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COLUMBUS DREW







COLUMB'S DREW

# COLUMBUS DREW

SOMETHING OF HIS  
LIFE AND ANCESTRY

AND SOME OF HIS  
LITERARY WORK



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Emanuel Hertig

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**T**HIS *little volume, in loving memory of my father, Columbus Drew, is a compilation of some of his literary work; and though incomplete (on account of the original collection having been destroyed by the great Jacksonville fire of May 3, 1901), it has been made possible through the contributions of kind friends.*

*May those of my father's descendants who knew him not through personal, daily contact, learn through this little volume of verse something of the high ideals, and of the gentle and noble nature of their worthy ancestor.*

*Affectionately dedicated to my father.*

ALICE J. DREW



## CAREER OF COLUMBUS DREW

The wretched days of reconstruction, about which I have heretofore written, were to be brought to an end and a long-suffering people were to be redeemed. The credit of the State was gone, at home and abroad. The obligations of the commonwealth, the counties and the municipalities, at the depreciated value of fifty cents on the dollar and even less, and known under the pseudonym of "scrip," floated broadcast as thick as leaves in Vollombrosa. The revolution came in 1876 when the Democratic party, with George F. Drew, as its successful candidate for Governor, wrested the power from those who had used and abused it so long. Governor Drew was of Northern birth and had been a Union sympathizer during the war, but the Democrats of the State were willing to trust him. He was a man of high character and unquestioned executive and business ability. When he took office he knew that serious problems confronted him. A bankrupt State's credit was to be redeemed and a downward course checked and changed. He determined to surround himself with safe and able advisers and as, under the then existing law, he had the power to appoint his own cabinet, he called to his aid the following patriotic Floridians: William D. Bloxham, to be Secretary of State; Columbus Drew, Comptroller; Walter Gwynn, Treasurer; George P. Raney, Attorney General; Hugh A. Corley, Commissioner of Lands and Immigration; Wm. P. Haisley, Superintendent of Public Instruction, and J. J. Dickison, Adjutant General. All these, except William D. Bloxham and George P. Raney, have followed their chief to the other shore, lamented by a grateful people. Since that time William D. Bloxham has himself given the State two brilliant terms as Governor, and George P. Raney has graced the seat on the Supreme Bench as Chief Justice. Thousands will join me in wishing for each of them long lives of happiness and continued usefulness. For myself, I can never cease to love and honor the men who stood by us in the days that tried men's souls.

"A Northern man by birth and a Union man by principle," said Governor Drew in his inaugural address, "I recognize that the Democracy of Florida, in placing me in this position, demonstrate their desire for a true and fraternal union of all the sections of our common country. That such a union may be firmly established and ever remain peaceful, prosperous and happy, is the hope of every patriot." And although Florida, in common with the other States of the South, had been drinking the dregs of despair under the injustice of the times, they responded to the Governor's sentiments with a heartfelt Amen! The negroes of the State who had been blindly following those adventurers who used them for their own ends, recognized the change, and, in a convention held by them in Tallahassee, shortly after Governor Drew and his cabinet took the reins of government, said, "We are aware that recently in our State, as well as through the whole South, a political revolution has taken place, and it is our hope that now the race issue in politics, with all its accompanying evils, will pass away, and that intelligence and integrity will dominate without regard to color or previous condition."

No better selection for the important and responsible office of Comptroller could have been made than that of Columbus Drew. Though of the same name, he was not related to the Governor, and was appointed to this office only because of his unquestioned fitness and because his name would inspire confidence at this critical time. Bloxham, Drew, Raney, Gwynn, Corley, Haisley and Dickison for a cabinet was a guarantee of honest and fair government that every one immediately recognized. The public credit, as I have said, was gone; incompetent officials had been holding sway, and public office had not only not been considered a "public trust," as President Cleveland termed it, but in all too many instances had been a private snap. Mismanagement, waste and extravagance were everywhere observable, and genuine, unselfish, unalloyed patriotism was almost unknown. In some future paper I may ask if we are not drifting on those times again. To audit the accounts, to separate the wheat from the chaff, to turn down unjust claims, to devise means of paying the just ones, to look after the collection of taxes, to guard the treasury—these were the duties of the new Comptroller. That he met them all and that he shared with the Governor and his colleagues in the cabinet, the great work accomplished for Florida by that administration, will stand to his and their everlasting credit.

The parents of Columbus Drew were from Cornwall, England, and came to America early in the last century. He spent his boyhood and early manhood in Washington City and, when quite a young man, was employed as proofreader on the famous old *National Intelligencer*, owned and edited by Gales & Seaton. In 1847, he was one of the editors of the *American*, which brought him in intimate contact and relationship with all the public men of the day. He was an ardent Whig and, as he was a forceful writer, Congressman E. Carrington Cabell, then representing the State in the House of Representatives, and other prominent politicians of the party, induced him to come to Florida in 1848 and take editorial charge of the *Republican*, the leading Whig journal of the State.

In 1855 he established in Jacksonville the book and job printing establishment now known far and wide as The H. & W. B. Drew Co. He stood with General Call and other leading Whigs of that day, in opposition to secession and the dismemberment of the American Union, but when his State seceded and joined the Confederacy, he went with his people and was loyal to the struggling South. His well known business ability soon brought him an offer of a position from the new government, and he was called to Richmond to a place of responsibility in the Treasury Department, where he served during most of the war. As has been shown, he was destined, during the dark days which followed the Civil War, to be of great service in the political and financial redemption of his State.

Columbus Drew was a lovable gentleman. His nature was kindly and his manner gentle, affable, and unaffected. He was an incessant reader, a contributor to magazine literature, and an art critic of no mean ability. A number of poems composed by him went the rounds of the American press. When the seaports of the South were blockaded during the war and we found ourselves not only unable to buy cloth from abroad wherewith to clothe our soldiers, and without factories or spindles to spin, or looms to weave it, the spinning wheels of the grandmothers were brought down from

the garrets and put into use. This inspired Mr. Drew to write that rhythmic, swinging poem, the first verse of which ran:

“Out of the garret, out of the barn  
Summoned am I to my duty;  
Long set aside with my lusterless yarn,  
Robbed of my fabric of beauty,  
I'm summoned to come with a whirl and a hum  
With a voice like the flying of chaff  
From some mighty machine that the grain may be clean,—  
'Tis but me and my mighty distaff.”

When Jefferson Davis lay dying at his home at Beauvoir, and the wires had flashed the news that the end was near, there hurried from Orlando, Fla., to that devoted Mississippi home, an aged negro man, a former body servant of the dying chief of the lost cause, with the hope of seeing his former master before death had closed his eyes, but the faithful white-haired old slave was too late.

This incident inspired Mr. Drew to write a touching poem which he called “The Prayer of Milo Cooper,” picturing the scene of a faithful negro fervently praying in the death chamber of his old master. It not only paints a pathetic scene, but throws light on the relations formerly existing between the old-time master and the old-time slave. It is to be hoped that the literary productions of Mr. Drew may be collected and published. Everything I ever read from his pen breathed the spirit of his own gentle and refined nature. When, in 1891, his spirit took its flight, a truly good man passed off the stage of action.—*Robert W. Davis, in Tampa Tribune.*

## MASTER AND SERVANT

"The poem entitled 'The Prayer of Milo Cooper' was the last literary effort of the late Columbus Drew. It appeared in the Chattanooga *Sunday News* of July 5th, and was probably written only a few weeks before his death. It will be remembered as a widely published circumstance, that at the death bed of ex-President Davis was Milo Cooper, who, learning of the illness of his former master, journeyed from Orlando, Florida, to Beauvoir, only to find the loved one cold in death; and falling on his knees he prayed aloud for the departed."

### THE PRAYER OF MILO COOPER

There was whispering in the chamber, there was soundless tread of feet,  
As though the whispers and the tread of soundless steps were meet;  
The couch the loving watch bent o'er, with tearful, hopeful eyes,  
Was still as one who resting there, breathes a last breath and dies;  
For death had filled its mission, and the sleeper heard the call.  
It came to him a whisper, death entering the door;  
Only a peaceful whisper of the simple words, "No more."

There hurried to the bedside one who traveled far to see  
The sick one; faithful visitor, as faithful as could be.  
In times gone by they called him *slave*, his heart was as before,  
Bound to his master; freedman, now, and called a slave no more.  
His hair was white, and time had seemed to trace his brow more deep  
Than when he served. He heard the woe, and came to serve and weep.  
A broken tie had made him free of limb to come and go,  
The tie of love he kept unbroke, his heart had willed it so.  
Even the whispering of the room grew still when the old face  
Looked in, permitted gladly near the dead to have a place.  
He entered; soon upon his knees beside the bed he prayed  
A prayer of blessing for the dead, the grandest ever made—  
A prayer that gathered in a look the deeds of good for years  
The slave and master did for each, now jeweled in his tears.  
Oh, mightiest prayer of him who spoke, the slave who humbly knelt  
Beside the master when the bonds of slave were never felt!  
But only bonds of loyalty to every trait of good,  
A noble being cherished, and as nobly understood.  
The black and white were types of things well written for the guide  
Of lives by golden rule decreed until the master died.

There were whisperings in the chamber, there are whisperings in the breast,  
Of the prayer old Milo Cooper prayed beside the dead at rest.  
He came, self-bonded freeman, the closing eyes to see;  
He found a glory on the face; the master too was free.

## SONG OF THE SPINNING WHEEL

Out of the garret, out of the barn,  
Summomed am I to my duty ;  
Long set aside with my lustreless yarn,  
Robbed of my fabric of beauty.  
I'm summomed to come with a whir and a hum,  
With the voice like the flying of chaff  
From some mighty machine that the grain may be clean—  
'Tis but me and my mighty distaff.

But, the grain winnowed, the fan of the silk,—  
Let fly the satins and laces ;  
Soldier's array I'll supply to my ilk,  
Veils for my daughters' bright faces.  
So will I sing with a whir and a hum,  
I sing, while now my dear daughters  
Have saddest of faces ; alas ! there are some  
Quaff deep of woe's bitter waters.

When I am singing then I work best,  
Work, though I know the storm rages ;  
I'll do my duty and leave all the rest  
To patriot soldiers and sages.  
So with a whiz and a whir and a hum,  
E'en in the roughest of weather,  
Something in tune with the roll of the drum,  
For we are workers together.

## WELCOME

Welcome workers, nothing fearing,  
Welcome from your pioneering.  
Noble 'tis to speed the plow,  
For awhile unbind it now.  
Hurl it on the earth's strong breast,  
While we welcome, let it rest.  
Far down from the Kissimmee  
Come the yeomen, strong and free.  
Where the Choctahatchie wakes  
To the nearing sound that shakes  
Earth and water with the tale  
Of the westward lengthening rail,  
Men of might their labors cease.  
Men and yeomen, sweet release !  
Welcome ! and the rest not long  
Send you home renewed and strong.  
Even "Welaka," stream the proudest,  
Sings its song of greeting loudest.

Soon the distance now estranging  
East from west, through forest ranging,  
North from South, in speed shall vanish  
Every bar of kin to banish.  
Men of city and of wood  
Then shall meet in brotherhood.  
Speed that time, so soon a'coming,  
When the track, with echoes humming  
From the fiery horse careering,  
Tells the happy time is nearing,  
When, nor night nor day dividing,  
Kindred shall be close-abiding.

*Jacksonville, February 21, 1882*

### THE TURNING OF THE KEY

We lock the door to guard the home  
When weary ones retire,  
One waits for one who late may come,  
And kindles up the fire:  
For ah! the key must not be turned,  
The fire be left to gloam,  
It longer, later must be burned  
Till wandering steps come home.

So late! how sad the anxious breast!  
The home is safe; for she  
Waits for the coming ere her rest,  
Then only turns the key,  
The wanderer in the loving eyes,  
That weary not to wait,  
Heeds not the hearthstone fire that dies  
When footsteps pass the gate.

Oh rest for one, the wanderer!  
On him not turns the key.  
Oh sweet the rest awaiting her,  
Whose heart says "cometh he?"  
Perchance with thus the key unturned,  
The wanderer won may be,  
Won by the watch of her that yearned  
And would not turn the key.

There's many a yielding heart made strong,  
There's many a passion tide,  
Unsteady, wildly sweeps along,  
To right ways turned aside;  
By keeping bright the hearthstone fire,  
Though late the wanderer be,  
Till sheltered, and the coals expire,  
The watcher turns the key.

*November 13, 18*

### DEATH AT THE KEY

H. L. Robinson, telegraph operator, died tonight after the report.—Jacksonville dispatch to the World. Written during the yellow fever epidemic of 1888.

All day he sat at the rattling key  
And gathered the tidings of land and sea;  
From the uttermost corners of the land  
Cheer and comfort flowed under his hand.

Offers of nurses and money, too,  
Poured in as his fingers fairly flew,  
To write the record of man's good-will  
To the stricken City of Jacksonville.

At length the rattling keys begin  
To rush their wild remorseless din;  
There's naught to be done but to send away  
One message—the death-rate of the day!

Out in the dark, in the yellow mist  
That is death to the lips it has silently kissed,  
Out from the shadows where microbes crawl,  
Lo! another operator's call!

“Click, click”—it comes as cold and clear  
As a trumpet-call in the startled ear;  
“Click, click”—in the terrible silence his heart's  
Best blood to that fateful summons starts!

Out from the dusk where the shadows crawl  
The Grim Operator has sent his call;  
One entry more on the tally-sheet  
And the roll of the dead is at last complete.

## OUR LITTLE ILLS

Our little ills—how small they are—  
Smaller than feeblest twinkling star,  
Compared to meteors wildly hurled  
Toward some perilled wandering world.

We hear of trains that crash, and tell  
Of fates that loving hearts befell—  
Of souls upon a sinking deck.  
Our little ills are but a speck  
Beside the dreadful lot of those  
Whom thus the gloomy gates enclose.

We know a pestilence that sweeps  
Where death's sweet grain of promise reaps;  
Why not think our ills are ease,  
Compared with woes that wait on these.

*Jacksonville, Fla., October 12, 1888.*

## THE BROKEN OAR

The following from the *Florida Mirror*, of October 25th, 1879, as an introduction to "The Broken Oar":

We hope that it may be as agreeable to our readers as to ourselves to turn aside for a time from questions of war and peace, of business and politics, to enjoy a purely literary gratification, such as that afforded in the sonnet of Hon. C. Drew, which we reprint in our columns to-day, together with the lines of the distinguished poet, to which Mr. Drew's sonnet was originally a pendant.

Mr. Columbus Drew, a native of Washington, and for many years a resident of Jacksonville, and now, as Comptroller of Florida, established in Tallahassee, is regarded by those who know him best as being a most excellent officer, as he is a most courteous and cultivated gentleman; and the only wonder as regards position expressed is, not that he is called to fill a very important office in the State, but that the people do not advance him higher.

Mr. Drew has delivered several admirable addresses which were well received by the public, has written acceptably for some of the best magazines, and in occasional pieces of poetry has shown now a vein of tender, pensive sentiment, and then a chaste and pleasing fancy clothed in apt and beautiful language, that have hardly received as yet their due meed of popular appreciation.

The brief introduction to Mr. Drew's sonnet and notice of one so well known to many, may appear to some of our readers as quite unnecessary; but inasmuch as the *New York Herald*, editorially, did not know the other day, that Atlanta was the capital of Georgia, we may not unreasonably suppose that among those who do us the honor of reading the *Mirror*, there may be some who are not acquainted with the literary merits of one of the leading writers of Florida.

Once upon Iceland's solitary strand  
A poet wandered with his book and pen,  
Seeking some final word, some sweet Amen,  
Wherewith to close the volume in his hand.

The billows rolled and plunged upon the sand,  
 The circling sea-gull swept beyond his ken,  
 And from the parting cloud rack now and then,  
 Flashed the red sunset over sea and land.  
 Then by the billows at his feet was tossed  
 A broken oar; and carved thereon he read,  
 "Oft was I weary when I toiled at thee;"  
 And like a man who findeth what was lost,  
 He wrote the words, then lifted up his head,  
 And flung his useless pen into the sea.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Sonnet in *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1878.

Might there not be some deeper hidden thought  
 In the words wafted from the billowy sea,  
 "Oft was I weary when I toiled at thee,"  
 Than the fit use for them the poet sought,  
 To close the volume with his labor fraught?  
 Some ship-wrecked sailor may have striven to reach  
 With broken bark and oar, in vain, the beach,  
 And carved the words thereon, as one who fought  
 Life's battle well, and saw the rest at hand,  
 Nor minded weary limbs that plied the oar—  
 Who viewed the sunset o'er the watery strife  
 Calmly, and mused, as closed the vision grand,  
 And the sea opened wide its prison door,  
 "Oft was I weary when I toiled at life."

C. DREW.

Tallahassee, Florida, August 25, 1878.

## A SOUTHERN INCIDENT

The following obituary notice is the foundation of the following lines. The death of Mr. Green is of course a fact, the notice of the same being written and published by one of his former slaves, whose name is appended to it. The writer of the notice is one whose life, as a colored citizen, since emancipation, commands a respect fully consistent with the spirit of the announcement of the death of the former master. The incident is thought worthy of preservation, as evincing a relation which existed in many instances between master and slave, of the South, somewhat in vindication of truth and the moral aspect of Southern society as it really existed in former times. D.

Died, in Baker County, near Sanderson, on the 17th instant, Elisha Green, aged 85 years and 15 days.

Mr. Green was born in South Carolina, near Georgetown; but while he was yet very young, his father removed to Bullock County, Georgia, where he resided until he removed to Florida in 1829. He served in the war against England in 1812, under General Jackson. He was also with General Jackson during the campaigns through Florida. On Christmas day, 1830, he commenced his settlement on the south prong of the St. Mary's River, which was then an unbroken wilderness, inhabited only by the Indians. He made a camp fire at the root of a large pine tree whilst preparing a shelter for his family, consisting of a wife and six small children. On the breaking out of the Seminole War, he enlisted and served through the war, during which he was twice obliged to send his family to Georgia

for safety. His property was destroyed and buildings burned by the Indians, but he returned and began again on the ruins of his home, collecting such remnants of his stock as had escaped the marauding savages. By hard work and careful management, he soon surrounded himself with the comforts of life. In 1840 he bought the first slave he ever owned, the writer of this notice, who regrets that he is not able in this sketch to do justice to the friendship which sprung up between master and servant, which lasted until death came between them. As a master he was kind and just; he never separated families, nor was he careless of their welfare in any particular.

Before the breaking out of the war he was comfortably off, and could have retired from active work; but preferring not to be idle, he continued to take active oversight of his affairs until near the close of his life. There was no work that he required to have done that he was not always ready to take hold of himself and lend a hand to push along.

The unfortunate were never sent away from his door without relief from his own hand—and he often relieved others to his own hurt, and it can safely be said that there is not a soul living that can say that he ever did wrong to his fellow man—and the writer can testify to many acts of kindness done to himself.

Mr. Green was a member of the Baptist Church for thirty years, and died in that faith. His place will be hard to fill, and in the neighborhood where he has resided for forty-five years, he was universally respected and esteemed. He left a large family of children, grand-children and great-grand-children.

The last time the author of this sketch saw him, he requested that two of his old servants should come and assist at his burial, if he died first. The promise was made, and at his death the telegraph summoned them to the performance of the last act of love and devotion which could be shown on this side of eternity. They immediately took the train and arrived in time to finish digging his grave and join in the last solemn rites over his remains.

Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things—enter thou into the joys of thy Lord.

SAMUEL SPEARING.

*Jacksonville, Florida, Oct. 24, 1875.*

#### THE BURIAL OF THE MASTER

*From The Semi-Tropical*

Age crept upon the man who once was Master.  
He had not sought to win a lordly state  
Or wield a lordly arm; but all his ways  
Were pastoral and simple. By the plough,  
Its share held by his own untiring hand,  
He ran the furrow for long years beside  
The slave his toil had purchased. Others wrought  
In the same field, and also ploughed in turn,  
Each, in his time of ploughing, emulous  
To win the furrow race, and sharing each  
The kindly mastership of him who ran  
The long day through as fellow toiler.

All owned their lot as something given of God.  
It came from the abyss of Eld—it was—  
And might be, or might not be, in the time  
Known as the Future—that abysmal deep  
O'er which clouds hover, and uncertainties  
That mock the mask of Wisdom. From the cloud  
The die may fall; it may be cast in storm,  
Like the fierce bolt that strikes the world with awe  
And deals twin mysteries of joy and woe.

As little as we know the fates, *they* knew—  
Those double workers of a Master's will—  
That which to now was nothing—the To-Come.

Age crept upon the Master. Years had run  
Their furrows even on his patient brow.  
There was no wide-tilled field, nor song from lips  
That sweetened labor, spreading to his view,  
Or making glad his heart as in life's spring:  
The laborer had departed, and the host  
Was only Master of a heart self-schooled.  
The bolt had broken from the cloud that wrapt  
The dark To-Come, and with it fell as dust  
The bond that bound the master to the slave;  
And as the dust falls lightly, and appears  
Like slow-descending particles of gold  
In the long gleam that through the crevice steals,  
So between these the ligament dissolves,  
Flecking the distant space that intervened  
Each lot in life with golden memories.

Such golden memories were the only wealth  
Left to the patient Master; and as age  
Warned him of that still solemn seal unbroke—  
The last in life's apocalypse—he sent  
Now for his steadfast friend, his servant once,  
And said, "When I am dead I bid *you* dig  
My grave and be with those who bury me."  
And the slave bowed, in spirit re-enthralled!

And soon the crisis came; the message sent  
To the one bidden, on the wire, was like  
The message to the Master, waited for,  
As those who, "ready," wait, when all is well.

Soon by the couch of him who won again  
The name of *Master*, when the trial came  
Between his spirit-being and the grave,  
Stood the surrounding helpmates of the noon  
Of that good life the evening's sleep had crowned;  
For he who chief was bidden had conveyed  
The Master's call to all the rest he loved  
Of his old servants. Then they bore him where  
The grave their faithful hands for him had made,  
Beneath the pines of fadeless funeral plumes,  
Or resinous censers to perfume the blest.

If the green earth environing the spot  
Those duteous hands assigned for the last sleep  
Of him, the honored sleeper, were a lake  
Still and unruffled as an evening sky,  
And o'er its surface rose a crystal fane  
Which angel hands had built with plummet line—  
A roofless fane, with inner walls complete,  
If aught so like a ruin could be left  
By spirit builders as a finished thing—  
And in the depths below the symmetry  
Of inner wall as bright as in the air  
Appeared, it could not be more square and true  
Than was the sepulchre these willing hands  
Prepared for him. The service was the last.  
'Twas labor-love returned, not with the song  
Of ploughing, but the faith the furrow-seed  
They planted there would bear eternal bloom.

With careful hands they laid the dead below,  
And when the preacher spoke the solemn thought,  
That man, in going, gives but "dust to dust,"  
Each from his palm, as though there were its type  
In the new contact, three times cast the clay  
Upon the sounding coffin, to complete  
The simple symbol of mortality.  
The void in earth so easy closed was filled:  
They smoothed the outline of the tent of death,  
Planted a cutting of immortal green  
Close to the head and on the sunset side:  
And then the Master's bidding was obeyed.

This is the burial of the Master—writ  
Of many instances of nobleness  
In men that live, the witnesses of truth,  
And men departed, who the witness bore,  
That in a time which some call barbarous,  
(Part of the span of our fair South's career),  
There were exemplars in the life assigned  
To server and to served, and precious traits  
Evolved from social life, as precious fruits  
Are borne of trees in every clime of nature.

Sweet sleep the Master who fulfilled the trust  
Of mastery! Sweet sleep the slave who saw  
Even in bondage something more than self!  
The same dew falls for them; the "stars of earth,"  
The flowers, for them alike their sweet perfumes  
Blend with the brightness of the stars of heaven.

And if the spheres shall give again sweet sounds,  
As in the chorus of Creation's Morn,  
To glorify its Evening, when the March  
Of all the ransomed slumberers begins,  
'Twill be the grand Processional, for Them  
To Enter In.

*November 7, 1875.*

### THE THISTLE

Given with some Wild Thistle Blossoms to Miss Hattie Nelson.

There is not a heart that a pleasure hath known  
That can say for a life it knew pleasure alone;  
For there must be a pain that hath touched it, and this  
May sweeten our taste of the chalice of bliss.  
The Rose, ever precious, alone on a thorn,  
To charm with its fragrance and beauty is born;  
And the Thistle ne'er gives us, so flaunting and bold,  
Except from a nettle, its blossoms of gold.

*Jacksonville, April 10, 1882.*

### THE EMBER DAYS

The Ember Days are ancient days, when heads were bowed in sorrow,  
And hours of penitence were dark and rayless of to-morrow,  
And prayerful hands unclasped to fill the palms with humbling ashes,  
And cinders that had lost their light in slow expiring flashes.  
Woe darkly rested on the heart, as embers cast contritely  
Over the hair once smoothed apart, with ashes made unsightly.  
Not a spark lingered in the coals, nor e'en the faintest glimmer,  
As sank the heart's low-flickering gleam, each moment growing dimmer;  
And hope of heart went out as dead as gleam of ash or ember,  
With but a past in penitence divinely to remember.

The ancient days, the Ember Days, were better than their seeming,  
For glorious dawns of joy broke in on sorrow's hopeless dreaming.  
E'en when such rites of Ember Days are gone, our human sorrow,  
Though a forever seems its gloom, forever hath to-morrow.  
The embers may rekindle, and the ashes shine reglowing—  
Why, hearts in sweet contrition may foretaste the bliss of knowing;  
And then the embers and the dust, cheered eyes in transport seeing,  
Shall strew the ground and light the feet in better paths of being.  
The garb of sackcloth put away, the robe the sorrow winneth  
Shall deck in brightness of the day the soul no more that sinneth.  
The lighted coals, the lighted robes, in radiant emission,  
Shall shine with hearts that newly burn, the glory of contrition.

