, and his voice goes forth
 On the breeze's back, unceasingly.

In the sea's great deeps, where the mermaid sleeps,
 In chambers of coral and gold—
 Where the Sirocco sweeps and Loneliness weeps
 O'er temples all silent, where dark ivy creeps,
 And places that never were told—

He is everywhere, and very well known
 In palace, in court, and cot;
 Though ages have crumbled, and centuries flown,
 He is youthful and strong, and is still on his throne,
 And his chains are spells of thought.

The maiden has murmured in 'plaint so low,
 While the tear trickled over a smile,
 That scarcely a wo could be uttered, till "no,"
 Was the heart's quick response, "I would not have
 him go—
 The 'Annoyer' may linger awhile."

He shadows the pages of classic lore
 In the student's loneliest hour,
 And wakes up a thought that had slept before—
 An image is born that can die no more—
 The student feels his power.

A voice on the hill-top, a voice in the river,
 A voice in the song of birds;
 It hangs on the zephyr, it comes from the quiver
 Of oak, beech and fir-leaf—it speaketh forever
 In thrilling, mysterious words;

'Tis the voice of the strong one! Know ye well,
 His presence you may not shun;
 For he thrones in the heart, and he rules with a spell,
 And poets may sing us and sages may tell
 That Love is a mighty one!

THE SURVIVING THOUGHT.

How long, ah me! this weary heart hath striven
 With vanity, and with a wild desire!
 How long, and yet how long, must this frail
 bark be driven,
 While these unsteady, fitful hope-lights given,
 One after one expire?

These earthly visions prove, alas! unstable;
 And we are all too prone to clutch them fast,
 Though false, aye, falser than the veriest fable,
 To which a "thread of gossamer is cable—"
 They cannot—cannot last!

Our eye must soon behold the appalling writing—
 The settlement of proud Belshazzar's doom!
 These timely buds must early feel a blighting—
 This earthly strife—ah, 'tis a sorry fighting!
 The victory—the Tomb!

The dreams fond youth in years ago had cherished;
 The hopes that wove a rainbow tissue bright—
 Are they all gone—forever gone, and perished—
 Ev'n the last bud my silent tears had nourished—
 Have all been Death's delight?

And will he come and mock me with his booty,
 And twirl my visions round his bony finger?
 And will he tell my heart no other beauty
 Upon the earth is mine—no other duty,
 Than for his mandate linger?

Up, rise, thou vital spark! not yet extinguished,
 Assert thy heritage—exert thy might;
 Though in the sloughs of sorrow thou hast lan-
 guished,
 And pain and wrong's envenomed part out-an-
 guished,
 One ray breaks through the night,

There is, there is one blessed thought surviving;
 The heart's sure fulcrum in the saddest strait—
 An overture to this unequal striving—
 A hope, a home, a last and blest arriving!
 Bear up, my heart, and wait.

Bear up, poor heart! be patient, and be meekful;
 A calm must follow each untoward blast;
 With steady eye look forward to the sequel;
 The common road will then seem less unequal,
 That brings us home "at last."

Come trial, pain, and disappointment's shiver,
 Ye are my kindsmen—brothers of this clay;
 We must abide and I must bear the quiver
 A little while, and we shall part forever—
 Beyond the surges of that shoreless river
 Ye cannot "come away."

THE WORKING MAN'S SONG.

TOIL, toil, toil,
 Ever, unceasingly;
 The sun gets up, and the sun goes down,
 Alike in the city, in field or town,
 He brings fresh toil to me,
 And I ply my hard, rough hands
 With a heart as light and free
 As the birds that greet my early plow,
 Or the wind that fans my sunburnt brow
 In gusts of song and glee.

Toil, toil, toil,
 Early, and on, and late:
 They may call it mean and of low degree,
 But I smile to know that I'm strong and free,
 And the good alone are great.
 'Tis nature's great command,
 And a pleasing task to me,

For true life is action and usefulness;
 And I know an approving God will bless
 The toiler abundantly.

Toil, toil, toil—
 Glory awaits that word;
 My arm is strong and my heart is whole,
 And exult as I toil with manly soul
 That the voice of Truth is heard.
 On, Comrades! faint not now—
 Ours is a manly part!
 Toil, for a glorious meed is ours—
 The fulcrum of all earthly powers
 Is in our hands and heart.

