

Poetry of America

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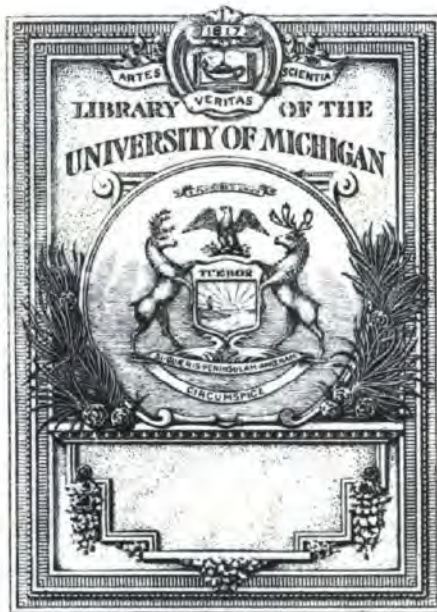
Having petted him to help him overcome his fear at the sight of their beards and unaccustomed clothes, the Spaniards asked him by signs and words what land it was and what it was called. The Indian understood that they were asking him something from the gestures and grimaces they were making with hands and face, as if they were addressing a dumb man, but he did not understand what they were asking, so he told them what he thought they wanted to know. Thus fearing they might do him harm, he quickly replied by giving his own name, saying, “Berú,” and adding another, “pelú.” He meant: “If you’re asking my name, I’m called Berú, and if you’re asking where I was, I was in the river.” [...] The Christians understood what they wanted to understand, supposing the Indian had understood them and had replied as pat as if they had been conversing in Spanish; and from that time, which was 1515 or 1516, they called that rich and great empire Peru, corrupting both words, as the Spaniards corrupt almost all the words they take from the Indian language of that land.

-Inca Garcilaso de la Vega.
Comentarios Reales de los Incas

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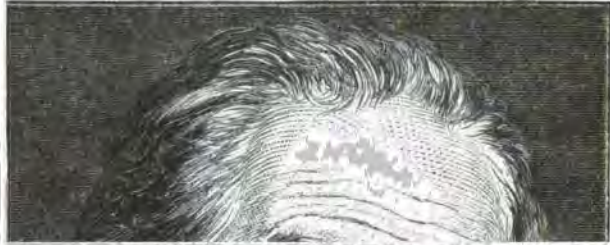
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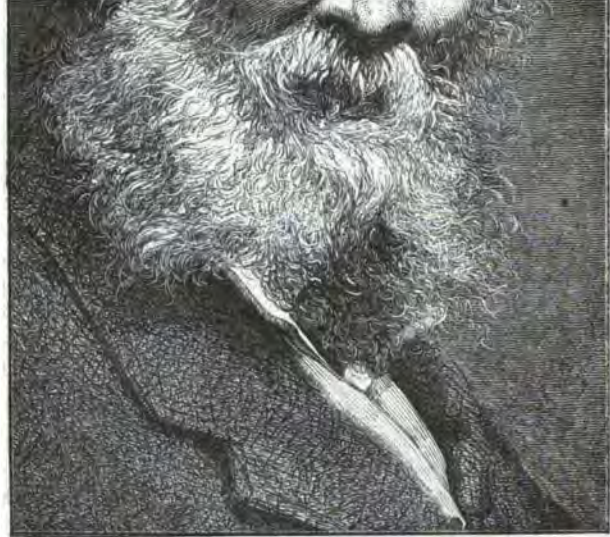
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POETRY AMERICAN.

1776-1876.



Wm. Lloyd Garrison



POETRY IN AMERICAN *2nd ed. Me...*

EMC SELECTION .A .A: MERIC.AN POETRY!
From 1776 to 1876.

.a COLONU for research L poetry,
And a number of POST-COLONIAL melodies

By *William*
J. James
W. J. LINTON.

LONDON: George Bell & Sons, York Street,
Covent Garden.
1878.

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2018.

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The first models to a collection of samples American poetry was James Rivington, New York realistic printer, a circular issued in 1773 in front of all known poets, asking to be privileged copies of its production. The war of independence prevented the carrying this project; and no attempt was made again, but a small selection of nineteen authors Matthew Carey, until 1793, when Richard Alsop printed on the Litch field, Connecticut, the first and only volume of the series, a proposal of poems, selected and known *Original*. In 1794 seems to be an insignificant, Muse Colombian title. Now in 1829 there was something worth calling a collection. thereafter Mr. Samuel Kettell published in three volumes of his poetry copies American with reviews and biographical information; which was followed in 1831 by Dr. Cheever American *Compliments* (*No Place book*); in 1839 by the poet America in two parts published by M. Keese and a small selection Mr. Bryant; and in 1842 by the poet and poetry in eighth America two columns

volume, Dr. Rufus Wilmot Griswold. In 1849, Dr. work Griswold was extended to him and is divided into two volumes, founded Fertile poets; and additions over time was done by him in various editions, the edition of 1855, the last issued for him. In 1872, Mr. RH Stoddard complement the work with new names at the moment.

Kettell ofGriswold, and are the only collections of any importance to those listed here. Colombian*Muae*He's only 22 names, 15 of which reappear in Kettell; Keese and no more than five or six, valueles those who neither Kettell or Griswold. Kettell three large (Boston, SG Goodrich & Co. :) hold samples of 189 poets, research and clear patient carefully collected "prillcipal libraries in and around Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Worcester." Griswold says something about five hundred rhythmic compositions "almost everything I read." The latest edition of Griswold contains 160 names (64 of them the same as in Kettell), Mr. Stoddard adds 23; and the volume*poetess*There are 94 more, so Mr. Stoddard added 21.

From these sources, my own reading

four writers, and for the past editions of the most important poets, do not save a lot of research, which helped in many cases by the authors themselves

I-in front ofI acknowledge that my duty here
-th presThe volume was then made up. For Mr.
ard, MuteHOSEknowledge+ D AMERIQ literature
poetrybeautifulleve,overwhelmed by everyone, my
Special

I must thank my remarks more respect from the list of poets and poems, some adjustments to help data and other valuable information to improve my work.

I claiming priority to it as the first sign simply encompassing and buy American poetry to the land. *O American Poem* My friend, M MW. claiming Rossetti to be This is because it fails Longfellow and all the limericks and that they are not the latest edition of Griswold (prepared by Mr. Stoddard in 72 but only published in the autumn of last year), which was apparently knows best poetry Over the past twenty years. or as why my full effects work can not take place if the appearance of your assumption, I can still be a good company that is not for me, but despite extra. Missed as less worthy, after careful comparison of his works, 25 Poem Mr Rossetti, 61 I have not given; while your 255 poem My choice was only 21, the difference can not be fully explained by the difference in taste or opinion, but I think, in part due to higher field for the selection of those fortunate enough to have the range. Griswold own collections, which are about two thousand poems, Volume 57; in front of Mr. Stoddard supplements am grateful for so many others. The rest of my poem 256, representing 100 poets (cited except in the Official Journal of the colonial poetry), awarded an additional survey work completed last treatment and questions. Half of my book is not a collection of samples exist ing.

Of course, even now, I left some worthy names and many excellent works: far all I know I took care of the teeth Lake Lake characteristic; and in manufacture My choice Stroveto beas catholic as possible to one to give my favorite excessive amount of space, but as much as possible to provide a fair opportunity for all the judgment of the reader writers who gained popularity plausible verdict, adding another that those whose names admission to my pages you It was approved by the critics work for my bias. hymns and poems and fragments of poems "religious" at all times to be given everything, they were deliberately excluded as locally in a collection like this. With these exceptions, anti-English've seriously careful all kinds of thinking and humorous expression and South pro-English and northern gather; -Added as some subjectivity *star flag* *apangled* on time honor societies; Some, like Whitman *Dreuer*, as an indication of the character and experience of the writer. And here you to beso keep in mind that a hundred poets, selected without reference to the place of birth or opinions, but a tenth to be instead classified as South-res; very few belong to the birth or residence to the west; the rest of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and New England. There was no support that is increasingly, however, I did everything possible to make my book truly representative of America feeling so pronounced in worms, just and comprehensive deposit

American quality, both artistic and emotional song. If I did, there was not a lack of care and conscious effort not to be indifferent to the impartiality that governs critical manifold.

On some dates, names and other facts that differ from Mr Rossetti, I just noticed the difference after careful examination, both personal biographies and obituaries, which justifies me, although I wrong sometimes assert my Ness law in general could be. You can refer to certain Poe. Stoddard is clear that Poe was born in 1809 and not in 1811 as is often Rtated; and not in Baltimore, but probably in New York.

biography, in addition to the date and place of birth and death, the little that can be given within the confines of a job as it should be as unsatisfying, vague and often inaccurate, I believe that trying it better disagree. I also refrain from criticism, not lead to a trial. THE print the score for fun poetic Poe (considered themselves) would to the highest heaven, where only Dii majors sit unapproachable safe; I prefer the challenge of the equation works cau, an argument over Lowell claims to offer the throne of the best, the best of his contemporaries, not only in America, but also in England. My diet actually supports just a few short poems: Hercules, but he may be known for their footsteps.

This, and a spirit of chicanery Remon sTRANCE against what seems to me an unjust ruler,

second

corrected time critical support. TO

rest my work speak for itself. I could easily
extended to other commitments, but my goal
statein front ofJariDWI take a fair and sufficientlg sample al.lid110
Lake.

W. J.Linton.

New Haven,ConnecticutWE
1877.

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SUMMARY S.

01 Review! IOCPOETRY ONFAL

Pennsylva
niaGRAMK
XXiii

Freneau PIULII.
woodbine
Aboriginal land burial

1

Joseph Hopkinson .
Hail, Columbia!

ROBERT PAINE THEAT.
Adams and freedom

5

Francis Scott Key.
Stars and Stripes

7

WASWNGTON ALLRTON .
Americain front ofBritain

8

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.
old party

11

WILLIAM MAXWELL .
For a beautiful lady

10

JOHN PIERPONT .
Dedication Plymouth
Anthem

11

my son
Centennial Oda

12

H

SOCIEL Woodworth.
cube

you

need

HENRY DANA ICHABD.

The little bird beach

byGo

ogle

Bupplka "" "fb.pelvis

iii

HEY17

	and PAO
LYDIA HOWARD HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.	
Indian names	20
Charles Sprague.	
Believers with wings	21
Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham.	
crossed swords	22
Joseph Rodman Drake.	
American flag	<i>J</i> 23
William Cullen Bryant.	
waterfowl	25
Hymn to the death North	... 26
Star h Wind Flower	... 27
Gentian for Fringild City	... 28
Anthem...	30
A busy street in the	31
waning moon	32
On November 3, 1861 to the door	<i>J33</i>
Fitz-Greene Halleck JAMES.	34
Marco Botzaris	35
James Gates Percival.	
whichIt is great for our countryin front ofThose Coral Grove...	3i
Maria Gowen Brooks.	
Song (Day, dead merger purple)	{1 40 41
John Gardner CALKINS BRAINARD.	
The Frog Corsage	42
Epithalamium	
Stanza (dead leaves)	43
Edward Coate Pinkney.	
health	43
Albert Gorton Greene.	
• Grimes age ..	''''
Ralph Waldo Emerson.	
the poet	
The Humble Bee	(H 45
	.. 46
 r

CONTENT.		XV
		P & F
Boston Anthem		52
Nature Song		55
Brahma		57
• Friendship ..		58
eve		58
CHARLES Fenno HOFFMAN.		
Bob o'Linkum		59
FHE Origin Mint Julep		TO
	GO	
Ladies blush		61
William Gilmore SILLIMAN.		
The Lost Pleiades		GI
Lira prayer		63
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.		
FHE Starlight		67
rainy day		IT8
daughter quadron		69
Paul Revere Ride		70
The arrow and the song		74
serenade		71
children		7FJ
catawba wine		76
Cumberland		78
snow goggles		80
ROBERT HUNCKLEY Messinger.		
Give me the old me ...		80
John Howard Bryant.		
Indian summer		82
Nathaniel Parker Willis.		
Ogèneur		83
two women		84
Saturday		85
John Greenleaf Whittier.		
Skipper Paseo de Ireson		86
Barclay of Ury		89
the Mayflowers		93
Barbour funeral		94
Boatmen song Black		96
• Barbara Frietchie. •		97
Ichabod		99

	PAGE
bees	100
River Route	102
school days	101
William D. Gallagher.	
August	105
Oliver Wendell Holmes.	
Dorothy Q....	ten7
Deacon masterpiece.	109
The two streams	113
midsummer	113
nautilus	LH
ALBERT SMEs.	
Ceres	115
to jump	117
EDGABAllan Poe.	
) The Raven...	119
Bells...	121
Annabel Lee	127
Helen	128
Sarah fuller Margaret (Ossoli).	
Temple of Life	129
HALPII Hoyt.	
old ...	130
ALFRED STREET Billings.	
Indian summer	131
spearing	138
Conn1sToPRNR Pearse Cranch.	
write Sorrento	139
hour	HO
Teodoro TUCKERMA HENRY F.	
Aelm	141
LrcY Ho:> pen.	
Death and life	H3
-- rThat isSargent.	
Summer at heart	145
OKeen Breeze11 you!	H6

CONTENT.

XVII

	PAGE
CHARLES Gamage EASTMAN.	
A snowstorm in	147
Vermontthe farmer	141>
lamentation	1 / IO
John Godfrey Saxe.	
elephant'm blind and old ...	150
Softly I Choose	152
ROBERT SPENCE LOWELL TRAIL.	153
Relief of Lucknow love	
demolished	154
Henry David Thoreau.	... 156
After the	
inspiration	<i>L57 J</i>
Beaoh	158
WILLiull Ellery Channing.	
Flight of the forestgeeseMy	159
companion	sixtee
CLEVELAND ARTHUR Coxe.	nl
ancient abbey	
THOMAS. hill	162
the quack	
JAMES Rt SSELL Lowell.	163
Rhaicus	
The source of	sixtee
Falcon	n5
hungerandcold...Hebe	169
For dandelion...	170
...!	171
" "What Mr. Robinson thinks	173
Courtin	17!
Yussouf	175
She came and was	177
the first snowfall	180
WHITE LOWELL MARIA.	181
the DondiegoAn	182
opiate Fantasy	
	183
	185

	Page
Hollas the Williah Pag arson	
A bust of Dante	186
San Peray	188
lamentation	190
swallows	191
GUILLERMO ROSS WALLACE.	
O coopof age	191
Amin Faithful	195
HISTORY WILLIAM WETMORE.	
Praxiteles and "Phryne	197
the Purple	198
Walt Whitman.	
With a history ...	199
homesickness pioneers	201
I	203
Opioneers Quicksand	207
year ... Dresser	207
Spirit whose workthat	210
ismade the house of the dead	211
city	212
The Mystic Trumpeter	
Julia Ward Howe.	216
The Battle Hymn of the Republic	
Herman Melville.	217
Sheridan to Cedar	218
Creek...Shiloh	
Henry Howard Brownell.	219
OHolder color	220
The Dane Funeral Or	222
Mourlit	
Alice Cary.	
The house on the hill leaves	
Faded	
Phi: BE CARY.	226
Song (RIA Out, Current 0)	221
Ouch! ...	'12
Stuff canned	26
Rt ("JIABDCouncil of Europe.	
badges	227

CONTENT.