*September 1, 1889.*

## THE GREY-CLAD PARTISAN

The camp was down at Waldo—the soldiers numbered more,  
Within its rude-built houses, than five full valiant score.  
It was a Spartan city, embowered among the pines,  
And men grew strong on frugal fare within its tented lines.  
'Twas oft for days deserted, save by the guard, whose feet,  
Now that a lion watched the path, all careless trod his beat ;  
For Dickison was scouting, and once upon the track,  
Well had the sentry learned to wait till triumph brought him back.  
And true as comes the needle, long vibrating, to its place,  
Came the leader back to Waldo, from his hundredth warpath chase ;  
And the fires of camp were lighted, and the harness of the field  
Was loosed from weary limbs, and hung, as ancients hung the shield,  
And the groups were scattered gaily where the scanty board was spread,  
With the cup of cool spring water, and the bacon and the bread ;  
And the pipes were wreathing garlands for the gentle zephyr wave,  
As love exhales its garlands round the gentle and the brave.  
Here one with tale of war beguiled the night's slow-waning hours,  
And saw in dreams the look that smiled from Love's o'ershadowing bowers ;  
There one sweet song's enchanting spell breathed fondly o'er the scene,  
And tuned the lay of hope to meet the maid of Augustine.  
Thus sang the valiant soldier boy, his face illumed, that night,  
With his soul's flash, that rose to join the flickering camp-fire light :

### CAMP SONG OF THE ST. AUGUSTINE CONFEDERATE

I soon may see, no more to part,  
The maid who waits her lover—  
Who waits until, with trusting heart,  
This cruel war is over.  
She dwells in dear St. Augustine,  
Her hair is black and braided—  
She bade me go and stand to guard  
Our sunny soil invaded.

I soon may see my loved brunette,  
By San Sebastian, flowing—  
Perchance her watching eyes are wet,  
Or brave and hopeful glowing.  
I soon may meet those deep dark eyes—  
May meet that heart, ne'er doubting,  
Save when she hears the quick surprise,  
Or lists the mingled shouting.

For when our "Eagle" swoops around,  
And rifle-notes are ringing,  
That heart, all still to catch the sound,  
More close to mine is clinging,

I'll clasp it yet—I'll clasp it true—  
That heart so bravely beating,  
That bids me dare and bids me do,  
And nobly win the meeting.

The camp at Waldo slumbered, for the hundreth warpath raid  
Had led them—sweet betrayal—to the dreamer's ambushade.

## II

'Twas night again at Waldo, and the men were all alert,  
And Dickison girded well his sword upon his skirt.  
A rumor vague was passing, by none well understood,  
Save by the valiant leader, the Pine Grove Robin Hood.  
The hero band of Waldo were destined now to do  
Some duty full of peril, but of fear not to the true;  
And ready to the summons, each rider was on horse,  
And marching with his leader on his early morning course.  
Through the deep sandy highway, through the cool hammock glade,  
While the great sun rolled westward, east marched the cavalcade,  
And as the night fell on them, paused they at last to bait  
Rider and beast a moment, there at the peril gate.  
One league 'twas from Palatka, this place of bivouac.  
An hour, and none that starteth can, craven-like, turn back,  
For once upon the river, the beautiful St. John,  
Their safety lay in finishing the work they'd set upon.  
By a few torches gleaming, the leader called his men;  
Up in a line before him reined they their coursers then—  
Each with a day's provision, a corn-blade sheaf well tied  
Upon the saddle rearward, with holsters at the side.  
Thus mounted well and ready, the torches' fitful gleam,  
Made some romantic picture the peril-hunters seem.  
The "great rebellion's" Marion, to lead a captain born,  
With his own hand his steed attired, and took his sheaf of corn.  
His trusty sword well girded, his weapons all aprime,  
He sprang into his saddle like a knight of olden time;  
Then, when the steeds were chafing, and fronted in the light,  
"Men!" said the valiant Dickison, "we cross the stream to-night;  
Be silent going over—'tis danger we must meet,  
To the eastward of the river that opposes our retreat;  
For when ourselves and friendship it rolls its waves between,  
The foe may overwhelm us from the walls of Augustine.  
We go again to thwart him, to harass and to strike,  
To beard him in his stronghold as the surf upon the dyke—  
If one be for the journey unwilling or o'erworn,  
*Let him go back to Waldo with the wagons in the morn.*"  
He waited then in silence, but no faltering voice was heard.  
"March!" and the boys of Dickison were moving at the word.

### III

Five score of hardy yeomen, though quiet was their tread,  
 Wakened Palatka, desolate as city of the dead.  
 There in its lone deserted streets the chargers and the men  
 Waited the scanty transport o'er, in couples ten by ten.  
 The oarsmen well were chosen, and labored through the night  
 Where lurked upon the river the peril of the fight.  
 The morn broke bright upon them, and still, upon the tide,  
 'Twas noon before the rowers' last firm oar had plied.  
 Strange chance, the band, in crossing by decimal relief,  
 The foe had not discovered and brought to speedy grief!  
 But there they stood together, upon the hostile shore,  
 Each rider in his saddle, and away a moment more—  
 Away for Picolata, like Cossacks of the Don,  
 To spy or strike the barbican that frowned on the St. John.  
 From wary reconnoitre, before the dawn had broke,  
 The scouts report the battlements would laugh to meet the stroke.  
 Transplanted were the forest pines in strong compacted square,  
 Safe shielding thrice the riflemen who came to charge them there:  
 Such the report the scouts received, false-witnessed, but availed  
 To save a feeble garrison, fated if then assailed.  
 The leader turned, well-purposed not to sacrifice the few,  
 In many a 'vironed peril-path had proved him doubly true,  
 "Come as the wind, my men," he spoke, "it recks not where we fall,  
 Whether on roving predators or badly guarded wall;  
 Swift be our work—the odds are theirs—we have no doubt to choose,  
 We take the hostile eastward paths to win and not to lose."

### IV

There is a road that parteth o'er two decades of miles,  
 Southward from where the leader turned to trace its green defiles;  
 Left is the old Tomoqua trail, by time and travel beat,  
 And right Volusia, stream-laved, opes its canonized retreat.  
 The Rebel, timing well his task, swift scoured the southward shore,  
 And swept the right-dividing path, as fleet he sped before.  
 Where shines the sun, where springs the flower, where spreads the forest  
 shade,  
 Between the lakes of Dunn and George, in beauteous esplanade,  
 Near where the Haw Creeks pour their streams, all fringed with graceful  
 thorn,  
 Least like the spot where Fury's night too sadly veiled the morn.  
 There, as if fate the hunters led, and doomed the prey they sought,  
 Sudden as cloud surcharged, meets cloud, rebel with raider fought—  
 Raider, with long and loaded train, the cotton's snowy thread,  
 Ten stalwart teams, and sixty men, by brave Wilcoxson led:  
 Wilcoxson and our Dickison! they met as Greek met Greek,  
 In the old days when fights were poems, whose martyred heroes speak.

Wilcoxson's sword was brandished well, as face to face he stood  
 Before the Grey-Clad Partisan, unyearning for his blood;  
 But life for life, each dread impulse, each motion quick implied,  
 And fatal was the aim that gave the triumph long denied.  
 The leader of the Union band, before the Man of Gray,  
 Felt the hot life drops from his wounds were ebbing slow away;  
 He died not there, but captive died; where strangers watched his rest,  
 And stranger hands the valley clod heaped o'er his soldier breast.  
 And Chatfield near, his dauntless aid, as sure a fated mark,  
 Sank a torn nation's hero corpse, now prostrate, stern and stark.  
 None fell of Dickison's command—the panic-stricken foe  
 Yielded as vanquished to the arms that laid their chieftains low,  
 And from the march to Augustine, in broken, weary lines,  
 The captives, with their affluent prize, turned westward through the pines.  
 Soon to the broad St. John's they came, and there with transports rude,  
 The chieftain with his double charge, essayed to cross the flood;  
 Little by little, o'er the stream, in the frail barks that bore  
 The forest-trained crusaders, eastward bound, of late before,  
 Went vanquished men, in fight-soiled blue, went teams of stalwart mould,  
 Went wagons deeply laden with the tropic fleece of gold,  
 And men in motley uniform, predominant of grey,  
 As victor guards the guerdon closed that crowned the bold foray.

#### V.

Safe on the west Welaka slopes, the victors looked not back.  
 "Ho! for the camp at Waldo, ere we make our bivouac;  
 For 'tis there we slumber sweetly when our hard wrought work is done,  
 And the pine sprays with the moonlight weave, or screen us from the sun.  
 We patient wait at Waldo, or we march as heroes trod—  
 Our cause is staked on Battle, and the Arbiter is God!  
 Whate'er may be the issue, Columbia! be it thine  
 To cull the wreath from *each* fair land, and call it only *Mine!*

#### VI.

When olden France was heaving, in days that long have gone,  
 A feeble band united, and *Waldo* led them on.  
 Keen words were their defences, nor fire, nor moat, nor fosse,  
 The shield of Faith supplanted—their banner was the *Cross*.  
 Oft in the midnight darkness, oft when the starlight shone  
 Burned the camp fires of Waldo, in forest by the Rhone;  
 And ever burned as brightly as fires of Faith had done  
 The signal fires at Waldo lit, that gleamed to the St. John.  
 That gleam will paint for story the *soldier Waldenses*,  
 Who made the *Bloom Peninsula* a classic *Chersonese*.

## THE BROOK STONE

(Written by Request Expressly for *The Sunday Critique*.)

A fair child was strolling upon the sea strand.  
Little back were the hills and a brook from the land.  
Bright pebbles and stones from the stream lay outcast  
On the sand where the rivulet oceanward passed.

By the verge of the sea, near the brook's sunny play,  
The child gathered shells as she paused in her way,  
And then to the pebbles that gladdened her eye  
With the glint of the water, her heart, and the sky,  
She turned, and soon added rich increase of store  
To the beautiful shells she had found on the shore,  
And homeward then hurried to ponder in glee  
O'er the gems of the brook and the gauds of the sea.

She found of the stones, one, thin, pearly and round;  
With shining corona the edges were bound,  
And nebules like fleece of a cloud after storms,  
That change from the fancy to pictures and forms,  
The space filled within. It was seized as a charm  
By the girl, and kept ever to shield her from harm.

Her's was memory's fond musing, as time ran its race,  
Of the stroll by the shore and the spell of the place—  
In the clouds, and the sea, and the strand, and the stream,  
All bound in a blessing and shrined in a dream.

She kept in her casket of jewels the stone  
Till woman's true stature reached woman's true throne,  
And studied sometimes its corona, and tried  
To make something real from the shadows inside.  
There was an old legend she heard of, that things  
Kept or worn by the owner a wardenship brings;  
And thus, if naught else, in its beauty alone  
Was fancied a charm in the treasured brook stone.

The woman whose life was the crown of the child  
Had her cross, but o'ercame when alurements beguiled.  
She read of the One who walked safe on the sea  
As firm as He trod in his fair Galilee,  
And once from the Prophet of Patmos her sight  
Caught a line which anew gave perception delight,  
"To thee will I give a white stone." Then she felt  
The strength of her life. For a moment she knelt,  
Oppressed with a sense of the mystery shown,  
Accepting the gift of the voice as her own.

The casket was opened. The stone, long unseen,  
Had changed for new forms its once mystical sheen,  
The light of the circlet upon it when found  
Spread out in a halo more soft on its ground,  
And there in the centre shone plainly a face  
That glowed like a life from some requiem place.  
Thrilled letters of light settled still in the stone  
In a name to the gazer's rapt eye only known,  
And the memory of sorrow seemed lost, as serene  
She heard the harps harping of harpers unseen.  
And the voice, "I will give a white stone" seemed to fall  
More plain on her sense as a rapturous call.

Then the clouds, and the sea, and the strand, and the stream  
Were bound in a blessing and shrined in a dream—  
The dream and the bliss of the Prophet whose sight  
Viewed the shore where the stones for the ransomed are white.

*Jacksonville, March 22d, 1887.*

### ALL QUIET UPON THE OLUSTEE TO-NIGHT

"If it detracts from the merit of the copyist to be in any respect an imitator, it at least lends an additional tribute to the production imitated."—*Old Author.*

"I visited the field of Olustee. The dead were all buried as soon as possible after the battle; but when I beheld the place, amid the solitude of the towering pines, the owl was hooting its dismal monody, and the pits or graves wherein the dead were placed, had been uncovered either by swine or vultures, and the bones of many of the dead were scattered around. I noticed an arm torn from the body, and still in the sleeve of a Confederate jacket. The scene was one of the sad commentaries upon war."—*Newspaper Correspondent.*

All quiet upon the Olustee to-night—  
For a scout from his round is returning,  
And tells how his heart sadly mused at the sight,  
Though late in its triumph 'twas burning.  
"All quiet the field of Olustee I saw,  
While dimly the stars shone upon it;  
But ah! 'twas a triumph that mingles with awe  
The pride that still whispers 'We won it!'  
Ah! quiet indeed is Olustee to-night!"

We buried the dead on the field where they fell;  
The pines were the plumes that hung o'er them,  
And wafted, with every depression and swell,  
The Death-Angel's wing-shade before them.  
'Twas something that spoke to the clamor "Be still!"  
And hushed was the din at the fiat—  
The angel of Battle, subdued by the will  
Of Death, left Olustee all quiet—  
All quiet upon the Olustee that night!

The moonlight fell faint on the field of the air  
Through quick-moving cloud-rifts diffusing,  
And fought with the star-light for mastery there,  
That night when the lone scout was musing.  
But ah! by the light he could see the torn shroud—  
The earth-shroud the soldier encumbered—  
And bones of the forms that in quiet had bowed,  
All scattered, unknown and unnumbered—  
All quiet and dread on Olustee that night!

The boy from his cottage far down in the pines,  
The sire from the mountains fruit-bearing,  
The brother, from tending the scuppernong vines,  
All nobly to duty repairing,  
The shock of Olustee, the battle's sharp blast,  
Met firmly, resolved to defy it:  
And there the lone scout, now the battle is past,  
Unites with his comrades *in quiet*,  
A moment upon the Olustee that night.

The breezes still sound through the tall forest pines,  
The guards of Olustee, long biding,  
Still gurgles its name, as in musical lines,  
The stream in the "bay" ever hiding.  
Still dreams the lone scout, as he checks there his steed,  
Perchance for repose, ever jaded,  
Of comrades that sleep there—of heroes that bleed,  
To shelter our homesteads invaded,  
When quiet reigns on the Olustee at night.

All quiet upon the Olustee to-night;  
But ah! there are hearts beating quicker,  
Far off and far louder than drums in the fight,  
Like hosts that in danger grow thicker:  
"A mother bereaved or a sister bereft,  
Perchance calls some name in her dreaming,"  
And clasps some loved form, in a dream only left,  
That lies where the starlight is gleaming  
All quiet upon the Olustee *to-night!*

*Lake City, Fla., July 29th, 1864.*

## THE WOMEN OF POLAND

"Open the window, daughter," a Polish mother said,  
"I wish to hear the deep church bells, while on my dying bed."  
Well knew the girl war's sound would greet that dying mother's time,  
And not the soft sweet Polish bells, rang oft in heavenly chime.  
"My daughter, is not this the day, the Sabbath day of prayer?  
Help thy old mother to her God, to kneel submissive there."  
And there Solowski, pious child, her trembling mother held,  
While prayer, from woman's trusting heart, in heavenward accents swelled.  
Again imploringly she spoke, "Open the window now,  
That I may hear the blest church hymns still sounding as I go."  
And then the daughter, opening wide the window on the street  
Where stood the church, sat meekly by her listening mother's feet.  
"Solowski, child, I do not hear the soft sweet Polish bells,  
But the thundering of the cannon some sad disaster tells."  
"Yes, mother, all the ringers from the steeple have come down,  
To kill the tyrant Russians, and make Poland's cause their own."  
And the mother said "God with us!" and she listened once again  
For the soft sweet chants of Poland—but ah! they came not then!  
"My daughter, what has happened—I hear no holy voice  
Come from the old cathedral, to bid my heart rejoice.  
Our blessed priest, where is he?" The daughter firm replied,  
*"He stands a Polish soldier, by Poland's sons beside."*  
"Let us pray to God, then, for him," the patriot mother said—  
"He has prayed for us full often—for the living and the dead.  
'Twas he who blessed thy marriage, my daughter—ah, how well  
My memory keeps the moment, and how fondly, who can tell!  
Thou wert beautiful, Solowski, I had dressed thee as a bride,  
And the bells rang out so joyfully, as ye twain stood side by side.  
Then lowly at the altar thou didst promise true to be  
To him whose love forever was plighted unto thee."  
And the girl with truth diffusing a brightness on her brow  
Answered the dying mother, "*I have kept the oath till now.*"  
Then the hand of her Solowski in her's the mother pressed,  
And starting at a painful doubt that touched her anxious breast.  
"Where is thy wedding ring," she said, "that pledged thee as a bride?"  
*"I have given it unto Poland,"* she loftily replied:  
"Our husbands now are soldiers—our church bells have been made  
To cannon, and our jewels have at Poland's feet been laid,  
That Poland might have muskets; we wives no more could do—  
Yet Poland lacked for powder to fight her battle through;  
And we numbered Poland's daughters, six thousand who were wed,  
And we vowed another treasure should be her's in thralldom's stead—  
That treasure which a woman deems most precious over all—  
Our marriage rings—but they are thine, oh Poland! at thy call.  
There shall not lack of powder while Poland seeks to live,  
If Poland's wives six thousand have wedding rings to give."

From her own hand, the mother aged, the golden covenant took,  
Gave it an oft-repeated kiss, a last and loving look.  
"Take it," she said, "my daughter, and sell it with thine own,  
And be the price of victory for Poland ever known.  
Proclaim that wives who sell their rings for powder shall be free.  
Perish the Russians! Now, my child, the windows ope for me—  
Open them wide—open them all—how still the church appears,  
But I die content while the sweet toned guns are sounding in my ears."

### KISSIMMEE

There was once a young Briton, a knight of old Spain,  
Who had come with Menendez across the blue main,  
And landed with him on Seloy's palmy shore,  
Where the waves of Matanzas sing sadly of yore.  
Scarce the rampart was built on the verge of the lea  
Ere he mounted his courser and rode from the sea.  
And he came to a river as strange and as wild  
As the vision he met there, a wandering child  
Of the forest, a woman, who never before  
Saw a knight in his armour and plume that he wore.  
The wonder was pleasant—he shared it with her,  
And his blood mounted high, like his steed from the spur.  
Nor her own falling lashes, nor brownness of skin,  
Could hide the soft telltale of blushes within.  
One language was spoken—the language of bliss.  
The knight turned to leave saying, "Give me a kiss."  
And the maiden, all sad, left the knight from the sea,  
And spoke a new tongue, "Kiss-him-mee! Kiss-him-mee!"  
And the breezes that wafted the word where they met,  
Settled down on the river and whisper it yet.

## RAILWAY GREETING

(Read at the Railroad Celebration in Jacksonville, March 21st, 1860.)

The following points in connection with the reading of the poem "Greeting" were kindly given by Mr. O. L. Keene, who at that time, as a young man, was clerk at the Judson House, which stood on the corner of Bay and Julia streets, and where the Railroad Celebration took place:

"The occasion was the completion of the Florida, Atlantic & Gulf Central R. R. from Lake City to Jacksonville, which was the first railroad coming into our town. A great crowd came on the excursion from Lake City. Dr. H. Steel as city mayor, made the speech of welcome, and Miss Holland of Jacksonville and Miss Kate Ives of Lake City, from pitchers, mingled the waters of the St. Johns River with that of Lake De Soto, near Lake City. The ceremony took place in the office of the Judson House, and C. Drew read an original poem."

Welcome all! ye inland brothers!  
Where the restless ocean tide  
Riseth glad to meet your greeting,  
With its arms extended wide—  
Dwellers where the lordly forest  
Hath to eye nor bound nor mete:  
Welcome to its sea girt margin!  
We would lave your pilgrim feet.

Come ye from the fair Suwannee,  
Known, through Song's sweet voice, to fame—  
From the fairy Lakes, baptismal  
Fountains of your City's name—  
Come! your ocean sister greets you  
With the love that kindred moves;  
By the river-side she meets you,  
With her fishes and her loaves.

That which stamps out age with wonder  
Opes to us its mystic gleam—  
Comes its lightning and its thunder:  
Mighty captain—conqueror! STEAM!  
Hear the forest crashing, trailing—  
See the sunlight darting through:  
All, save man, affrighted, quailing—  
Man, erect, a *conqueror* too!

He before him breaks the fallow—  
For the Steam-King opes the way,  
Every stroke but comes to hallow,  
Comes to bless posterity.  
His the hardy hand that dug it,—  
His that smote the lordly pine—  
Every tree a golden nugget,  
Every deep track-cut a mine!

Hear the ocean grandly roaring.

What doth Neptune utter now?

"I my goblets am outpouring,

"While *you* wreathe the Steam-King's brow;

"I would yield him rich libations,

"For we both grim giants stand—

"Benefactors of the Nations,

"Holding havoc in our hand;

"Binding man with man together

"In the golden links of love—

"Held by him as with a tether

"Holds a child a gentle dove:

"Pouring plenty down where famine

"Hung its gaunt and horrid head—

"Giving not a stone for stamen,

"Giving manna—giving bread."

Pour we *our* libations kindly—

Let the *Giants* run their rout:

Lest *we* guide them, they go blindly,

Like a truant urchin, "out."

Bound with iron links securely,

City of the inland Lakes,

Unto her who loves thee surely,

And thy destiny partakes.

Here beneath the arch of glory,

Nature's grand hymeneal shrine,

Where creation sung her story,

Plighted be my troth with thine.

Woman hears the promise spoken—

Angel woman sees the right—

Born to bless the nuptial token

Ever with her gentle light.

May we never more be parted—

We in marriage ties thus bound;

May no *cross-ties* ere be started,

When our *chairs* we group around.

May we not be caught *a-railing*,

Or resorting to the *switch*;

But by fair and pleasant sailing,

May we grow in wedlock rich.

## PROCEEDINGS OF THE CUBAN ASSOCIATION

On Tuesday night the Cuban Association met pursuant to notice published in the *Union* of that day, Dr. Maxwell presiding with his usual grace and dignity.

The Association being called to order, Mr. Drew, of this city, delivered an original poem (which is published below), and was rendered by Mr. Drew with credit to himself and much to the entertainment of an appreciative audience.

On motion of Mr. W. R. Anno the following resolution was adopted:

*Resolved*, That the heartfelt thanks of this Association be tendered Mr. Drew for the interesting entertainment given to this meeting.

The report, then, of the Ladies Committee on finance was read by the secretary and adopted. The amount ready to be sent to Cuba from this Association is two hundred and five dollars, placed to the credit of the President, in the bank of Franklin Dibble, Esq.

The following resolutions were offered by Judge Doggett, and adopted:

The Cuban Association having received from their chairman the report of the committee of ladies appointed to obtain funds for the relief of the suffering women and children of Cuba:

*Resolved*, That the thanks of this Association are eminently due, and hereby cordially tendered the fair committee, for the faithful and efficient performance of the work to which they were appointed; and the success attending their efforts—no less gratifying than surprising—affords the highest proof of their zealous and earnest coöperation in response to the voice of humanity, and illustrates most happily the wisdom of their appointment.

*Resolved*, That we unite with the committee in acknowledging our great indebtedness to the proprietors of the St. James Hotel for most important aid cheerfully rendered through the efficient and considerate kindness of their hospitable agent, Mr. Campbell.

*Resolved*, That the secretary of this Association furnish a copy of these resolutions, and a copy of Mr. Drew's poem, to the *Florida Union* for publication.

### CUBA

From that green isle where gleams the tropic sun,  
And dark-eyed maids their tender glances give  
In softer light to brave and earnest men,  
There comes the sound of struggle. Creole meets  
The martial Don of Spain, who seeks to hold  
Dominion o'er the Queen of the Antilles,  
And from his mountain fastness loudly rings  
The clarion cry of *Liberty' or Death!*  
Bright gem on ocean's ever heaving breast!  
How are thy coruscations by the flash  
Of lurid war paled and made dim once more!  
Isle where the great Discoverer's daring step  
Erst rested when San Salvador was passed;  
Isle where his ashes, urned and held in awe,  
In after times reposed, a sacred trust  
Himself in life bequeathed to that New World  
Which loomed the mirage of his early faith,  
Guard from thy strife his chosen place of rest!  
Isle where hath slept this peaceful conqueror,  
After the quest of that high-soaring heart  
That bound in life the cold dissevered dust,  
When for the sacred cause of truth and man  
He stood a prophet on his pinnace prow,  
And proved his revelation—why do now

Thy fertile plains and fruitful hills resound  
With tramp of martial step? Not knight of yore,  
Who came with casque and helm and gorget strong,  
Seeks for some storied myth, or valiant strives  
To plant the Cross upon the new-found realm;  
No sound of clanging armor, such as clothed  
The proud Hidalgos of the Old Castile,  
Now thrills the spirit with its kindred tone;  
But that fair isle which once so proudly sat  
A lofty coronet upon the brow  
Of Spain's vast Western Empire, and the court  
Of a grand realm whose province was the main,  
Thrilled with the deep pulsations that have moved  
For near a century the giant heart  
Of freedom in America, would fain  
Cast off the trammels that have held her down,  
And be no more a "Queen," or wear a crown!

'Tis said of Spain's facetious King, when oft  
The clamorous call on his exchequer came  
To build St. Mark's grey tower—that pile that stands  
Before San Augustine, the corner-stone  
Of new-world cities—on the palace steps,  
Fronting the broad Atlantic's pathway west,  
He stood, and shading with his hand his brow,  
Sought to descry the castle of his pride.