Toil, toil, toil—
 Life is labor and love:
 Live, love and labor is then our song,
 Till we lay down our toils for the resting throng,
 With our Architect above.
 Then monuments will stand
 That need no polish'd rhyme—
 Firm as the everlasting hills,
 High as the clarion note that swells
 The "praises of all time."

ODE TO DEATH.

do not fear thee, Death!
 I have a bantering thought!—though I am told
 Thou art inflexible, and stern, and bold;
 And that thy upas breath
 Rides on the vital air;
 Monarch and Prince of universal clime,
 Executor of the decrees of Time—
 Sin's dark, eternal heir.

Over the land and sea
 Is felt the swooping of thy ebon wings,

And on my ear thy demon-chuckle rings,
 Over the feast the panting summer brings,
 " For me—'tis all for me!"
 All seasons and all climes—
 In city crowded, and in solitude,
 Ye gather your unsatisfying food;
 Ev'n through the rosy gates of joy intrude
 Thy deep, sepulchral chimes.

I know thee well, though young;
 Thrice, ruthlessly, this little circle broke
 Hast thou. A brother, sister—then the Oak,
 (Ah, hadst thou spared that last and hardest stroke,)
 Round which our young hopes clung!
 Ye wantonly have crush'd,
 By your untimely and avenging frost,
 The buds of hope which bid to promise most;
 Oh! had ye known the heart-consuming cost,
 Could ye, O! Death have hush'd

The music that endears,
 And makes this chill'd existence tolerable?
 Yet will I not such selfishness—'tis well;
 I hear, I hear a happier, holier swell
 From out the eternal spheres!
 I do defy thee, Death!
 Why flee me, like a debtor in arrears?
 To weary out the agony of years,
 With nothing but the bitter brine of tears,
 And scarcer existing breath.

My soul is growing strong,
 And somewhat fretful with its house of clay,
 And waiting quite impatiently to lay
 It off, and soar in light away,
 To hymn th' " eternal song."
 This is a cowardice
 Perhaps—a deep, mean selfishness withal,
 That whets our longings in the spirit's thrall
 To lay aside these trials, and forestall
 The hours of Paradise.

Thou wise, Eternal God!
Oh, let me not offend Thy great design!
Teach thou thy erring mortal to resign,
Make me be patient, let me not repine
 Beneath this chast'ning rod;
 Though storm and tempest whelm,
And beat upon this naked barque, 'tis well;
And I shall smile upon their heaviest swell—
Hush, rebel thoughts!—my heart be calm and still,
 The Master's at the helm!



HENRY VANDERFORD.


HENRY VANDERFORD, editor and journalist, was born at Hillsborough, Caroline county, Md., December 23, 1811. His maternal ancestors were from Wales, his paternal from Holland. He was educated at Hillsborough Academy, a celebrated institution at that time, having pupils from the adjoining counties of Queen Anne's and Talbot. He acquired a knowledge of the art of printing in the office of the *Easton Star*, Thomas Perrin Smith, proprietor. From 1835 to 1837 he published the *Caroline Advocate*, Denton, Md., the only paper in the county, and neutral in politics, though the editor was always a decided Democrat, and took an active part in the reform movement of 1836, which resulted in the election of the "Glorious Nineteen" and the Twenty-one Electors. The press and type of the *Advocate* were transferred in 1837 to Centreville, Queen Anne's county, where he founded the *Sentinel*, the first Democratic paper published in that county, in January, 1838. He was appointed for three successive years by Governor Grason chief judge of the Magistrate's Court, but declined the office. In 1840 he was appointed Deputy Marshal for Queen Anne's, and took the census of that county in that year. In 1842 he sold the *Sentinel* and removed to Baltimore, where, three years later, he resumed his profession and founded *The Ray*, a weekly literary and educational journal, and the subsequent year published the *Baltimore Daily News*, and the *Weekly Statesman*, in company with Messrs. Adams and Brown, under the firm of Adams, Vanderford & Brown. The *News* and *Statesman* were Democratic papers. In February, 1848, he bought *The Cecil Democrat* of Thomas M. Coleman, enlarged the paper, quadrupled its circulation, and refitted it with new material. In 1865 he sold out the *Democrat* to Albert Constable and Judge Frederick Stump, and bought a farm in St. Mary's county, Md., and engaged in agriculture. Three years later, failing health of himself and family, induced him to sell his farm and remove to Middletown, Del., where he founded the *Transcript*, and resumed the business of a printer and publisher. The *Transcript* was the first paper published in that town, and was a success from the start. It was transferred in 1870 to his youngest son, Charles H. Vanderford. From 1870 to 1878 he was associated with his eldest son, William H. Vanderford, in the publication of *The Democratic Advocate*, Westminster, Md. In 1873 he was elected to the House of Delegates from Carroll county, and in 1879 to the Senate, in which body he held the important position of Chairman of the Committee on Finance, and was a member of the Committee on Engrossed Bills and the Committee on Printing.