XIX

George Cornelius FE'INER. Gulf-Weed...	228
Thomas Buchanan Read. The night wind	229
The leaving _- l <steering arm sigh	230 231
George H. Boker. The Black Regiment	232
The Blues Sir John Franklin	234
Augustin Joseph Hickey Duganne. The poet and the eyes of the people of love	239 2-at
GODFREY LELAND CHAIU.EB. Breit Mann Blues and Turner (Hugo Ritter)	240 242
GEORGE WILLIAH UURTIS. Song (Precipitation lean on the water) Pearl-Seed...	244 244
Ebb and flow of the upper and lower education	245 245
TRAIN Adeline D. Whitney. Behind the mask ...	246
RICHARD STODDARD HENBY. Abraham Lincoln	247
Brahma reaction	253
an outlet	254
The lover die ...	255
confidential	255
Elizabeth Drew BARSTOW STODDARD. A Midsummer Night	256
Mercedes	256
Campagna	257
Bayard Taylor. The birth of the Prophet	258
wisdom Ali	260
Arabicin front ofPalma	261
Bedouin music	26: \$
The wind and the sea	264

XX:	CONTENT.	P.LGB
JT: LIA CR DORR.		265
	He thought he left behind	261I
LUCY Larcom.		
	blonde woman without	268
	shoes Sleep-curtain	270
	Union darkness Hannah	272
	Song ...	272
TOWNSEND John Trowbridge.		
	Afternoon, the Midwinter	273
	farm	275
GuY Hi: MPHREY McMABTER.		
	The old Continental	276
HENRY TJMROD.		
	charleston...	278
	unknown Dead	279
John Esten Cooke.		
	May	280
Paul H. Hayne.		
	The golden age of	281
	the reasons why a	282
	flush	
Edmund Clarence Stedman		
	What age Brown led Harpers Ferry Pan	283
	Wall Street	289
	always loveth	291
	House	292
ELENA FISKE JACKSON (" H.H. ").		
	coronation Try	294
	st wire	295
GEORGE ARNOLD.		296
	The good old pedagogue	
	matron Year...	297
	A sensitive Serenade	299
John James Piatt.		300
	Driving to vote	
	The old and the first leaves of spring	301
	Tryst	303
		305

CONTENT.

XXI

and P. IG

Theodore Tilton.	
No and yes	305
Reflections of Sir Marmaduke	306
Harriet Prescott Spofford.	
Magdalena	307
nightsea	308
Viewed	309
CELIA Leighton Thaxter.	
The weapons	301 I
Minute...Medrake and Osprey	310
Song (Lonestar sailed night tow'rd)	311
JOHNAYLHEREDorgan.	
the kiss	312
goodbye...	312
THOAB BAILEY ALDRICH.	
when Sultanin front ofWords Carriiosas	313
Isfahan	3H
The Tiger Lillies	315
WILLIA) RWINTER.	
Lethean stream	316
material Lo'te	318
love Queen	319
The last scene	320
street...	320
after all	321
a Rello	322
DrnoN FoncEYTHE VILLSON.	
old sergeant	323
last bell	328
the estray	329
Fall song	330
Will! All Dean Howells.	
DeFore closer	330
Puerta del Friends	331
FBANCIS Bret Harte.	
CHINESE the"Jim "	331
Brown bear	333
	335

	A. GB
Jon Hu.	
Jim BludlIO...	336
little Breechee	3.
A woman "• Love	339
II CD'CHOIATC8 BDIB "JOAQCDI "LIn.LIIB.	
equipment• Canon 'round	3 0
JSHAFTSR. RAhDALL.	
Maryland	3! 5
katbPt: TNA.110sooD.	
Back at the house of the Cowa	3! 7
For Appl -tree and	349
ELIZABETH AltEB8 Au.n.	
sparrowin front ofsea	350
PINKTERRY Raccoon.	
without him	351
"Che Aara Ean."	352
After the Comanche	353
XORPEER cider.	
inJane	3M
a window	355
IloBEBTKELLYWeeks.	
ad Finem	356
a Panae	357
Carleton.	
Betsy and outside	38
asBetsyandfixed	360
FF VICI'OB.	
Nevada	... 36t
EDWARD RoWLAtRD threshold.	
asleep	365
Apology of a poet	366
ranks ...	367
I: ON Roex AIIITBOB8	373
NMAOa <i>soda</i> ...	379

REVIEW IN The colonial poetry.

tm:The settlers of New England poetry alone is worthy preserved, except for the satisfaction of a historical curiosity. Although most difficult Kettell fact tells us that "the principles of guido no less Distin compliance letters by their religious character", however, contradicts his own collection. With the exception of Philip Freneau, its content is not the name of a single poetic merit writer born before 1770. Of course, there was writing contain. Even the Georgian period was the most boring allowed. But the young colonial muse was especially addicted to religious contemplation, and used his tires SKILLS sources versions twist palms and occasionally manufacture of epitaphs and anagrams. In the past education, each person tried his hand; and all seem to be nearly as successful, which many quality differences in quantity, not.-fightT was a change in the mood here, mass production Political poetry, quite spicy, mixed with a little intelligent, not very poetic staff atire you. M Trumbull · Fingal, a burlesque intention long patriotic poem, the key note of this type of production; and heavy Oolumbiad Joel Barlow, the orchestra accident. But even the war has not produced Tyrtreus; and changing the political controversy that adds little to the poetic nature of the current "Poetry". Griswold summarized his

into "our ante-revolutionary period", with these words: - "Very few worthy prevents kept fresh in Latin poetry colonies had no originality, energy, feeling, or DIC tion of correctne." However, some samples taken Kettell and Curioai .ties of .american Literature Griswold, can be interesting, even as curiosities.

the early growth on American soil was the Reverend William

Morrell's description of New England, America hexa-ther in 1623 ". Just three years after the pilgrims aJtival" This was published in England, with Sion; and was included in the collections of the Historical Society of Massachusetts. English first verse produced here is probably that of Mr George Sandys, as the treasurer of the colony of Virginia, in 1625, completed his translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and is believed to have writtenA.II or Paraphral le partly on the Psalms and Canticles selected from the Old and Ner.o like, well received by the Pope and Dryden. The first original composition in colonial rhyming poem is a believt · D a.bout were written in 1630, the name of the unknown author. It is headed

NEW MALAY England.

New England know your stuff, Ore briefly consider not show these verses.

The place where we live is a wild forest,
to wheretawnfriendly that is successful and well; Our
mountains and hills, and valleys
Often oover'd with ice and snow: And when the
north · west wind blows violently, Fchicken every
man pulls his cap over his nose:
But in your case, it's so hard to bear and you
lose a toe, foot or hand.

But when spring comes, we take the hoe, and make
the ground readyin front ofplants andin front
ofsow. Our sow sown with seed, and
They destroy the worms long before it is grown;
And when you grow up little mess herethat isby
birds, and squirrels to tear the sheet, And when
Oomein front ofcompleteduncle course
whichthat isoften lose Aricia raoon and deer •

....

Now start doing our clothes to lose weight,
 and wool is very committed to card and
 spin. as get to cover a piece of cloth,
 without,
 Other clothes affect our influence.
 Our clothes we carry with us are fit your to be; They
 should be corrected shortly after using it;
 But we blow linking our clothes nothing, double valves
 are warmer than any clothes.

If fresh meatto befill our plates
 We carrots and turnips and pumpkins and fish: There
 is an account of a delicate dish.
 Repair banks seafood, and you have to catch
 fish. Location And pudding and cake lenses, our pumpkins
 and turnips are common causes:
 We have pumpkins in the morning and afternoon pumpkins;
 as We did not have to be withdrawn pumpkins.
 as barley malt want to do,
 we have toto behappy and think without
 reproach; So we can make liquor to sweeten
 our lips
 Pumpkins and cassava chips and nuts.

• • • • •

However, while some othersto become,
 Because while the boiling liquid must have a
 skimmer; But I not blame them, for birds of a feather
 To pairs that meet. But the Lord is going to come
 here, do not give honey for fear of the bite;
 But both have a calm and happy spirit, and all
 blesings Needful certainly find.

We came next to "Psalms Metro faithfully reflected in the
 use, construction and comfort of Santos, in public and
 private, especially in New Englande," Psalm Carrying
 printed in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1640 bay. This was
 the first book printed in English America. It is the first
 impression: an almanac and the oath Freeman had passed
 through the press in the previous year. Bay Psalm Book, the
 work of Thomas Welde Rox buried Riebard Dorchester
 Mather and John Eliot "Apostle of the Indians." "If"
 translators say in their prefaoe- "verses are not always as
 smooth and sleek as some may wish and hope, we con-

Sider the altar of God do not need our polite; because we previously observed a clear translation thlln soften our verses with the sweetness of paraphrases, and we saw the conscience instead of elegance and fidelity rather than poetry. . In the translation of words in Hebrew and English, and poet David Ry in English Metro "A few lines of the first psalm may be sufficient to demonstrate the correctne.c, the judgment of their performance translators.

O blessed man, that e
 "showed no counsel of
 the wicked walk:
 nor was heinthe way of sinners. or
 people are contemptuous
 chayre.
 However, the law of the
 Lord is your enjoyment
 of desire:
 And in his law doth he
 meditate day and night
 victory.and theto belike a
 tree planted by the rivers of
 water:
 that since it is produced is fruit
 and the foliage does not wither.

After two editions were printed, it was deemed necessary to improve the diction and the study was conducted by the Reverend Henry Dunster, president of Har vllrd College and Richard Lyons, "with particular attention to the seriousness of the meaning of the Scriptures, a fromsweetness of fresh. "She also added versifications other parts of Scripture, under the title of the hymns of the Old and New Testament. This diversion had to improve time to Kettell more than thirty American issues, as well as writing frequent reprints in England and Scotland (1829) has. a sign of improvement may be useful to take the first psalm of comparison.

CorrdbyDumter and Lyon.

O blessed man that walketh
 not in th 'bad advice
 Or how should assist fishermen
 Soomers safety or sitting.
 But the law that the Lord has
 put his joy:

And in his law Chance
 meditates day and night.
 It will be like a tree planted by
 the waters of Brooks trees; this
 should
 in time, he was successful and does
 not wither her magazine.

Such was the character of the first version of New England; But so far, but our data above, with one exception, not original. Anne Bradstreet belongs the honor of the first part of the original poems published in the new country. She was the woman in the street Brad Simon, governor of Massachusetts, at the age of sixteen for the groom came to him a year later, in 1630, the United States, where he died in 1672. A collection of poems is dated 1632, *etatis Suee* 19. Cotton Mather itself difficult to triver Parnassus, states that "time. 8 poems divers are printed were assigned a Ful quality entertainment and spiritual monuments Memory beyonJ state dropped the beads: "And the" learned and excellent 'John Norton Ipswich called the mirror of his age and the glory of their sex, are honou ring after the fashion of the time, with this play of words epitaph -

His chest was a brave Pallace
Broad Street, Where full forced heroic mind, where
 the housing nature Tane these souls lived in
 the road.

Some of the first verses consideration of one of his poems, show your style and poetic power tmperior least the apologists.

He spent some time in the autumn tide Phoobus
 When I wanted a bit of time in bed, richly
 dressed trees, but proud of vacuum o'er They
 were gold for its rich golden head.
 The leaves and fruit painted pale, but it's true, green,
 red, de, mixed yellow Hew;
 Enveloped my senses were so nice view.

I did not know what you want, however, to ensure that
 thought,
 astwo excellent stays below;
 How is it that a high d1 Vells | What pow. er and
 the beauty of his works we know. Of course,
 there's goodness, wisdom, glory, light,
 But whoever has this world so rich layer dight:
 More heavens that the land here is winter and uo night.

to do

Then, in a beautiful oak, I repeat my eyes,
 Ruffling who appeared to aim for the top of the
 clouds; How long were you in your youth?
 His strength and age, admire his years. You have
 hundreds Wintere spent because you were born?
 The thousand because you brak'st his shell? aSSo
 all this as doth eternity despise anything.

higher than in the gaz'd burning sun, whose
 rays in the shade of the tree leavie looked
 more grown more amaz'd, and said quietly,
 that fame is like you?

The soul of this world view of the world,
 it is not surprising that some of you made
 a deity;

If there were not known (unfortunately) EAME was I.

but despite MRS. Bradstreet is actually the first original author of the poetry in the United States, the first Indian to reach the poetry of fame was Benjamin Thompson (thomp or Thomson son) was born in Braintree, "within the limits of the current town Quincy," in Massachusetts in 1640, described on his tombstone in Roxbury (Boston) as "teacher taught you phJsician poet and famous New England." He wrote during the war by the settlers against Philip the Sachem Pequods in 1675 and '76, a powerful epic crisis New England intituled the prologue we all, to your appetite or the content of remarkable awakening. The epic begins with a lament for the more luxury for people.

Pompion time where age was a saint, when
 people fared so well. However, without a
 complaint, the despicable Cates; delicate corn
 He ate with wooden shells Trays locks,

• if Kettell. Griswold this- "was born in Dorchester (now Quincy)." But Kettell is correct. Dorchester in Boston. Braintree, on the other side of Quincy, still has the independency; but partthen it was tied a few years ago Quincy, yes -Quincy (I know) was originally part of Braintree. which This was probably one of those pieces that Tompson Quincy was born. absolutely in front ofto beas closely as possible to the place of birth American Homer. His epitaph on his tombstone in Roxbury, another district but had lately in Boston, theBSnext: - 8UJSPEIU / t! YE Orali HARROW My IJO. BEN Jii! IN THOJISON he learned fCHOOLIASTER AND MEDICAL famous poet and Yb01 "N> WENGLAN> 0BIIT APRIL1813 ANNO DoldiNLIh,LL: T & TatisSU.IS74. BED MonTJUS UIMORTALIS.

Under thatch'd hntts without the call of the
 lease, and the best content sawce each dish.
 When food wa.s made flesh coo ts hairy skins, and
 men and birds singing figure; When they are
 considered noble blood Cimmels, common forage
 tribes
 rewards many Wa.s form'd a special skill
 Ceres', enough to fill almanac Robin poor.
 These days gold (keeping very happy) fast
 siu'd much for the love of gold. Then the
 bushes, not in the street, aSinstead it is a small
 gathering,
 "Hello Brother!Is there something you want? Free
 for me, I ha'n't "

Plain and Dick would have torn today than ever,
 as "your servant, Mr. YO "and bow. · Deep
 doublets ends puritanick border
 That would make men monkeys, has come winch
 bear our way parents thought the cast was
 fashionable throughout Europe. used to bein
 those days an honest thanks to withstand a hot
 pudding rose to a cold heart.
 And men had better stomachs in religion, I
 Capon for Peru, or pigeon; When the sisters
 came together to pray honestly, do not babble,
 On your account and not the state of his neighbor.
 Under the government Plain Dealing, which
 breed standard worthy of the old planters before
 the flood,
 Then times were good, not rushed traders worried
 about other fees Ionakin and Mush.
 Although men and far'd innocence was very
 cleat was better than a guard.
 It was long before that spiders and worms took
 dirty tissues, or a hidden trapIngbeautyes Lawne
 New England, which appeared to me Silent
 illustrates in its simplicity.
 It was the poor neighbor Virgen Earth broke his
 Smoak cooperatives worse than hell. Honorary sent
 their presence on the islands,
 But it was counted for use with sin. It was
 rather a barge had become as rich as
 chocolate freight, d ust gold and eight poles.
 ERE wines in France, \ foscovadoe also
 Without rabbits sco.rslly drink; Western Isles and
 fruitd EUA: ca.cies
 Clean teeth and working rotten spoil their pretty faces.
 Or for that time have the ability, the noise of war
 He was far from our people and hearts.

No kites in the sky Bugbear cbrystal
 They have led the despair of our producers.
 No malice pagan pt1eped
 But his snib'd worthwhile. So people could your
 prayers, thousands of people killed, as an angel;
 Their weapons are getting invisible. So the church
 had peace; and veterinary embers They were
 covered with the most controversial refined souls in
 the process, the union of affection,
 Dear love, true sound, they were our protection. And the
 days were when our councells COUNTRY
 They gave prognosticks our future
 destiny, asnow they can hope our liv'd,
 Warrs This is the beginning of a long peace.
 But if love New England opened died in his
 youth, the blessed truth mist.
 This theame is outdated, quiet time when castles
 is not necessary, but nice Bowers. No ink, but
 blood and tears are turning now used to draw the
 figure of New England.
 When the passion of New England in the
 hand; No power can withstand divine except
 it. Hath limited his glass fifty,
 But heads turn its former prosperous mounts on how
 to self monitor their poor backgrounds, anxiety and
 sinnings price.
 Once the mirror of the Christian world
 Bleaching batteries partially burned. banners are
 rolled. sighs of pain, flee Joyes, vibration, and sad
 surprise not only coward spirits, but the manner in.
 While fairer deceiv'd hopes the eye of big
 foot swoln for: So proud ship after a little
 twist.
 It flows in Neptune arm to find Ume: It
 inherited many thousands are born into a torn
 immediate parent: Still cheeks of their
 children begin to disappear, and his disciples
 fail heavy losses. This is the prologue to the
 future ay,
 Epilogue no mortal can not.