So, in more solemn mood, would fancy place  
The Mariner of Palos. There, perchance,  
After perplexities had hemmed him round,  
And his strong heart, struck like a wounded deer,  
So oft had sank and sprung to track as oft—  
There, 'chance, when Isabella stood his friend,  
He may have strained his eyes upon the main,  
And, rapt in vision typical of truth,  
The glorious land beheld! The distant mists  
That northward held their place might mirror soft  
The ice-bound shores the Pilgrim Fathers gained;  
Straight from his vision might his soul discern  
The storied land Virginia proudly owns;  
And where the glowing sunset gilds the South,  
He might have seen the warm and genial isles.  
And of the glowing sisterhood beheld  
A slender form, recumbent 'mid the throng,  
Shaped like a graceful cube, and stamped supreme  
Of all the archipelago. The towering bloom  
Of grand magnolias, and the cocoa palm,  
The serrate date tree, and the golden balls  
That hold the orange-nectar, might for him

To vision be vouchsafed; and as the clouds  
Take on fantastic shapes, he might have seen  
The cornucopia of the New-World clime  
Bursting to tempt the craving of the old;  
He may have caught the scent of spicy airs,  
For Venice then was rife with stories told  
Of Cathay and Cipauga. Spices sweet  
And treasures of Elysium were there,  
And he conceived a pathway to those realms  
Shorter and quicker; *there they lay!* Behold  
The Floral Land—with apples wrought of gold!

Mark him upon his ocean track—no more  
Lingering, to dream, upon his native shore.  
Far in mid-ocean signs alarm the crew,  
That with him on the quest of peril came.  
Not even the freedom of the wind and wave  
Could move his vessels on; as if the fates  
Of some abyss below beleaguered him,  
The thick sargassum of the Gulf was swept  
By the momentum of the mighty stream  
That ploughs its way through ocean to the North,  
'Til round the frail and peril-haunted ships  
It fixed its meshes dread. Then was the hour  
To try a hero's faith; for but one heart  
Of faith, and hero one with heart, was there.  
Talk not of battles where the serried ranks  
Clash on each other for a doubtful prize!  
Talk not of swords that drink a brother's blood,  
Or rumbling of the dread artillery—  
The horrid clock-notes of a carnage doom!  
Sublimar is the sterner confidence  
That stands the bulwark of deep-seated truth.  
Error may strike with hundred-handed force  
Blows that are heavy in the noiseless war;  
But like Gibraltar's time-defying face  
(Which gave, perchance, Columbus inspiration),  
That faith will brighter from attrition glow.  
Though mighty be the sanguinary sword,  
That two-edged weapon tempered and made keen  
In the vast armory of Heaven, whose echoes are  
The thunders and the mutterings of the storm,  
Shall in the long-drawn destinies of time  
More surely break the gyves from virtue's limbs  
And set the captive free. And he who fain  
Would wield the weapon as Columbus did,  
Will list to the artillery of Heaven,  
Even in ocean's peril-vironed midst,

And deem it sweetest music; for to him  
 'Twill speak in seraph symphonies, "Hope on!  
 "'Tis but the signal of deliverance!"  
 To *him* deliverance came. The trade winds filled  
 His slack and waiting sails, and bore him down  
 To the sweet South; his pinnaces went safe;  
 Through storm, and threat, and doubt they landed him—  
 E'en in the isles his straining eyes had seen,  
 E'en where the magnol hung for him its lamps,  
 E'en where the cocoa palm its luscious juice  
 Waited to give the thirsty wayfarer;  
 Even where flamed the serrate date tree sword,  
 To warn the faithless, but to welcome *him*;  
 Even where hung the myriad golden balls  
 That held the god-worth nectar—even where all  
 The vision was resolved; and there he stood,  
 Proud monarch of a world, who sought to crown!

And Cuba was the shrine of his heart's worship,  
 When he the great arena opened up—  
 The secret of the ocean path revealed,  
 And gave the New World to the old, the debt  
 Was paid with chains. His spirit was not blanched.  
 When the mirage of death before his eyes  
 Loomed, in his native land, it was not dark.  
 Even in its transient vapors he discerned  
 His Cuba's fruitful slopes and tropic hills;  
 "I would, sometimes, my dust, or what is left  
 "Of this poor frame (tradition gives his words)  
 "Be laid within the soil of Cuba. There  
 "In consecrated silence would I rest.  
 "Give me one trophy for the grave—my chains,  
 "I wore them, and I won them." And 'tis said  
 His chains were buried with him. Worthy some  
 'All potent alchemy of the time he lived  
 Had turned them into gold, that with his soul  
 Translated from the earth, they might have hung  
 A ladder o'er the great Discoverer's tomb,  
 To bear through time the print of angel's feet!

Cuba! the plaint of woe comes up from thee—  
 The plaint of woe—alas! the plaint of war!  
 And woman is the utterer. Is not dead  
 That heart that heeds not woman's cry for bread?  
 Pause not the merit of the cause to weigh;  
 But give the nobler impulses their sway.  
 Be honor, then, to those *our* sisters fair,  
 Who make the Cuban *woman's* grief their care!

And Cuba! if thy sons do truly strike  
In some exalted purpose—if to free  
Thyself and children be your virtuous aim;  
If the escutcheon which Columbus left,  
And left to thee, by tyrants has been marred,  
Reverse thy place in nations—claim thy right.  
Lift thine o'erburdened form and stand erect!  
For he whose ashes consecrate thy soil  
Is canonized among the saints of earth.  
Thou should'st be worthy of thy lineage.  
If sure of right, strike boldly for your cause!  
Be to thy sons well worthy of a name!  
Be, in thy pride at least, as when Cortez  
Marshaled his host for Montezuma's Halls;  
Or Herman Soto, burning with the thirst  
For new discovery, launched his daring ships  
And disembarked where Tampa now recounts  
The grand tradition. Onward Cuba! On!

Far in the west a mighty river rolls.  
DeSoto sought it ere the white man's face  
Was mirrored in its waters. He surprised  
The Indian maiden on its tangled banks,  
Bending low down to see her outlined form  
In some cool nook. He sought and won the goal,  
He sought and won—with toil and peril *won*,  
And found a grave in that paternal stream,  
*Father of Waters*. Valiant Spirit rest!  
So must the brave in every purpose high,  
With toil and peril struggle. Cuba, strive!  
Press to that Lethean stream where all thy woes  
Will be forgotten. May thy trials prove  
A holy baptism! Faint and overcome,  
Aged ere thy time; decrepit and bowed down,  
One desperate plunge, and thou shalt gain the Spring  
Which from its silver bed o'erflows to lave  
The weary Patriot's feet. And thou shalt then,  
Renewed with youth and prime, thy pristine days  
Live o'er again—shall lift thy lone-starred flag  
Up in the galaxy of nations, there  
To blaze in bright effulgence while the name  
Of *Liberty* hath utterance among men.

## THE BROKEN IMAGE

There stood upon the mantel of my room  
An image of a boy—a masterpiece  
Perchance it was, if memory serves to tell  
By the resemblance I retain of one  
That from the canvas often checked my step  
And wooed my thought to sunny Italy.  
It was a little thing of Parian marble,  
A hand of strength could almost clasp it round;  
And yet it was as perfect in its form  
As if some master in the sculptor's art  
Had chiselled it the size of life. It blest  
Me from the mantel. Oft when weary day  
Was falling into night's dark robe to rest,  
And I was prone to make it my example,  
Sitting before the niche beneath the shelf  
Receding from the hearth, as by a shrine—  
For where the fire in winter burns, or where  
In summer boughs with clustering blossoms send  
Their incense heavenward through the chimney shaft,  
That spot, if any, may be called a shrine—  
I've looked upon the figure as my company,  
And almost heard it whisper, as my thoughts  
Fell like the shadows o'er it.

Some mischance

Cast it upon the hearth, that seemed profaned  
When o'er it I bent down to lift my pride,  
The comfort of my solitary hours.  
Both arms were gone. I gathered up the shreds,  
And laid them down, and left a little while,  
As if some serious accident had marred  
My evening musings, and I fain would turn  
My eyes from sorrow. I returned again,  
And placed the boy upon his feet where long  
He was my study. As erect he stood  
As ever, and the graceful hair fell back,  
As from a brow that never knew a shock.  
His face had not a scar, and his full breast  
Stood out in more relief than when part hid  
By the one graceful hand once matchlessly  
Hinting the spirit's dwelling place within.  
I became satisfied to have it back,  
My Parian boy, e'en broken as it was—  
Ay, liked it better. It had opened new veins  
Of musing. I could think of veterans  
Who in years gone by were the originals  
Of this fair boy, and were baptized in fire  
At Solferino or Magenta; who

Like him were smitten to earth, and raised bereft  
Of arms; yet not as minions spared to fawn  
Before a master; but with consciousness  
They made some holy sacrifice for country,  
They stand erect once more, as proud as erst  
A son of Italy to call himself a Roman.

Stand, oh! my Mentor boy, and bless me still!  
Thou canst good lessons teach, besides inspire  
And thrill the soul with Italy's renown;  
For we are groping through this life, and even  
With arms extended, we forget and fall,  
And live as helplessly, when strong we seem,  
As though like thou art now. Kind warder o'er  
My shrine, though armless, to my thought give arms,  
That by their aid my soul may climb beyond  
The realms of cloud. There I perchance may hear  
Words cheering as in Patmos once came down:  
"Thou hast a little strength, hast kept my word,  
And not denied my name."

There will be hours  
When I will watch thee. As the shadows close  
At eve around me, or the late-hour lamp  
Flickers as hope oft flickers in the breast,  
If there be solace in communing, thou,  
Maimed as thou art shall be the fitting guest  
Above my hearthstone, and within my heart.

*Tallahassee, February 12, 1880.*

## THE DEATH OF HOLAHTA MIKKO, KING OF THE SEMINOLES

" We learn from the Seminole country that Billy Bowlegs died suddenly at the house of John Jumper on Friday, the 11th March. There were great lamentations and loud wailings among his people, the Seminoles. The late emigrants had not arrived in the country at the time of Bowleg's death. They will therefore be deprived of the privilege of meeting their old leader and chief. Thus has passed away one who has been a terror to the settlers of Florida, and one of the greatest chiefs and Indian warriors of the present day."—*Fort Smith (Arkansas) Times, March, 1859.*

Another Brave hath fallen—he hath laid him down to rest  
Where the sun hath sunk before him in the shadows of the West:  
In the shadows of the West he sleeps that slumber never broke  
By the sound of war's alarum or the swaying of the oak.  
But the swaying of the oak-boughs, with their moss-strings sadly  
strung,  
And the cymbal-leaved magnolia, with its fitful clashes rung,  
Shall sound thy dirge forever, while they stand upon the spot  
Where thy hunting grounds encircled wide thy now deserted cot.

By the blood-stained Withlacoochee—by the plaintive Kissimmee,  
By the dense and dark Big Cypress, which in peril sheltered thee—  
In the Everglade's recesses, where the Okeechobee bore  
Stern witness to the struggle waged for mastery of yore—  
Will thy name be spoke in anger, with the names of those who stood  
Beside thee ever dauntless in the forest and the flood—  
Thus spoken while the story falls from lips too oft compressed  
In the fray when deadly grapple drew the foemen breast to breast,  
But when time shall cast its mantle o'er the errors of the past,  
And they who follow after learn compassion from the last,  
Each noble heart will freely yield the homage fairly won  
By sires who taught of "native land" the holy love to son—  
By sires who bled—by sons who fell—by him who pined at last,  
To know no more that "native land" but as a child outcast.

When last his eyes were lifted up to take their parting glance,  
Did A-la-chua's prairie spread before him its expanse?  
Did the green Tusawilla glad his fond and failing sight?  
Or the deep Silver Spring renew his vision with its light?

Ah! no such joyous fields as these before his vision burst!  
No silver-streaming water flowed to quench his dying thirst;  
But the Great Spirit, who the need of helpless ones supplies,  
Deigned with a glimpse of glories bright to glad his failing eyes—  
To spread before their longing gaze the blest Elysian plain,  
And lift his sinking hopes to bliss awaiting him again—  
To ope the glorious Hunting Grounds to fancy's revel when  
So slowly sank the dim mirage, *the hunting grounds of men!*  
To waft him in his bright canoe upon the Lake whose flow  
Is from the everlasting depths, the eternal Spring below—

Whose course is to the sun-bright land, where like a wampum zone,  
The rainbow of eternal peace encompasses the Throne,  
And odors from the "red clay pipe" the spirit bore on high  
Circle as from an incense-cup uplifted to the sky.

When by the mystic river's brink thy bark went out from view,  
There friend and foeman silent stood to look their last adieu;  
There foeman who had followed oft thy war-encrinsoned track,  
When thou didst dare the phantom stream, in terror faltered back.

Gird well thy blanket round thee if the air be cold and damp,  
Of the stream that bears thee onward by the misty meteor lamp;  
Fix firm thy gaze, and trustful make thy paddle's measured sweep,  
And a Pilot ever watchful will convoy thee o'er the deep.  
He will guide thee to the meadows that before thy fancy played,  
With the soft perennial verdure of the spirit-land arrayed—  
To the Life-Spring ever waiting to renew thy failing sight  
With its balm of flowing silver and its softly gleaming light—  
There to dwell and dwell forever, where the hunting-grounds are best,  
Far beyond that rolling river, 'neath the shadows of the West.

#### THE MARTHA WASHINGTON PARTY (JACKSONVILLE)

The Martha Washington Centennial Tea Party at Metropolitan Hall last evening was truly a magnificent affair, and passed off to the delight of everybody present. The hall had been appropriately decorated. At the south side, opposite the stage, was the chair of state occupied by Mrs. Washington in the reception. It sat on a dais nicely carpeted, and backed by heavy figured brocade curtains. The walls were hung with national flags and steel engravings of revolutionary scenes. Streamers of red, white and blue were festooned between the chandeliers.

The guests commenced arriving at 8 o'clock, and by 9 the hall was well filled. At the latter hour the band played the Washington Grand March, when the company came from the east dressing room and proceeded to the chair of state where they were received by Mrs. Washington (Mrs. VanValkenburg), General Washington (Mr. Wilk. Call), and Mrs. Bingham (Mrs. J. S. Livingston).

After the formal reception Mr. Columbus Drew read the following original poem:

#### A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Where the Potomac sweeps along by Vernon's sacred hill  
And pilgrims crowd to view the shrine so eloquent and still,  
A mansion stands, as proudly stood, of time and change the foe,  
Its firm-set base and cupola a hundred years ago.

There dwelt his country's Father-Friend—the foe himself of wrong,  
Weak in redress as first, perchance, to battle with the strong;  
But with a sword baptized in Truth, its conquest first essayed,  
Proved that each stroke for Freedom gave new temper to his blade.

He was the chosen champion, born to do the deeds he wrought,  
He was the soldier girded strong to win the fight he fought.  
He was the sage in council firm, who pointed out the way,  
Through gloom and darkness to the star, the Omen—Star of day.

He, when the sun careered awhile, and went in darkness back,  
Brought the bright chariot once again upon its burning track!  
He when a people's faith grew dim, by an o'er-mastering will  
Bade the bright orb of Freedom stand for hope, forever still.

And when the blazing light revealed his work on earth was done,  
Of his proud record and his name left to the world but one,  
He sank to sleep on Vernon's Mount, and still upon its clay  
Rests where his feet in home-paths oft betook their blissful way.

And one, the partner of his days, who to his fame had given  
From the soft halo circling her's, the mellowing tints of heaven,  
There by his side, too, calmly sleeps, her work and woman's duty  
Blending his deeds like sunset tints, of life, sublime in beauty.

Time mounts on wings, as angels climb, reluctant to depart,  
From the pure casket that retains the slumbering hero's heart,  
And while it bears his spirit up its ladder, builded slow,  
Its rounds are but the years begun a hundred years ago.

The souls of living millions seize that ladder to return;  
There are loves and there are memories that with seraphs burn;  
They would backward to the casket on the rounds of years descend,  
Hopeful to meet the spirit of the Father and the Friend,  
As though they craved the boon awhile, that it should longer stay,  
As with an angel's robe to wipe a nation's tears away.

They would bind in sweet espousal, as was Martha bound to George,  
By a link of stronger Union than a mortal priest can forge,  
The sunbeam of the Tropic and the flake of Northern snow,  
To crown the bliss of plighted troth a hundred years ago.

After this the Quadrille Diplomatic was played and the dancing began, which was kept up until after midnight. All the costumes were elegant, and many of them genuine relics of olden times. Several of the ladies wore jewelry and ornaments which had belonged to their grand-parents and great-grand-parents. Among the number in costume Mr. Wilk. Call appeared as General Washington; General Jenkins and Mrs. Jenkins as Alexander Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton; Major Durkee as General Green; Mr. J. W. Sibley as General Lafayette; Mr. T. A. Evans as Gouverneur Morris; Mr. Jay Durkee as George Washington Park Custis; Mrs. Judge VanValkenburgh as Lady Washington; Mrs. J. S. Livingston as Mrs. Bingham; Miss Fanny Brigham as Priscilla, in "Miles Standish;" Mrs. Durkee as Mrs. Jay; Mrs. Shoemaker as Miss Chew; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Dove as General and Mrs. Putnam; Miss Lizzie Clark as Sophy Chew.

MARTHA WASHINGTON TEA PARTY OF THIRTY YEARS AGO  
IN WHICH COLUMBUS DREW FIGURED AS  
GEORGE WASHINGTON

The following excerpt (writer unknown) is from *The Floridian* of October 1879, which gives an account of a Martha Washington reception and tea party in which many of the prominent society people of Tallahassee took part. It was given at Gallie's Hall by the ladies of Tallahassee Relief Society.

This popular social event had been looked forward to with much pleasure by our society lovers, and all who attended, the ladies especially, had made ample preparation to enjoy a participation in appropriate manner. The delightful success of the reception quite satisfied all expectations and amply repaid the wearers of the many specially prepared costumes present.

At an early hour the guests began assembling and soon the Governor's Guards marched in the hall commanded by Capt. Moseley, with Lieutenants Damon and Rawls, and were promptly deployed in two lines from the entrance to the reception railing. The Guards are a fine appearing body of citizen soldiers, and presented a very attractive appearance in their unusually neat uniforms.

Shortly past 9 o'clock the near approach of the honored guests was announced, causing all to eagerly press forward. Soon the outer doors were flung open, the Guards presented arms, and General and Mrs. Washington, in slow and stately form entered, preceded by the following retinue of ladies and gentlemen, namely: Chief Justice and Mrs. Randall, Associate Judge Van Valkenburgh, escorting Mrs. J. B. Gamble, State Treasurer Gwynn and wife, Commissioner Hugh A. Corley, and Capt. Dyke, Dr. A. B. Hawkins and George M. Barbour, W. R. Wilson, escorting Mrs. E. W. Gamble, Col. R. H. Gamble escorting Miss Jones. Then came General and Mrs. Washington, followed by Mr. John B. Bailey in costume, escorting Miss Nona Long, these representing the Custis children. Passing between the open ranks of the Guards, the leading couples arranged themselves to the right and left, and the distinguished couple took their position on the rug, and the reception was begun by Chief Justice and Mrs. Randall passing in front and paying a profound obeisance; this was followed in turn by each couple of the suite in the order above named, then by the three officers of the Guards who came forward and saluted. The military then closed ranks and marched past the General and wife, and then commenced the general reception of the assembled guests, which ceremony lasted for quite a time.

At the conclusion of the reception occurred one of the most pleasing events of the evening—the presentation of a hatchet to the noble Washington as an earnest of the profound belief entertained by all, of his boyhood veracity, as illustrated by the cherry tree tale, in which the hatchet was such a conspicuous factor. It was an entirely impromptu affair, really gotten up on the spur of the moment, and reflects agreeably on the speakers. The presentation was made by Attorney General George P. Raney (a happy selection, for his powers of oratory are well known) who

stepped forward and in an eloquent manner referred to the great services rendered our country by the General; his patriotic deeds in the field and forum, his bravery, and more especially his honesty and the example he set to all our youths by the cherry tree and hatchet affair, saying, "that the hatchet has been fortunately recovered and we take pleasure in again restoring it to you, that it may be preserved as an emblem of your high sense of truthfulness and a lesson to all." Here he handed to the great George a well preserved hatchet of the most useful kind.

The General was plainly taken by surprise, and was visibly affected to again receive into his hands that wonderful hatchet, that so vividly recalled to his memory that cherry tree episode, and how nicely he escaped the expected terrible parental whipping; but he was equal to the occasion. Grasping the lucky little axe, he bestowed upon it a loving gaze, and in a burst of eloquence warmly thanked the donor, and all the attentive guests for this conclusive evidence of their love and admiration, and expressed his regret that he had not that hatchet in his disastrous retreat from Long Island, and when crossing the wintry Delaware, to capture Trenton. It was in all a very happy hit in the pleasant evening.

Soon the floors were cleared, the music was in place, the dancing programs were distributed, and the hall was filled with merry-hearted dancers, under the direction of Messrs. W. H. Hopkins, L. P. Holladay and W. H. Shine, the attentive floor managers. Feasting and dancing were continued until shortly past midnight. Gen. Washington opened the ball in the Spanish dance, with Martha, in stately style, and danced the opening quadrille with Miss Kate Beard.

The costuming was noticeably good, and many deserve special mention. The character of General Washington was personated by the honorable State Comptroller, Columbus Drew, who certainly bears a very close personal resemblance to Washington, as familiar to us by pictures, and he rendered the part in excellent stately dignity. His costume was of rich black velvet, cut in the true continental style of 1776, with knee breeches and buckled hose and buckled shoes, lace scarf and cuffs, and his natural snow white hair worn with a queue, brushed back in Washington style. It was an admirable make up. The snuff box used on the occasion by him was of solid gold, with beautiful cameo of Jacobin Murat, presented to him by Napoleon. It was brought to the United States by Achille Murat, and after his death was presented by Madame Murat, his widow, to Judge P. W. White, of Quincy. Martha Washington was personated by Mrs. Col. R. H. Gamble, an excellent representation. She wore a sky-blue damask satin dress with demi-overdress of Brussels lace, all over a black Lyons velvet petticoat, rich lace collar and mitts. Hair worn in heavy coils, powdered white and dressed with feathers, lace and diamonds. On her face were the ornamental patches worn by the belles of '76; in her hand a superb fan of mother-of-pearl, inlaid with gold and a richly painted picture. It was also an admirable make up.

Mrs. Col. James B. Gamble was attired in rich black velvet, very deep old lace overskirt looped with flowers, her hair worn in heavy curls, powdered and ornamented with diamonds. She wore a fine display of diamonds, and personated her own great-grandmother, Mrs. Lewis Morris,

whose husband was one of the New York signers of the Declaration of Independence. She was, in fact, one of the most distinguished appearing ladies present.

Mrs. W. K. Beard was elegant in rich black velvet, and black chantilly lace, *en flounce*, and point lace.

Mrs. E. C. Long was very attractive in black silk and rich white lace cape, graceful and noticeable. This lady was the moving spirit of the whole delightful entertainment, and much credit is due her for her efforts in making it a success.

Mrs. Justice Randall was attired in purple moire antique, richly trimmed with velvet and lace, and wore her hair in graceful coils with diamond ornaments—a very elegant costume.

Mrs. A. B. Hawkins wore black gros grain silk with pearl ornaments.

Mrs. R. C. Long was quite charming in pink silk, with full overdress of costly valenciennes lace, looped with flowers, hair trimmed with jewels and a superb white ostrich plume.

Mrs. C. C. Pearce wore rich black costume with lace trimming.

Mrs. J. S. Winthrop wore black silk richly trimmed.

Mrs. F. P. Papy was in rich black cashmere trimmed with flowers and lace.

Miss Long was in entire pure white, very pretty; also Mrs. A. L. Randolph. Mrs. George P. Raney, also was in entire white beautifully trimmed. Miss Marie Randolph wore rich black silk with deep jet and lace trimming. Miss Lizzie Randolph was attired in black silk with white tulle.

A very pretty incident was the grouping on the stage of a numerous cluster of young ladies, who sought that point to witness the entrance of Washington and his retinue. As they stood there in their beautiful and different-hued costumes with flowers in profusion for trimming, they unconsciously presented a picture creditable to the pride of Tallahassee and long to be remembered by the observers.—*From Floridian, October, 1879.*

## THE SILVER SPRING

*From the Charleston Courier.*

In Marion County, Florida, there is a very beautiful and very remarkable spring which bears the above name.

I had heard of the Spring in the wildwood deep,  
Of the Silver Spring in the South away—  
Of the mystic depths of the fairy dell,  
With light as soft as the moon's pale beams,  
Forever hoarding the soft light gleams,  
Even when noontide's glory fell  
On the crystal face of the giant well,  
As mocking the reign of the orb of day—  
An elfin court, in a sylvan keep.

I viewed the wonder of such repute—  
The Silver Spring in the wildwood lone,  
The bright, broad pool, with its floor of stone,  
It's banks, though rugged, in tinsel dressed,  
As a feudal wall, with glittering crest,  
And tenants disporting swift, and mute.  
A black broad ledge on one side round  
O'er the bright frost-work near it frowned—  
A mid-wall balcony, of strange contrast,  
Covering a chasm of darkness dread,  
Revealing around its edge a thread,  
A line of the hidden blackness vast.

Uncertain depths and doubtful metes  
Illured the gazer's sight,  
And oft far, far remote retreats  
To access would invite,  
And from our boat, poised o'er the Spring,  
Adown the crystal sound—  
Pellucid as the air above,  
And halcyon as the home of love,  
In which we fain believe we see  
Naught but the gold reality,  
And deem the bliss our fancies make  
We need but covet to partake—  
We drop a line, and think 'twill bring,  
As soon as cast, the ground!  
When lo! the plummet sinks and sinks,  
Running its fathoms out from links,  
To reach the limestone floor;  
And boatman sits and thinks on this—  
A lesson his of littleness,  
God's vaster works before!