On the 6th of June, 1839, he married Angelina, the daughter of Henry Vanderford, of Queen Anne's county, a distant relative of his father. Mr. Vanderford is a member of the Masonic Order, and he and his wife are both communicants of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Church of their ancestors, as far back as the history of the Church can be traced in the Eastern part of Maryland. Charles Vanderford, great grandfather of the subject of this sketch, was a vestryman of St. Paul's Parish, Centreville, Md., in 1719. Charles Wrench Vanderford was his grandfather, and a member of the Old Maryland Line, in the Revolutionary war. William Vanderford, his father, was a native of Queen Anne's county, where the family held a grant of land of one thousand acres from the crown, located between Wye Mills and Hall's Cross Roads, on which the old mansion was built of brick imported from England.

Mr. Vanderford is now in retiracy, in the 76th year of his age, but still active, and in the possession of good health and as genial and cheerful as in the days of his prime.

ON THE MOUNTAINS.


Written after a visit to Rawley Springs, in the mountains of Virginia.



 N the mountains! Oh, how sweet!
 The busy world beneath my feet!
 Outspread before my raptur'd eyes
 The wide unbounded prospect lies;
 The panoramic vision glows
 In beauty, grandeur and repose.
 I gaze into the vaulted blue
 And on the em'rald fields below;
 The genial sunlight shimmers down
 Upon the mountain's rugged crown,
 The eye sweeps round the horizon
 Until its utmost verge is won.
 The hoary peaks, with forests crown'd,
 Spread their vast solitudes around,
 And intervening rocks and rills
 The eye with very transport fills.
 The bosom wells with joy serene
 While viewing all the lovely scene,
 The spirit soars on airy wings

Above all sublunary things.
 I peer into the depths profound
 Of the cerulean around,
 And ether's far-off heights I scan,
 As if, to feeble finite man,
 The power of vision here were given
 To view the battlements of heaven.
 But, though I gaze and gaze intent,
 Close scanning all the firmament,
 No Mount of Vision unto me
 Does this bold summit prove to be.
 Though in elysian wrapt the while,
 Where sublimated thoughts beguile,
 Icarian pinions, all too frail,
 Were sure my fancy's flight to fail.
 Confined within this mortal clod,
 Vain man would yet ascend to God,
 Presumptuous, as of yore, to be
 The heir of immortality.
 But, from those fair, celestial heights
 Of fervid fancy's loftiest flights,
 My airy visions topple down
 To where cool reason's realm is found,
 And fancy folds her weary wings,
 Content, the while, with earthly things.

PROGRESS.

"Man hath sought out many inventions."


 HE planets, forced by Nature's law,
 Within their orbits ceaseless roll,
 And man the lesson thence may draw—
 By industry to reach his goal.


 Hail! industry's all-conquering might!
 Hail! engineering's giant skill!
 That clammers up the mountain height,
 And intervening valleys fill.

The enterprise of man shall know
No bounds upon this mundane sphere,
Whate'er his hands may find to do
He executes with skill and care.

His genius Nature's self subdues,
And all her powers subservient lie
At his command, and pleas'd he views
His great resources multiply.

He mines the earth and skims the air,
He plows the main, descends the deep,
And through its silent chambers there,
Electric forces flash and leap.

He flies, upon the wings of steam,
Mounts up with ærostatic pow'r,
He paints with every solar beam—
Unfolds new wonders ev'ry hour!