In particular, if only as a poetic whim, according to the
 somber mood of the day is the day of reckoning, a poetic
 description of judgment and last, with a short course on the
 1U eternity say Rev. Michael Wigglesworth
 BA from Harvard University (born 1631, deceased in
 1707), a collection of the vision Zion, as Sternhold and
 Hopkins, of all the Scriptures on the final judgment of man,

224 stanzas of eight lines each, which had at least seven editions in America, and was reprinted in Land Ing. Cream, everything must be done to give an idea of their individual merits. The poem begins-

It was still dark, quiet and bright,
 when all men slept;
 The rest was the season, and carnal
 reason and I thought 'twould last
 forever.
 Take your soul will leave ceo.se, good
 pain has a lot in store:
 This was their song, their summit
 yesterday.

The day of the sentencing souls to the judge, who may not speak it much better of them in the argument. Symposia occur to some extent. Under the test

— **Everyone
 who
 approach
 ed who died
 in infancy
 bar,**
 And I had never been good or bad or
 in person.

Protesting, complain so hard, and finally Adam said means

You are sinners, and participation
 can wait as sinners
 That is, you should; in front of I'm not
 sure, but my chosen.
 However, when comparing his sin with
 hair longer liv'd,
 They admit that they are much
 smaller and if \the ery sin'a
 crime.
 A crime is blfrs You can not
 expect to live,
 but youft will enable the
 easiest environment to
 hell.
 The glorious king responds well,
 and stop without saying:
 Their conscience profess their needs
 are the strongest reasons.
 And ask all men feel easy to answer and
 possibly refute,
 Until all the large and small, they are
 ilenced and mute.

YRin hope crop'd, all mouths stop'd, Sinners have
 nothing to say,
 But tis just and right must MOSI
 Damn ' always.

We can move as Musa Wolcott, Connecticut
 Governor-cleavages ticut II in 1500! heroic couplets. *A short
 Account. Age'RCI / o tlwrp HOflourable John WIU Esquire's
 courtyard <Jharles second king Anno Dom:1662whenHe earned a
 <JHARTER to ColOfly ofhoaxncticut: published in New
 London, Connecticut 1725. in li61 We make friends with
 Nathaniel Evans of Philadelphia, "cut" (says Kettell) "at an
 age bitThey developed sufficient authority to carry out work
 of high quality and permanent. But flom what he left behind,
 his poetic talent can be considered high. Exeellent your taste
 and imagination. OOde to the prospect of peaceIt is
 undoubtedly the most complete and elegant production
 lite lature could put our country on that date. Principle*

When the elementary angry disputes,
 and heaven that is wr1 lpp'd in extreme
 storms, when storms storms combat anxiety,
 And the thunder rolls ethereal fire;
 fragrant Zephyr career again,
 And the face of all the radiant sun
 crowd, desire more shaky specialized
 portals.

"When euro, charged with lightning clouds,
 traces of the old wild ocean o'er field
 Boreas and tear of the ship deck, and
 waves o'er main rage;
 If the slightest breeze must succeed,
 and sweet iris, varied color
 mam lift long and wide head
 the crew of the Navy Ecstasy!
 "The Huswhen Bellone (used ruthleBSYO)
 The global distribution empire, and the death
 of a proud flag down display'd
 o'erLegions bleed in battle; -
 asPeace bedeck'd with the suit olive
 (beautiful nymph, sweet host Beann)
 Transfusion your balm around the
 world, it is a name of joy for
 mankind.



Then, agitation, O Muse I put Returning your sweet
 peace required pl! and ise;
 And while the sonorous note cader.ce varied,
 You look swan Thebesupwardso'er Heav'nlyground.

The rest is the same strain. Our commitment is not unjust
 productions was the taste when Evans turgid declamation:: i
 wa SUPP "thirst linkage, and even confused tumidity critical
 mass.

"Poetry Ms. Bleecker" (OU1 · Kettell again)
 "are not of the highest order: keep itseH in a very
 brave effort, but the events of his life (he died in
 178ii at age 31)" to a certain degree to grant
 interest in a number of productions left.Elegant
 Arts Culti vating woman of refined society in the last
 civilized Thule Lite in Wild Wild "(North ERN New
 York)," and between scenes alarm, destruction and pour
 the blood is a very striking spectacle attention not fixed to
 set. "Regions of the wild woman writes--

Come, my Sll8an! Allow the device, Greet
 open blooms of May;
 Let Yon hill and around the scene
 investigation.

Timothy Dwight, president of Yale University and a man
 of learning and great skill, the conquest of Canaan wrote
 eleven books, and various other poews, sketches and psalms.
 We refrain from trading.

John Trumbull, but no more than a poet requires DwightI:
 one new order. Hiti two major works are the ProgreBIJ of
 Dull'AeU, a satire on Hudibra see CSTI yes, literature and
 customs of his time, and his most famous political poem, M •
 Fitigal, the flap; t part of which was written in 1775 at the
 request of some members of the US Congress, to influence
 public opinion in favor of war, then started against the
 metropolis. "The poem was completed Official: spilled in
 Hartford, Connecticut :, in 1782, it was very popular and went
 through many editions history III close.. M'Fingal is a Scot, a
 magistrate in a town near Bo Ston.

and believers. He attends the meetings of the city, mRkes ·
 bpeeches faithful tarred and feathered, he attacked his house
 and escaped la.st Boston. These are all incidents of a poem
 of four songs and a few thousand lines, it is a poem without
 substantial force of thought and expression, but it is worth
 remembering that one of the forces fighting for
 independence US. The third area will open the following: -

Now called Ministerial fury
 Feroz was our faithful squire(SUBWAY 'Fingal)
 And serving your footstep desperate
 clan of friends
 CONSERVATIVE. Then suddenly
 filled his eyes pole Choleric An
 increase in the air.
 What many Whig standing career in the
 market.
 There are large comets school boys
 aspire, O for realneedle countries or
 mast,
 As spears Brobdignagian slope, hiking
 or personal Satan in Milton. And
 besides, unfurl'd waved the victory
 flag over the world to watch, to be
 registered, is not suitable
 From Zibert. "/ Y
 thirteenscratch. Below, the crowd
 immediately "" Test dedication rites
 And gladly pay the old, the libation
 ceremonies;
 While EADA lip strongly patriotic
 turn around anxiously to inspire walks:
 nice design|whose powers have the spirit
 of quintessent1 public;
 It has the taste, the mind sees the noblest
 sophisticated policy;
 Or martial awoke to the controversy,
 Processing cups Circe:
 The liquid nectar'd warm'd Homer that
 veins fill'd gods alcohol. Using new offer
 at the store,
 Tavern OPES his soft side, side by
 side, where the servers, like men in the
 heat of buckebpeople.
 Then, with three screams which tore the
 air, 'Tis consecrate freedom.
 To protect against attacks from
 conservatives, big cull'd commission
 is four,

For the first time in the Patriot Act,
 He had paid the tab and Ehot. Therefore
 M • Fingal with train
 Advanced in the adjacent plains, and
 full of loyalty possess'd,
 vacuum'rethen pulled into the chest
 zeal."Commission gave rebel Mad-brain'd
 To increase this riot pool in May?
 Babel rear'd competing crowds,
 confusion and languages,
 To point to the sky, and call The thunder of
 the British crown?
 For example, to maintain the substantial pole
 They lose the power Pawn head? For attacked
 the brave heroes and cunning,
 Is this your position ark of safety;
 Or carried out by the Scottish Laird and
 boy, you stand in his shadow? When the
 bombs, like the fiery serpents, flies, and
 enjoy the bullets whistling in the air, Is
 this despicable pole, dedicated to
 freedom, Save as a Jewish Pole in Edom;
 Or, as the brazen serpent of Moses,
 Bridging the gap'reskull and nose Batter'd? "

We are at the end of the colonial era, in the midst of the Revolutionary War, but a few words must. Joel Barlow should be, in his time, the Magnus Apollo of Fame of America. His vision of Columbus was written during the war, but it was not published until 1787. In 1792 he published *salvation; i Reyes plot; later, are H <18ty pudding, written in C: hambery Savoie. J n 1808 he published his major work, Colombia, with an epic story "and topography, as they were in America, • he was Manco Capac and Washington, Mexico, and the Battle Bunkl'r hill.., And contained many philosophical speculation almost all political and moral issues, and scientific versification "which (as himself Kettell can not help but notice), although with great care, neither good nor elegant, while T is langm1ge" ANRL tumid extravagant and cleared with ornaments indicating a vitiated tai; you."If Kettell say Barlow was a poet force of study and work, he wanted to" imagination*

tion, fire and thllt brands innate ability of the soul, feeling the finest intellectual energies ITII pout'tf with a zeal that I - eaches heart. "

"In this context,"in front ofAmericanitlm use, it may not be for othersl.10rve a taste Joel Barlow'11 Hasty Pudding.

I Aasistfintthe pious worktrack

With traces of the timeline that you and your race;
 Explain the beauty of India in ancient times,
 (EUA big Columbus sought your homeland), first
 gave him the world; the fame of his works are in
 place, but lived nameless.
 & Me Tawny Ceres, the goddess of his day,
 First learned the passage with stonesin front ofcorn
 dry shaving apparatus decoding by stirring for a tea
 strainer gold,fnof boiling water is stirred yellow
 flour:
 yellow flower, and beetrew'd stir'd with speed
 swells and thickens floodsin front ofa file,
 Then blinks increases wllopin front ofwing,
 dry beverage buttons pole
 surface:"J.hebuttons the last real break crop
 And mass takes its true consistency. I could, but his
 holy name known so long, Arise, and their works,
 the son of the song,
 In the, in front ofthey had to dedicate my Lays, -
 And blow your breath pudding with praise.

• • • • •
 Around warm sweet nations Lift
*PillalIt*acall Polant French and of course,
 alnthe region of origin, as I blushed
 Pennsylvanians charge call Mush! On the
 banks of the Hudson, while Delgic spawn men
 and they eat the offending name Suppawu.
 All fake names, empty of truth;
 I met my childhood better than you, his name is
 Haaty pudding using both our parents to greet
 Fumin their fires; And while discussing fair
 defense
 With a clear logic that the meaning explains:
 "Inhaate the cooking pot, the heat and boil the corn
 Prepare powder'd;
 inhaateIt is used the samehaate, With the
 cooling of milk, making fresh food. the size is
 not performed, no knifein front ofschedule
 The soft ear, and the stone plate is wound;
 But the soft spoon simply mounted on the lip,
 and learned toartThe mass yield of staple
 fibers,

Frequent trips to the well-stocked coffee
 detainees *rash* Board honors "Tal. that is Your
 name, significant and clear
 A name, a sound for every beloved Yankee.

We have here Trumbull and Barlow notes, instead of the
 list of authors for their later start had time COLONIAL, and why
 not to find anything you take to write a song in our century.
 Your situation is like the Revolutionary poets. In other
 revolutionary return this sometimes examples: -

Patriots Remedy.

(Chronicle Printed Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, in 1764
 July 1768; Griswold and copied by a ballad balance sheet date 1775.)

Co. HE join hand in hand, brave Americans all!
 Waking the country at the fair in freedom; No
 tyrannical act to suppress their just demand, PR
 stain the name of deshonor America!

in liberty, freedom born alive; Our bags are
 packed
 Constant, friends, steady! -

Not as slaves but as free people, our money will give
 Our ancestors worthy (Let them a favor) took the
 value unknown climates; Came through the
 deserted ocean to freedom,
 And kill us bequeath'd their freedom and glory.

Free, etc.

Her large breasts belittled dangers
 So high, so wise, valued his birthright; What we
 firmly believe that we cherish and maintain, or
 prevent their fieldwork or depth.

Free, etc.

The tree with his own hands was rear'd freedom,
 played by a strong research and always honored;
 Transportation exclaimed, "Now our wives we receive,
 our children will reap the fruits of our pain."

in freedom, etc.

How sweet support the work of free people
 enjoyed all the benefits of the insurance!

This American fatigues will
 know, as Brits can reap what you sow
 Americans! Free, etc.

From : Swarms Lacemen and retired E'en appear
 unsightly charms lobster year! Soles showers is wasted
 and down,
 If wein front of spend other slaves.
 Free, etc.

Then join hand in hand, brave Americans all the
 force that unites, by dividing we fall;
 JN we can hope a just cause to succeed, In heaven
 approves all generous acts.
 infreedom, etc.

All ages and all nations talk show with the
 applause of value to support our cause, death can
 support, but to serve despise us,
 shamethat is dreadfuUhan pain free people.
 infreedom, etc.

A bumper of freedom! And as for the king
 when he earns sing! We wish the immortal
 glory may be Britain,
 You're right and you're free, but!
 The freedom that we will live born in the
 wild, our portfolios are ready
 Stable boys, steady! -
 Our money as free men, not slaves, weyou want
 Leave!

BALLAD OF TEA

(Sungin front of airO "The Hosier ghost. ")

How beautiful are located near
 Boston, in the current soft
 swelling, no flight or exit
 Pennant

Three tea ships mounted unhappy;
 beautiful sunset,
 inIn the spring of a great team, Son
 of Liberty, fears forgotten,
 Suddenly appeared in sight.

Ann'd with hammers, axes, chisels, new
 weapons because of the war,
 charter boats Tow'rd tea was accused
 of courage and speed.

O'er the head, the middle of the air
 high, three forms were observed
 Bright Angel,
 fhi11 was Hampden, who was Sidney,
 averaging just freedom.

"Soon," They shouted: "Banish your enemies,
soon got the win,
Sea,roe sunset fade to the glorious fact
that'

Quick as thought the ships were covered,
burst hatches and trunks display'd:
Axes, hammers, so you can enjoy,
What is an accident in which I was made the day before

In the depths of the sea weed Cursed
along the coast of China;
So while our fears were over! they
never lost the British rights go!

The captains hoisted their time most garlands,
spread your sails and plow the waves;
Tell your professors who were dreamers
when they thought in front of foolishly
brave.

Several extract. A really a reasonable sample of the poetic production early America. The first settlers had other problems occupy them was his time in action rather than contemplation. And for the eight century colonial rhyming, either as a subject or there is not much difference than the same period was poetry in England. "For as the first American writers have followed English fashion, but in all aspects of English itself. Our review of colonial poetry can be coordinated drawn with a short list of features themes from a catalog suffix Kettell their American poetry copies.

Psalms in meter; faithfully translated into service, construction and Santos comfort in the public and private, especially in New England. Cambridge, Stephen Daye, 8th 1640. Crown, 300 p ..

Several poems composed of a variety of intelligence and learning. In G, full of fun, especially when that is contained a compleat address and description of the four elements, constitutions,

Human Age, stations, and precise execution of the first three Monarchies, namely, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks and Roman Commonwealth ginning at the end of their last king, with several beautiful poems and serious, a lady in New England. (*MRA* • *Anne Bradstreet*.) The second edition, published by the author, and expanded by the addition of a number of poems found among his papers after his death. Boston, John Foster, 1678 18MB, 255 p ..

A tear designed to tear at the funeral of Sarah Leveret, who died 2d NMO. 1704, 5. Boston, Samuel Phillips, 1705. pp 18MB.4. (*a Memorial Lecture*.) meat eater, or meditations on the need and utility suffering for God's children, everything tends to get ready, and comfort under the cross. Michael Wigglesworth, edited and modified by the author in 1703. The fifth edition. Boston, Allen J.