There plants, and graceful stems, and sprays,  
Seem to possess perennial days,  
Nor blighted be, nor fade,  
Nor summer's heat, nor winter's cold,  
Hath entrance to that sylvan fold,  
Nor seemeth to invade.

The blade of grass, the trembling leaf,  
The beds of waiving flag,  
Some with a silver outline decked—  
Some as with silvery gems bespecked—  
As changeless seem to lag  
In that serene arborium,  
As though an angel's hand would come,

To reap the heavenly "harvest home,"  
And gather to his sheaf  
A few mementos that were left  
Unblighted by the primal theft.

Upon the limestone floor are seen—  
And this, too, wears the silvery sheen—  
Strange fissures that appear  
As though some ponderous blow were hit,  
Or like some mirror-glass were broke,  
As by an accidental stroke,  
Or nature, in a freak, had split  
Across the floor a space,  
In days of early maidenhood,  
When she coquetted in this wood,  
To shed, through crevice of her face,  
A river for a tear!

On from the Spring a river plies,  
The Spring its fountain-head:  
Thus it is true the waters rise  
In volumes large from depths below,  
To form this vast, incessant flow,  
And miniature the skies.

Prismatic beauty tints the whole,  
So tremulous in soft array—  
Save the dark ledge, whose sombre scroll  
Hides the black vault from light away.

'Tis on the left those vault-shades dwell,  
'Tis on the mid-floor and the right  
That silver shrubs and colors bright,  
In harmony of beauty swell—  
A type that the Eternal mind  
Hath to the right-hand God assigned.

Through all this space the eye pervades,  
As though no aqueous screen concealed,  
Soft velvet knolls and tiny glades,  
And shapes that fancy weaves alone  
Almost at will or wish are shown,  
And gorgeously revealed.

There fishes glide along and play,  
Of varied size, and shape, and hue,  
Clothed in beauteous dyes of day,  
Which, like the leaves, they borrow too.

Around the margin of the Spring  
The forests gather thick and wild,  
And to the tinted waters fling  
Their shadows, by the tints beguiled.

I had heard of the Spring in the wildwood deep,  
I have seen the Spring in its wildwood sleep,  
I have heard of the legend the Indian told,  
I have heard of the quest of the cavalier bold  
For the Spring that would barter, for age, blooming youth,  
That would chasten the heart with the nectar of truth—  
That would give life forever, and banish decay,  
And drive the sad ills that beset us away.  
And if there be water so potent for bliss,  
As the fountain of Silver for beauty excels,  
The life-giving Spring must be this—must be this,  
And from this 'tis the youth giving element wells.

*Jacksonville, Florida.*

#### “ANGEL OF MERCY.”

“The society of the Red Cross is making rapid progress in Russia. More than three hundred women have been in training as nurses at the military hospital. As they proved apt pupils, many have already received certificates from the government, and have left for the front. A correspondent of the *London Graphic*, bearing testimony as to the superiority of the women as nurses, states that the Slavonian women are especially superior to the men of their country, not only in nursing, but also in energy, temperance, accuracy and rapidity of learning.”—June 20th, 1877.

Not alone from bleak Slavonia, though the crimson cross denotes  
Each breast that comes to succor where the battle's banner floats;  
Each breast that throbs, each hand that helps where fallen ones are lying,  
And bathes the father's wounded brow, or clasps the brother dying.

Not alone from cold Slavonia; they come not thence alone;  
In sunny Catalonia oft such beams of mercy shone;  
From north and south, from everywhere, when anguish wafts its token,  
Hath woman come to do and dare, when Duty stern hath spoken.

When Angostura's flame sheet burned, and ranks of Mexic foemen  
Sank with the battle's ebb, as turned the shadow of the gnomon,  
The Aztec girl, an angel sent with water from the fountain,  
Gave to the dying penitent the dew of Hermon's mountain.

And when, through all our native land, war poured its rain of sorrow,  
The light of woman's loving hand came like a glad to-morrow,  
To give a gleam to sombre Hope that seemed to set forever,  
And lift as on some sunny slope, the heart in her endeavor.

Oh, Mercy! let no clime confine thy call, or bar thy portal,  
When woman by her deeds sublime, would make thy gate immortal;  
For she will break the barrier down, and spurn thee like a minion,  
And wear thy destined jewel crown when rests her golden pinion.

MARIETTA HUME DREW (NÉE ROBERTSON)  
WIFE OF COLUMBUS DREW

The following acrostic refers to my mother, and was written the year before her marriage. [Editor.]

May blooming flowers o'er thy path be strewn  
As thy unerring feet shall softly tread  
Rich in thy *virtue*—maiden, thou'rt a boon  
In pride of whom weak man should rear his head.  
Erst, when in boyhood's hour unconsciously  
To thee I've turned the thoughtless, sprightly eye,  
Thoughts never came that hand in hand with thee,  
Across life's happy plain I'd sweetly hie.

*Richmond, December 30, 1839.*

\*IN MEMORY OF MOTHER

We watched her breathing through the night,  
Her breathing soft and low,  
As in her breast the wave of life  
Kept heaving to and fro.  
So silently we seemed to speak,  
So slowly moved about,  
As we had lent her half our powers  
To eke her living out.  
Our weary hopes belied our fears,  
Our fears our hopes belied,  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died.  
For when the morn came dim and sad,  
And chill with dewy showers,  
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had  
Another morn than ours.

(Hood)

*January 30, 1878.*

\*Selected by my father C. Drew, as exactly descriptive of the last hours of our mother. [Editor.]

## RETROSPECT \*

That I loved her, something tells me,  
    Something whispers soft within;  
Though when oft that voice compels me  
    List its breathing, comes the din  
Of a thousand strong emotions,  
    Strifes of things that for the hour  
Seek to hush my soul's devotions  
    To that thought's undying power.

If I yield to some entrancing  
    Joy that seems to promise yet,  
Back I find my memory glancing,  
    And a voice "Can you forget?"  
Greets me with its sad monition,  
    Incense of a spirit breath,  
And the presence of a vision  
    Warns me love is strong as death.

That I loved her, strifes of feeling,  
    Painted hopes that mock my view,  
Stilled, and fled as shadows stealing  
    Back, assure it must be true.  
Own it, Heart! Not "loved" but *loving*  
    Be the last word. A time will be  
When the din ceases of life's roving,  
    And the sweet word may comfort thee.

\*This and the poem following refer to mother, and were written after her death, which occurred January 12, 1878. [Editor.]

## REMEMBRANCE

Think of her as watching by me,  
    (Speak I thus unto my soul,)  
Keep her vision always nigh me,  
    Yield me to her blest control.  
Wandering back, in love estraying,  
    Loth to leave me walk alone,  
Comes the helpmate, still essaying,  
    Gathering where *I* have not strown.

We may speak of ties that sever,  
    We may think the dead forget,  
There are ties that sunder never,  
    Forms that linger with us yet.  
Hold them! as they wait beside us;  
    Live, if angels deign to press  
Close, that ills may not betide us,  
    Worthy of their truthfulness.

Watch me, buoy me, that the grosser  
Things of life may not outweigh  
Things sublimer. Press me closer  
As I whisper "Angel, stay!"  
I may feel the load no longer,  
If I journey by thy side,  
If thou wait to make me stronger,  
With my burden crucified.

*Tallahassee, August 28th, 1878.*

#### IN MEMORIAM

Henry Howard Russell, Died in Jacksonville, Fla., May 8th, 1881.  
(Descriptive of memorial window in St. John's Church).

There were the open lilies over "In Memoriam,"  
In the roadside pool familiar,  
In a clime all bright and calm;  
And beyond the blade Palmetto,  
Ever growing green and wild—  
Nature's contrast with the lilies  
On the wayside pool that smiled.

On the long memorial window,  
On the stained and pictured pane,  
Was the scene in silence speaking  
As it oft shall speak again.

There was One, the Glorious Person,  
Who crowned the space above  
Blessing the little children,  
In His plenitude of love.

And the window told its story,  
Of a child—its blest intent—  
Who entered the open window  
Of the Golden Firmament,  
With his childhood wings anointed  
For the firmament ajar,  
To hold in place appointed,  
The window gate ajar.

## THE POET'S GRAVE

Originally in Washington *Madisonian*, 1842, and republished in Washington *Tribune*

I marked a lonely grave among  
The mansions of the dead,  
Where slept an humble child of Song,  
His notes forever fled,  
Save when their echoes gently stole  
Back to the haunts where he  
Poured forth the music of his soul  
In numbers wild and free.

I knew it was the Poet's grave,  
Although no sculptured stone,  
Nor urn, nor towering column, gave  
His memory its own.  
Some loved one, who had known his worth,  
Unable to do more,  
Had smoothed the rugged mound of earth  
And turf'd it greenly o'er.

The sauntering crowd passed rudely by  
That lowly place of rest,  
To view the marble piled on high  
Above the rich man's breast;  
But they forgot the wealth of love  
That lives when gold and stone  
Have perished from the earth above  
And left the dust alone.

They knew not that the form laid nigh  
By lowly, loving hands,  
In memory's mystic alchemy  
Would turn to golden sands;  
For had they felt one throb that stirred  
The loving hearts that knew  
The Poet's grave, their ears had heard  
His lingering music, too.

The crowd will saunter by the scene  
Where marble shafts uprise  
But some will seek the hillock, green  
And precious in their eyes;  
For well they know who sleeps below,  
Whose pillow they could crave—  
The one below the shaft of snow,  
Or 'neath the Poet's grave.

*Washington, July 24, 1875.*

## LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A FRIEND

There is a meeting, there's a parting; there's a joy, there is a pain,  
And we know not at the starting, when the loved may meet again;  
For we feel the ties we cherish as we hold them to the heart  
Are the silver chords that perish, with the summons to depart.

There's a meeting for the morrow, and to-morrow brings at last  
Its weeping and its parting, and its blended morrow—past.  
There's a meeting and a parting, e'en in childhood's giddy time;  
There's a coming and a starting in life's maturer prime.  
There's a clasping and a sundering, when the loved are bent and grey;  
Then the traveller takes a glorious path, as he turns to walk away.  
There's a meeting but no parting where the weary traveller goes:  
There's a happy New Year meeting there, whose joy no parting knows,  
And the strong cast on the sea of life, and the fair ones crushed so soon;  
And the aged ones bowed by weight of time, shall meet on that New  
Year noon—

Shall meet again on that New Year, whose sun shall ne'er descend,  
No more than that last meeting have a parting in the end.

## THE LAST LOOK OF THE DYING SOLDIER

'Twas the last look he gave when left dying alone,  
All his cherished companions now prostrate and gone.  
Still conscious he lay on the field where he fell,  
And his eyes gave response to his bosom's "All's well."  
For only a true heart in death says all's well.

He had left a fond home untutored in fight,  
For before war's red banner ne'er greeted his sight;  
And the tear of the mother that fell on his brow  
Had not, in its love, seemed to burn until now;  
'Mid the death-dew that chilled it, that tear burned it now.

When the fallen in battle all silently lay,  
The eye saw the light of the calm summer's day;  
As one bids adieu to some loved, fading shore,  
The sight that then blessed him should bless him no more.  
That look was the last on life's fading shore.

Though dim grew his eye, still the picture was grand—  
The battle of life on the long-reaching strand;  
And far in the rear from its peril away,  
The cot of his childhood so peacefully lay,  
He fancied himself on its threshold at play.

A moment though thick o'er his eyes came the haze,  
His look at the cot met the mother's fond gaze.

That look as the vision so silently passed—  
Contented but mournful—that look was the last;  
The look of the soldier, the dying, the last.

He lifted his hand as the eyelids were sealed,  
As awed by a glimpse to the spirit revealed,  
And quickly it fell on his bosom at rest—  
That bosom his mother, ah! fain would have pressed—  
It fell on the Bible he wore 'neath his vest.

She gave it at parting, and bade him to keep  
That book on his bosom, awake or in sleep;  
And oft on its pages, as hardships he passed,  
When waking or weary, a love look he cast,  
And blest was the look of the soldier, the last.

*Lake City, December 21, 1862*

### UNCLE SAM

Written at the outbreak of the Civil War, and probably refers to the dissolution of  
the Union and the secession of Florida. [Editor.]

Old Sam is dead—old Uncle Sam—  
Old Uncle Sam-u-el!  
The briny tears fall from my head  
Whene'er his name I tell.

He used to wear a long blue coat,  
With buttons down before,  
A standing collar round his throat,  
With lace bedizzened o'er.

And on those buttons—I must not  
Forget it—no I can't—  
The good old bird of Liberty  
Was gloriously rampant.

He used to wear a big chapeau  
When out on full parade,  
A massive plume of drifted snow,  
With crimson top displayed.

A ponderous scabbard by his side,  
And sword of steel so bright,  
And high-top boots of mighty stride,  
Equipped him for the fight.

He used to brag about a rag  
He loved to see outspread,  
Nor strife nor storm e'er shook his form,  
With that above his head.

The stars and stripes his spirit kissed  
As some potential charm,  
Born of the rainbow's tri-hued mist  
To shield his land from harm.

His civic coat was swallow-tail  
Low reaching in its frisk,  
With buttons twain though brassy plain,  
Of most capacious disk.

This was the rear view—in the fore  
His gaudy striped vest  
And trousers, still redeemed from yore  
The gules upon his crest.

His hat (ah, that was nigh forgot),  
Was bell-crown to a tee,  
And then instead of sheath or blade  
A chain and seal wore he.

Of course where army boots were put  
Aside for dress, perhaps  
You'll know without my telling you  
His pants were held with "straps."

And this was UNCLE SAM of State,  
'Twas thus his title ran:  
His simple civic soubriquet was  
BROTHER JOHNATHAN.

And he is dead—that good old man?  
And shall we see no more  
His bell-crown hat, or nodding plume,  
Or buttons down before?

Or is he only in a trance,  
That binds him in his prime,  
The while his "sovereign" urchins "dance,"  
And have a jolly time.

He must be gone! but yet his ghost  
Still lingers where he fought,  
And seems to have a hankering  
For what his money bought.

*Jacksonville, March 13, 1861.*

## IN A VALLEY

*Published in the Charleston Courier*

### I

A near and dear female relative—Sister Susan—traveling, many years ago, on a Mississippi steamer, to join her husband, who had settled in the wilds of Mississippi, and conveying with her their only child (a most interesting boy—Julius), the child was suddenly taken ill, as is supposed, from an injury sustained by an accident to the stage in which they had previously travelled; it died, and the inconveniences of travel then not admitting of its being conveyed to the end of the journey, it was with due solemnity landed and buried on a plantation on the bank of the river. A simple hillock was raised over the spot but it was otherwise unmarked; nor have the remains been disturbed. Frequent and melancholy recurrence, has of course, been made to the event.

### II

Picture a cottage in a vale, embosomed in a grotto of flowers—its only tenant a father, bereaved in the loss of his beloved partner, and daily engaged in piously invoking a blessing upon his children, and in prayer that they may all at last join their mother in a better world.

### III

A valley in which contending hosts have met in battle, and the vanquished been annihilated on the spot—the sod and grass, after a time overcoming their bones—the place being long memorable for the occurrence.

### IV

The Israelites, and a large portion of the Eastern people have a tradition, that in the last day the arisen dead will assemble to meet the great Judge in the valley of Jerusalem, there to receive the judgment that awaits the quick and dead.

### I

In a valley,  
In a valley,  
By the setting sun,  
Where the years their courses tally  
One by one—  
Where the river sweeps forever,  
In its solemn might,  
Sleeps a child forgotten never,  
Through the years' long flight!  
Sleeps beloved, yet all alone,  
In a grave without a stone—  
In the valley deep!

II

In a valley,  
 In a valley,  
 Nestles sweet a cot—  
 Where the zephyrs troop and rally  
 O'er the grot:  
 Where the thick and vernal roses  
 And the tulip bells  
 In a scented whisper closes  
 Every eye that swells  
 With a prayer—a father's prayer,  
 For his flock abiding there—  
 In a valley still!

III

In a valley,  
 In a valley,  
 Sleep the myriad dead,  
 Where a host made fearful sally,  
 As they fled!  
 Where they overtook the flying,  
 And the piercing wail  
 Of the vanquished and the dying  
 Echoes still the tale!  
 Ah! 'tis long the sod has pressed  
 Those who fell in fight unblest,  
 In the valley dark!

IV

In a valley,  
 In a valley,  
 (Reads the Orient lore)  
 When the fickle ages dally  
 Never more!  
 Saved will stand the child arisen,  
 And the prayer unlock  
 There the angel-peopled prison,  
 For the Father's flock  
 Oh! the myriads at the gate,  
 "Fought the fight," shall judgment wait  
 In the valley dread!

*Jacksonville, Florida.*

## INVOCATION

Come to the Altar of Freedom once more!  
Come from the midland and come from the shore,  
Come from the prairie and come from the main,  
Come to the shrine of our Goddess again.

Bare were the feet of the pilgrims who trod  
First to the shrine on the snow-covered sod—  
Torn, though all painless to heroes who chose  
Thorns in the race for the goal of the rose.

Blue was the sky, and their pathway of snow  
White as the milky-way athwart it below;  
And the red symbol of blood-stain as bars  
Streaked it, complete in the gleam of the stars.

Come to the Altar—the blood of the true,  
Oft wet on the top, was as sweet as the dew,  
And the hand of the sunbeam that lifted it up  
Shall hold it as nectar in Liberty's cup.

## FAITH, HOPE AND TRUST

When the wild storm o'er the ocean is sweeping,  
Tossing the bark as a toy on its crest,  
And the brave sailor his storm-watch is keeping,  
With but a gleam of sweet Hope in his breast;  
And as he battles the tempest around him,  
Stands through the night where the morn he hath stood  
True to the post where the tocsin-blast found him,  
E'en though the hope-gleam seem quenched in the flood—  
Triumph shall wait him—the billows shall never  
Waft to the death-caves so noble a breast;  
One little hope-gleam, o'er noble endeavor,  
Shall blaze as the sun when the storm is at rest.

Life's way may be rough, and the wayfarer meeting  
Its sorrows forever while toiling along—  
But list to the whisper throb in his heart beating:  
"The road may be rough, but my heart must be strong."  
Blessed heart, throbbing thus with such steadfast emotion,—  
The wing of a bird ever plumed for the light—  
A gleam-catching wave in a storm-troubled ocean—  
A silver-capped cloud, coursing swift through the night,  
So strong in its Trust, its purpose so holy,  
'Twill win the far goal which hath Rest for its name,  
And though the bright summit be mastered but slowly,  
Still proudly the victor his guerdon shall claim.

Though thick be the gloom where the sunlight was beaming,  
And blighted the field where the reaper took rest,  
And low lies the boy while the mother is dreaming  
Of hopes that were crushed with the life in his breast—  
Our Trust may see light where the gloom hath pervaded;  
Our Faith greet the Reaper again to his part;  
And Faith, when delusions all transient have faded,  
Will give to that mother the child of her heart.

When heroes come back, after war's desolation—  
All blighted the Hope of their peril and cost—  
How nobly as heroes again to their station,  
New hopes they create for the ones they have lost!  
Restoring the hearthstone and shielding the tender—  
Companions of Trust and of Hope ever sweet—  
Still duty forever a glory to render,  
They live but to triumph anew in defeat.

Oh Hope! as an Anchor, the weak in endeavor  
Hold firmly, if nobly the purpose they own!  
If storm shake their Faith, keep them steadfast forever,  
And cast them not loose to the billows alone.  
Oh, Faith! catch their glance—to the pole-star to guide them,  
Oh, Trust! be their Rock in the midst of life's sea!  
If *they* but sustain, no protectors beside them,  
In sunshine or tempest their helpers need be.

Oh, Rainbow of Promise, all beautifully blended,  
First seen when the floods were assuaged from the world,  
Thou mantle of Peace, oft o'er tempest descended,  
Thou pennant from Heaven's high rampart unfurled,  
When clouds fill the bosom, and Hope seems to waver,  
Steal softly and compass the temptings to wrong—  
May we trust to the promise, as faithful forever,  
And Faithful, and Trustful, and Hopeful—BE STRONG.

*Jacksonville, November 25, 1867*

And He was there in the wilderness forty days, tempted of Satan; and was with the wild beasts; and the angels ministered unto Him.—St. Mark 1, 13.

'Twas from the banks of Jordan that the Saviour went His way,  
To the deep and solemn wilderness to famish and to pray.  
Emerging from the cleansing stream, his robes were fitly white  
To shed upon the solitude the glory of their light.  
He saw His mission entered on—His stature as a man  
Attained, to seal the mysteries His infancy began;  
'Twere meet His Godly soul be tried by penitence and pangs,  
Whose prescient eye beholds the Cross on which a Saviour hangs.  
O, agony unspeakable! Oh, meek enduring trust!

Come, that I may to meet it, bow my spirit to the dust.  
Come, that the tempter when he sees my weary flesh give way,  
May find that by God's strengthening word, *his* word I disobey.  
That trust sustained, His fainting soul it bore divinely up—  
First tasted in the wilderness, first passed the bitter cup—  
The chalice of Gethsemane, which yet with sorrow filled,  
'Twas His to drink till bloody drops upon His brow distilled.

Ah! 'twas in vain the tempter pressed.

Amid the desert beasts unharmed, the Lamb was left to rest.  
And angels ministered to Him of lowly rank on earth,  
Who knew the woman-born was Prince of Heaven's angelic host.

#### IN MEMORY OF MISS M. F.

We saw the stem breaking, we saw the rose fade,  
We knew the heart-aching the blighting had made;  
But we knew there was hoping and healing, the hour  
When faith and fond memory died not with the flower.

In an isle that is classic with legends of those  
Who brought to the lowland the Cherokee rose  
Our rose-stem was severed, the petals are thrown  
To the soil, with its ashes and arrows of stone.

The fragrance of blossoms from hills of the west  
Ever floats o'er the ashes and arrows down pressed,  
And above them sweet memory, fresh wet as we weep,  
Of the rose that has fallen, its fragrance will keep.

The bower all shady, the place of her rest,  
Makes calm the repose of her innocent breast,  
And the love that will linger in hope on life's tide,  
Will say the stem broke, but the rose never died.

*Jacksonville, Florida, June 17, 1885.*

#### THE THIMBLE SEAL

Among old treasured letters,  
I have kept these long, long years,  
On one love's tide unfetters  
A thimble seal appears.  
If a strawberry formed of wax were laid  
On the edges and pressed down,  
It would be like the stamp the thimble made  
On that letter old and brown.

I ought to remember the writer ;  
When I was a little maid  
She kissed me once at parting,  
Consenting, yet afraid,  
As if some harm could come to me  
If she were not near by.  
Yes, I remember the kiss she gave  
And the tear that dimmed her eye.  
She wore the thimble—I felt its touch  
On my little hand that day.  
She had hurried some last stitch for me,  
When first I went away.  
No wonder I look at the thimble seal  
And give one tear drop back  
To the golden thread the years unreel,  
Thrilling through memory's track.  
Oh, the golden threads of glossy hair !  
I see them now when she  
Who wrote the letter, in hand so fair,  
With burning lips kissed me.  
I see them, too, in after years,  
To strands of silver thread  
All turned—they seem a halo now  
About that angel head.  
And silver threads are mine since then,  
And oft I sit to hear  
The sweet songs of my childhood, when  
My guardian sang them near,  
And plied the needle in her love,  
In simple, sweet content.  
For though her ways were plain, her life  
Was grandly, nobly spent.  
I parted twice—in childhood first ;  
I parted once again.  
I shall go back—I'm sure of that—  
I cannot answer when ;  
But when I see a tiny group  
Of pimpling stars, I feel  
Their meaning, and their impress like  
The golden thimble seal ;  
And I read the old brown letter,  
When the stars are hid up there,  
And I heed not *when* the meeting,  
For it plainly tells me *where* ;  
And I bring the broken edges  
Of the seal unto their place,  
Like the lips fulfilling pledges  
In the meeting "face to face."

Tallahassee, Florida—(No date.)

## THE NEW YEAR LIFE

This is the happy greeting time ;  
The old year tolls its sad farewell,  
The new year rings its hopeful chime  
With many a sweet, harmonious bell.

Oh, if the greeting word could wake  
A new resolve in every breast,  
How much of peace the vow might make  
In hearts that feel the world's unrest!

For one resolve of good might stand  
Even a lifetime, and a deed  
Make strong the bond of heart and hand,  
Of hand to do the heart's God-speed.

If there be everlasting day,  
Somewhere our trust assures we meet,  
Why not a year of life to stay  
And shine around our wandering feet?

Should time begin its span so short  
And close with not a single one  
Stationed to guard the inner fort,  
Guarding at last as he begun?

The foe may come ; his blow may fall  
With peril when we think we may  
The buttress of the inner wall  
Hold till life's dawning New Year day.

If life may brighter gleam with not  
A dial point to mark the time,  
'Tis ready, with the old forgot,  
To hear the new bell's ringing chime.

The season's storms may sweep around  
And mar and wreck the out parade,  
But he may hold the inner ground,  
The life-watch, who the vow hath made.

*Jacksonville, Florida, January 3, 1890*

## ARLINGTON

Arlington Heights, constant view of my childhood,  
'Long by Potomac's broad river at rest,  
Changed are your hills and your green clustered wildwood—  
Changed the emotions they bring to my breast.

Years was the silence that reigned there unbroken  
By aught save the sound of the viol and dance,  
Which joined with the spring stream's glad quaver, gave token  
And wooed to the beach the good Sage of the Manse.

Ah! oft down the path still my memory seems tracing  
The way that he came, with his visage of joy,  
To tell o'er the story that time was effacing—  
The tale of his boyhood, and "gain be a boy."

In groups by the spring, how we youngsters have listened  
To tales of Mount Vernon and Washington's horse,  
Our eyes beaming wonder, while *his* proudly glistened,  
And burned with the theme of his cherished discourse.

To Arlington House 'twas his pride oft to lead us—  
Illustrious with art from pencil, o'erhung—  
And still the same theme, would the Patriot plead us  
To heed on his canvas, as heard from his tongue.