Not in material things alone
Does Progress mark its high career,
Fair science builds her regal throne,
And morals her triumphal car.

Man stands erect—his image fair
In God's own likeness first was cast,
His high prerogatives appear,
He seeks his destiny at last.

Upward and onward is his course,
In mental and in moral life,
With higher purpose, now, perforce,
With loftier aspirations rife.

In matters both of Church and State,
A high ambition spurs him on,
With buoyancy and hope elate,
He plies his task till it be done.

WINTER.

Written in the month of January, the ground covered with snow.

IS winter, drear winter, and cold the winds blow,
 The ground is all cover'd with ice and with snow,
 The trees are all gemm'd with a crystalline sheen,
 No birdling or blossom are now to be seen.

The landscape is wearing a mantle of white,
 Its verdure lies wither'd and hidden from sight,
 Rude Borean blasts bleakly blow o'er the hills,
 'Till the life-current, coursing, his icy-breath chills.

The rills in their ice-fetters firmly are bound
 As the frost-spirit breathes o'er the face of the ground
 The icicles pendant hang over the eaves,
 And the wind whirls in eddies the rustling leaves.

It shrieks through the casement and in at the door—
 All through the long night hear it fitfully roar,
 The mitre ethereal silently flies
 So keen and so cutting through storm-troubled
 skies.

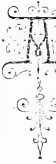
The dark leaden clouds dim the light of the sun,
 And the dull dreary hours drone slothfully on,
 Eurocydon forges the cold biting sleet,
 And the snow-drifts he piles at the traveler's feet.

The wealthy, at ease in their mansions so warm,
 Heed not the rude blast of the pitiless storm—
 The loud-roaring tempest, the elements din,
 Serve only to heighten their comforts within.

The poor, in their hovels, feel keenly the blast,
 And shudder and shake as the storm-sprite goes
 past;
 Oh! pity the poor, in their lowly estate,
 And turn them not empty away from your gate.

LINES

ON WITNESSING THREE SISTERS DEPOSITING FLOWERS ON THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND, IN ST. ANN'S CEMETERY, MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.


 T an early hour of the Sabbath morn,
 Beside the ancient, sacred pile, I stood
 Of old St. Ann's. The ivy careless clamber'd
 Along its moss-grown, antique walls;
 The sun-light bathed in golden glory
 The calm, sequester'd scene, and silence
 Reign'd through all the leafy grove,
 Save where the warbling songster pour'd
 His wood-notes wild, or where "the gray old
 trunks
 That high in heaven mingled their mossy boughs,"
 Murmur'd with sound of "the invisible breath
 That played among their giant branches,"
 And "bowed the wrapt spirit with the thought
 Of boundless power and inaccessible majesty."
 Within the lone church no loitering footfall
 O'er threshold, aisle, or chancel echoed,
 No sound intruded on the hush profound
 Of that ancient temple. The pale sleepers
 In the weird city of the dead lay mute,
 Their mouldering ashes mingling with the dust,
 While sculptured tablets with memorial brief,
 Their memories from oblivion rescued.