Robert Starke, 1717. 18 MB, 143 p ..

Psalterium americanum, the book of Psalms: in Translation exactly as the original, but in free verse; PROVIDED melodies often used in our churches. Pure supply that is with illustrations digging hidden treasures in it and the rules applicable in the glorious and some of the same intentions. To which are added to other parts of the writing process to enrich the Cantion. l. (In front of *Cotton Mather*.) Boston, S. Kneeland, 1718. 12, p. 426.

Pitcher Threnodia or Elegiack poem dedicated to the memory of the deceased Rev: Nathaniel Pitcher Shepherd North Scituate Church & c. Boston, Monday Green, 12TH, 1724, p. 12. Gratitude

Monumental tried one. the launch of the poetic relationship of some members of Yale University in South Sound passing Keep New Haven in August 20, 1726 New London, T. Green, 1727. 10 pp ..

Zeuma, or love of liberty, a. Poem in three books, James Ralph. London, S. Billingsley, 1729. 8vo.

His Excellency the Governor Belcher Death his lady. The letter from the Reverend. Byles. Boston 1736.4, page 8 ..

With the death of the queen, a poem in your Excel Governor Belcher Lency, Rev. Byles. Boston, J. Draper, D. bear, 1738. 4, pp .. 7

Judgment Day, or a poetic description of judgment and end with a short speech on eternity, Michael Wigglesworth, AM., Professor Church in Maldon, New England. The seventh expanded edition. Boston, Thomas Fleet 1751 18MB, 114 p ..

Choosing a poem in the form of Mr. Pomfret. For a young man (B. Church). Boston, Edes and Gill, 1757. 4, p. 15. .

the misery of New England. Cause copper and repair Offered. October 1758. composed Boston Z. Fowle and S. Draper 12, pp 1758. 15

Oda glorious success in the arms of his majesty and grandeur that the English nation (Nathaniel vane). Phila Delphia, William Dunlop, 1762. 4 pp. 4.

Science. A poem by Francis Hopkinson Esq. Philadelphia, William Dunlop, 1762. 4, 19 p ..

Discharge from two parts having epilogue

Mrs.. **SECOND—**.

Philadelphia, 1764. 8vo.

young people on various topics, with the Prince of births, a tragedy. Jr. late Mr. Thomas Godfrey. Philadelphia Cream.

Philadelphia, Henry Miller, 1765. 4, pp. An elegiac poem on the death of the slave 223. celebrated eminent God and Jesus

Christ, the Reverend George Whitefield.

And., by Phyllis, a slave 17, owned by J. Wheatley of Boston. She was 9 years old, but in this African countries. Boston, Ezekiel Russell and J. Boyle, 1770.

A poem to the glory of America, getting a year to the public in Nassau Hall, bro September 28 1771 (Wm. Smith and P. Freneau). Philadelphia Cream,

R. Aitken 1772. In-8, p. 27.

A poem addressed to a young man in three parts. Written Antigua. Boston, Green and Russell, 1773. 4, page 33..

Progress Apathy, etc .. (J. Lumb till.) New Haven, Thomas and 12E Samuel Green 1773, 21, p ..

Poems on various subjects, religious and moral, by Phillis Wheatley, black servant John Wheatley of Boston in New England. London, A. Ball, 1713. 12, pp. 124.

American liberty, a poem. New York, 1775. SVO.

The Battle of Bunker Hill, a drama with Mili Tario song. Philadelphia, 1776. SVO.

POETRY IN AMERICA.

1776^{THE} 1876.

Philip Freneau.

Born in New York in 1752, died in 1832.

wild honeysuckle. (1782)

Feria de las Flores, who Dost grow as deployment,
hidden in this silent retreat, boring,
honey'd explode their Untouch'd flowers, to
greet his small invisible lines:
No foot crush roam here, no cause
occupied a tear.

Commissioned into the wilderness forces
She made an offer you to reject the
vulgar eye, and planted in the shade of the
guard

And fresh water is sent murmurs:
"The Hus your summer is silent
His days decrease to rest.

Smit with those charms to be dropped, it
hurts to see your future destiny;
Deceased nor the flowers were gay "it is the
flowers that were blooming Eden;
no thank you freeze and fall with no sign of
leaving this flower.

second

2 American poetry.

soles morning and evening dew Initially
small came:
as anything once, nothing lost,
If you die is the same; The space
between more than one hour,
The duration of a fragile flower.

India cemetery.

Despite all the scholars said, I still
have my former opinion:
The position that we give to the
dead, said the eternal dream of the
soul.

Not so the elders of the land for the
Indian, once freed of life,
Again she was to share with friends,
and even fun.

Photographed birds, deer and a painted
bowl on a trip Dress'd
Indication of the nature of the
activity of the soul that knows
no rest.

Your bow ready for action,
And arrows with stone head, can
only mean that life is past
And no finer gasoline disappeared.

You, Forastero! will you come this way, not
to commit fraud against the dead;
Note the swelling lawn, and they say, do
not lie, but here they sit.

Here is a rocky promontory rest
In the curious eye is possible to draw
(lost half with the rain)
Fantasies. tougher race.

Joseph Hopkinson.

3

Again sucks old elm,
Under his shadow are projected (and
the shepherd still admires) Forest
children play'd I

There is often an Indian queen agitation
(Pale Sheba, with her braided hair)
and is even barbaric way
Berating the man who resides there.

By midnight moons, o'er the dew wetting in
clothes prosecution put our forces
Deerslayer sequel - the hunter and the
deer a shade!

When anxious Fantasy
The head of Graffiti, and a targeted spear
and bending angle pattern
In the shadows and illusions.

Joseph Hopkinson. •

Born in Philadelphia in 1770, he
died in 1842.

Hail, Columbia!(1798.)

Hail, Columbia! lucky country!
Hi, I sky heroes-I was born group
Who fought and bled for the cause of
freedom; Who fought and bled for the cause
of freedom,
And when the storm of war was his gain
value enjoy'd peace.
This independence is our
glory, always aware of what it
costs; Always grateful for the
price,
Or the altar reach the sky. Strong
and united, we gather
around our freedom;
Brothers join group'D
Peace and security will find.

* See footnote 1.

POETRY A.MERICA

immortal patriots! to rise again;
Defend their rights, to defend their
country;

No strong enemy with wicked hand,
leaves no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where he is holy
Blood. Use work and well-deserved bonus.

While offering a sincere and honest, the
sky has a male confidence will prevail
and truth and righteousness all the
slavery system failure

Farm together, etc

..

Sound, the sound of the trumpet of
Fame! w March from Ashington great
name

Play the world with applause, the world
becomes with applause:
Each climate of freedom Listen
honey with an ear in a good mood.

With the same skill and divine power,
He reigns in bad weather
The gruesome war or easily guides The
happiest moments of honest peace.

Farm together, etc ..

Here, the boss who commissioned again to
serve his parent's terraces

The rock R storm hit, The rock on which the
storm:

But arm'd business and true virtue,
Are wait fix'd in heaven and you. When
hope was sinking in dismay and
discouragement Columbia dark day,
strong spirit, free updates, resolved on
death or freedom.

Farm together, etc

..

Robert Treat Paine.

Born in Taunton, Massachusetts, 1771; died 1811.

Adams and freedom. *

O Children of Columbia, who bravely fought
 For these rights, which unstain'd his bulls had fallen,
 You are most welcome blessings purchased value, and the
 bottom of the children who have defended their fathers.
 "Right in the realm of peace slight
 increase nation your
 The glory of Romo, and the wisdom of Greece; And
 never the son of the British slave,
 While the country has a plant or manuscripts ocean
 waves.

In a climate where the rich valleys feed the world,
 banks are still in the midst of the turmoil in
 Europe,
 Trident should be no trade hurl'd, incense the
 legitimate powers of the sea.
 But should fall within the
 pirates, although the thunder to
 deploy our forces
 Let your gun to explain the Charter of trading.
 Never return the son of Columbia slaves
 While the country has a plant or manuscripts ocean
 waves.

glory of arms, laws little influence, the history of
 our nation had elevated to the peerage,
 Until dark clouds now darkened faction young and
 wrapped the sun of American glory.
 But the traitors say,
 They sold their land
 Barter'd and your image of gold, your God, will
 never be the son of the British slave,
 While the country has a plant or manuscripts ocean
 waves.

While France stretched his huge limbs bathed in blood, And
 partnership with threats dissolution wide;

• Note 2.

Peace, like the dove flooding back, finding a living ark
 in our beloved Constitution.
 Although peace is our goal,
 but the great help we give,
asbought for our sovereignty, justice or fame.
 Never return the son of Columbia slaves
 While the country has a plant or manuscripts ocean
 waves.

He is to fire the Flint all American qualifiers:
 Let proud winners clash care Rome; To produce all
 vassals of Europe in arms;
 We are a world ourselves, and contempt of a division.
 Although with patriotic
 pride, our laws are allies,
 No enemy can overwhelm us, no faction split.
 forever; Tball the son of Columbia slaves
 While the country has a plant or manuscripts ocean
 waves.

Our mountains are crowned with imperial oak
 Whose roots, like our freedoms fed the ages; But very
 e'er our nation is subjected to the yoke,
 No tree can be left in the area where flourish'd.
 If the invasion Each layer
 Grove looming
 From the top of the hills in the shadow backin front
 ofto defend. Never return the son of Columbia
 slaves
 While the country has a plant or manuscripts ocean
 waves.

Our patriots destroy the anarchist worm nauseating;
 Lest OM · Growth of liberty must be check'd corrosion;
 So let the clouds thicken roundwe; We ignore the storm;
sensationalUnited fear no shock, but clean exploding land.
 The enemies attack us in vain,
 Although his main deck fleets
 For our altars and laws of our life, we will continue.
 Never return the son of Columbia slaves
 While the country has a plant or manuscripts ocean waves.

When the storm of war overshadow our country,
 The bolts could never destroy the temple of freedom;

Because the property is on your site WASHINGTON feet
 And chest push .com, thundering through!
 The dream sword scabbard
 jump,
 And drive your point, every flash of depth Never return the
 son of Columbia slaves
 While the country has a plant or manuscripts ocean
 waves.

Let the world renowned says the Voice of America;
 No plot your children Sever government; His pride is
 his ADAMS; its laws are your choice,
 And bloom until freedom never sleeps.
 So, heart and hand, just
 grouped as the Leonids,
 And I swear by the god of the sea and land,
 "The hat will never be the son of Columbia slaves,
 While the country has a plant or manuscripts ocean
 waves.

Francis Scott Key.

Born in Maryland in 1779, he died in
 1843.

*Stars & Stripes.**

O! Say, you can see the light of dawn
 What so proudly hail'd finally twilight ING flashing
 This wide and bright stars through the perilous fight,
 o'erearthworks watch'd, the current was so dapper ing I
 And rocket red glare, the bombs bursting in air
 He gave proof through the night that our flag was still
 there;
 O! For example, the flag is covered stars
 wave O'er the land of the free and the
 home of BRAYE?

In the discreet side through the bottom of the fog, where
 beautiful enemy quietly is fear,
 What the wind on the steep peaks,
 When breath suddenly, now conceals, now discloses?

• [viewNote 3.](#)

Now capture the brilliance of the first rays of morning
 glory now shines on the stream;
 "It's the Stars and Stripes; O can sway long O'er the
 land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is this group that is openly pledged that
 the ravages of war and the confusion of battle
 A home and a country should leave no more than the US?
 His blood contamination of their wash'd not unfair.
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave
 The flight of terror, or the darkness of the grave; And
 the star-spangled banner in triumph waves in the land
 of the free and the home of the brave.

O I will always be to remain free men
 Between their loved homes and the devastation of
 the war I

Balar with victory and peace, earth prices heav'n rescued who
 got the power and keeps us
 nation.

So we will win because our cause is just; And
 this is our motto: "In God is our trust"
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph wave O'er the
 land of the free and the home of the brave.

Washington Allston.

good inSouth Carolina 1799-1843 died.

*AMERICA Britain. **

praises your noble country,
 homeland of our fathers!
 O tender his strong hand,
 bred Giant for work,
 What about the big wave of the Atlantic in
 our short'I: For you, the magic could
 You can go where the light
 travels Phoebus
 O'er the world!

*Note 4 Boo.



The genius of our climate, tall
 pines besieged
I salute the great exalted; While
 salamanders depths
With their league proclaim shells family: As the
 world together
If the main line of our navy, like
the Milky Way, shine
 light glory.

Although centuries pass'd
 Our parents left their home, their
 driver in the explosion,
 wandering o'er untravel'd seas -
However, he saw blood in our veins England
And we should not proclaim
"tame the honest blood hat of
glory, may tyranny
 For their chains?

Although the language, free and
 bold, sang the bard of Avon
Our Milton says
 If a stone dome step
When Satan criticized, he fell with his entire
 army, although, meet compliance,
 greet ten thousand echoes,
Rock ROM repeat around
 our coast -

While the average, while the
 doctor to give the soul of a
 nation form,
Always hang our hearts, walk
 between the ocean,
Our common community to break with the
 sun: But still, on the beach,
The voice of the blood must reach
 louder than words,
 "We are an I"

JAMES KIRKE Paulding •

Estate in Dutchess County, New York, 1779-1860 deceased.

· OLD CAROLINA.

DRINK! Part I: What shall we drink?
 A friend or loved one? Come, let me think: the
 Ho They are absent, or those who are
 here?
 To the dead we loved, or those still too
 expensive? Unfortunately, when I look, find the
 latest!
 the gift that is Let barren of drink that fits

Coming! Here is a girl with a whisper, eyes
 A. I fire and in the snow,
 In the days of my youth, a time when the heart which
 escaped in my sleep and my head pillow'd you want to
 know where to find an example. delicate price? You
 will look at the cemetery is east.

And here is the friend, the friend of my youth, with
 one. Full engineering head, a heart full of truth
 travel'd in the sunshine of life,
 And I put my hand into his peace and conflict, I want to
 know what a blessing to find so rare? To go train the
 lonely sea, you can find it here.

And here are two of my twin cherubs,
 The heart, like her mother, as pure as this wine, but
 came to see the first act of the game,
 He was tired of the scene, and both.
 Do you know where this pair of bright angels hid?
 To go Look for them in heaven, because we stay there.

A bumper, kids! a few gray hairs,
 I look o'er my youth with the most tender care,
 God bless and keep them, and they can look down, in the
 head of his son, a tear, a sigh or frown I know drink? go to
 "the middle of the dead, you want Both find their name on
 the stone head.

• viewNote 5.

And there it is to stop, but unfortunately! Good
wine is the bottle is empty of all its bright shop;
As we roast, fled his mind, and there is
nothing that emits light.
Then a bumper tears boys! The game ends here, Health
with our dead, not live longer friends.

William Maxwell.

Well, in Norfolk, Virginia, 1784-1857 deceased.

A lady J. FAIR.

Fairest! Do not cry for her charms,
surrounded by the arms of every lover
While the beautiful least see the
collection husbands happy.
Sparrows, the playoff, you will find
games everywhere;
But Phoonix accident, you can
not find a partner.
Earth, though dark, enjoy the honor
The moon waiting;
Venus, so divine light, can boast a
satellite.

John Pierpont.

Good to Litchfield, Connecticut, 1785-1866 deceased.

PLYMOUTH ANTHEM dedication.

The wind and waves; Pilgrims
gathered for prayer;
Here, your worship of God, were
outside.
At dawn, receive and when his end
was peaceful them,
leafless forest reiterated his
musical Psalm.

No, O God, thank you, not you,
 your children, crowd;
 bow back temple Ti increase our
 choir.

However, the wind carrying your
 love and prayers,
 You can join you as true in our hearts
 as

What we are, Lord, that connect us to
 the banks of the pilgrims?

Their graves hill behind us, its
 liquid form,

Winter golf is thrown against the
 rubble

His memory and his ashes; I
 know the guard, O God!