Changed, changed are your hills and your green clustered wildwood—  
All crowned for the battle, but reft of your crest.  
Arlington! Arlington! view of my childhood—  
No more shall I gaze on your vision of rest.

*Washington, Oct. 8, 1861.*

## TO BETTIE

(Written for a niece's album.)

Thou ask'st of me a line in love—  
In love that line is given.  
I would 'twere not as words are writ  
In sands by tempests driven.

I would that like the runic signs  
On some old rock engraven,  
Thy breast may bear deep-traced the lines  
To life's far distant haven.

I would that like that rock, thy heart  
In truth may stand unshaken,  
When folly wings her fatal dart,  
And falsehood's aim is taken.

I would that like the sands, whose words  
The billow soon effaces,  
Thy spotless soul of sin may bear  
But evanescent traces.

*Washington, Oct. 15th, 1861.*

“SUE”

Refers here to his favorite sister, Susan, the same whose child's death is referred to in the verses “In a Valley.”

I heard a boy, in tender tones,  
To loving nature true,  
Give the heart's utterance of a name—  
“My sister Sue.”

'Twas when the dawn of life first broke,  
In soft and dreamy joy,  
This idol name thus fondly spoke  
The brother boy.

It bore me back to other days,  
My childhood's sunny glance  
Dimmed by the slowly gathering haze  
Of life's advance.

Ah! soft was that companion's tone,  
And bright that morning's hue  
That, seeming, blest to me alone  
A “sister Sue.”

How oft, when called that gentle name,  
The answering tone returned!  
Two voices in a love-lit flame  
That brightly burned.

So brightly burned that all around  
So felt the hallowed fire,  
It seemed the light of joy profound  
Could not expire.

'Tis gone, and yet the music flow  
That spoke in love my name,  
Lives in an echo that I know  
Is still the same.

'Tis gone! and though the care dimmed eye  
Hath lost its liquid blue,  
In its pale azure I descrie  
The eye of "Sue."

*Jacksonville, March 26th, 1861.*

1826                      1876

INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. WALTER KIPP

(Written for the Golden Wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kipp.)

The Half-Centennial of Wedded Life!  
How blest the Time, how doubly blest the Hour,  
When the Twain stand upon that inner bound  
And look upon the outer, intervened  
And measured by fair Fifty Years of space!

'Tis not the frost of Nature's winter spell  
That falls upon the brow of them who stand  
Thus lovingly together. 'Tis the light  
Of a sublimer Clime inbraided there—  
Still to grow warmer and serener while  
Their footsteps nearer to its Fountain draw.

Long, yet, and close be the companion walk  
To the far Happy Mountain! While they go,  
The orisons of loving friends attend,  
As breath of blooms they cast upon the way.

*Jacksonville, November 23, 1876.*

## THE PALMETTO TREE

AN OLD LANDMARK ON BAY STREET, JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

The palmetto tree stood for many years in front of the present Baldwin Block.<sup>r</sup> This was the site of the old residence of Dr. A. S. Baldwin.

It stands, a monument of what has been;  
A blackened stump: limbless, leafless—dead!  
A story told that's never told again—  
A bare remembrance of life that's sped!

Such is this monument, which strangers here may see  
In that old stump, the burnt Palmetto Tree.  
Such is life's story told of glory faded,  
Both in the tree and those its leaves have shaded.

I well remember when its leafy arms  
Spread cooling shade along the busy street;  
To Northmen's eye this tree had wondrous charms,  
Which made new coming friends each other greet  
With words like these: "O look! What is't we see?  
O, blessed clime! It is the great Palmetto Tree!  
A tree that only grows in sunny lands,  
Where streams are never bound in icy bands."

Blackened 'tis now and bare, as though God's ire  
For some misdeed of ours on it was sent;  
For lo! it stands a monument of that great fire  
When solid walls and trees alike were rent,  
And mighty works of man, in which men trust,  
In one short hour were but a pile of dust;  
And this old stump, emblem of time that's past,  
Shows what all living things will be at last.

Like other monuments, then, let it tell  
All things that live, that all will soon decay!  
That men and trees to-day which sway and swell,  
Will be like this old stump at some near day.  
A lesson, then, the old Palmetto Tree  
To every thinking soul may surely be!  
'Tis like yourself: 'twas here—'tis not;  
'Twas green and grew—it died—'twill be forgot!

## DEDICATION OF THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT TALLAHASSEE, 1880

Read on the occasion of the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument in the Capitol Grounds at Tallahassee, Fla., 1880. This monument was erected by the zealous women of Florida to commemorate her brave sons who fell in the Civil War, 1861-65.

We rear the monumental pile  
To heroes that have passed away,  
Like those in classic times, the while  
Pure in our eyes as they.  
None left to time a prouder story,  
None wear upon their martial brow  
A halo crown of brighter glory  
Than those we honor now.

As flames from holy altars rise,  
Remembrance from the patriot's breast  
Will shine as fire that never dies,  
To light the silent sleeper's rest;  
And as a beacon to our gaze,  
Though storms 'round life be sweeping,  
Upon this shaft in light shall blaze:  
"He hath Them in His keeping."

"Firm as a Rock God's truth shall stand,"  
Firm as our love this shaft shall keep  
The memory of our Patriot band—  
Our noblest, best, that sleep!  
If grander cenotaphs display  
Proud deeds, or loftier towers,  
No prouder deeds nor grander day  
They consecrate than ours.

Fair name, our Florida! Fair name,  
Our land! Some, our brave, here sleep,  
'Tis not the trump of empty fame  
We sound above your graves. We weep,  
And hear the plaintive tear-drops fall,  
Like pass-words near the grassy tent,  
That to the waiting slumberers call  
From out the starry firmament.

#### ACROSTIC

October 20th, 1887 (Julius and Katie's birthday).

Just thirty-one this day, my Son!  
United to my heart.  
Loved as when childhood's brook did run  
In boyhood's sunlit start  
Unto proud manhood's broader stream—  
Still strong to me its sunny gleam.

And to the stream there joins a brook.  
Nay, on a branch my eyes may look,  
Dear blossoming branch your manhood took.

Kind is the branch, now one with thee.  
Ah, keep it loving, tenderly!  
'Tis of thyself and soul a part,  
Innermost grafted to thy heart.  
Each bloom to her of strength thou art.

FATHER.

## MAKE ME A CHILD

Make me Thy child, Father, now in my weakness,  
Take me again to Thy sheltering fold,  
Make me a child as before, and Thy meekness  
May be the strength of my manhood when old.

Ah, that I wandered so far from the portal!  
I am a child when I ask Thee to make  
Me one of Thine, only stronger than mortal;  
Youth I would ask for my loving ones' sake.

Yes, for the loving ones, yet not for them only,  
But for myself, my Strong Giver and Thee.  
'Tis in Thine honor, a wanderer lonely  
Asks again o'er him Thy shelter may be.

Call me a child, loving Father, who wanders,  
Yet can look back to the portal and see  
Hope, and returning there joyfully ponders,  
Old, still a child in Thy strength he may be.

I am a child, Father, make my feet stronger;  
Lead me to walk like blest Pattern, who died.  
Give me the light to clasp weak friends no longer;  
Be Thou my friend, walking strong by my side.

*Jacksonville, Fla., Oct. 13, 1888.*

## THE FOUR OLD FOGIES

Four old Fogies, all up stairs,  
At a very remarkable time—  
A grave man was one, who had long expounded law,  
Another a mighty man of rhyme—  
Of rhyme!  
That mighty man of rhyme!

Another was a man, who in many a venture bold,  
Was a wonderfully stubborn sort of elf.  
He had formed a mammoth Railway Scheme, and magically sold  
The stock and all the stockholders to himself—  
To himself!  
He sold all the stockholders to himself!

The fourth was a magistrate, in other words a mayor—  
The City's most inveterate "old horse"—  
In things more "matter-of-fact," a steed of mighty tact,  
Taking the cares of office as a matter of course—  
    Of course!  
He took office cares as a matter of course!

The judge he told his tales of the hustings and the court,  
And the rhymer gave his fancy reign to think;  
While the mayor, as if in soul, was too sick to play a role,  
And the Rail-King and the Jurist took a drink—  
    Took a drink!  
Of course the King and Jurist took a drink!

The funny fogies, four, when they had their gossip o'er,  
Broke up with foggy purposes still fired—  
The judge with solemn guile proffered each a parting "smile,"  
And the trio of old Fogies then retired—  
    Then retired!  
The owlsh Fogy trio then retired!

#### THE FADED FACE

There are faded faces we sometimes see  
Speaking in eloquent mystery.  
Even though every trace marked there  
Were the sign of sorrow, the seal of care,  
Often o'er all a beautiful grace  
Covers the lines of a faded face.

After the bloom of the fragrant rose  
The petals fall as the summer goes;  
And the tree sinks back to the winter sleep;  
In the valley the germs of spring-time keep;  
But there's never a season, there's never a place,  
We may read not the tale of a faded face.

We could wish the rose-tree ever green,  
Though the blessing blossoms no more were seen.  
We should hold it part of our heart's best store  
Even if bloomed it never more.  
Were our childhood's joy in its laughing flowers,  
We would think of the smiles they gave for ours.

And every true heart should have a place  
To keep the bloom of a faded face;  
For love and fancy to paint sublime  
With the rosy tints of an olden time,  
Even its pallor those tints will wear  
For the heart that sees them stealing there.

“THE HEART THAT HATH NO TO-MORROW”

Over the deep where the wild waves sweep—  
Over the dark blue sea,  
Cometh a bark, all laden deep,  
With precious freight to me.  
Over the ocean vast and strong,  
While onward the bark careers,  
Soundeth the dreadful tempest gong,  
Thrilling the heart with fears.

Come, precious freight, I wait thee true—  
All anxious, wait thee well—  
Come safe the fearful tempest through,  
Let love the peril tell.  
Ah! why delay? the storm is dark—  
I hear its sickening blast,  
Come, come to me, thou storm-tossed bark,  
My faith still holds thee fast.

Oh! dread suspense! still, still above  
The lowering clouds foretell  
Some woe to mock the hope of love,  
Some pang to crush the spell.  
Oh! sleep, let not thy Lethe crave  
My watchful moments given  
To those who in the deeps a grave  
May find—a soul in heaven.

Oh! bursting heart! she comes not yet—  
I faint—I hope—I sorrow.  
The skies, tho' straining eyes be wet,  
All bright may be to-morrow.  
To-morrow! ah! 'tis like to-day,  
My shipwrecked faith is sinking,  
I only grasp a flickering ray—  
The agony of thinking.

From over the dark where the waves roll stark,  
Tell me tidings quickly!  
Only the fragments of a bark  
Over the dark lie thickly.  
Give me a veil of the tattered sail,  
Dyed in the night of sorrow.  
Sweet is the tempest's requiem wail  
To the heart that hath no to-morrow!

*Jacksonville, November 19, 1865.*

### THE DEAD BIRD

Far away, from thy soft Southern clime, sweet Bird,  
Where the winds are more chill, and the mountains reared,  
Thou wast borne in hope that thy notes, oft heard,  
Would woo back a voice to earth endeared—  
Would meet it, as echoes of angels' songs  
From the spheres of the starry world depart,  
And pause, that to earth, as Immanuel's throngs,  
They may waft their strains to the stricken heart.

In the warm Southern wildwood thy home was not long,  
Yet thy tiny feet bounded from bower to bower,  
As a frail heart, deluded to think it were strong,  
Though doomed to be still'd by the lapse of an hour,  
But, oh! in an hour what hopes we can rear—  
That the feet may bound onward—the wing keep its way—  
That the heart which, in weakness, love soothes with a tear,  
May droop not, but yield back its throbbings for aye.

Was the clime too chill, that thy lustre passed,  
From thy bright young plumes, like the tints of even,  
That thine eye so soon became o'ercast,  
As by shadow of wing of hovering raven?  
Or was there on earth, so broad, no clime,  
Like the Land of Flowers, with odors sweet,  
For thy plumes so blest, and thine eye sublime,  
And thy sacred songs and soarings, meet?

For earth hath beings so pure and true,  
That they cannot dwell with its gross allures;  
Rather they soar to the Portal blue,  
That the loved, and the chaste, and the just secures—  
To the realm, sweet Bird, where sinless things,  
That dwell on earth an hour so brief,  
May there repose their wearied wings,  
In an Eternity's relief.

One loved, and chaste, and just, my Bird,  
Link'd thee with memory fond and true,  
As she uttered affection's holy word,  
Ere taking her flight to that Portal blue.  
Thou hast heard the rustling of her wings,  
In a holier clime than thine, on high  
And hast gone to mingle thy warblings  
With the music-murmurs of the sky.

The above lines are associated with and refer to a niece of my father, Mrs. Elizabeth Wimer, who, after spending a winter in Florida, hoping to be restored to health, returned to her home in Washington, and died shortly after. "The Bird" was one of the sweet singers of Florida, the mocking-bird, which she had learned to love in its native boughs, and longed to carry home with her to cheer her with its sweet notes. But the bird soon died too; and as expressed in the last lines of the poem, followed the angel-spirit to its Home beyond, there

"To mingle thy warblings  
With the music-murmurs of the sky."

[Editor.]

HISTORICAL



BRIEF HISTORY OF JACKSONVILLE, WRITTEN IN 1885.  
DATE OF JACKSONVILLE'S BEGINNING, 1822

Fifty years ago the present "City" of Jacksonville presented an almost primeval picture. Being at the point on the St. Johns where the noble river turns its flood from a course of three hundred miles nearly northward, almost at a right-angle eastward to the sea, the trending of the banks on the west and north forms a graceful crescent. At what is now the centre of the city front is a plain or valley, affording a level space for about three squares of the present town. On either side eastward and westward the ground is elevated, commanding to the verge of the city limits beautiful plateaus and gentle slopes, on which imagination had long since pictured the future habitation of gregarious man, and whereon the dim mirage of a distant past is now fast assuming a reality. The stately pines standing in myriads as far as eye can reach toward the mysterious inland, crowned those hills in that "long ago," which is as shadowy as the forest which it shrouds, and when the fond dream of a city was evolved the Indian had but of late looked upon his hut as a fixture on the site, and himself as monarch.

Fifty years ago the project of a town upon this spot was conceived. One of the principal inducements to this purpose was the fact that the road from New Smyrna and St. Augustine to the English settlements in Georgia, touched the St. Johns opposite the present site of Jacksonville, passing northward to the St. Mary's River at what is now Camp Pinckney. The present ferry (foot of Liberty Street), or point of crossing the St. Johns River, was known then, and is often referred to in the English allusions as the "Cow Ford." It also bore the distinction among the Spanish inhabitants of the Pass of St. Nicholas.

The road was opened by the English government sometime during its possession of the territory between 1763 and 1783. It was designated as the King's Road, and that appellation is still familiarly applied to it by the people of the country.

The English had settlements in Georgia as far south on the mainland as the mouth of the Satilla River; and the Florida road completed the land connection from New Smyrna to Savannah and Augusta. (Augusta was then the capital of Georgia.)

The road now passing southward from the Ferry Landing opposite Jacksonville, and that from the Ferry at Jacksonville leading into Nassau County is the same; and on this side of the river is now often called the Nassau Road.

Twenty years ago before the town had extended much north of the water frontage, the old track of the King's Road held its course north-westwardly over the ground in the vicinity of the St. James Hotel, passing immediately in the rear of the Freedman's School building, from which point it retains its original course as the English pioneer road, through the rather badly defined region of "The Floridas."

Another early means of communication with Jacksonville (and that only available for foot and horse passengers), was the Indian Trail direct toward Trail Ridge, a little north of Starke, and crossing at that point the rising

lands which divide the waters of Black Creek from the south branch of the St. Mary's River. Passing northward the head branches of the Santa Fe River connected the old DeSoto Trail near the Olustee battle ground. This trail runs thence to the Suwannee near the Upper Mineral Spring, and still westward to the Aucilla River. Miccosukie Lake and the Tallahassee Gold Fields, are Indian villages. A rock is said still to remain in the Suwannee River about fifty miles below the point above referred to, which at low water is plainly seen and on which is distinctly carved the name of DeSoto and the date of his crossing.

Another incentive for the location of the town at the "Cow Ford" was the supposed fact that there is no other point between the Ford and the mouth of the river where trade could reach the river from the north, or from the settled portions of Georgia and which might seem in all other respects desirable, except the south side of Trout Creek near the Panama Mill. Over this point, the *Ford* had the preference because the King's Road already afforded communication between Georgia and the river.

During the English occupation a grant was made of the land on which Jacksonville stands to the Marquis of Hastings (Lord Rawdon, of Revolutionary memory), its extent being 20,000 acres, and its limit McGirt's Creek on the west and Trout Creek on the northeast. This with other English grants reverted to the Spanish Crown on the recession of Florida to Spain in 1783, the English being indemnified for the surrender of their lands.

One of the earliest grants of the Spanish government of the land on which Jacksonville stands was that of Maria Taylor in 1816. It consisted of 200 acres and was defined to begin at the mouth of McCoy's Creek (the creek dividing Brooklyn from Jacksonville on the west), running one-half mile north, then east three-eighths of a mile, thence south to the river a half mile, which brought the line through the Episcopal Church grounds, and down the street from said grounds to the water's edge.

In the same year another grant was made by the Spanish government to John Masters, which consisted of the remaining land east of the Maria Taylor grant, bounded by the river and the creek which empties into the same near Alsop and Clark's Mill, known as Hogan's Creek. The Masters grant was for one hundred acres; but by the return of the Spanish surveyor it was only reported as fifty acres; and a still later survey established the amount as seventy-five acres.

These tracts constitute the original limits of the corporation of Jacksonville, except that the Taylor grant line was extended on the north from the northern point of the western boundary, along the branch of Hogan's Creek which heads back of the Freedman's School building till it connects with the Masters line in the body of said creek, giving the town an insular position except on the western line.

On the 6th of July 1822, the Masters grant became transferred to John Brady, and by Brady to John Bellamy; and on the 4th of May 1836 the same was conveyed by Bellamy to Isaiah D. Hart in trust for John L. Doggett (one of the earliest settlers of the place, who came to reside in Jacksonville about 1823). On the 18th of December the same year, I. D. Hart conveyed the tract to Wm. J. Mills in trust for Mrs. Doggett,

widow of said John L. Doggett. The land was surveyed by D. S. H. Miller, deputy surveyor under Geo. I. F. Clark, Surveyor General of the Spanish Province of Florida.

On the 12th of May, 1821, Isaiah D. Hart purchased from Louis Z. Hogans, the then husband of Maria Taylor, eighteen acres of the Taylor grant, on the S. E. corner of the same, to run fifty chains westward along the bank of the St. Johns River, thence north twelve chains, thence east to the line of the Masters grant, thence down said line to the river. In the same year Col. Hart erected a log dwelling house, fronting north on Forsyth Street and between Market and Newnan, the house stood somewhat upon the street. It was the usual form of the "double-pen" country house with an open passage in the centre, rooms on the wings, and shed rooms in the rear. Col. Hart occupied this house until 1830. In the course of this period, being elected Clerk of the Territorial Court and Postmaster, he erected a small frame building in the hammock, which grew on the easterly end of the square, near the S. E. corner of Newnan and Forsyth, which building he used for a Clerk's and Post Office.

In answer to a suit instituted by Mrs. Doggett against I. D. Hart and others in reference to the boundary dividing the Masters from the Taylor grant the defendant says:

"Conceiving his said eighteen acres to be well located for building a town of some importance, he did during the year 1822, in concert with John Brady, who was then the proprietor of the lands herein spoken of as the Masters Grant, cause to be appointed divers commissioners, to-wit: Francis J. Ross, John Bellamy, Abram Bellamy, Stephen Eubanks, John W. Roberts and Benjamin Chaires, for the purpose of laying out a town on the lands belonging to this defendant and the said John Brady; that upon the 6th day of July, 1822, the said commissioners assembled for the purpose of laying out the said town then called Jackson, but which has since acquired the name of Jacksonville." Col. Hart and John Brady were both present at the survey, and denoted as a starting point a water oak said to have been on the bank of the river, and the said commissioners did commence their survey at that point laying out a street to which they gave the name of Market Street, which is the same Market Street mentioned upon the plan of the town of Jacksonville accompanying the bill of complaint filed in the suit. The bill claimed that the boundary between the Taylor and Brady tracts ran through what is now Ocean Street and that the oak tree stood at the foot of this street, hence all parties who had titles from I. D. Hart for the lots lying between Ocean and Market Streets were included in the suit.

The bill filed in the suit further says: "That upon the laying out of the said town of Jacksonville, it was found that the eighteen acres (of the defendant) comprised the lots from the centre of Market Street along the bank of the St. Johns River, crossing Newnan and Ocean streets to about the centre of water lot No. 18. This is the centre of the square between Ocean and Pine (Main) Streets, the line running north through the property of A. M. Reed and the corresponding range of squares to Monroe Street, thence to Market and the place of beginning."

On the same day of the laying out of the town John Brady began to

sell lots east of Market Street, and Col. Hart to sell lots west of Market Street. In 1830 Col. Hart erected another house for his residence on Lot 1, Block 2.

In 1823 John Brady conveyed his interest in the Masters grant to John Bellamy. In 1824 John L. Doggett contracted with John Bellamy to purchase the Masters grant, and some time thereafter built his residence where the family residence long stood, on the corner of Liberty and Forsyth Streets.

On the 26th of May, 1834, I. D. Hart acquired title to other eighty-eight acres of the Taylor grant, enlarging his tract from Market Street westward along the river bank to a distance of twenty-six and a half chains; thence to the northern boundary of the Taylor grant, and thence east to the Masters grant.

One of the noticeable features of Jacksonville at the date of the author's writing (1885) is the beautiful growth of the water oak, so that it might be appropriately named the Forest City, or the City of Oaks. These were mainly planted by owners of different lots from 1850 to 1855; and the custom has since been generally followed. The trees are evergreens, and in the Spring the foliage stealthily changes, presenting a rich mingling of the dark green of the old dress with the lighter of the new.

Up to about 1845 an old Block House, or log fort, which was built as a protection from the Indians, stood on the low ground back of the town, in a line a few squares easterly from the St. James Hotel. As a military post the town took the impetus of its growth to what it now is.

At this date one newspaper is published in Jacksonville—*The Union*—in politics, Republican. Two papers, Democratic, and Whig existed for a number of years up to the period of the Civil War.

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(*Jacksonville*), *Florida Republican, Extra*, April 6, 1854\*

## GREAT AND DISASTROUS CONFLAGRATION JACKSONVILLE IN RUINS

SEVENTY HOUSES CONSUMED—LOSS OVER \$300,000—TWO  
PRINTING OFFICES DESTROYED

Yesterday, at 1 o'clock p. m., the alarm of fire was given in this town, and in four hours afterwards all the business portion of the town was in ruins. The fire originated in S. N. Williams's hay shed, on the wharf, communicated, as is supposed, by a spark from the Charleston steamer "Florida." It extended with astonishing rapidity in every direction, spreading first along the block of stores on the south side of Bay Street, between Newnan and Ocean streets; thence communicating with the square opposite on the north which was all consumed; thence with the store of A. M. Reed and the Bank agency adjoining on the west side of Ocean Street, which were both destroyed; thence with the square east of Newnan Street and fronting on Bay, which contained the large and handsome block known as Byrne's Building; nearly the whole square

\*This article is a reprint of my father's newspaper of the date given. [Editor.]

being consumed, at the same time with the buildings on Bay Street east of the point at which the fire originated, and of Newnan Street, which was at once swept away.

This was principally the course of and the area which has been devastated by the devouring element. The wind was blowing strongly at the time, and caused the course of the fire, at first, to be to the westward by which several private dwellings at the extreme west end of the town, and several stores, Moody's, Holmes' and Fairbanks' Mills, and the new hotel of Messrs. Day, were set fire, but extinguished before any material damage was sustained. Still, the intense heat from the first block was so great that that of itself ignited the squares on the opposite side, and on the east, and the immense amount of goods thrown from the stores along the whole of Bay Street, formed from the same cause, an immense conflagration of spirits, oil, paints, etc.

By this fire, seventy buildings are entirely destroyed. Of these, twenty-three were stores, of the following persons, viz:—

F. Waver & Co., provision; C. D. Oak, and Wm. Grothe, jewelers; S. N. Williams, grocer; J. P. Sanderson, dry goods and provisions; Bloodgood & Bowse, do.; H. Timanus, do.; T. Hartridge, do.; J. Mode, dry goods; James Hanham, grocer; Mr. Hernandez, tobacconist; C. DeWaal, auctioneer; L. Capella, fruit store; J. Santo, do.; A. M. Reed, dry goods and provisions; M. Keil, do.; A. B. Hussey, grocer; Mr. Moore, fruit store; J. L. Hogarth, timber; Ambler & Hoeg, dry goods and provisions; J. L. Ripley, clothing; J. C. Brown, fruit store; L. B. Ametman, dry goods; T. McMillan, druggist; T. G. Myers, grocer; A. C. Acosta, fruit store; J. B. Howell, grocer; Joseph Hernandez, tailor; C. DeWaal, bakery; Geo. Flagg, jeweler; R. H. Darby, tailor; C. Poetting, boot and shoe maker.

The law offices of Geo. W. Call and G. W. Hawkins, and the office of F. C. Barrett, Notary Public, &c., in the Byrne Block, were also destroyed—a portion only of their legal and official documents being saved.

The office and warehouse of Mr. Joseph Finegan and the furniture store of L. M. Fulson, were destroyed.

McRory's Insurance Agency office in the Sammis Block, also went by the board, together with a portion of his papers.

The Custom-House, Mr. McIntosh's law-office, Capt. Willey's residence, J. Hanham's store and dwelling, J. Mode's clothing store, the elegant residence as also the law-office of P. Fraser, Esq., we note among other buildings destroyed.