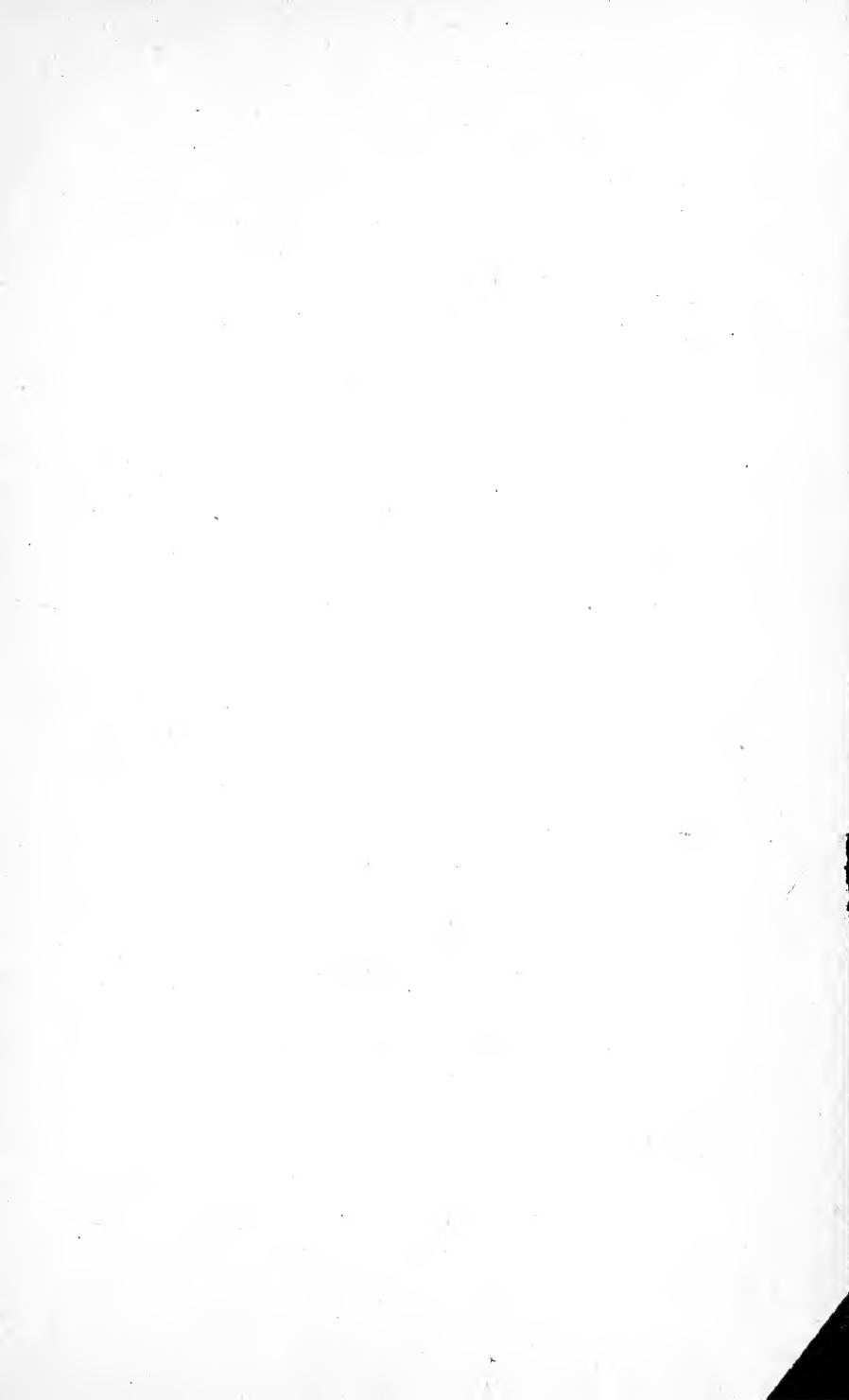
As thus upon the scene around I gazed,
 The fresh-turned earth upon a new-made grave,
 Within its marble confines neat enclosed,
 My vision steadfast fixed, and I beheld
 Three maidens, bearing each a rich bouquet,
 Approach the tomb, and softly by its side
 Stoop down and place thereon their floral gems
 In token of the love they bore the friend
 So late inurned, whom yet they fondly cherish'd,
 Full preparation one had duly made

To stand beside her at the bridal altar;
 But now, beside her early grave she stood,
 With floral tokens of unfailing love
 For the fair young wither'd flower beneath.
 Touching and beautiful the lovely sight
 Of such devotion deep at friendship's shrine.
 My sterner heart, in welling sympathy,
 Throbb'd its response to this ennobling act
 Of these fair sisters, and did them homage
 Deep down within its silent recesses.
 Oh, when with them life's fitful fever ends
 May ne'er be wanted hand of sympathy
 To strew affection's token o'er their graves.

MERRY MAY.

THREAL mildness, gentle showers.
 Springing verdure, opening flowers,
 Apple blossoms, bobolinks,
 Budding roses, blushing pinks,
 Cherries snowy, peach buds sleek,
 Rivaling a maiden's cheek,
 Balmy zephyrs, halcyon hours,
 Song of birds and scent of flowers,
 Vernal season, swelling spray,
 All belong to Merry May.









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