We would not, Holy Father! He
 will leave this place hallow'd
 To collapse on the couch

When digging and penalties are not:
 The coast where true devotion

You should not pillar'd sanctuary
 And there's an ocean in the
 "" the divine love.

My son.

EAN NOTare dead!

His head just sunshiny

iii() Yl'r lion thing around my study chair;

\ "Ot., Whon me toars now Sun

W ITH him ITurn,

"Vision disappears LW it is not there, I

(Weight \ lkMy living room floor,

1111Ummgh open Tho

h1 lnorthrt \ foot.foll the size cream;

I 111 11t1 • tow'rd quarter pping

"I₁₁ i \ 't' t.ho child conversation;

111 \1111111 • bl mo think it is not

Bring the busy street; A
 boy satchel'd to find me,
 With the same bright eyes and hair color'd And
 as it runs,
 I am with my eye,
 Just-believe he's gone!

I know his face hidden
 under the lid;
 His eyes are closed; cold front is righteous; My
 hand was marble;
 o'erHe knelt in the sentence;
 However, my heart whispers that it's not there!

I can not kill you!
 Upon passing of the bed,
 Watch'd as above with parental care, my
 spirit and my eye
 Look, he asks,
 Before the idea is that there is not!

When the rest of the gray day,
 I wake up from the dream,
 With my first morning air blows my soul rises
 with joy
 Who has my son;
 Then the idea is sad that it is not there!

A heat end of the day, before
 seeking peace,
 I am the mother, offering prayer, learning I
 developed could say,
 I pray in the spirit
 In the spirit of our son, but it is not!

Does not exist! Where is it? The
 way you used to see
 He wore the dress used.
 The grave, now the conference after
 the discarded clothing,
 But her wardrobe is lock'd; It is not!

POETRY AMERICA

*she*I have lived in all
previous lives; or, at the
latest,
To see I see despair; In dreams, I
see it now;
And in his forehead angel,
I see written: "I have there I see"
Yes, we all live by God
· Daddy! Your punishment bar
.-In hit your help, support, - That, in
the land of the spirits,
In his right hand,
This will be our sky to find out it's me

ODE CENTENNIAL

Utters edge, el trees
And wipe their tops to the sea breeze!
In fact, by their wings on the ground,
For your cool shades and springs
wind brings people
Banned well free.
Hills your sister! lie
ancient oaks of his crown,
Inhomage to owe;
These are great, great, no real
world birth
A great value in their hearts and
proven company.
These are lights of life,
Whether heights in bold green glow
far
As long as those who bear the
name of freedom, comes
tow'rd call as came Magi
Star of Bethlehem Tow'rd.

Samuel Woodworth.

Gone are the largest and although
here in danger

And I raised her hymn.
Peace Reverend death !The
light in his head have played
two hundred years,

You should never obscure.

Ye temples, in front of God
Ups staged where our parents!
and protect your faith: faith
who braved the sea, the truth
will set them free, their purity
cherish'd

Garner'd their dust.

At the highest and the Saint
Ignatius, whose care for father
and son

All nature -

While the day will break and
close, as the night still shows 0,
let your light sleep

In these hills that our

Samuel Woodworth.

Born in Scituate, Massachusetts, in 1785, died in 1842.

Bucket.

as best in front of this heart are the scenes of my childhood, I
remember when the lovers gifts in front of to see!
Garden, meadow, deeply entangled wild forest, and every
loved one point I knew my youth;
Lagoon all broadcasts and mill beside him, the bridge and the
rock fell where the waterfall;
The birthplace of my father, the dairy house as NIGH
And e'en gross suspended bucket in the well!
The Old Oaken Bucket, bucket iron wheels,
foam covered hub suspended in the well.

The ME-topped get the ships. Treasury ";
 For many times, in the afternoon, when the field
 went back, I discovered the source of exquisite
 plea.sure,
 The purer and sweeter than nature can give.
 How hot, I took advantage of his hands were bright
 and quickin front offell to the bottom of the white
 gravel;
 Shortly thereafter, with the emblem of the truth, and
 in cooling blood dripping overflow, it passed the
 well;
 Oak bucket, the hub of sponge iron well covered
 on a.rose buckets.
 How sweet Mobby green borderin front ofreceives
 such aplomb on the steps of the slope to my lips!
 not complete-to blush Cup could tempt me to leave, but
 drinking nectar full of Jupiter.
 And now, far from the popular location, tears of
 repentance, an intrusive swelling,
 setback as elegantin front ofplant my father,
 And sigh bucket hanging in the pit; The Old Oaken
 Bucket, bucket iron wheels,
 The Mobb-cover'dJ: mcket, hung right.

• RICHARDHENRYDAN A.

Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts in 1787.

beach chick.

Tnou bird! inhabitant of the sea.! Why do
 you think, melancholy voice,
 And this wave O'er Boding
 you cry fly?
 O! Instead, the bird! me the
 right to land'Rejoice!
 The form is weak and short-lived ghost pa.le
 leads when I hit the storm at sea;
 Her tears are weak and
 sea.red had shared his
 colleagues
 we Doom. Your Wha.t wail- bring
 me?

• Note 6.

Call'st on the sand and haunt'st, restless and sad wave;
 like a strange agreement
 With the movement and
 sound of the waves growin
 front of coast
 A spirit does not pray -
 The mystery of the
 Word.

Thousands and Pall times Tomb, Old Ocean,
 LA art requiem that the dead
 His dark mourning cells
 History says -
 We talked about the sadness
 and the fall of man, fled his
 glory without sin.

Then you have to take the bird once and your flight
 Where applicants must submit the value of the sea
 his spirit!
 Come along the coast to the
 joy and light
 When the summer birds singing I.

The SUPPLIOATETH MOSS for the poet.

ALTHOUGH I am modest, I did not
 enlighten me. But he loves me,
 because of the poet;
 I remember until you're forgotten;
 take care of light.

Sometimes pass'd flowers,
 And I looked at me kindly; flowers
 with the left and the open air,
 And I wou'd in the shadow flow.

And if the current of his voice was low,
 so sweet, so sad words,
 With today's current proved: I was told that
 his heart was broken;

They said that the world would run away
 and look for wood and dusk,
 His spirit, tired of the sun,
 Inhumblest things that are good;
 Grandeur -

I was one photo,
 And more constant than the flower, which,
 with many vain presumptuous name,
 But outside flutter'd their free time;

I was a bit old collapse
 And gently wrapped around green
 Bare root and stem gray
 Fold a liner and screen -

They said it was lightning fast, without
 disguise as a friend;
 His manhood was an explosion,
 And it was exposed that the tree;

This spring, the branches would their branches
 with birds singing more or honking,
 It seems melancholy coast
 Was understood its branches.

It seemed to me that started when the
 fading tracking is derived not steal a
 tear,
 I could read his brothers sad face! we our
 problems around.

And together stretch'd and laid her
 head on my chest, listening to the
 peaceful song of the water.
 How glad I tend to rest their

r

She has the soul happier calm.
 He returned to work and watch'd
 sunlight on my face, and he stole,
 Whl'poring- above : „luminousdayYO "
 "

He praised my varied shades, green
rhyme -a silver, gold;
I told NicerNever tones were observed;
Then gently prese'd my competitors
down.

And where was sent small buttons,
He called himself an amateur trees:
stupid love suspect and their suite
The talk'd, care HIE time to cheat.

I said, I treat myself in the
dew, you may be scary, but
only hie,
And I dressed in a thousand shades,
To the joy I could accomplish share.

He replied, had healed landless bleseing
HIE lonely and painful + 1. Eart;
I was, when he. I was sad,
HIE was often in pain, in part.

But e'en, I say, I,
To meet the world, care and moderation,
do not see this quiet stream,
Or bring a smooth life

Yet the current glides over without
a care in the rest;
While working hard life is gone, he is the
head of the faithful breast.

Compassion, world prayer; Mind you I
love coming eoften'd shadows;
hie mind, anything less, the
questions, but once a house.

O, I can live, and when he died
in his humble grass feet;
O, can extend the match,
A fact that God awakened in me

LYDIA HOWARD HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

Well, in Norwich, Connecticut, in 1791, died in 1865.

Indian names.

say: all have pass'd away, this noble
and courageous career;
Their light canoes have vanish'd Since the
peak of the waveform;
Situating in the woods, where the roam'd
is the cry of every hunter:
But his name is in the water, you
can not wash.

Tis said Ontario's rising curl'd
Like ocean waves,
When the heavy thunder of Niagara
wake the echoes of the world,
Where red MiBBouri brings
rich West tribute
And sweet sleep Rappahannock
Virginia Green chest.

Tell your cone type cabins,
which are cluster'd valley,
They wither disappear'd the leaves fall
before the storm;
But his memory lives in the hills, his
baptism in his side,
His eternal rivers speak their
dialect of the past.

Age of Massachusetts takes
you into his impressive
crown
Ohio width and takes the
famous young half;
Connecticut is where the waves
lapping foliage has wreath'd,
Kentucky and fat snore cast
Through all its ancient caves.

Wachusett hides his persistent voices • In
 his rocky core,
 And Alleghany digging the show because
 of its high graphics.
 Monadnock Hoar in its forward,
 closed the sacred duty:
 The mountains to build his monument, he
 had to destroy their dust.

Charles Sprague.

Born in Boston, Massachusetts: 1791 - 1875 death.

Winged worshipers.

(Two drinks in a church.)

Gay couples innocent!
 What would you like in heaven?
 You do not need prayer, not
 sins forgiven.
 Why did you settle here
 When mortals Maker curve?
 Their pure spirits Fear God
 could never offend?
 You never know
 The crimes for which we regret: Penalty is not
 for you,
 bless'd Wanderers greater depths!
 For 'tis given
 To generate the soft nature without
 instruction sets; Under the dome
 of the air
 Piar has a way. life of praise.
 each wing is then expanded,
 Far, far above, lakes and o'er land and
 join the chorus
 Inyonblue dome rear'd no hands!
 Or, if you are,
 Road Watch spent the time, my airy
 And I'll try envied power

PQETRY OF ilEBICA.

Above the crowd
In win'8 but I could fly, I take a
bath of light Yon cloud,
And look at the jewel of the stars of heaven.
"Indeed twere sky
With light without fieldR way into the
elevator,
In charms of nature for food,
and the great love of the nature
of God.

".NATHANIEL Langdon Frothingham.

Born in Boston, Massachusetts:1793 - 1870
is dead.

crossed swords. •

Atravessaste swords, but not in conflict I
Bosses who wrote them, separated by a space
The battle of two proud nations represented
face Ne'er to death or face life.

Atravessaste swords, never knew that he
While the nerve was the hands to be treated; best
hands-down family

Free to these margins.

monitorscrOBB'd by softer bands

Emblems not fight, but peace;

And evidence of how they can grow and leave the love
wars because the symbol is the stern.

Itsmilodfirst network

books and businesses; Marshal'd friendly Hore
historl And one of the stories,

which till should laugh at themselves.

Hoo keep your memory,

It also has the company commander; and another

"Judge Liu 11tid11lo88, and our incomparable
brother 11 Fallou sleep now!

•t111uror:aleam the lesson,

• P ,,dL11• 1> ralthough obviously patriotic soldier -
thi Jud• ht11hall insolent triumph o'er still Strength:

'IH1 T Youl OJ "silentiSpeech!

• Note 7.



Oh, I'll be so prophetic
 And these nations Twain, as a sign and seal of
 friendship endless, hang your steel
 Because these weapons are

Latest files
 So smear'd hatred and bad blood stains, desire for
 peace, and sick of waiting so long,
 Hail this Mansa finally cross.

OJ seph E. RODMANDRAK

good in New York, 1795-1820
 deceased.

· If freedom high mountain Unfurl'd his air
 level,
 He tore the blue robes of the night,
 and put the glory of the stars;
 Mixed dye gorgeous The milky air
 Tahali,
 And blue with its pure white light
 streaks in the morning; After his home
 in the sun
 The name is his horn down and put
 it in his strong hand the symbol of
 your country of choice.

cloud majestic monarch!

High rear'st regia way you hear the
 high trumpings storm and see the jets
 activated spears

When the fighters strive storm,
 thunder and the sun son Rolls-drum I love
 you 'Tis given

To protect the flag float freely
 sulfur smoke,
 To prevent the race and fight
 combine their offerings Smudgeline
 cloud rainbow war

Precursors of victory I

Flag brave! the folds steal the sign of
 hope and triumph high, speaking
 trumpet sound,
 And it seems timing; However essential
 EUA, warm, wet blood,
 A brilliant soldier bayonet dimm'd
 Each eye was turning brilliant
 Wherever their origin celestial glory,
 and burn as their not jump ahead
 Driving to the vision of the war and revenge;
 And if the strong gun mouthings
 Hove wild fight fit crowns, and the rise and
 bloody fall of sabr,
 As flame epidemics midnight coat and his
 eyes shine explosive,
 And the enemies current terrorized under
 each arm beau hit
 This precious messengers of death.

naval ensign I on the air
 Your star to shine as the strong man;
 When death, careering into the storm,
 Bar around the belly black candle, And
 the waves rushing violently terrified
 To rewind the dashboard, to die March,
 every Walker
 He will look to heaven and you, and
 laugh to see fly their splendor
 In triumph o'er his eye closure.

Flag hopes free heart and home, The angel
 gives him a certain value;
 Your starlit dome of the sky,
 And all your colors are born in heaven.
 Always driving style sheet
 Where breathes the enemy, but it is ours, the
 land of liberty under our feet,
 And free streaming banner o'er us?

William Cullen Bryant. •

Good in Cummington, Massachusetts in
1794.

The WATER-birds.

WmTHER, averagedewdrop
As the sky shines with the last stage of the day
away, through their rosy depths, why persecute me
His lonely road?
In vain the eyes of the hunter
You can make your flight distance in front of make you sick
and, vaguely see the purple sky, your face
floats together.
Seek'st You are full of puddles edge
, the coexistence of the lake or river large margin,
Or when the waves rise and sink switches to
the seaside angry?
There is a power whose care
Show your way along the coast roadless
desert and unlimited air -
Lone wandering, but not lost.
Every day, their wings fann'd,
At that time, the oold thin atmosphere; However,
do not bend, tired, in front of Terra Welcome
Although the dark night is near.
And soon will finish the job;
Soon you will be a summer house, and the rest, and
call to find among their peers; Canes should
double,
Soon o'er his shelter'd nest.
Thou'rt disappeared, the abyss of heaven
Devoured has to keep its shape; But deep in my
heart, I will have sunk class data
And you can not leave quickly:
This one region to another,
guide you through the boundless sky of your flight,
On the long road to walk alone I
He will judge my steps correctly.

- viewNote 8.

ANTHEM NORTH STAB.

The sad and solemn night
 But his audience? Fire in a good mood; The
 host of the glorious light
 Walking remove the dark hemisphere;
 During his silent watch, slowly slide
 Zodiac to come and the sky, and go.

day Otherwise. It has many a star
 The grace of his magnificent reign as bright as;
 Through the blue fields is far,
 Invisible, they are on their way to the fire
 more brilliant behind, darker as the day
 before.
 According to him, the troops forward radiant and pose
 with him.

And you see them rise,
 The Polar Star! and you see them. Only in his
 cold air,
 The old guard station and again, but this
 brilliant dance join'st train
 not Dipp'st its pristine blue orb on West Main.

There, in the pink of birth in the morning,
 You obediently observed in the hot air, and Eve,
 around the Earth
 Elaborating on one day, considering he sees it;
 There are 00 o'clock, and when called
 forms of polar flame in front of blue sky climbing walls.

Just below his eye,
 The works of the darkness and the light are
 made; Tow'rds starlit sky

burned villages, the sun makes the smoke of battle,
 the night of a thousand hills thunder is strong,
 And the wind and the Maritime Day mixture of clouds.

innot change the flames,
 The Navy wreck'd media has lost the compass,
 fixed his gaze,
 And bulls, undoubtiug, in front of use the coast;

And divert hazardous waste at night,
 .dost pleased if you accompany shine your steps to the right.