The two and only printing offices of the place—the *Republican* and the *News*, were consumed, the latter entirely, and but enough of the *Republican* material has been gleaned from the harvest of the terrible Reaper to furnish this Extra! We shall order new type and a press however, by the mail for the North, to-morrow morning, and hope to be fully "on our feet" again in the course of a month; and in the meantime shall endeavor to issue copies enough of our paper for our exchanges on a foolscap sheet, on an improvised press—our two iron hand presses being utterly wrecked. We therefore throw ourselves upon the indulgence

of our advertising and reading patrons "for a little while," being determined not to desert the "burning ship"—being utterly opposed to any species of "ratting."

As we are doing advertising for merchants in Charleston and Savannah, we request our contemporaries in those cities to note our situation.

The steamer "Florida" was lying at her wharf at the time of the fire, and drew off into the stream as it progressed; the "Seminole" from Savannah, bringing the mail (the Gaston being taken off the line), had passed up the river. Every exertion was made by the citizens, firemen, and even the ladies, who were found here and there lending assistance to arrest the fire—the negroes also laboring faithfully to do their utmost. But the fire became unmanageable, and as the intense heat extended itself, confusion and exhaustion rendered human exertion less efficient. A portion of the fire apparatus unfortunately fell into a situation which brought it in contact with the flames, and it was lost.

Upon the amount of property lost, it is estimated that one-half is insured, some in New York and New England offices, and some in Georgia. The two printing offices were insured—our own for a little more than half its value. We lost all the printing paper, and a large quantity of letter, which we had on hand for jobbing. Our "set up" forms have run into a molten mass.

Mr. Andreas Canova was severely burnt and is disabled, and Mr. J. C. Hemming was severely stunned and for some time hurt, but he is now better. We regret also that the family of Mr. Phillip Fraser, who were ill were forced to remove.

Our edition of the *Republican* of this date, was off the press, but few copies of which, however, had been taken from the office or mailed. Its non-receipt by the greater portion of our subscribers is, we presume, sufficiently and satisfactorily accounted for by the intelligence which this "extra" announces.

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## THE BATTLE OF FAYAL

### FLORIDA AND THE HEROIC DEFENDERS OF LOUISIANA

The remarkable event narrated in the *News-Herald* of the 29th April, from the *New York Times*, of the presentation to Congress of the sword of Capt. Samuel Chester Reid, the hero of the encounter at Fayal, on September 14, 1814, is associated with historic incidents and men of Florida pertaining to the same war with England, in which the vessel of Captain Reid was engaged. Of those men Gov. Andrew Jackson was the most conspicuous figure. The turning point of the attempt of the English to re-conquer Louisiana was the battle of New Orleans, on January 8, 1815. The engagement at Fayal in September, 1814, was the first disaster to the purpose of immediate conquest. When it is known there was a great fleet assembled at Jamaica to effect this conquest, and the vessels defeated at Fayal were ships of the line, a frigate and a sloop of war, with 160 guns and 2,000 men, the extent of the arrangements will be conjectured.

The delay at Jamaica, owing to the meeting with the "demons" at Fayal extending from early in September, 1814, to December of the same year, was the result of this "demoniac" encounter. The landing in Louisiana was in December; but there was no further delay; for the battle of the 8th of January following scattered the broken forces of Pakenham to their ships; the "Thermopylæ" of the land followed the "Thermopylæ" of the sea, and denied to the grand Armada a foothold to invaders even upon the threshold of the realm to which English exile had given to the Acadians an inheritance of peace and security until Longfellow lived to sing their history.

Jackson broke up the Spanish and English intrigue in Florida. He was made Governor when it became American soil. Several of his comrades in arms became citizens of the Territory—among them two of the most noted of his staff at New Orleans, Gen. R. K. Call and Gen. Robert Butler. Both of these made homes on the beautiful Lake Jackson, near Tallahassee, lived forty years in the State after the acquisition, and are buried at or near their chosen abodes.

Governor Call received his title from being Governor of the Territory. General Butler for a long time held the office of Surveyor General of the public lands of the State. From military companionship and social sympathies, age made these veterans loving brothers. Nothing enthused them more than to recount the deeds of their commander. Governor Call, being a man of fine presence and an eloquent speaker, with an enthusiasm too spontaneous and patriotic to be immodest, for successive years commemorated the battle of New Orleans on the 8th of January, in the Capitol at Tallahassee, the custom being anticipated and rewarded by appreciative audiences.

It was his wont to have General Butler in a seat of honor behind the desk. When the glow of speech warmed the orator's heart, and the incidents of the New Orleans campaign crowded the lips for utterance, he would gracefully turn to the comrade seated behind him, as if for verification of something which the impetuosity of speech might have confused. Then the old fire would glow in the eye of Butler, and the smile and nod of assent would approve that which he felt touched the understanding and heart of the audience as well as his own.

"There was a prominent man of Pensacola," once said General Call, "named John Juerarity. He was a large merchant, connected with the Indian trade of the interior at the time of the approach of the English fleet. He could see the approach toward the mouth of the Mississippi, either through his fine telescope or from his gulf messengers, who spread their sails at his bidding at that eventful time. Mr. Juerarity's sympathies were with the Americans. He knew General Jackson, and of his movements. Jackson was in the Alabama territory gathering and hurrying forward as fast as possible his almost improvised forces toward New Orleans. He scarcely hoped successfully to cope with the British, or to make up in time his promiscuous force. John Juerarity, by swift couriers, sent him word of the delay of the fleet—that there was time for him, Jackson, to organize and strike. When the fleet was nearing, Jackson was entrenched at New Orleans." At the

allusion General Butler was almost lifted from his seat, as if he must share with his comrade the story as well as the struggle it revived.

We are entitled to connect our men of the early history of Florida as a Territory with the defense of Louisiana. If the sword of Captain Reid can be placed upon the desk of Congress, there are swords in Tallahassee worthy of comparative regard, which might have a proper place in our State Capitol.

When Admiral Lloyd, in command of the ships at Fayal, met with the fatal surprise and resumed his rough voyage to Jamaica, he might have mused upon the legend of the Fayal, that it was once a Brazil island—an isle of fire. He was probably never after disposed to visit the health resort of the Furnas of San Miguel, another of the Azores group, where it is claimed you can sit with one foot in a hot sulphur spring and the other in molten iron.

Popularly we do not hear much of Admiral Lloyd or Admiral Lloyd Cochrane at the battle of New Orleans. The familiar histories set before us Peckenham and Jackson. The first became the last. He was blown off shore by the Brazil blast of Jackson's batteries.

*Jacksonville, Fla., (No date.)*

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## THE STEAMER "ARROW"

THE "ARROW" HAS SUNK INTO A WATERY GRAVE

She swooped down beneath the flood of the River of May, the eleventh of the month of the same name, in the year of a tolerant Christianity, A. D., 1884. She went down not many miles from the bank of the same river whereon the Huguenot Protestants made the first colonization in what is now Anglo-Saxon America. The Huguenots named the stream after the month in which they entered it, and the name, at the time, is associated with nothing more saddening to the heart than is the fate of the little ship, which darkens the coincidence.

Menendez struck a fatal blow at the Protestant colony. He meant to uphold the pure faith, but he was a bigot, and the first half century of his efforts retained no other vestige of results than a few ruins along the coast, of forts which he erected in the attempt to claim and hold ancient Florida for his sovereign. Even Catholic historians do in no way apologize for his achievement at St. John's Bluff. With a better zeal he planted the cross in the Carolinas and in Virginia and Maryland, penetrating the waters of the latter and aiding the Churchly fathers in efforts which, though ultimately fruitless in these particular localities, have consecrated their name and fame to all time.

No doubt Menendez explored the broad Potomac and the tortuous James. In person, with the intrepidity characteristic of the man, he familiarized himself with these noble waters, and for the first time aroused the astonishment of the native tribes with his panoply of defense and his ecclesiastic and heraldic paraphernalia.

On the same river Potomac the lost "Arrow" plied for thirty years

between the Capital of the Union and Mount Vernon. The name of Washington has almost from the day of his death thrilled the hearts of the lovers of liberty, and from the whole world pilgrims have repaired to the shrine which holds his dust. As the circle of his fame grew wider, the shrine-seekers became more multitudinous. In time the pilgrimages were daily, and for thirty years the "Arrow" became the barque consecrated of the burdens of living souls whose veneration was as sacred as the dust they sought to approach. Not only the earnest throng of the people, inspired by the quest, crowded her decks, but high-toned men from the world's end, soldiers, nobles, kings and princes—the powerful of the earth, the wise, the good—approached that tomb with reverence for the representative of human greatness whose end emphasized the truth that high and low must sleep the eternal sleep together.

"All in one mighty sepulchre."

Where Menendez plied his faith, the "Arrow" plied her speed. Near where this soldier in the gray dawn of morning hurled his band on the sleeping garrison, the "Arrow" sank to the rest of peace more than three hundred years after. Mount Vernon and St. John's Bluff! Liberty and extinction! The bright cirrus of hope, the black nimbus of despair!

On the Bluff not a vestige of human habitation remains. Lines were marked for lots on the herbaceous tunic that clothed it, and it has been parted and torn in shreds by contention over a tax title. In the English times the town of St. Johns stood there; later a crucifix of precious metal was found there; and on one of the islands lying in the river immediately opposite the present channel that strikes the Bluff, in which was evidently a defensive trench, accidentally come upon, was found a mortar and a roll of sheet copper on which was stamped the arms of France (or Spain). The channel sweeps 'round the Bluff like the chafing of a bandage, and it is thought by some that a large area of the lower land, which was before sloping toward the water, has been washed away, and with it every fragment of the ancient Huguenot fort of 1564, which stood rather on the slope, as well as the town that stood there in the beginning of our own century.

The "Arrow" sleeps well in a land of Indian tradition. The Yemassee held that a bad aim was a bad omen, when the arrow shot upward and fell into a river without striking the foe. When the "Arrow" tipped with balm instead of venom, was aimed from the banks of the Potomac, where it had a million times sped straight to the centre of Mount Vernon's shield, falling harmless without piercing it, when it lost its impetus and fell into the far south stream of traffic, its fall was disaster. The arrow buried with the sachem in his grave is supposed to have an after-life, and in the spirit-land will take its place among "the souls of departed utensils." In the vision of Maraton the entrance to that spirit-land was guarded by the densest hammock, which seemed to be impenetrable. He essayed to enter and the thick forest dissolved away as he approached, for it was only an impediment of soul-life, the shape of things that were but a vapor. He entered in and there found a river, the boats of which were but the surviving souls of sunken ships. The "Arrow" fitly feminine in her personification, and only serviceable in the most exalted duties now that she has gone down to oblivion, may have only left her hulk in the turbid stream,

and her soul may be floating on the ethereal river. If the smoke from the burning loadstone was the soul of the magnet, the hulk should be lifted up on floats of our forest sandal-wood and burned, that the better part may ascend to the Great Spirit as a soul.

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## THE ST. AUGUSTINE COMMEMORATION

LANDING OF PONCE DE LEON IN A. D. 1512—SETTLEMENT OF ST.  
AUGUSTINE IN A. D. 1565

The dates over the programme of the day were "1512," "1565," "1885."

Many thousands of the readers of the *Times*, in these days of winter hegira, have inspected the old castle of San Marco. Ordinarily visitors examine it in comparative quietude, with timid steps toward the dungeons and over the ramparts, the tread of the "Old Sergeant" guide in advance, and his well memorized descriptions, forming a contrast with the whirl of the gala scene of the 27th of March, 1885.

The quadrangular court, or castle, as it is often termed, occupies about two acres of ground, is built of nearly even angles on the river line, or that facing the court. The outside has of course its buttresses and fine salients—projecting into the moat at the four corners.

On this day the commemoration of the landing of Ponce de Leon was the initial incident of the programme. The knight debarked from a vessel in the offing, followed by fifty men-at-arms, in the old Spanish uniforms, in advance, carrying the gorgeous banners of the times. This was supposed to be a detachment of the army of occupation, and if the vessel was not as large as the "San Pelayo" (the 900-ton ship which brought Menendez in '65), it was expected, of course, the spectator's imagination would be drawn on to complete the fleet with which the Spaniards made the first permanent occupation of Florida.

Ponce and his men landed in good order in pinnaces, and took up the line of march for Fort San Marco, the place of grand commemoration. They landed near the Plaza. Thousands of spectators looked on the event with as much wonderment as the ancient tribe of Seloy, which greeted the real adventurers on the same spot three hundred and seventy-three years ago.

The present Spanish galleon was covered with the flags of Spain and other emblems, and the pleasure yachts of the distinguished strangers, dotting the harbor, were all arrayed in holiday attire. In fact, the whole town was clothed in bunting—the red and yellow stripes of Spain largely in the ascendent.

Ponce de Leon wore a purple velvet cloak and doublet, with nether clothes which were an excusable ideal of the original. A plumed hat might well have been displaced by a metal helmet, and limbs in armor might have been an improvement, but considering all things Ponce wore a true knightly look, and a face so youthful, compared to the original, as to reflect somewhat on the claims of a hundred Florida "springs" of having the identical properties which made De Leon young.

The fifty soldiers wore belted blouses of dark red stuff, coming to the knees, loose yellow trunks, banded on the knees with gay circlets, and close brown stockings. White helmet-shaped caps were on their heads, much after the style of British soldiers in the East, from which fell a plume or heavy tassel. Each man bore a battle-axe.

The most notable incident in the procession from the landing was the Reverend Fathers bearing the cross, clad in robes as beautiful and real as the sacred vestments of Fathers Corpa and Rodriquez when they landed with Menendez. These of course headed the cortege, and lent a reality and sacredness to the whole scene.

To one familiar with the traditional and almost certain landing place of Menendez (the tradition being familiar to the old reading citizens of the present St. Augustine), it is strange that the place was not adopted for the present "landing." It is at the site of the old Indian town of Selo, on a hill near the river (or the sea, we might say), a mile north of the fort. A creek runs through the narrow sedge which lines the shore and leads to the firm margin of the hill. By this, it is said, Menendez landed, and on this hill he had the ceremony of the cross-planting, and held first masses, in a building, or council-house, which the Indians, in a friendly spirit, offered for the Christians' use. The creek, or bayou, still bears the name of Canon de la Leche, named after the Madonna of the Milk, in honor of whom the chapel upon the spot was first consecrated.

On the north side of the inner square of the fort, on the present occasion, an altar was erected. Over it was a white canopy, supported by posts twined with ribbons and flowers. The altar was of course elevated, and upon it was the Sacred Host of the scriptural books, the burning lights and all the paraphernalia of a grand mass. It was appropriately built close to the chapel in the structure of the fort. Standing upon the parapet of the fort, the once highly ornamented and elaborate entrance of the chapel room is more plainly observed, as if brought in relief by the partial covering of the new altar. Time has destroyed the lines of architecture, and the pediment looks as if battered by something more destructive than the scythe. The old chapel-hall, though its altar dais and its niches for sacred figures show the original regard for the place as a sacred spot, has not lost by a more recent event, which as certainly marked a Christian design as the waving of censors and the lifting of chalices did in the olden time. In this chapel Captain Pratt, of the U. S. Army, kept his prison school. Here the Indians brought from the Southwest as criminal prisoners, sat peacefully on school-room forms as children, and here commenced that grand experiment of Indian education which has grown from this voluntary beginning to the State-fostered institutions of Newport News and Carlisle.

The nuns and sisters of the Catholic schools of the Ancient City occupied seats in front of the altar. The acolytes, in sacerdotal cloaks, waited on the sacred ministers. The whole mass was fine, undisturbed even by a ruffle of wind during the whole time of its observance.

A large assemblage of citizens and detachments of military from Jacksonville and Palatka swelled the throng of spectators in the square. The immense parapet overlooking the interior was crowded with a close line

of ladies, gentlemen and children. About five hundred people came from Jacksonville alone, and with the several thousand strangers in the ancient city, and the remnants of the ancient population, all enthusiastic, some idea may be formed of the prevailing spirit. Ten thousand flags decorated the old city from the southern to the northern "gate."

On the east, or sea side, of the inner square, was the staging for the orator of the day. General Gibson, commanding the post, in some appropriate remarks, introduced the Hon. George R. Fairbanks. His address was a valuable resume of the history of the first living city founded by Europeans north of the Gulf of Mexico. It will first appear in his own journal, the *Fernandina Mirror*.

A procession of all the typical representatives, marshals, committees and guests of honor closed the day.

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### THE OLD CHURCH BY THE SEA

During the winter of 1888-'9 the writer was curious to ramble about a spot which he had seen forty years before, and, later, twenty-nine years before, at a time when he became better acquainted with its history, from the information of a friend who then accompanied him, and whose statements were entitled to full credit for accuracy from the fact that he had made the incidents of the ground a study, and had been frequently quoted as authority of Florida history. I refer to Mr. Buckingham Smith.

In the spring of 1865, on a cool afternoon, Mr. Smith proposed to the writer that we take a stroll on the open ground north of the old fort of St. Augustine. I had no idea that he had any objective point, or had any surprise which would be so agreeable to me as that which he contemplated.

Passing out of the famed "City Gate," then marking the boundary of St. George Street and the city, after a walk of half a mile he led eastward toward the Matanzas River, which skirts the whole front of the Ancient City. From the road to the river shore was perhaps less than a half-mile. Toward the river the ground rises to something of a hill, and at the edge of its eastern slope one of those long stretches of sea-grass marsh, peculiar to the coast, fringed the shore. We could have reached the hill by a more oblique and shorter route from the fort but for a small stream that made its deep current from the river through the high marsh-grass to the edge of the hill, and which at high water passes along the low ground north of the fort, compelling pedestrians to take the high road north from the gate to reach the pleasanter suburb of the high ground.

At the time the suburb was almost "the country," a scattered settlement within a circuit of a mile or two gave it the name of farming land, as appropriate as any other.

A striking object seen on the rise of the hill as we advanced was a booth of palmetto leaves, for a shelter, supported on four temporary poles. The roof was green and it was soon seen that the booth was then in use for the nooning of a ploughman who then cultivated the hill. The furrows

around the hill were newly run, though at the hour of our visit the ploughman had made a short day of it, and gone home.

Looking upon the broad sea which was "the source" of the Matanzas, if I might so call it—for it is difficult to call the sea divides along our coast *rivers*—I fancied I shared the contemplation of my guide in the prospect. Even the tyro in history must become absorbed in contemplating that grand entrance of the sea, between the north end of Anastasia Island and the north mainland—associated with the ships that made the first settlement that remains north of the Mexican Gulf, in 1565.

Mr. Smith paused near the booth. "This is the spot," said he, "where the first chapel stood, erected by the Spanish on their first settlement."

Supposing he meant the identical spot, I could not help thinking how curious it was that this temporary booth should mark it, exactly three hundred years after the landing of the Spanish. It seemed to me an appropriate little oratory for a reverent rustic to meditate in as well as accept it as a useful screen from the heat of noon.

Mr. Smith soon showed the many fragments of coquina rock which were strewn around the surface of the ground, evidently the broken pieces of a building.

"The chapel," said he, "was that of Madonna de la Leche, or the Mother of the Milk. The deep stream yonder coming to the landing, through the high grass on either side of it, is the Canon de la Leche, still retaining the name connecting it with the chapel. It was the stream through which the boats of Menendez advanced to the bank from the ships of the offing." A stone could be thrown from the site to the landing.

It would take much space to relate the events of the occasion. No doubt the soldiers, the ecclesiastics, and the many personages who formed the dramatic picture of the time, landed and were concentrated where we stood. One of the best established points of American history, and valuable as the first landing place of Europeans to establish a colony north of the Gulf of Mexico that had been perpetuated, this is sufficiently interesting even if circumstances may curtail, at the time, the narrative of incidents connected with the Chapel de la Leche.

I have mentioned the visit to the spot in the winter of 1888-'9. I might perhaps better have spoken of my search for the spot at the time; for in an interval of twenty-five years changes had occurred that were calculated to weaken the faith of persons in historical sites; but these had not impaired the identity of that of the Chapel de la Leche. After the Civil War, the good Bishop Verot had an excavation made on the site where the fragments of broken coquina lay scattered, and found the actual foundation of the old chapel. He erected upon it a new building of coquina stone, about twelve by twenty feet square, hoping, no doubt, to preserve a memorial of the old historic church. It was finished, an altar raised and a statue of the Madonna, after whom it was named, set up. In the great storm of 1880, the building was destroyed and abandoned. The ground site was selected for a new Catholic cemetery. The monuments of the dead cover the site for several acres, and the ruined chapel stands amid the monuments, I could imagine on the very site where stood the

ploughman's booth. A new city of St. Augustine covers the ground for the space of miles.

The ruined walls of the church were hidden by the squares and buildings which loomed to view as I emerged from the City Gates to make my search for the storied spot—as I prefer to call it—not my visit *to*, but my search *for*, a spot entitled to be so famous in history.

The second stone structure proved to be as frail as the oratory of palms, wherein the farmer took his nooning; but from the connected history of St. Augustine in the centuries of its existence, and the perpetuation of the name of the Canon to this day among the plain people, and the finding of the foundation of the original chapel, I think the farmer's booth clearly marked the spot as a beautiful token of that which may be renewed by the sacred memorial of a palm-roof—"a house not made with hands"—when monuments of stone may not be destined to endure on the sacred hill.

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A London writer for the *New York World* says: "Sir Arthur Sullivan's greatest musical achievement is undoubtedly "The Golden Legend," produced at Leeds (in October, 1886). There has been a remarkable unanimity of praise, and yet all admit that the music is in direct contrast to the German didactic school. It is full of beautiful airs, but the dignity of the classic composition is never sacrificed. The following represents the evil spirits of the air trying to tear down the cross on the spire of Strasburg Cathedral. The sacred emblem is protected by angels who keep the bells sweetly pealing. Above all the din and confused sound of voices the tones of the bells are heard growing louder and louder till the evil spirits are discomfited and the triumph over them becomes complete. Real bells, of a tone similar to those in the Strasburg Cathedral, were used by Sir Arthur Sullivan at the first representation, and the effect is declared to have been simply indescribable."

The idea of the invulnerable character of things under divine protection was a favorite one with poets and artists in past times. Thus the Madonna of the Milk bares her breast, and no false fastidious taste misinterprets it. On one of the spandrels of St. Peter's Church, at Rome, the Madonna is sculptured in the purity of her lacteal offering. A dragon approaches to devour, but recoils at the apparent offering to appease his voracity, of the drops that exuded from the breast that nourished the Holy Child. One of his saints put the dragon under his feet.

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### THE IMAGE OF THE PARTHENON

In the atelier of one of the great sculptors of antiquity, the proud workman himself sat contemplating a statue his hand had finished. It was the colossal figure of a demi-god. It rested in a recumbent posture, and would strike the beholder, as it did the author, as an achievement that would carry a name in honor down to remote posterity. The glowing face, the graceful fall of the arm, the breast that seemed to pulsate in response to the swell of the imagination, the pose of the other arm, the lower limbs

and feet, combined to speak the capacity of genius to mould the almost impenetrable flint to life.

As though to partake of his bliss, he had brought with him to his work-place his darling Greek boy. The boy had often heard at home the words of his father to his mother, speaking of some precious transition from his hand which was linked with the immortality for which he thirsted, and he himself had felt his child spirit touched with the charm of the atelier. His delight was to play among the scattered marbles and build miniature temples. The boy's face was the type of Greek beauty; the bare limbs and feet exposed below the edges of his tunic conveyed expression in the step, and might have been a model from which even the illustrious father, without offending delicacy, might leave to the world a copy of his own grace.

On arriving in the morning (the finishing touch of the great work having been given the day before), the sculptor put not on the garb of labor, nor lifted from its rest the mallet or chisel, but in the felicity of contemplation was finding that foretaste of bliss which was to burst the barrier of the atelier and swell with the rapture of an admiring world.

In the rear of the great statue he had nearly completed the model of a temple. It stood upon a strong framework, and though but a design, was heavy in the fragmentary material from which, block by block, it rose toward completion. It was ready for the entablature and roof. As a diversion for the father and the boy, seeing the latter was eyeing this miniature intently, the sculptor took in hand the pieces to complete it before his eyes. When nearly finished, the father said:

"The little piece that I hold in this hand, when I put it in place, will sustain the crown of the great portico which I now keep firm with the other. Without this piece, the projection will fall. When in place, it will stand. If withdrawn, my model will be broken, and it will be an ill-omen of my work."

The sculptor placed his seat to face the great statue, leaving the boy to look upon the toy of architecture which his father hoped might touch some sublime chord of his nature.

An Athenian noble entered the door and with becoming deference approached the absorbed artist. He looked up and returned the friendly glance, receiving the proffered name and apology of the visitor for a feared intrusion. The topic of the stranger was of course the statue which had been just completed.

"This is a noble work. May I ask for what position it is intended?" he inquired.

"It is for the pediment of the Parthenon" was the sculptor's answer.

"It is too grand for human lips to praise," added the admirer.

After scanning it closely, riveted as it were to the spot by a charm which the face and frontal form conveyed, he walked to the rear of the statue, and was surprised to find it finished with a symmetry in full accord with the grace and expression of the front.

"As the statue is to be placed with its back close to the wall of the high pediment, and the beholder will never see other than the sublime face," he spoke, "why should you have bestowed all this labor on the part to be concealed?"

The sculptor, with a penetrating glance into the eyes of the questioner, withdrawn only when it was lifted reverently skyward, answered:

"There is nothing hidden from the gods. They glory in beauty visible to men; but they disdain it if it covers defects and secret faults. There is nothing hidden from the gods!"