And as ancient bards,
 Hermits and reflecting the solemn wood,
 made in its wings here
 A beautiful form of immutable good, "hat
 eternal beacon whose beam
 The time traveler should form hie so thoughtful.

The death of Flores.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
 Wind and wood groaning bare and brown and dry grassland.
 Heap'd in the cavities of the wood, the autumn leaves have
 died;

They move slightly cracking whirlpools, and trample
 rabbits. "The Wren and Robin flies and shrubs
 jays,
 And called the raven from the top wood throughout dark
 day.

Where are the flowers, flowers, girls, who recently jumped to
 his
 The brightest light and more gentle, beautiful communion?
 Ouch! she allThey are in their graves, flowers functioning
 Put your humblebeds, with the stock market and the welfare
 of our.
 rainthat isgrave where you are, but the cold November
 Rain
 Street not UMBER the new beautiful.

Anemone and purple, which died long ago;
 And the thorn-pink and Orchie died amid the summer
 glow;

However, in the batch goldenrod and aster in wood,
 And the yellow sun flower for fall creek
 Featured,

upFrost was the clear, cold air, like the plague falls on
 the people;
 And the appearance of your smile he was Gone Highlands
 course and Glen.

And when it quiet daylight, as such, continues to give [you
 want coming
 THE California squirrel and honey bee outside their winter
 House -

When the sound of the notes fall course, despite all the
 trees are still,
 And a bright light smoke water from the stream,
 Search South wind flower whose fragrance endured later,
 And sighs to find wood and a stream more.

and then I think those who died in their youthful beauty,
 Mansa flower just grew and faded for me:
 in Cold and wet earth deposited to withdraw the forest
 knife.

And we regret that nice to have a short life:
 But I'm not unhappy, just like the boy from our friends,
 boots sweet and beautiful, lose with flowers.

The night wind.

SPIRIT Breathe it door on me! you "The Fresh
 Hat" S t Twilight scorcher recognize current Is
 this your coolness around my forehead; Well,
 you b A depth in the game,
 horsemanship all day Wild blue waves far
 ighening combs, and propagation of the aerosol is
 high,



And swelling of the white candle. I welcome
 Earth scorched you Sea Bum!

me neither;--anBreast thousand round Inhale
 the fullness of joy;
 And languid shapes, and had more living pulse of the
 night wind;
 And languish happy to hear their sound,
 within huge stretch'd outside view*
 .G or later, all of the shadows; God will bless
 breath'd fainted on earth!

Jump, turn the bird some wood in its nest;
 Wind stagnant water, bright with stars; and
 arouse the great forests, majestic calm of the age.
 The collection of many branches,
 strange deep harmonies around the chest!
 Good to be humble flower bow away and paBB
 murky waters
 When the grass branches sterile o'ershadowing.

Stoop at the site of the graves, and affects the
 grass quiet sigh polished stone;
 Willow trees near the cemetery road, and hear the deep,
 dark, alone
 You can think of the gentle souls who as a pure
 breath pass'd into the unknown,
 Sent from heaven among the children of men, and
 went to the boundless sky again!

Poor old must tilt the head money
 To feel; you have to kiss the sleeping child and
 moisten'd populated dry loops
 Temples breathing deepens; And illness
 It will be the joy of hearing their analysis
 remotely, and let it slowly let your curtains
 His visit, the burning forehead thanked.

To go! But the circle of perpetual change,
that's the nature of life, catering,
Sounds and smells of the Almighty your reach to your
home soil again.
frangrances in the sea air, soft and foreigners
know the house of the sick sailor coast;
And hear whispering, he believes he hears the
rustle of leaves and the flow of execution.

AL fringed gentian. •

Tnou brilliant autumn dew, and colour'd
with a very blue sky, so that when you
open a white light that happens overnight
and ice cream lovers

Do not like skinny purple
O'er wandering streams and springs that are
not visible or purple columbine Dress'd,
Nod o'er the nest plants hidden birds.

I love wa.itest and afternoon a.lone to present
Wood whon are naked and fl.own birds and
frost and shorter days suggest "the year
Agod is almost complete.

Their view of the gentle and calm eye J
ALSO through its banks in front ofthe
airJlll lu-Lluo-soIf the left
heavenautumn
A flower of the cerulean wall.

Iwllllldthattherefore seeF ll lllJU
J.-J.Death will come to
me, lJllll(l, llIUllflomingin my heart,
M uyJUul in front ofparadiselike
meOutside.

- Note 9.

anthem of the city.

No in loneliness
You can man with heaven, or see the wild wood
And sunny valley of the deity; Or
just hear your voice
Where the wind and the waves whispering rejoice.

Even then, I consider
It is not the Almighty! Here amidst roll'd the
crowd by the big city,
With deep sound and strong forever,
winding roads suffocation
"Mongst proud batteries, human labor-kind.

Your golden sun rises
Around heaven, and they found their homes and houses
indoor lighting;
For them, you fill'st air borders without clouds, and give
them stores
Ocean and reap its banks.

His mind is there,
Speeding up the scanning a long mass in question;
And it is his eternal
The voices and numerous steps like the sea,
Or as the storm, he talks about you.

And when the hour of rest
We will, as a break in the middle of the sea brine,
soothed their corrugated breast -
The rest of the time is yours, a waiting
breathes
The city defenseless during sleep.

Crowded STBEEI.

Let me pass slowly through the streets,
 fill'd with a constantly evolving
 process,
 In the middle stages of the battle
 The murmur run like autumn rain.

How quickly the numbers come fitting!
 Sweet, fierce, stone face -
 Some bright with a smile thoughtless, and some
 where secretly tears have left their mark.

They will work hard, strive, break -
 "The Orooms where the party spreads to
 the rooms where the funeral
 in Silence is next to death.

And others happy to repair homes,
 As children, pressing cheek to cheek,
 saying with quiet movements
 Tenderness can not speak.

And some quiet walk here, will retire at
 the door
 If your loved ones at home, flower are made
 light, nothing else.

Youth, pale and slender, so dreams of
 greatness in the eye!
 You just build a login name, or the
 start of the task to die?

Trade son Keen, knitting his eyebrows
 anxious!
 You now have fluttering into their
 trap? Their fortunes of gold is now,
 Or melting luminous hands in the air?

Who in this crowd will dance tonight in
 flash stage light?
 Who sadness the untimely death?
 Writhing in the agony of mortal pain?

Some fought hunger, how long do you think
the Dark cooling hours as slow light;
And some who Amid keep the crowd,
hide in shame houses tonight.

Wherever tasks or call pleasures,
spending, and pay attention to other
each not.
not listening, all deductions
In his great love and thinking without
boundaries.

This life battling tides that occur in the
volatility, not the intention of
attending.
Vortices are powerful rolling your
order is appointed.

LA LUNA WJNING.

I watch'd too late; In the morning he is
at hand; A look at the sky from the
silence of God!
Oh, wait, and you want to go, honey,
and I die in his own strength YE
Ev'n while the brightness on the cheek,
and began unusually high
prosecution
The heart falters, weakens the side canceled
the task of life.
See where the cloud is still in the edge
of the horizon, the dark bars;
The decline, weak and pale moon rises
among the eternal stars.
Later, in a flood of light for competition,
It floated through the clear blue
ethereal sun smooth all night
Collect dew drops.
Yet we nest, the pale moon I
The invasion of the shadow grows at the
same rate; eternal observers Sky logo
You're away from your site.

Oh, dethroned the night and the uncrowned queen!
 So sad its rays ending
 It was spread by those whose eyes have
 seen the glorious visions fading hope.

Shine on you along the road were clear, so
 wise in the darkening of the mind,
 For those whose words were periods of
 strength, but now I do stutterers

In the package, there is decomposition
 Many a grave on the hill and simply,
 thereby closing their dying eyes
 In grief who had lived in vain.

Another night, and you between
 Sky spheres cease to shine, all the
 brilliant crowd rayless
 of which the brightness is later quench'd.

However, soon a new light and soft
 consolidate outside your darken'd ball and
 develop until it shines all night
 In the bright and shiny stream dew.

november 3 1861.

West winds CAUTION next to the red forest, take a sheet of branches,
 where flies.
 rivers sunlight sweet day November 3 through the fog of quiet
 golden fall sky.

Tenderly season escaped the green meadows,
 With the exception of old world cherished flowers gave the
 news

Registered and is garden'11 group mind, the at mid-Law
 Degree or WN lion and blue snails.

my wheat and holding ripe black grapes ungather'd; children: To
 fill timber with the echoes of their joy,
 Grt athering wny nuts and screaming next
 door iO. rops although heavy fruit tree top black walnut.

Glorious are forest la.test in his red and gold, however,
 fill our willow leaves their green fees.
 This decrease smooth treated so graciously
 With the growth of the summer, but I've never seen.
 As this season may fall kind of life come O'er Me; After the
 summer is an adult, gel month here;
 However, it's fresh air and warm sun left me,
 The leaves and fruits and flowers at the end of the year!
 Sad is when the earth faded flowers; Sad is when
 launched the leaves of the forest,
 Then, on the hill, while iron harden'd
 Howl like a wolf, flying north explosion starve!
 Sad are the years in which the eye can not look fun in
 nature, or the hope of humanity!
 Oh, my sleeping can clearly as I pass, which thawed the
 heart, and the preservation of the spirit of good humor!

While waiting at the door.

In addition to a huge gate built in recent years, where the clouds are in
 perpetual shadow,
 When calm the sun in the afternoon the timber stream and
 read, I calm down and wait until the hinges made for me.
 ; rustling the tops of the trees, whispering at night just
 below the flight of the wind, soft, soothing, but you
 hear the soft wood thrush pipes counterpoint
 And breathe in the fragrance of flowers, when the heat of
 the day is o'er.
 Here are the open ports and above the threshold, now there
 are steps to the weary a pale forehead and furrow'd; His
 years of account is full, your mission is forged; He goes to
 his rest in a place that does not need.
 In pain, so I know the fleets hours
 The power and human activity, the value of man and of his
 power.
 Meditating while wood thrush sings golden
 And as I watch and listen used sorrow.

Hinged new turn and a young, out, want to look back
 and goe grief;
 Female flowers in the room, pink cause your hair.
 Go, unfortunately, one of the young and beautiful.

Oh glory of our race, I quickly disintegrates
 Oh crimson flush in the morning it's dark when you see
 it! Oh summer flowers blowing restless in the air
 Spread a moment's sweetness fly and do not know where!

Cry for bright promise of life, which then drew
 monster;
 But still the sun shines around me: the bird sings at
 night,
 And I sooth'd again, and the old port,
 on this the light of the fresh night sun, who stand and
 wait quietly.

Again open'd doors; A group of children on,
 sweet smile Quench'd forever, and still'd the excited cry.
 Oh brittle tree, life is fragile, the lawn strows His branches
 unopen'd just any wind blowing!

Then come from all regions, so go together,
 Strong and weak in spirit, gentle and proud of the people.
 great progress and the high country between the gray
 pillars,
 And the printing of the feet, marking the fabric along the
 way.

And some are approaching the threshold scary blank against
 his,
 And some whose temples washed with joy the approach,
 As this beloved faces, and attracted the attention of
 mercy from Him, Master without sin, who came to die
 for us.

I highlight the joy, terror, but in my
 heart, It can not cause fear or desire to leave; And
 the sun strANDmingby chimy timber and read, I calm
 down and wait for me tha hinges •

Fitz-Greene Halleck JAMES. •

Well, in Guilford, Connecticut: 1795 - 1867 is dead.

M.J.RCO BOZZ.J.RIS.

At midnight guarded in his tent,

The Turk was dreaming when Greece, the
knee bent suppliant,

They should tremble at his power.

In dreams, through athletics, with the
trophy winner;

In dreams, heard their victory song;

Then again we seal their prince

So press'd the throne monarch King; If the

wild thought a and joyful wing,

If Bird Garden of Eden.

At midnight, in the shade of the forest,

Botzaris group changed its Suliote

It is true that are the Ried steel knives, held,
hand and heart.

There are thousands had stood Persians,
which fortunately had his blood drunk
grounded

The dawning of the age Platrea.

And now there is the breath'd delightedly

children there conquer'd strike arm studs,

and the souls who dare,

So fast, remained until now.

Later aBB'd hour, -the Turk awake:

This bright dream was his last;

He woke to hear his guards Chillan,

"The arms! I come from the Greek! "

He awoke to die, she called the middle, and
smoke, And screaming and wailing, and the
sword of the time,

And the loss of the thickness of the
death and the rapid fire like lightning
mountain cloud; And I heard a voice like
a trumpet

Botzaris encourage your group:

"Get started arm'd the last enemy has expired;

• In note 10.

strike their altars and fire; Green Strike
 graves of their bulls;
 God is his home country "

They fought - as the brave men get along well; I
 usually loaded with the dead Muslims;
 They conquer'd; But Botzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His survivors saw some comrades
 His sole Ille touched his pride, and the
 red field was won;
 When he saw his eyelids close death
 Silent, like the rest of the night,
 Like flowers at sunset.

Come to the bridal chamber, death!
 Come mother when she feels,
 For the first time, the first breath of the
 horn; Come when the blessed seals
 What about the plague is bankrupt,
 and populous towns mourn his
 career; It is in terrible form of
 consumption,
 The shock of the earthquake, ocean storm;
 It occurs when the heart beats high and
 warm,
 Banquet with music and dancing, and wine;
 And you're terrible tear -a,
 Groaning, playing guitar, Pall, the coffin;
 And we all know, or dream, or fear
 Agony, will be yours.

But the hero, Whymorth his
 sword won the battle for free
 His voice sounds like the words of a
 prophet; And should show in its hollow
 The million thanks again.
 Come when his task of Fame, see, forged
 with the bay leaf, blood-He bought, Come
 now and then final
 supernatural light his sunken eyes,
 because he is welcome as the sight
 And the stars of heaven for prison'd men;

His understanding is welcome
 when the hand of a brother abroad;
 "The reception he quote as the cry
 that says Indian islands were near;
 World looking sponge cake.
 When wOQds palm balm and wind fields,
 He blew into the sea Haiti.

I Botzaris brave Greece nurtured
 history at the time of his glory,
 I will give you rest! -There is no prouder
 grave, even in their own pride climate.
 At the funeral, we weed !! for you,
 He also asked the hearse Darkwave his
 pen, as an affiliate of death shade tree
 without leaves in the splendor of the pain,
 is insensitive luxury. But they
 remember you asa
 Long held them, and the last time;
 Wreath'd for you is the harp of the
 poet,
 Carved marble breath'd his music;
 Before playing the bells of the day;
 You said that the first babbling
 babies; For your night, your prayer is
 said on the palace bed and the house;
 Your soldier, closing with the
 enemy, gives for you a deadly blow;
 His first turned on when she Fear him,
 the joy of his childhood,
 f Hinks your destination and look through the
 tears.

And she, the mother of his
 children, but in her eyes and facial
 pain that does not speak read
 discolored,

You bury the memory of their
 joy, and same they who your birth,
 Will, gave his pilgrim fire circle,
 talking about her misfortune without
 a sigh:
 Because you are now free, and glory, ain The
 few, the immortal names
 Not born to die.

A JAMESGATESPERO IV L.

goodin front ofBerlin, Connecticut: 1795-1856
deceased.

It is a great country for our dead FOB.

O IESO It's wonderful to die for our country, where the
lines are in trouble:

Bright is the crown of our reputation; glory awaits us
for yourself -

Gloria who is not weak, shining light ever Ending

Glory that will not fade, never, O I Never far.

O I whichl meanewet for our country to die! So
cautious calm Guerrero youth in his coffin, tea.re wet
from her love,

heating the wet matrixtea.re; CrownRose Garlands,
Weep like put slightly above the current.

No tones are deeced youth must land perieh'd;

Hebe waitinsky welcomes you with her smile · there;
There, in the divine banquet, patriotic spirit cherish'd;
up young pure love of God the stake.

Not the Champs Elysees by yet another Iver L '

Not for the Blest islands, blue, wavy sea; But the Olympic
heights remain devoted forever;

They did not quite able, not wise, brave and free.

O! So great to die for our country, indestroy the first
line

Farm with our chests of the enemy, the shout of
victoryinour ears!

Our time images of the crown, inour memory songsstroke;
We look forward to our heaven, happy heard sweet
music.

The COB.AL. GROVE

Deep Wave is a coral forest
 When the purple gold Rove slippery fish; When the
 sea of flowers showing its blue leaves, which have
 never been wet with dew drop,
 But the beauty of it seems back on the green
 and glassy brine. The soil is sandy, as mount
 drift,
 Shells and snow flint beads; The sequins marine
 plants grow coral rocks
 OIR locations where the flow of tides and
 waves; The water is calm and even smaller,
 are absent from the wind and the waves here,
 And the sand is bright as the stars glow
 The fixed upper air regions: There,
 stirring the leaves,
 Seawater by the silent flag, and scarlet leaf like
 dulse
 Blush, like a flag bathed in slaughter; There,
 with a light, easy movement,
 The range scans light coral sea, ocean deep groves,
 yellow and red
 They bend and read the highlands; And
 life, in rare and wonderful shapes,
 Luce between the stone mandrel,
 And it is safe when the evil spirit of storms the
 crest of the wave of her homemade.
 And when the ship sails under her anger, the
 votes Ocean roaring crowd,
 When the wind god stuck in the air, and demons
 await the shipwreck on the coast, below, bottom,
 calm sea,
 Gold flatfish purple Rove, where sound
 of water in silence
 Through the branches of coral Grove bending.

Maria Gowen Brooks.

Well, in Medford, Massachusetts: 1795-
1845 deceased.

BONG.

Day, purple fusion dying! Bloasoms all
a.round me waiting! divergent lily
perfume! Zephyr, playing with my
curls!

But my distreee Wake Up,
I'm sick of loneliness.

you, in front of I love to hear,
Come to me a.round dark night!

Hough softneee but your wrong,
ay thou'rt truth, and I believe you!

Sailing, if you are sick with the
intention of your soul!

Let me think about those innocent!

Unless your work! save your
treasure! All I ask is friendship
plea.sure.

Let lie the shiny black rock! Do not
use sparkling glitter crownt

And gold gifts are not for me: I
just look at you.

Tell yourself the forged feel, high
ecstasy, but the revelation;
painting in front of I feel deeply
pa.rticipation rapture -

However, torture, but COMPREST
ina breast without friends.

Absent again! Ah! They come bless me
not let those eyes caress a.gain!

Once in the care canto fly AND;
nothing could now deny him.

In short, if the dead to be,
Come, and I you want you look!

John Gardner CALKINS BRAINARD.

Well in New London, Connecticut: 1796 - 1828 is
dead.

The Frog.

I'm a. SAPO gay as a brown;
I Chirp, because I know MA.DE night for me;
HIE young bats above me, the firefly glows
below; And the owl sitting hear me, a.nd ha.If
forget their pain.

I lit the fire Hy-cycling; The closed ca.ty be done, and
hear the sound;
The jack-o'-lantern opens the way worn traveler lost to
listen to the tree of SAPO melody until dawn.

A full moon hangs over me and smiled in streams;
Lights dance from the north, and encourage me with his

rays;
The dew of heaven is as sweet as me beauty
· tear

The shooting stand even down to see what music we have
here.

The winds whisper to me every breath Hower
A head down, calling their candy, and each sheet Close;
Malice whip sings its sweet melody companion:
But "Hark, hear the nuts and that old chestnut I"

Ye ca.ty-DIDs and poor will whip! Hear me now: I am a
happy SAPO in a branch of the chestnut;
I Chirp because I know the night is made for me,
and I close my proposal QED

The bouquet.

I will play a lot of buds and flowers, and
tie a ribbon around them,
**If you think, but in his hours
of solitude, sweet girl who
united them.**

POETRY AMERICA.

I will sacrifice to present the first
and the best which last longer;
And the epidemic, sport-the fairest birth
clinging front of the rod stronger.

RVE walking race for the garden,
And earch'd between the dew, sir;
These fragrant flowers, The contest is held, I
pluck'dallyou sir!

so here's many buds and flowers, and here't's
the tape around them;
over there, in front of encourage their hours
eadden'd
That is sweet girl between them.

EPITHALAMIVM.

I bachelor of arts with two clouds in the
morning, Stained with the rising
sun,
And in the morning, they flew and
blended into one:
I thought it was bleet cloud morning
which then slightly to the west.

I saw two summer circuits
meeting flow smoothly,
Be part of their journey with quiet
strength, in peace greeting:
Calm had been walking through the green banks,
while half dimples swirls play'd.

As their softness,
Until the last pulse of life, they strike;
If the end of the roll, and the flow ends, the
float in the joy of meeting
A calm sea, where storms strike, a clear
sky, where all that is peace.

ST. ANZAS.

Dead leaves pour walking in the forest, and
faded flowers are pale wild;
Darker gel hangs on the rod, dew drops fall
ice showers;
Sprout bowerR Far spring, vineyards and was rich
tarpaulins parties
And in autumn with yellow hour on
the hill and the plain is not shining.

I learned clearly and wild-low tone
This pink and swell'd this tree, a happy bird,
with a very mild throat
The perch'd and lifted the song for me.
Winter is coming, and where is he?
The other side, -whereRun Summer
wings, where outbreaks are cool and
all the trees
He is vocal with love notes.

too soft breath of the southern sky,
blushes flower cheeks very cool; The
northern wind rustling through
Discoveries very green leaves and buds very honest;
Messages forest naked trees, long-term
under the ice is dead
On top of the mountain, with snow
reverend hair bows falling sleet.

Come with all the birds and research
a climate happier, more alert; Enjoy
the sun, afternoon'scheek, and my
evening me
I will see the light of the cold north,
and Mark, where all its glory shone;
See all honest and clear, the
feeling that everything is cold and
left.

EDWARD Coate Pinkney.

Good to London in 1802, deceased in
1828 •

.ONUFor your health.

I filled a glass aunt is the
only beauty -
A woman, her sweet sex
The apparent Paragon;
The best and the stars courtesy of
Quite a way that the air, 'Tis less
land than the sky.

His tone is any music itself, the
birds chambers;
And something more than melody
remains in his words;
The coins of his heart, and his lips
each stream
As you can see burden'd bee Forth
issue pink.

Aff'ectionsYour thoughts are the
measures of her hours;
Her sense of smell, the freshness of
young flowers;
And lovely passions, often change,
So full of, it seems
The image of themselves by Tums, the
idol of the past years!

His bright face was removed
A photo in the brains;
And his voice resonates in the
hearts A sound should stay long;
But memory, as mine that both
endears,
When death until my last breath of
life, but will be his own.

Albert Gorton Greene.

47

This full glass formed by a
single lovelineBS -
A woman, her soft sex like
Paragon.
Your health! and he remained on earth a little
of such a framework.
That life could all poetry, and
fatigue of his name.

Albert Gorton Greene.

Born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1802, he died
in 1868.

Grimes OLD.

OLD Grimes died never seeing the old:
I used a long black coat, wear all
button'd.
His heart was open as the day,
his feelings were entirely
true;
His hair was a little prone to gray, he
wore in a ponytail.
Whene'er heard the voice of the pain, his
chest burned with shame;
The large round head his ivory cane
had returned.
He had kind words for everyone,
not known project basis;
His eyes were dark and quite small,
aquiline nose.
He lived in peace with all mankind,
The friendship was true;
pocket holes were behind pants were
blue.
Unharm'd sin that pollutes the earth, he
pass'd o'er safe;
He never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But hey Grimes is now at rest, nor
 fear the displeasure of chance;
 He wore a double-breasted jacket,
 stripes up and down.

The modest merit tried to find
 and pay the wilderness;
 There was no anger in his
 mind, but not the news of
 his shirt.

Your neighbors do not abuse, he
 was sociable and cheerful;
 He wore big buckles of her shoes, and
 change daily.

His knowledge, hidden from the public
 eye, I see spent;
 Do not make a meeting a day noise of
 the city, like many people.

Their home is never the
 confidence given the chance
 of happiness;
 But I lived (like all his brothers)
 in easy circumstances.

So undisturb'd by anxious care, His
 moments of rest: RAN
 And everyone said he was an
 old man.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Born in Boston, Massachusetts in
 1803.

POET.

For this hard
 Bard is fortunate that
 emerged at the time;
 All of its performance,
 The greatest treasure not spent Booteth
 nature.

When the cone
 For the cascade of notes of the
 song, accelerates from walks in the
 woods, birds and trees speak:
 CRESAR its lush Rome
 When the house of the poet.
 He goes to the river side.-
 Do not call or line should:
 It can be seen in the vast grasslands,
 no weapons or sickle.
 Without the need to do so,
 and they are not looking,
 Neither man down,
 or dark spirits.
 He knows that nobody wants:
 What he knows, skins, not bragging.
 The knowledge of this man better
 values is fantastic for the rest;
 Shadows, meditate colors, clouds, grass
 grows, and caterpillars mittens,
 branches where the wild bees settle
 Tintes this purple petals,
 For the love of five natural number,
 And why the star shape is repeated;
 Lovers of all living beings,
 Wonderer in all this, Wonderer
 you especially -
 Who can say what it is; Or
 how to find the human elf
 Go and past centuries !. . . . And I
 know, a psychic forest
 A minstrel of the calendar, spring
 meteorologist Ides
 harbinger rational moods and tides, a
 true lover, who has managed to give
 the joy of mountain valleys in the
 head; It seemed that nature can not
 raise a plant in secret,
 Trembling swamps, snow on the
 hill in the dark grass creek

second



Under the snow, the rocks,
 In wetlands known for birds and
 foxes, but this will come with
 time, **which** open'd in its pristine
 pavilion
as If a sunbeam show'd place and tell
 his long career down.
As if she did the wind brought
him which seemed to want **as** The
 sparrows were taught, **as** when the
 secret vision did
 When he grew distant fields Orchid.
 There are many events in the area,
 Not shown for ordinary eyes, but all his
 shows have given nature
 To please and win this pilgrim way.
 Partridge saw the drum in the forest,
 He heard the anthem pm Woodcock, baby
 griffin found Muguet,
 And the shy hawk waiting on him. The
 others were heard in the distance,
 And guess "d in the thick darkness was
 show'd philosopher,
 And appeared to be in his will.

A Humble bee.

FINO humble beel very modest honey beel
 .at where You time for me; We
 ship to Puerto Rique,
 Far heated to search the seas,
 I'll just follow the torrid zone
 excited
 zigzag, boosting the desert Let me
 -OHase their wavy lines; Hold me
 closer, his listener me, singing in
 the bushes and vines.
 Flowers bells,
 Honey'd cells, this
 haunting Cosa
 stores.

sun insect lover! The joy
of your domain
name! Sailor atmosphere!
Swim through the waves! Travel
light and afternoon! June
Epicurean!
Wait, please, get within
earshot of your tinnitus, all
without martyrdom.

If the southerly days in May, with a
bright red mist
Silvers Horizon wall;
And gently touch everything,
coloring human face with a color
of romance,
And turns introducing
subtle warmth lawn violets
in the sun solitude Rover
Underwoods!
Green Silence Dost move lower
wind.

Crone stroked been hot! Sweet me
your sleep, talk of countless hours
of sunshine,
Long days and hard banks of flowers;
soft bays without limitation, found in
the deserts of India;
Syrian peace, everlasting entertainment,
joy and fun firmer birds.

Something unpleasant or
uncleQ.n never seen my
insects; But violets and
blueberries clocks, maple sap
and daffodels,
Clover, language catchfl.y Basil
and brier roses, lived among:
Everything was next to unknown
waste, but it was the image
during pass'd.

Wiser far from human
 soothsayer cul-philosopher
 of yellow! Seeing what is
 right,

Sipping only what is sweet, take
 pleasure purpose and focus,

Take the straw and wheat. When
 Cools violent explosion and northwest
 of the Sea countries as far and fast you
 slumberest already deeply:

Oh, and you might want to drag
 outs; Or there and that torture, his
 dream is ridiculous.

BOSTON anthem.

The word of the Lord by night

For pilgrims seeking wine While
 they were sitting near the sea,
 And fill'd their hearts Fiame.

God says - I'm tired of kings,
 they suffer more;
 Until I heard the morning brings the
 wrath of the poor.

Do you think he made the
 ball A field of chaos and
 war,
 When the great tyrants and bullies
 Harry, the weak and the poor?

My angel, his name is freedom,
 choose to be their king;
 We need to cut the roads east and west,
 and to defend his wing.

Min II to discover Earth
 hidorFOld Time in the West
 As the sculptor discovered the
 statue then maneuvered his
 best;

Columbia show, Rocks Soak
your feet in the sea,
And troops of clouds in the sky,
and polar Aesop.

I will divide my property;
Call the unfortunate slave and
no rule but the humble, and
nobody else acc.

It will never be noble,
Lineage is not great, it was;
Fishermen and farmers and
helicopters are a state.

To go! cutting trees in the forest,
straighter and cut branches;
Cut the trees in the forest, and I
build a wooden house.

call people,
And the Bulls, the kick in the
harvest, the salary and leasing;

And here, choose the "country of
origin Oye pine men to rule
in any Faculty need
The church and state, and the school.

Now here! If this poor
You can govern emythe earth and
the sea, and make just laws under
the sun,
Like planets faithful.

And to help people; Tis serve
noble;
They help people who can not
hmylpnew: districts the right to
care.

Break your titles and control and
trigger e diplomamyslave

American poetry.

freeNow hand over your heart and
pa wind and transient.

Iensuring that every creature is
rightgoodflow:
Anyway and done,
as soonsheshouldgrant.

But. Put your hands on one for
forging work and sweat,
sheshallinpledging his
victim In the eternal years
indebt.

Today captivity unlink, you
are not only united;
A people rise from the dust,
Trump save her!

Pay the ransom to the owner.
And fill the bagin front ofthe edge.
Who is the owner? The slave is the owner
and always has been. pays!

the North! Give honor to patch,
And honor 0 South!shame;
Nevadaloo in their golden cliffs
The image and the name of freedom.

uf, IDark and career
hat sitting in the dark long-
Bo quickly his feet as
antelopes,
Aud giant so strong.

Come, East-West and North,
DYraoes as snowflakes and
oarry my goal, etc.
Neither arrest nor beaten!

SUBWAYand fulfill'd mustto be,
jrorIE daylight or in the
dark, SUBWAYrThunderbolt
has eyes to seeIllinoisIl l way
homein front ofBrand,



CAROL NATURE.

Mine are the night and morning air
wells in the gulf of space,
Sun Sport, the waning moon, countless
days.

hiding in the solar glory
I'm stupid in the song took off,
based on the flow field,
asleep I am strong.

There are no figures have told my
count, there are strains my house may
be filled.

He source of bright life, and even
to pay for the flood;

And never the delicate powers Rally
a long centuries
the rarest race racing flowers, my
crown, nothing lost.

And more than a thousand
summers my apples and
ripen'd;
And starlight meliorating was the
highest honor.

He wrote the last character in
stone and get to work,
the building coral Planting coal
Mars.

And broken satellites and comic theft
rings and stars;
And things from the past and aging
a new form'd the world;

What the weather gods kept carnival
Trick'd star and flowers,
and Crick ELF <l. saurian They also have
packaged forms of energy.

The time and thought were my detectives
 cease their course,
 They boil'd sea and granite formations,
 marl and shells were fired.

But he, the glorious man child, the
 delay when?
 Arc shines its predecessor, the sun
 is shining smile.

My northern jumping, rolling my
 planets are frank,
 And the man-child is born, the top
 of the set.