As the words were spoken they fell upon the ear of the boy. They seemed to still his frame for a moment, as by some power stronger than a human voice. He who had attained years sufficient to find delight in the precinct of the art sanctuary, whose beauty of face and form was a suggestive pattern for an immortal imitation, had for a moment yielded to some spirit unworthy of the sculptor's son, and was in the act of withdrawing the key-piece from the fabric which his father had finished before his eyes, that he might see it break and fall. It would be the fulfillment of the omen his father had told him waited upon such a disaster. But the words, "There is nothing hidden from the gods," were heard by him just as his fingers were about to fulfill the impulse of an evil purpose. His hand fell by his side, and he stood looking almost with the gaze of guilt upon the model. The omen was not fulfilled; for the temple rose in after years, in all its grandeur upon the Acropolis. For a thousand years the gods looked down upon a statue on the pediment, and saw *all* its symmetry in the rear and front. Fame has left not the name of progeny to the sculptor; only a dim tradition remains of a child whose hand was stayed from a deed of desecration by the inspired voice of a father, whose fame is emblazoned in classic story longer than the proud workmanship he achieved remains intact—the voice that spoke through his lips, "There is nothing hidden from the gods."

NATURALIZATION PAPERS OF SOLOMON DREW \*

*District of Columbia, to-wit:*

*At a Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Columbia, held for the County of Washington, at the City of Washington, on the First Monday of May in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four, and of the Independence of the United States the Forty-ninth.*

*Present*

*The Honorable William Cranch, Esquire, Chief Judge.*

*Buckner Thurston*

*James S. Morsell*

*Tench Ringgold, Esquire, Marshal.*

*William Brent, Clerk.*

*Esquires* { *Assistant Judges*

*In the record of proceedings of the same Court among others are the following, to-wit:*

*Be it remembered that heretofore, to-wit, on the first day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighteen, at the County of Alexandria in the District aforesaid, appeared Solomon Drew for himself and children, a native of Helstone, England, aged about Thirty years, bearing allegiance to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, having emigrated from Plymouth and arrived at Baltimore on the thirtieth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighteen and intends to settle at the City of Washington, and in open court reported himself for naturalization and declared on oath, that it is bona-fide his intention to become a citizen of the United States, and to renounce forever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state or sovereignty whatever, and particularly to the King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, according to the laws of Congress in such case made and provided, as per certificate of the said Clerk of Alexandria.*

*AND NOW, TO-WIT., on this fourth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five appears again in open court here, the said Solomon Drew, and exhibits to the Court here, a certificate of his report and declaration aforesaid; and it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court by the oaths of Nicholas Blasdale and Jonathan Wallace, citizens of the United States, that the said Solomon Drew has resided within the limits and under the jurisdiction of the United States for five years last past, and one year last past, within the limits and under the jurisdiction of this Court; and that during that time he has behaved as a man of good moral character, attached to the principles of the constitution of the United States, and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same.*

*And the said Solomon Drew in open court here makes oath that he will support the constitution of the United States and that he doth absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign prince, potentate, state or sovereignty whatever, and particularly to the King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, to whom he*

\*.Father of Columbus Drew.

was before a subject. It is thereupon ordered by the court here that the said Solomon Drew be admitted a citizen of the United States and he is accordingly admitted a citizen of the United States, agreeably to the laws of Congress in such case made and provided.

{ SEAL }  
*In Testimony that the foregoing is truly taken from the minutes of the proceedings of the said Circuit Court, I have hereto subscribed my name and affixed the seal of the said Court, the fourth day of June, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five.*

*William Brent, Clerk.*

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## OBITUARY

DIED, in Washington City, on Saturday morning, 24th ult., of paralysis, SOLOMON DREW, father of the Editor of the *Florida Republican*, for thirty years a resident of that city, aged seventy-one years and six months.

The above notice was published in the *Florida News*, at Jacksonville, Fla, August 7, 1852—Vol. XIV, No. 38.

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## SOMETHING OF COLUMBUS DREW'S FOREBEARS

*In the North aisle of the choir of the Cathedral at Excter, Devonshire, upon a floor slab is found:*

Here lyeth ye Body of Edward Drew, Archdeacon of Cornwall and Canon Res. of this Church, who died December 17th, 1693, Aged 70.

Also Anthony, his 2nd Son, who died A. D. 1693, Aged 16.

Here lyeth ye Body of Elizabeth, the wife of Edward Drew, Archdeacon of Cornwall, eldest Daughter of the Rt. Reverend Father in God, Anthony, once Lord Bishop of this Diocese and afterwards of Norwich. She died the 18th of March, 1679.

Here lyeth ye Body of Mary, the Daughter of Edward Drew, Archdeacon of Cornwall and Canon of this church who departed this life the 2nd day of January, Anno. Dom., 1678.

Also Thomas, son of Francis Drew, Esq., who died the 27th of November, 1704, Aged 9 weeks.

Here lyeth the Body of Elizabeth, Daughter of Francis Drew, Esq., who died ye 20th of March, 170-2/3, Aged 18 months.

Here also rest the Earthly remains of Edward Drew, Barrister at Law. He was married in 1740 to Philippa Anne, Daughter of John Cholwich, Esq., of Farringdon, and again in 1747 to Dorothea Juliana, Daughter of George Treby, Esq., of Plympton; by the last of whom only he had surviving issue. His decline was gentle, his Resignation that of a Christian. On Monday, Dec. 10th, 1787 having nearly attained his 74th year, he quietly gave his Soul unto God, and now sleeps in peace with his forefathers.

#### DREWS OF GRANGE, IN THE PARISH OF BROAD HAMBURG

The name is derived from Drogo or Dru, and is supposed to be Norman.

The first proved ancestor of the family, however, is William Drewe, who married an heiress of Prideaux of Orcheston in this County, and appears to have lived about the beginning of the 14th century. His son was of Sharpham, also in Devonshire.

The present seat was erected by Sir Thomas Drewe, in 1610.

Younger branches of this family were of Drew's Cliffe and High Hayne, in Newton, St. Cyres.

See Lysons, CXVIII and 266; Westcote's Pedigrees, 582-3, and the Topographer and Genealogist 11,209, for the Drews of Ireland, descended from a second son of the House of Drew's Cliffe, who came to Ireland and settled at Meaniss, in the County of Keny, in 1633.

See also, Prince's Worthies, 1st ed. p. 249.

Arms—*Ermine, a lion passant, gules.*

Present Representative, Edward Limcoe Drewe, Esq.

Shirley's Noble and Gentlemen of England, page 68.

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#### COLUMBUS DREW

##### A LIFE OF ACTIVITY, INTEGRITY AND GOOD DEEDS GOES OUT PEACEFULLY

Mr. Columbus Drew, died yesterday afternoon, July 8, 1891, about 1 o'clock at his home on West Monroe Street. For over a year past he had been afflicted with heart disease, and for about two weeks had been confined to his bed. Prior to this disease fastening itself upon him he had been in robust health and presented almost a perfect picture of a finely preserved old gentleman. For many days he had been expecting the final summons, and his end was a peaceful one—a glad release from pain. Nearly all his family were present by his bedside, and up to within a very few minutes before death he was conscious and perfectly rational.

Mr. Drew was one of the oldest citizens of Jacksonville, has long been identified with her interests, beside holding positions of high trust in the State and in all the relations with his fellowmen, winning their respect by his urbane demeanor and his sterling integrity.

The funeral will take place this afternoon at 4:30 o'clock from St. John's Episcopal Church, the following gentlemen acting as pall bearers: E. P. Webster, O. L. Keene, Lawrence Haynes, James B. Bours, J. H. Burton and James C. Ingham.

The interment will be in the family lot in the old city cemetery.

Columbus Drew, Sr., was born in Alexandria, Va., January 6, 1820; was 71 years old at the time of his death. His parents were English people who had settled there early in the century. While a very young man he was employed in the office of the *National Intelligencer*, edited by Gales & Seaton, as proofreader for several years, during which time he acquired a knowledge of the printing business. In 1847, in copartnership with a Mr. Davis, he edited the *American*, a newspaper published in Washington, D. C.

In 1848, at the solicitation of Hon. S. L. Burritt, Mr. Cabell and other prominent politicians, he came to Florida and edited the *Florida Republican* in the interest of the whig party.

About 1855 he established the book and printing business now conducted by his sons, Horace and W. B. Drew. He relinquished this to become State Comptroller under the administration of Governor Geo. F. Drew. In religion he was a devout Episcopalian.

About 1844 Mr. Drew was married to Miss Marietta Hume Robertson, of Richmond, Va., who came to Florida with him and died in 1878.

He leaves seven children—five sons and two daughters: Dr. C. Drew, Horace Drew, Julius Drew, J. Græme Drew and W. B. Drew, Mrs. L. Drew Williams and Miss Alice Drew.

Columbus Drew was in many respects a remarkable man. To a far more than ordinary business ability he added a decided literary taste, and all through his long and useful life had been a constant contributor to newspapers, magazines and other publications. He was a composer of poetry of a high order, his writings being marked by a great depth of thought and feeling and perfect versification. He was deeply interested in historical subjects, particularly in local history, and was an authority upon almost any matter connected with Jacksonville after he became a resident here.

In his business and personal habits he was remarkably exact, even to the point of punctiliousness, and this trait was manifest even up to his last moments. He had made every preparation for death, even to the selection of those who should bear his body to its last resting place, and the disposition of his property has been so exact and in detail, that his will can easily be carried out to the letter. He was a most companionable man and a delightfully entertaining talker.

In 1860-61 Mr. Drew was an ardent, persistent Union man, and threw all his influence against secession, but when Florida finally went into the Confederacy, he stood by his people. Early in the war the family "refugeed" to Lake City and subsequently to Monticello, and for a long period while the war continued Mr. Drew himself was connected with the Treasury Department in Richmond. In one of the campaigns prior to the war he ran as the Whig candidate for the legislature from this county against General Finnegan, but was defeated. The first residence of the family in Jacksonville was on the corner of Washington and Bay streets; subsequently they removed to a house which stood where the Palmetto Block now stands; and in 1853 Mr. Drew built the present residence of the family on Monroe Street. He was thoroughly identified with Jacksonville and her welfare during his long residence of nearly fifty years, and took an active interest in public affairs up to within a few days of his death.

After a long life of usefulness a good man has gone to his reward.

## AMONG OLD-TIME FRIENDS

AN OLD WARRIOR, AFTER PEACE WELL WON, ENTERS INTO REST

The funeral of the late Columbus Drew took place at 4:30 p. m. yesterday, from St. John's Church.

Long before the appointed hour a large number of friends had gathered, and among them were noticed a great many of the oldest residents of the city.

The casket was borne up the central aisle by the pall-bearers, and was preceded by Rev. V. W. Shields, who read the opening sentences of the burial service.

The choir sang the hymns "Weary of Earth," "Rock of Ages" and "Asleep in Jesus," and at the conclusion of the services the remains were carried out to the old city cemetery where the last sad offices were performed.

A large cross and anchor of pure white flowers were placed upon the coffin in the church, and the other floral tributes almost filled one of the carriages.

The sympathy of their numerous friends is abundantly given to the family of Mr. Columbus Drew. Their loss, though a sad one and hard to bear, and their sorrow is almost overwhelming, should be lessened when they remember that it is really—

"Rest, rest to the weary,  
Peace, peace to the soul."

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## REMINISCENCES OF COLUMBUS DREW

*Published in the Washington Star, July 18, 1891.*

*The Star* announced a few days ago the death of one of the old familiar friends of my early days. Columbus Drew was one of my boyhood companions, and as we grew up he developed a talent for the stage which would have rendered him successful had he adopted it. His elocution was to us, in the days when we were Thespians, faultless. He was the "Star," and his *William Tell* won favor from the profession and the press. He was one of the many who graduated from the office of the *National Intelligencer*. He went to Florida years ago, and I had the pleasure of seeing him at Jacksonville in 1876, when I was there in the role of "visiting statesman," vainly endeavoring to reclaim the state for Tilden. But the Senator from New Hampshire had preceded me and my mission was fruitless. I had a letter from Mr. Drew not long since, teeming with pleasant memories of the long ago, and the columns of *The Star* were enriched with a letter or two from him. In 1848 Mr. Drew, at the solicitation of Hon. S. L. Burritt and Mr. Cabell, Representatives from Florida, went to Florida and edited the *Republican*, the whig organ of the State. He was a very admirable writer, and his contributions to the press give testimony of his talent in that direction. The press of Florida pay the most earnest and graceful tributes to his memory.

JOHN F. COYLE.

## NEW COMPTROLLER

APPOINTED COMPTROLLER BY GOV. GEORGE F. DREW, 1876

Columbus Drew, Esq., was on Thursday last, nominated by the Governor as Comptroller, and was promptly confirmed by the Senate. This is one of the most important appointments yet made, and Governor Drew has been exceedingly fortunate in his selection. The Comptroller is in a peculiar sense "the watch dog of the Treasury." A vast number of accounts against the State have to pass under his supervision, and no money can be drawn from the Treasury except upon his warrant. The whole financial machinery of the commonwealth is in a great measure in his hands, and the success of the administration in a monetary point of view in a large degree depends upon him. He should possess the ability to devise a revenue system, to point out defects in existing laws and suggest the necessary amendments; and above all, he should have that peculiar talent which will enable him, while at the same time being just to the State's creditors, to make a little money go a long way. If we are not very much mistaken, the new Comptroller will be found to possess these requisites in a high degree. He has been a resident of the State for nearly 30 years, and no man stands higher for purity and integrity of character. Mr. Drew is a Virginian by birth, but passed a number of years of his earlier life in Washington City where, in the office of the *National Intelligencer*, under Gales & Seaton, he acquired a thorough knowledge of the printing art. In 1848 he came to Florida and established the *Florida Republican*, at Jacksonville, and thoroughly identified himself with the Whig party. He parted with the *Republican* in 1854 and engaged in other pursuits. Mr. Drew is a graceful, forcible writer and wielded great influence with his pen while connected with the press. In common with his neighbors, he lost his all during the war, and after its close he set to work with earnest vigor to make the most of the changed circumstances which the termination of the struggle involved. He was offered the position of Secretary by Judge Marvin on that gentleman's appointment as Provisional Governor by President Johnson in 1865, but declined the proffer, and has since been engaged in business in Jacksonville. In the late election Mr. Drew was one of the Democratic candidates for the Assembly in Duval, and received the largest number of votes given for any candidate on the Democratic ticket.

His appointment as Comptroller gives great satisfaction, and especially so in Jacksonville, where he has so long resided and where he is so highly appreciated. It is hacknied to say that he is "the right man in the right place," but his friends will be greatly disappointed if it does not prove so in this instance.

## EXCERPT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER

OF COLUMBUS DREW TO A FRIEND, WRITTEN DURING HIS COMP-  
TROLLERSHIP, JULY 3, 1878, AND JUST PRIOR TO ONE OF HIS  
PERIODICAL VISITS TO HIS JACKSONVILLE HOME

Before leaving I cut a few sprigs from the Capitol Grounds. One is a cutting from the *Torreya*. The tree is said to be rare, and it is even claimed that it is found only in a certain spot on the Chattahoochee River near the terminus of the railroad west from Tallahassee, and extending over an irregular space of not more than twenty miles on and near the east banks of the river. It belongs to the *Taxus* classification and is allied to the yew, pine and cedar. It was so rare as to induce Dr. Torrey, upon the invitation of Mr. Croom, in former years, to come from the North to examine the tree in its home. Mr. Croom was a wealthy planter and an amateur botanist. Dr. Torrey was an eminent professor of the Northern colleges. Both are now dead. Mr. Croom named the genus after his friend; and Dr. Torrey found a very rare and new flower growing in the same vicinity of the tree, and called it *Croomea*.

This incident occurred many years ago—perhaps 25 years—and it has since been quite a topic with people hereabout, who take an interest in such matters.

I suppose the cutting from the *Torreya* should be called a *frond*, of which “the stem and leaf are so intimately connected, that it is difficult to tell where the one ends and the other begins.” An illustration from Whittier will indicate one use made of the word:

“I know not where God’s islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.”



POEMS  
BY  
JULIUS DREW

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AS A COMPLEMENT TO MY FATHER'S POEMS, I HAVE  
REQUESTED THE PUBLICATION OF THOSE OF  
MY BROTHER, JULIUS DREW, THROUGH  
WHOM THE SAME MUSE OF SONG  
HAS OFT FOUND UTTERANCE

*A. J. D.*



## FATHER

There hangs at home within the hall  
The hat that father wore;  
And near by is the cane he used  
In happy days of yore.

The plain black hat and walking-cane  
Are in the self-same place  
He put them when at last he came  
With bright and smiling face.

The years pass by, but these remain.  
'Tis best to leave them there,  
Where tender, loving hands may touch  
And then replace with care.

Whene'er we see these relics dear  
Of father, passed away,  
We seem to see his kindly face  
And hair so silvery gray.

And then his spirit hovering near  
Bids us the good to do,  
The beautiful to emulate,  
And to ourselves be true.

## MOTHER'S ROCKING-CHAIR

I love it well. It's rough, I know,  
Old-fashioned, quaint and queer,  
And yet my heart's for it aglow—  
My mother's rocking-chair.

In sorrow and in gladness, too,  
Its arms have held her, dear,  
And sweetest joys of life I knew  
In mother's rocking-chair.

And hallowed memory round it clings,  
And visions sad and fair,  
And holy thoughts to me it brings,  
My mother's rocking-chair.

Snug nestled in her fond embrace,  
Her tender words I'd hear,  
And naught the memory can efface  
Of mother's rocking-chair.

When tears to my child eyes would creep,  
When racked by foolish fear,  
How calm and peaceful was my sleep  
In mother's rocking-chair.

When torn my soul with greater grief,  
With spirit 'whelmed by care,  
What perfect rest, what sweet relief,  
In mother's rocking-chair.

If aught is good in this heart mine,  
Sure I imbibed it there,  
In mother's arms and she in thine,  
My mother's rocking-chair.

Take all you will of what was hers,  
All else that she left here,  
But give me that I've loved for years—  
My mother's rocking-chair.

#### A CRYSTAL WEDDING GIFT

You ask what to give us, my daughter,  
On our crystal wedding day?  
A crystal as sparkling as water?  
A gem of the purest ray?

Would you give us a treasure, the rarest  
That on earth can be found low or high?  
Would you give us a jewel the fairest,  
Far fairer than riches can buy?

Then give us your heart, I entreat you,  
And bring it to us crystal clear.  
That is the gift I entreat you  
To give us to-day, my dear.

## MY WIFE

What if the flush of youth hath faded from her cheek—  
The ruddy radiance fled that filled her face with light—  
Since years ago I heard her soft the answer speak  
Which told me I was loved and filled me with delight?

What if the easy grace which marked her step hath fled,  
And now she slowly moves about from place to place?  
What if the silver, not the gold, now crowns her head,  
Since love almost divine lights up her eyes and face?

The violet vanishes and fades each fleeting hour,  
Yet its refreshing fragrance will a lifetime last,  
And linger in each leaflet of the fading flower—  
A sure reminder to us of the precious past.

It matters not to me what others of her think;  
It matters not what others in her face may see.  
Her heart is young. The love light of her eyes I drink—  
My wife is young and beautiful to me.

## LUCILE

Our bonnie Lucile, our dearest, our dear,  
With smiles that are sunny and curls that are fair,  
What would we do if you were not near  
To brighten our hearth, our hearts to cheer?

You are only a wee little girl, we know,  
And yet you are all that is left us below;  
A rippling laugh from your lips doth flow,  
A sparkling blue in your eyes doth glow.

You make our way light, our fairy Lucile,  
Our love is not wasted upon you we feel;  
You brighten our home with happiness real  
Which nothing that's earthly from us can steal.

Be good, and be beautiful too, little one—  
Be true to yourself until life is done,  
Till the goal has been reached, the race has been run,  
Till the battle is over, the victory won.

What though we lack here for silver and gold!  
If you will but keep spotless, a treasure untold  
To us you will be; and when we grow old  
We will not go grieving when called to the fold.

God grant that the seed which we scatter here  
On good ground may fall; and that you may bear  
A name that's unsullied, a character clear—  
That we meet you at last in the home "over there."

### IRENE

Do not come back, Irene,  
My beacon star;  
Wait for me there, Irene,  
In heaven afar.

Well wast thou loved, Irene,  
God's precious loan;  
He has called thee, Irene,  
Unto his own.

Earth's paths of care, Irene,  
Thou didst not know  
Only awhile, Irene,  
Loaned me below.

Bowed down by grief, Irene,  
Is my poor heart,  
Since we are sundered  
And torn apart.

Thy snow-white soul, Irene,  
Is with its God;  
Thy tiny form, Irene,  
Rests 'neath the sod.

Yes, thou art gone, Irene,  
To the sod and thy God;  
My soul hath passed, Irene,  
"Under the rod."

God hath led thee, Irene,  
Through the pearl gate,  
And now His call, Irene,  
Chastened I wait.

My little flower, Irene,  
Sad 'twas to see  
Thy baby spirit fly  
Far, far from me.

Yet I would not, Irene,  
Recall thee, love,  
Best 'tis thou wait, Irene,  
For me above.

Do not return, Irene,  
From heaven afar,  
Save in my dreams, Irene,  
My guiding star.

### HIS LITTLE ONES

To Claire

Little tiny baby fingers,  
Touching, clutching everything,  
Little baby eyes where fingers  
Beauty, love and wondering.

Little feet, unlearned to patter  
Yet upon the floor of life,  
Little voices crow and chatter,  
Raising not a tone in strife.

Little jewels, pearls from heaven,  
Loaned to teach us how to love  
Mercies, blessings, treasures even,  
Showered from the throne above.

Love God gives us. It He sends  
That like His our hearts may grow;  
Little ones to love, He lends us,  
That we may His goodness know.

We accept the trust, God-given,  
With the joys, the love, the care,  
Cherish it till at life's even  
He maketh up His jewels rare.

*December 2, 1891.*

## IN MEMORIAM

(Edward M. Drew)

Yes, gone! But for a very little while,  
And ne'er to be forgotten as the years  
Pass slowly by which hold our souls apart—  
The years so full of sorrow and of tears.

You are not dead, but only fallen asleep  
In Jesus' arms, dear heart, and we can wait.  
We know the days will dark and dreary be,  
The nights so long and lone to contemplate.

But every day that holds us thus apart,  
And every night, however dark and drear,  
Will be less dark, and we will stronger be,  
When we shall feel thy spirit hovering near.

And somewhere in the distant far-away—  
Beyond the sunset and apast the night—  
We know that we shall meet you some sweet day,  
And face to face shall see you in God's light.

We know that we shall clasp again your hand,  
And press upon your manly brow a kiss;  
We know we'll hear the music of your laugh,  
The pleasant voice we now so sadly miss.

Oh, God, pour out the healing balm of love  
On our sore hearts, to Thee we humbly pray,  
And give us patience till again we meet  
Our waiting brother in thy perfect day.

## BIRTHDAY LINES

Only a birthday—that is all—  
And such is yours to-day.  
Another milestone 'tis to you,  
Which marks through life your way.

Only a fond wish—that is all—  
That many more you'll see;  
That health and beauty, love and light  
With you at each may be.

Only a true hope—that is all—  
That e'er by flowers' bloom  
Your path be lined, and bright sun rays  
Dispell from it all gloom.

Only a prayer—that is all—  
From a heart both fond and true,  
That every wish that from you springs  
Be granted unto you.

Only a token—that is all—  
To show you there is one  
Who thinks of you, and hopes and prays  
Your days may smoothly run.

## FLORIDA

(After Byron.)

Do you know where the wild flowers are blooming?  
Do you know where the birds sweetest sing?  
Do you know where day lingers at gloaming?  
Where winter and summer are spring?

Do you know where the orange blooms mingle  
Their fragrance with jasmine perfumes?  
Where sea and gulf breezes commingle?  
Where birds light the trees with their plumes?

Do you know where the tarpon is "Silver King?"  
Where the trees bear fruit that is gold?  
Where through forests dark the echoes ring  
Of the call of the sportsman bold?

Do you know where no chill winds are blowing?  
Do you know where the "Fount of Youth" springs?  
Do you know where the firefly is glowing?  
Do you know where the mocking bird sings?

Do you know why your heart is so yearning  
For sunshine, for song and for mirth?  
Do you know where in dreams you are turning?  
'Tis to Florida—fairest spot upon earth.

### BABY'S PRAYER

"Now I lay me down to s'leep,"  
Lisp'd my darling kneeling  
On my lap, her blue eyes deep  
Me with rapture filling.

"I p'ay ze Lord my soul to teep—"  
Baby's eyes were closing;  
I breathed a prayer to God to keep  
My little one reposing.

"If I s'ould die before I wate—"  
Dear Lord, I thought, forfend it—  
"I p'ay ze Lord my soul to tate."  
The little head was bended.

The curly locks fell o'er my breast,  
The curls too bright for sorrow—  
"And Lord, I has fordot ze rest,  
I'll 'member it to-morrow."

Alas, the morrow did not come.  
God took what He had given,  
And angels bore my baby home,  
To say the rest in heaven.

### PAPA HAS COME

How sweet are the sounds that at evening greet us,  
As weary and wayworn we're hastening home,  
When clear, childish voices, as little ones meet us,  
Ring out in ecstasy, "Papa has come!"

Some are remaining and some have been taken  
Into the light and out of earth's gloom;  
Perhaps in the morning bright they will awaken,  
And ask in their prattle if "Papa has come."

How sweet in life's gloaming, when labor is ended,  
And no more away from our home we need roam,  
It will be to listen, with music sweet blended,  
For the cry of our little ones, "Papa has come."

Ah God, guide our footsteps wherever we wander  
On our journey through life to our heavenly home,  
That at last at life's evening we hear over yonder  
The voices of angels sing, "Papa has come."

## TOO LATE

Too late the rose and lily for the dead,  
Whose eyes are closed in sleep, whose spirits fled;  
Too late to offer floral wreaths of love;  
Too late the blight of sorrow to remove.

Too late for whispered words long left unsaid,  
When those we love are numbered with the dead.  
Too late. The voice must fall on living ears  
To win bright smiles or check the falling tears.

Too late. Bring gifts of love to those who live,  
If thou to those held dearest joy wouldst give;  
Too late when death hath come and claimed its own,  
Too late when heart is hushed and soul hath flown.

Too late. But garlands for the pulsing heart—  
The tender words of love which love impart—  
Full many a gleam of loving light will throw,  
In eyes that shine with a responsive glow.

## BOATING SONG

Beautiful moonlight, radiant starlight,  
Banishing darkness, lighting our way.  
See how we glide, love, on the swift tide, love,  
Free from all sorrow, happy and gay.

No sound is heard, love, save the night bird, love,  
Piping its note to its mate as we float  
Out and away o'er the foam and the spray  
And the splash of our oars as we glide in our boat.

The sheen of the stars and the light of your eyes  
Make up a brilliancy bright as the day.  
My soul, like the bird, hovers up in the skies,  
And sings unto thee its musical lay.

I would abide, dear, near by thy side, dear,  
On life's vast river, even away;  
May no dark cloud, dear, our way enshroud, dear,  
But may the light shine ever and aye.

## THE MUSIC I LOVE BEST

'Tis not the warble full and free  
Which ripples from the ruffled throat  
Of singing bird enraptures me,  
Ah, no 'tis not the song-bird's note.

'Tis not the music of the spheres,  
The ocean's moan, the wind's reply,  
That soothes my cares and calms my fears,  
And lifts my thoughts to heaven high.

Cathedral organ's grand Amen,  
Nor purest-toned soprano voice,  
Nor sweetest hymn e'er sung by men—  
Are not the music of my choice.

When shades of night upon me steal,  
Though all the hopes of day seem dead,  
And when my little one doth kneel  
Beside her lowly trundle bed—

“Bless Papa”—when her words I hear,  
My fiercest foe I'd dare to face,  
For I believe so pure a prayer  
Is answered from the throne of grace.

And so the music far most sweet  
That falls upon my listening ear,  
With faith replete, with love complete,  
Is my own darling baby's prayer.

## MY BEACON STAR

“A little child shall lead them.”  
Oh, beautiful words and true!  
How oft I have said them and read them,  
And never their meaning knew.

Eyes I had but I had not found  
Their truth, for I could not see;  
And ears, but had not heard the sound  
They are sweetly telling to me.

A little one's gone before me  
Across to the yonder shore;  
In visions she often comes to me  
And seemingly beckons me o'er.

I see tiny hands extended,  
Beseeching the loved one to come  
To the land where sorrow is ended,  
To the happy and heavenly home.

And that little child is leading  
Me "nearer my God to Thee;"  
A sweet baby voice is pleading,  
And asking a place for me.

And now 'tween the lines I am reading  
Truth wonderful to be told—  
A child is finally leading  
Me safely into the fold.

### LOVE'S REVERIE

Dear heart, I love you so—  
Though joy shall come or deepest gloom,  
My heart unchanged for you shall glow.

Dear heart, I love you so—  
We're growing old, life's tale is told,  
But love's sweet song is ever new.

Dear heart, I love you so—  
Each silver thread on your dear head  
But binds me closer unto you.

Dear heart, I love you so—  
Each joy that heaven to us hath given  
Cements our hearts and makes love glow.

Dear heart, I love you so—  
Your tender care, each falling tear,  
Each smile—they quicken my love's flow.

Dear heart, I love you so—  
Through every thing that fate may bring  
I'll love you still, through weal, through woe.

Dear heart, I love you so—  
E'en after death shall cease my breath  
I'll love you on, I love you so..

## BICYCLE BELLS

Bicycle bells, how sweet is your tone;  
You fill me, you thrill me with rapture alone,  
With pleasure ecstatic, with joy most emphatic,  
As we ride and we glide like the swift-flowing tide  
On by-way and highway past brook and by stone.

Bicycle bells, as we meet on the street  
Full many a lassie with fair flowing hair,  
Your notes how they tinkle, their eyes how they twinkle,  
And sparkle as bright as the jewels of night,  
As they ring back an answer upon the night air.

Bicycle bells, the stars how they shine  
And cast o'er our pathway a radiance divine.  
Truly riding like this is sailing through bliss,  
Each moment advancing the pleasure entrancing  
Of fast-flying moments of happiness mine.

Bicycle bells, when such pleasure I feel,  
When such happiness real o'er me doth steal,  
This feeling so witching, sensation so "fetching,"  
Is only while riding and airily gliding,  
And listening to your musical peal.

## FACE TO FACE

"A little while, and ye shall see me,"  
Precious promise, full of grace!  
By His blood Christ hath redeemed me,  
I shall see Him face to face.  
Face to face! Face to face!  
In the holy, heavenly place,  
I shall stand at God's right hand,  
By my Savior, face to face.

"I believe." No more is needed.  
In His Word my trust I place;  
Contrite prayers are ever heeded—  
I shall see Him face to face.  
Face to face! Face to face!  
In that holy, heavenly place,  
I shall stand at God's right hand,  
By my Savior, face to face.

## FLEETING DREAMS

"'Twas ever thus"—ah, yes, how true!  
My brightest joys all flee away;  
They tarry not to bid adieu,  
But die, and never with me stay.

"From childhood's hour" e'en until now,  
My airy forms by some rough wind  
Were shattered, though I wist not how,  
And naught was left to me behind.

"I've seen my fondest" joys arise,  
And soaring up on golden wings,  
Reach upward and toward the skies,  
Till there they seemed celestial things.

"Hopes decay." How true, how sure!  
My hopes decay—poor fragile things—  
And backward turning never more,  
Leave me to sorrow's fearful stings.

"I never loved." How false, how wrong!  
I've loved with love to madness kin,  
And yet my love for one is strong,  
Whom now I dare not hope to win.

"A tree or flower" most rare or sweet  
Doth bring me joy like magic's spell;  
But, ah, 'tis bitter joy to meet  
When meeting bodes a quick farewell.

"But that 'twas sure" these dreams of mine  
Would with me stay, then in my breast  
Joy unalloyed would burn. Divine  
Were joy like mine were I so blessed.

"To fade away." Such all my dreams!  
Adieu, then, bliss, love, all that's dear,  
For now the will of fate it seems  
Away my fondest hope to tear.

## RETURN

Return, my wandering one, return ;  
    Away no longer stray.  
The light of love will ever burn  
    At home by night and day.  
Poor mother's heart is breaking  
And father's eyes are aching  
At thought of your forsaking  
    The straight and narrow way.

The night is dark and cold, my love,  
    And day is lone and drear ;  
Return, my life, my mourning dove,  
    I miss your presence dear.  
Return, the past forgetting ;  
Return, its faults regretting,  
Its sins sore and besetting,  
    Its sorrow and its care.

Let mother's heart its throbbing cease,  
    And free it from all care ;  
Let father's head be bowed in peace  
    When the long night is here.  
My soul for you is yearning,  
My love for you is burning,  
I pray for your returning—  
    May God in heaven hear.

## WHEN LOVE IS ASLEEP

When love is asleep in infant bliss  
'Tis first awaked by mother's kiss,  
    Or sound of mother's voice ;  
When love is asleep in maiden breast  
The voice of youth will break the rest—  
    Responsive to her choice.

When love is asleep in mother's heart  
A childish laugh will cause its start,  
    Or dream of child forsaken ;  
But love asleep in the arms of death—  
When hushed the heart and stilled the breath—  
    In heaven alone will waken.

## ONLY A TRAMP

In a hospital tent a sick soldier was lying,  
Wounded and weary and worn;  
Physician and chaplain both saw he was dying,  
The spark of life soon would be gone.

They told him at last that the end was at hand—  
That the term of his service was spent—  
They asked him his home and the name of a friend,  
That a message away might be sent.

He answered them thus, as a smile seemed to roam  
O'er his face upon which was death's damp:  
"I have not a friend, and my country's my home;  
I enlisted though only a tramp."

Out flickered the light and the eyes closed in sleep,  
And they folded his hands on his breast;  
In the woods by the river, where clinging vines creep,  
His comrades they laid him to rest.

Only a tramp. Yet he answered the call  
To fight neath the flag of the free!  
Only a tramp. He hath given his all—  
For his country, for you and for me.

When swords we present to the living and brave  
Who are yet in the field or the camp,  
It is wrong to forget, in his far-away grave,  
The boy who was only a tramp.

And when we erect shafts of marble and brass,  
And records of valor there stamp,  
Shall we add not a word of the grave 'neath the grass,  
Of the hero though only a tramp?

## GOING HOME

I know a picture which portrays a tiller of the soil—  
An aged man, through evening's gloam,  
With rake upon his shoulder, tired out and bent with toil,  
With faltering footsteps—going home.

Going home through shadows of the evening falling  
Upon his way. The day is done.  
Perchance he hears the voices of the loved ones calling  
To hasten home e'er set of sun.

Going home. And in the distance is his cottage lowly,  
And through the window streams a light,  
Guiding his footsteps surely to his rest, though slowly,  
From out the gloom and dark of night.

And as I look upon the limner's wondrous work of art,  
Thoughts sacred o'er my soul will roam,  
And sweetest visions waken in my waiting, weary heart—  
Fair visions of my going home.

I, too, am going home, adown the sloping hill of life.  
There many loved ones wait for me.  
Leaving behind all grief and toil and care and strife,  
Yes, home, to rest eternally.

My day is done, and shadows of the night are stealing fast  
Across my way. They seem to come  
To tell me that the end is near, and that I am at last  
To end life's journey—going home.

I know a heavenly light is burning there for even me,  
A lantern to my stumbling feet;  
That voices sweet of waiting ones will call in glee,  
And in ecstatic joy complete.

Oh holy thought! Rapture divine springs up within my breast  
And drives away my deepest gloom.  
The fight is fought. The battle done. I leave to God the rest.  
I know full well I'm going home.

#### EYES OF THE BEAUTIFUL

Eyes of the beautiful, wondrously bright,  
Flashing like jewels your rays of rich light,  
Piercing my heart with your every gleam,  
Touching my soul with your magic beam!

Eyes of the beautiful, gaze not so cold,  
While I thus enchanted your radiance behold.  
Those glances heart rending turn not upon me,  
As, madly adoring, I look into thee.

Eyes of the beautiful, can you not feel  
Your glances are piercing my heart like a steel?  
Will you not heal now the wound you have made?  
Will you not cheer now the heart you've dismay'd?

Eyes of the beautiful, say me not nay,  
But turn quick this darkness of night into day!  
Will you not deign me one pitying glance,  
And lift up my soul from its sorrowing trance?

Eyes of the beautiful, let me thee claim,  
And rapture exalted shall seek a new name.  
This rapture exalted shall reign in my breast  
Even until 'neath the green turf I rest.

Eyes of the beautiful, swift as a dart  
One glance of affection will go to my heart.  
If you will but grant me one boon so divine,  
Forever devoted I'll kneel at thy shrine.

### JESUS, MY SAVIOR

(Air: Juanita.)

When at life's dawning,  
Brightly breaks the light of day,  
As through life's morning,  
Flowers line the way—  
    Jesus, my Savior,  
    Let me linger by Thy side;  
    Jesus, dear Jesus,  
    Pray, with me abide.

In hours of sadness,  
When the world seems dark and drear,  
And in my gladness,  
Be thou ever near.  
    Jesus, my Savior,  
    Let me linger by Thy side;  
    Jesus, dear Jesus,  
    Pray, with me abide.

When at life's closing,  
When I lay me down to sleep,  
May I reposing,  
Rest safe in Thy keep.  
    Jesus, my Savior,  
    Let me linger by Thy side;  
    Jesus, dear Jesus,  
    Pray, with me abide.

At last in heaven,  
May I near thy side be placed,  
All sins forgiven,  
All my faults erased.  
    Jesus, my Savior,  
    Let me linger by Thy side;  
    Jesus, dear Jesus,  
    Pray, with me abide.

#### CUPID'S MISTAKE

A little maid of wit and grace,  
    A bonnie, happy dear,  
Has come and gone and left forlorn  
A youth who thought his heart was wrought  
    Too hard to break or tear.

Her tiny form, her lovely face,  
    Her voice so silvery clear,  
Have touched his heart and left a smart  
Which burns like fire and doth inspire  
    His soul for her so fair.

To see her was to love too well,  
    This blithesome, winsome maid—  
To meet her eyes caused all disguise  
Soon to depart and leave the heart  
    Uncovered, glad, dismayed.

Must he endure this wound alone,  
    Which she can quickly heal?  
Has little Cupid now been so stupid  
As with his dart to pierce one heart  
    While hers no touch doth feel?

Come back, fair maid, and give to me  
    A *quid pro quo* I pray.  
My heart is riven, my love is given;  
Yours in return fain would I earn,  
    And keep for aye and aye.

## REST AT LAST

Weary, art thou, waiting soul?  
Struggling through life's mazy way,  
Striving hard to reach thy goal,  
And to dwell in perfect day?

Be strong. To my weary soul,  
From the mountains comes the cheer,  
And the echoes sweetly roll  
Through the valleys to my ear.

Fainting, art thou, beating heart?  
Wishing that thou might'st be stilled,  
In that rest that's set apart  
For the hearts with sorrow filled?

Hope on! Coming on the breeze,  
Wafted softly through the air,  
Dancing lightly 'midst the trees,  
Falls like music sweet and clear.

Drooping, art thou, longing eyes?  
Aching from thy gazing far  
T'ward the land beyond the skies,  
Where the realms of glory are?

Look up! Flashing rays of light,  
Every little brook and rill,  
Tells me that it gives its mite,  
Mighty oceans' depths to fill.

Tired, art thou, way-worn feet?  
Pacing on thy rugged road,  
Stumbling o'er the stones you meet,  
Bearing up thy heavy load?

Patience! Soon thy sorrow past—  
Speaks God's voice in every deed—  
To thee rest will come at last,  
Which both soul and body need.

## A LITTLE LOVE STORY

A bonnie youth, whose eyes looked truth,  
With steady patience wrought,  
And smiled the youth, and e'en forsooth,  
While working, thus he thought :

Both night and day I'll strive always,  
Whatever me betide,  
I'll work and pray that quickly may  
My lassie be my bride.

I'll watch with care the maid so dear,  
To whom my heart doth cling;  
When harm is near I will be there  
To guard her from its sting.

. . . . .  
A pretty maid played in the shade  
Beneath a spreading tree,  
And as she strayed and blossoms swayed,  
She sang a song of glee:

My bonnie lad, if I but had  
Thee now here by my side,  
With joy so mad and heart so glad  
I'd vow to be thy bride

I love thee well, as none can tell,  
For no one knows but I;  
With thee I'd dwell in this sweet dell,  
Until the day I die.

. . . . .  
A cottage neat, a smile doth greet  
A man when labor's through;  
A kiss so sweet, as their lips meet,  
Proves that their vows were true.

Two graves are green, the grass has been  
Long waiving where they are;  
Faces serene, forms not now seen,  
Are on the yonder shore.

### SWALLOW

Swallow, Swallow, saucy, swift,  
Softly southward sailing,  
Away from northern snow and drift,  
Ne'er a winter failing.

Swallow, Swallow, welcome South,  
In your coat so glossy,  
Welcome from the frozen North  
And its winds so icy.

Swallow, Swallow, sable wing,  
Gaily by me flitting,  
Do you me the token bring  
That my heart is waiting?

Swallow, Swallow, jetty black,  
Handsome little fellow,  
In the spring, when you go back,  
Will you for me tell her—

Tell her, Swallow, tell her, pray,  
In the South so sunny,  
I am yearning day by day  
For my lass so bonnie?

Swallow, tell her no rough wind  
In my home shall chill her;  
In this clime she'll truly find  
Love and life to thrill her.

Swallow, whisper to her low,  
Fairest orange blossom  
Waits to wreath her matchless brow  
And her snowy bosom.

Tell her that the mocking birds  
On every bow that's o'er us  
Are carolling through all the woods  
For her a wedding chorus.

#### A SERENADE

List! the whip-poor-will is calling  
To its mate;  
See, the shades of night are falling,  
It is late;  
The stars of heaven above are shining,  
Fain would I, their signs divining,  
Read my fate.

Come, dear heart, where oaks are spreading  
Somber shade,  
Or the moon pale light is shedding  
On the glade.  
Come and listen to my pleading,  
Pour a balm on my heart bleeding  
And dismayed.

E'en the mourning dove is cooing  
    To its love;  
E'en the winds the flowers are wooing  
    In the grove;  
All of nature is inviting,  
So let us our heart uniting  
    Thither rove.

Come with me and let us wander  
    Far away—  
In realms of bliss so full of wonder  
    Let us stray—  
Where the moth the bud is kissing—  
Come, what pleasure we are missing!  
    Come I pray.

Haste, and do not linger longer  
    From my side;  
Speed, my love could not be stronger;  
    Be my bride.  
I will love you, love, forever,  
Naught shall e'er our souls dis sever  
    Whate'er betide.

#### THE LORD IS ON MY SIDE

The Lord is on my side! My sword and shield is He;  
By night and day he leads the way  
    To truth and victory.  
When He is near I will not fear  
    What man can do to me.

The Lord is on my side! In fortune or distress;  
Through weal or woe I fear no foe  
    With Him at hand to bless;  
Whate'er betide He will abide  
    In loving tenderness.

The Lord is on my side! His wondrous love I know;  
Yea, though I walk through shadows dark  
    His love like light doth glow;  
He guides my feet to pastures sweet,  
    Where cooling waters flow.

The Lord is on my side! He will not me forsake;  
E'en when in death shall cease my breath  
He will my spirit take,  
And at the dawn of heaven's morn  
In His smile I will wake.

#### CUBA LIBRE

A voice of distress comes over the wave,  
The voice of humanity calling to save  
The people of Cuba, and ne'er call in vain  
On Americans those in sorrow or pain.

No, never! Come Northrons and Southrons abreast,  
And under the folds of Old Glory we'll wrest  
Every inch of American soil from proud Spain,  
And while we're about it remember the Maine!

Come South and come North, with a Lee and a Logan!  
Come East and come West, "Cuba libre" your slogan,  
And Spain bending low her proud neck in the fight,  
Shall sue us for mercy, ignoble dust bite.

Ah Spain, you old despot! With power tyrannic  
You have crushed with your heel and your venom satanic  
Your children, whose cry comes over the breeze  
And floats on the air from the fair Antilles.

To arms and away! "Free Cuba" our cry!  
Our trust is in God and our powder is dry.  
Mid booming of guns and mid flashing of steel,  
Proud Spain at America's footstool shall kneel.

#### "APIS MATINAE MORE MODOQUE"

(To the Pi Omega Literary Society, University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.)  
From the bee we take our motto, and its actions are our guide;  
We must, then, be careful ever lest our footsteps backward slide.  
Hitherto we have kept closely to our guide thus chosen well.  
Shall we now neglect it grossly? No! Our actions they must tell!  
Rising early up to duty, we must bring, by daily strife,  
And by earnest work the booty from the springtime flowers of life.  
Pi Omega is our Mother. Pi Omega, fairest dame,  
Brother speaketh unto brother thy beloved and honored name.

Perseverance, come and aid us, now in this our time of need.  
Ever hath thy firm hand stayed us. Scatter still thy precious seed.  
Teach us Nature's daily lesson. Let us never idle stray,  
While the torrent, dancing gaily, wears the stony flint away.  
Thus we may by constant striving conquer sure our hardest tasks,  
And, in Labor's blest contriving, give our Mother all she asks.

Though a dark cloud hovers o'er us, silver lining we can see,  
And, as bright it grows before us, know the storm is not to be.

Polk and Otey! Pi Omega! Names we count as jewels o'er—  
*Alpha*, in our hearts; Omega, when our hearts shall beat no more.  
Davis, Smith, Kershaw and others, thou hast sent on life's rough sea.  
Pi Omega, younger brothers linger still to honor thee.  
They won for thee laurels fairest, and the time is truly now,  
Grateful tributes, wreaths the rarest, all should place upon thy brow.

Duty bids us list thy calling; for thee our love will ne'er expire;  
While we hold thy hands from falling, fan our spark of zeal to fire.

#### ALBUM LINES

'Tis not alone because thou hast as truly fair a face,  
And beauteous in each lineament as artist's brush can trace—

'Tis not alone because no form e'er hewn from whitest stone,  
By famous Grecian sculptor has matched in grace thine own—

But 'tis because thou hast a heart more pure than others' far,  
That in my soul thine image dwells and is my guiding star.

Though in this book names dear to thee are written everywhere,  
And lines in rhythm smooth and sweet are scattered here and there;

Yet for the sake of him who writes, scorn not this humble lay,  
But when you chance to read it e'er, remember him, I pray.

#### THE ST. JOHNS RIVER

Tho' now far away in the distance,  
'Mong faces to me new and strange,  
My thoughts will, in spite of resistance,  
Turn backward, regretting the change.  
I remember my beautiful river,  
The river on which oft' we sang,  
As we watched the moonbeams' bright quiver,  
And the shore back its clear echo rang.

It seems that I see, shining far off,  
The beam of the yacht club house light,  
Which sends out its ray like a star of  
Good hope in the gloom of the night.  
And methinks I inhale the sweet perfume  
Which the orange bloom lends to the air,  
Or the odor which comes from the white bloom  
Of the jessamine fragrant and fair.

Do my friends there now sing on thee ever,  
As swiftly they float on thy tide—  
And watch star reflections which quiver,  
As soft on thy bosom they glide?  
Do their memories steal ever to me,  
As they list to the stroke of the oar?  
Canst thou not with some token sweet show me  
That they wish I was there as of yore?

Oh river of beauty and grandeur,  
Whose waves phosphorescent do gleam—  
Wilt thou let me but this once command you,  
Let an answer upon my soul stream?  
“The friends who together on my bosom float,”  
(This answer sweet comes from the river)  
“Forget not each other through distance remote,  
Tho’ asunder Fate’s hand may them sever.”

#### LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

Oh mighty, towering mountain grand,  
On thy sublime and lofty height,  
Enthralled, enraptured as I stand,  
What wondrous visions greet my sight!

’Tis not alone the Tennessee,  
Which winds its tortuous course below,  
Nor yet the vale of Wauhatchie,  
Which doth enchain my fancy so.

Fair Cameron Hill’s proud crest, ’tis not,  
From whence once came the cannon’s roar  
Responsive to the thunderous shot  
When battle raged in days of yore.

'Tis not the lightning's lurid glare,  
Nor e'en the thunder's deafening roar,  
Which holds me spellbound, speechless here,  
'Mid echoes from the river's shore.

'Tis not the seven States I see,  
As standing on thy lofty brow  
I gaze enrapt in thoughts of thee—  
Thoughts of thy past and of thee now.

I scarce can speak. I gaze and think.  
The spectacle before my eyes  
Is wonderful, upon thy brink,  
So far from earth, so near the skies.

My fancy fain would fetters break,  
And, like yon eagle soaring high,  
Into the past its flight would take,  
Into the future far would fly.

In retrospective mental view  
I pass o'er things which thou hast seen,  
Things seeming strange and yet too true,  
Some fraught with joy, some sad I ween.

Scarce half a century past  
The red man free, fair nature's child,  
Chased the fleet fawn flying fast  
Over thy crags through forests wild.

Here the warrior wooed the maiden,  
Won her in thy shady halls,  
Her dark arms with flowers laden,  
Plucked beside the Lulu Falls.

The Indian only dreamed of treasure  
Thou dost in thy bosom hold,  
Coal and iron without measure,  
Riches unto men untold.

The white man builds his log hut here  
And upward curls his chimney smoke;  
I hear the woodman's axe ring clear,  
And crashing falls the mighty oak.

Ross's landing in the distance  
On the river's rocky shore,  
A city springing to existence,  
Seeking commerce, bringing law.

'Tis the future Chattanooga,  
Long e'er it had changed its name—  
Near the bloody Chickamauga—  
'Tis the village born for fame.

The years glide by, and war is raging!  
Moans are echoing through thy rocks!  
Men are dying! Battle waging!  
Sabre flashing! Cannon shocks!

Brother fighteth against brother,  
Father warreth against son!  
Which was right? One or the other?  
Who shall say till life is done?

Which was right? He hath decided  
Who doeth for us all things well.  
He as Judge for us presided—  
Let North and South His praises swell.

Now heart to heart and hand to hand  
We sing again the glad refrain  
First chanted by the angel band,  
"Peace upon earth, good will to men."

The past is dead—to God the thanks—  
And reason now resumes her throne.  
Upon the river's peaceful banks  
How beauteous Chattanooga's grown.

To the future turn I gladly.  
What is there in store for thee?  
Fame and greatness yearned for madly  
Thou art nearing rapidly.

From New England far away  
Come the boys who wore the blue,  
And greet their foemen of the gray  
In friendship's union firm and true.

Sectional feeling both ignoring,  
Hand in hand and heart to heart,  
Fallen braves of both deploring—  
Naught shall break these bonds apart.

Blue and gray on thy heights mingle,  
In goodwill, fraternal love,  
With a holy purpose single—  
Their native land aright to serve.

May we serve as we're bounden,  
Is our prayer. "In God we trust"  
Till each stone upon the mountain  
Shall have crumbled into dust.

### GOOD-BYE BILLIE

Good-bye Billie, I must lose you,  
Though you thrill my heart with joy;  
A fairer form than mine shall choose you,  
And your services employ.  
For I see a smile appealing  
To you, and a love revealing,  
Enticing you away, yes, stealing—  
Kiss me fondly, Billie Boy.

Good-bye Billie, you must leave me,  
Though the parting may cause pain,  
Sad it is, but true, believe me,  
I'll wait for your return in vain.  
Hark I hear a sweet voice calling;  
List, a footstep's gentle falling,  
Fettering you, enthralling—  
Kiss me, Billie, once again.

Fare you well, I'll not forget you,  
Years it took your worth to learn,  
Yet I feel I'll not regret you,  
Knowing well you'll not return.  
So, farewell Bill, farewell forever,  
Our past relations we must sever,  
My wife has caught the bargain fever—  
Five-Dollar *Bill*, you're bound to "*burn*."











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