Time and tide have always run?
 Never go to sleep at my west winds? Never
 my sun spinning wheels
 And satellites have rest?

Excess assembly and disassembly,
 rainbow fades very slowly,
 I'm tired of my
 snowpack my leaves
 and my stunts;

I'm tired of balls and races,
 Long play'd the game;
 What they do not shade summer or
 winter frost pump?

I feel sorrow for his pain,
 my creatures supply and wait;
 His messengers team
 It does not come to the door.

Twice I take a picture, and three
 times outstretch'd my hand,
 Makes a day and a night and a sea
 salt and sand.

A Judooan in a nursery, and a
 current of Avon,
 in my above against thmy mouths of the
 Nile, and in academia.

I Moulai kings and saviors
 And bards o'er kings reign; But
 met the starry sky effect
 The glass was not full.
 However, turning bright wheels, a bowl again
 and again;
 Cook, Destin! antique,
 Heat, cold, wet, dry, and Peace, and bad.
 Let war and trade and creeds and mixing
 music, adult racing career,
 Man Race World sunburn in all areas,
 and countless days.
 Dimm'd no lightning, no atom worn,
 my strength is like new,
 And soft pink in the spine and
 Returns rising dew fold.

BRAHMA.

If the red slayer think slain, or the
 dead died thinking
 They know not well the subtle ways
 I keep, and go, and back.
 far or forgot to near me;
 shadowsunlight These are the
 same; The gods vanish'd to appear;
 And for me, shame and fame.
 Calculated ill who me Outside; When
 I fly, I am the wings;
 I am the doubter and the doubt,
 And the Brahmin sings the national anthem.
 Pine gods strong in my house, and
 pine in vain holy September:
 But you, submissive lover in good!
 I think, and return to their rear end in the air.

Friendly relationship.

THE red drop of blood is
 larger than the rough sea,
 The uncertain world comes and goes,
 remains rooted in love.
 I thought he had fled -
 and after a year of
 many,
 He seemed inexhaustible
 goodness, like the sunrise every
 day.
 My heart was again free care, O
 friend! my heart said:
 Yours only air arch'd, through you, the
 rose is red;
 All the things you take on the most noble form,
 And look beyond the earth.
 The mill built our destiny a sun pad
 appears in grief.
 I also learned the nobility of your
 master my despair;
 The sources of my hidden life
 they are your friendship only.

EV. ONU.

OH majestic girl, whose eyes shone in the
 upper sky
 At the same flame that lit the mine;
 Therefore, you should always play
 Soft field o'er my will, a divine
 sympathy.
 Oh, do not let me look smooth
 characteristics that appear at the
 bottom of myself;
 I'm not afraid of the guards guards
 They love their prohibits more gl.a.nce,
 Casto-shiny, under the eyelids,
 with fire while bonds it regrowth.

Charles Fenno Hoffman.

good in New York, 1806.

lens O ' LINKUM.

TU vote sprites! your feathered TROUBADOUR!

In poor pilgrim herbs through more of a guard
climate, you just undress his red suit, again,

And throw in creating masquing unknown hunk?
Philosophers can learn their whereabouts and nature;

But as we all know, per se, you have to think.
"The student has fix'd her best nomenclature
and poets also you need to call Bob Linkum O !

say your long forest "ignorant abatimientos, so
happy in front of laughing hit our pastures,

With our gay gardens so happy, the music
makes you, Rover airy you?

Or are these floating treasure Notes pilfer'd
fairy islands, you learned in front of All violating
the sweetest pleasure minstrels,

And as Ariel, back in men in front of luxury?

Tell sad stories of their capitalization crazy
monsters; Where his way to the rocks of the Earth,
And even wander in a few weeks,

Say corner and even change its plumage: Here are
the two gay men; And when discarded buttons,

And June is the rock of green shade and the river,
You unmatch'd warbler, North carefree! When the
warm air shuffle plain nuts.

Funny, tender, were budding song

Prey in rivers, where "under their smiling flowers,
Prairie quietly listening all day,

The only prisoner in front of his sweet seductive vision;
Or steal by green corridors

And Western symphony runners column'd wood,
leather forests rare melodious madrigals,

To our meadows with harmonious flowers here?

Caught'st your cleaning Carol Ottawa,
 After allowing the liquid sloshing field of wild rice, the
 legs of the brush leaf in burden'd,
 Canoe birch o'er flashes a lonely anymore?
 Or cane every African savanna
 stop chasing you for your flight North For these
 melodies in her sweet mouth
 Spices fed wind had taught them in their backyard?
 poor lost child! one thinks of the poor
 Your ceaseleBS roundelay never bothered?
 Geluk each pulse even rhythmic choi ring
 Throbbing music to rest forever?
 But now floating labyrinth wilder'd harmony, "it
 seems to expand twould glorious hymning,
 Age, in your ear, you can hear a love and a break
 file on your song of joy!

BEHIND Mint Julep.

"Three said that the gods of Olympus, old
 (And this brilliant legend doubt Profane?) Middle of
 Festivals "One night forBACCHUS says
 His last goal was nectar somehowfrom!
 But they decided to send the cup roundas soonLake They
 pursued the immortal just to help
 The composition of the project until the drink was uh,
 check each wineordrunk in the shade.
 Ceres tomb itself enthusiastically wheat product;
 And the spirit that lives in each of amber grain, and
 the first that has had its birth in the morning dew,
 He learned to fly the shiny dew falls again.
 PAGOmona of which is read outinfuit on the plate were
 abundant in scatter'deachto catch up
 When named in honor of the massacre accumulation
 express'd delicate light juicefishing.

The liquids were mixed, and saw Venus with a look so
 full of sweet magic power,
 Hybla honey, and 'in When they were gone, Ruiss'd ever
 since the project.

FLOR then your perfume chest, shook,
 And fingers press'd pink in the container, All drops and
 fresh, as it came pin] s;
 The grass, the taste of the flavor of the whole.

The project was delicious, cry every god if anyone was
 missing regret anything;
 But you Juleps drink became immortal when
 Jupiter itself a small handle.

A lady blushing cheeks.

THB light pink lilies, produce
 As in her pretty face Vié battle (which is not so
 gentle tension
 To achieve mastery?)
 And thoughts are your eyes talking reveal'd, pure
 as the source of the prophet'unseal'd the rod.
 You can not imagine anything in her belly
 If e'er transient pain awake for a while, but you can
 not regret that you forgive the thought!
 Such as shaking with flowers
 It will be your sweetest perfume wind Should'st,
 rufled betrayed give his heavenly spirit.

William Gilmore Simms.

Well, in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1806, died in 1870.

The Lost Pleiad.

Not in the air, where
 it was seen,
 Not clear white wave peaks, or the mansions
 of the hidden

although green
 Mystery and beautiful caves, the brilliant
 observer
 A place, and keep the old high station.

I'm going! I was!
 Oh, do not twist
 Marine with his only course in the Atlantic,
 tired at night,
 When the stars are turning to the observers and
 the dream, Will appears,
 Soft with some light resistance, bright eyes
 closed depths.

Go go!
 Hope crossed most of the poor, then return
 to the sea of bark -
 north howe'er
 Resurrects a lamp while smaller storms, which only
 sees the light died again!
 And the time goes
 They may not fat by overcrowding, dark, restore the
 lost and expensive turn.

He seems -a shepherd in the hills of Chaldea,
 watching his flocks -
 And asks the rich Doth called Lighthouse,
 bright eyes;
 Y. his monotonous along the rocks, guide him
 safely home through dangerous means the clock.
 As I'm impressed,
 You have problems like sleepy silence fills
 the painful scene, and each time DistilThat's
 meEaden pink -likeScours the night
 yetFew high should bring light and soft,inatural me
 andonly,
 WHEREthe first radiant glory,
 shalla beautiful star business:Oif they
 know that death
 BuoHMarch consummate beauty?

And, like the earth, their common prosperity and
breathing, fell from above,
"They .!their grow lights criticized for his tact and
die during their joint harmony springl l
roughly Snapp'd and generous music disappeared.

A strain, a light strain
sweetness of Lamentations, To fill "rethe earth
and the sky Stars complain of pain
unborrow'd
One of selectest must die;
Should disappear when more valuable, the rest!
Ouch! "This is increasingly the target -
Cherish'd heart lost hope as soon as possible;
First flower sprouted quickly feel the frost: it
is even better shorter lifespan?
And as the pale star engulfing the air, which
was not always brilliant when they fly Bleak
House, which bless'd?

The PRA.YER Lira.

The sweetness send the night!
Ler light silver
Spray Gay already seems asleep on the sea;
While downy wings up
In the air, the Far East,
bringin front ofTho felt a strange melancholy melody.
And the audience is silent,
voices, Vex'd and strong,
This was around the death of this sweet sayings,
Oh!Yon look range,
When, vol formal,
Waves thoughts arouse our deep subjects!
night that isMinister of
thinking, and we ran with it,
make no mistakein front oflook so bright now phase -

Scene too early, but with
respect sweethearts,
And take as truth, in a very beautiful view of the sky.

It was at times like this,
When he woke the sky was wrought
luck, quick mind of the ancient bard hit the zither;
And harmonization of the
earth, then the music began at
birth,
And cJaim'd, her figure so sweet, god be with her father.

The wild man grew tame, and wine
ripples
Pastor woolly covered with their cattle and sings the
troubadour,
old fable is his language,
I made a brilliant way in all rocks.

There are no new hope
sung for power
Stream'd then o'er the beauty of the mountains and the
wide valley where all the hills and Dell,
At the bottom of spell be communicated by the
minstrel,
selection conditions, said the wine, joy, everywhere -

Managed by the election of spirits,
each forest full voice
music made their own for thousands of ears; When
all the flowers and leaves
He had his own joy and pain,
And raised wings came less fortunate regions?

Does it again dear old song
restoration
It is mild and severe heart
The vicious kind and Good-
heart and rude--
wrapp'd explains that all the souls of slaves was sweeter?

sacred groves, which then
 forms the spirit of man
 And he covered high expectations and led to sanctuary
 remains high, rolling Los Orades
 rich robes of the mystic science
 And I learned, if not the belief, at least one song, divine
 -

Even in silence, they will continue
 On a cold sleep, like death,
 Or Minister for man, not as before still, you win your
 barn
 immortality
 Make every true feeling, then all fat virtues?

Oh, they do not fall, sweet, to
 be friends,
 Bring back the old museum, bring the golden lyre, teaches us
 the most sacred right,
 This more flexible mindset,
 When we arrived the fire was light car untutor'd affection -

But if there is no instruction to
 build on the land a little
 favour'd
 cabin far from where the sad residues of rest, I did not
 quite
 But his heart is yearn'd
 Bow'd down with all his tribe, every God within?

still has the sky as "fa
 moon is there,
 Still whispering wind, like the ghosts is still
 transmitted came to earth,
 Fortunately, like birth,
 To wander its dark rides, now closed and abandoned wickets.

He's just the man is
 changed, the predecessor
 O'er the wild hills, a giant in the Sundays
 his soul and eyes,
 His strong chest, but modest,
 Spirit won the fresh joy of each new season.

66 American poetry.

Now knowing the slave gave
the sad knowledge
headquarters restless very calm mocking; No
more innocent
It uses the ancient forest,
Neither the charm of the music can soothe your mood awake.
As the consciousness bless
proud Eater,
When still dark and sleepless causes bloating?
Time Rock sail and do mess
away,
They were ordinary shares in its former life as a pastor.
Oh, I wish the time of the
restoration of the old religion,
tradition
Teach sweet dreams, charity and love nature soothes the
spirit of pride;
A heart Confide offer
The survey of hope for the eye grew fix'd
Again, music
Stay'd evil arms -
Onoe more charm pastors strain rude -
Email, sodas I lifted the fate
of the man;
Again, oh, let's bless our loneliness.
teaches us that the fight that
is Oh, I love low-profit.
And the greatest hopes and thoughts are worthy of our
objective: "The love we
Pure love, always flew in the air, we
can bring the request of sweet happiness.
And with this sacred tradition,
The beloved predecessor, weather,
Pulse wake of licensed party by bringing hope in the
forest,
girls sang love,
And not cold intolerant came minstrel punish art.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

67

So these teachers were
established: The moon, quiet Yon
Hill
!The sea, and above all, the wind swelling
brings,
With every hour like that, a
dream life and happiness,
With healing in his wings sad heart.
I Strain and again the old bard
sang
Brings happy thoughts again around evening
fire
Them would'pure and young, as
the troubadour sings,
Again, look at the child zither hear young Earth.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Well, in Portland, Maine, in 1807.

ST.A.BS. LIGHT

Night fell, but not too early; And he
sinks into silence,
All silent, the little moon is
behind the sk; r.
No light on the earth or in heaven, but
the cold light of the stars;
And the first night watchman is given
to the red planet Mars.
He is the star of tender
love? Star of love and
dreams?
O no! It appeared that the
blue tent, shielded
shining hero.
And serious thoughts in me when I
look away,
Hanging in the night sky, the
shield of the red star.

O stars strength! I see you smile
 and my pain;
 Beckonest with your next e-mail, and I
 am strong again.

No light in my chest, but the cold
 light of the stars;
 I check out the night, the red
 planet Mars.

will unconquer'd Star rises in the
 chest,
 Serene and resolute, and silent
 and calm, and self-possess'd.

And you too, whosoe'er you read
 this brief Psalm,
 If coming one after his hopes,
 I am resolved and quiet

O not afraid in a world like
 this, and you should know
 in advance,
 Know how sublime a thing it is to
 suffer and strong.

rainy day.

The day was cold and dark and dreary;
 it rainstires and never the wind;
 Vine clings still to the rotten wall, leaving
 cracks every fall,
 And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold and dark and dreary;
 Rain and wind can not get enough:
 My thoughts still cling to abandon the past, but
 hopes to get young thick in the blast,
 And the days are dark and dreary.

heart, and stop murmuring sad silence
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
His fate is the common fate of all:
In every life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

GIRL CUARTERON.

The slave gap Lay moor'd with a
candle at rest;
He waited until the culture of the
moon, and the night wind.

Under the bank was tied to his ship,
and all employees are apathetic
Watch'dgray alligator slips back
into the swamp.

The scent of orange trees, flowers and
herbs, which was taken over time, as
the paradise of breathing
After a life of crime.

The planter, under a thatched roof,
smoked gently and slowly;
Slaver inch slot was, he seemed eager to
go.

He said: "My boat anchored
beyond the big pond;
I hope that the tides of the
day and the moon. "

Before they cope,
In a timid,
How curious, half surprised half, a
girl has quadroom.

His eyes were wide and full of light, his
arms and neck were bare;
No clothing wearing a shiny dress, and her
long black hair.

And in his lips play'd a smile as sacred,
 sweet and low,
 aslights in a cathedral living room
 has a saint.

"OThe land is barren, -a farm is old;
 "Reflection said Planter;
 While gold and slaves saw employees.
 His heart to get into conflict with
 the ban;
 Because I knew who passions gave his life
 blood flowed in his veins.

But the voice of nature was too
 weak; He took the glittering gold!
 We then grew deadly pale girl's face, hands as
 cold as ice.

The esclavos led her to the door, he
 took her hand.
 To his slave and mistress
 ina strange and distant land me

PABLO RIDING Revere.

listen,my childrent And you will hear of the
 midnight race of Paul Revere,
 inEighteen years of Aril in "Seventy-five:
 Hardly a man is now alive
 Who remembers that famous day and year.

He told his friend "asUK March land or
 seapeopletonight
 Hang a lantern bow on top of the belfry
 North Church tower as a traffic light, so by land,
 and two if by sea;
 and in the other hand

Ready to ride and spread the alarm "" through
every Middlesex village and connect with
people from countries and poor. "

Then he said good night, and muffled oar, row'd
silent on the edge of Charlestown,
If the moon over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings eggs
Somerset, British warship
A ghost ship, each mast and Acro88 now the
moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black mass, which was
strengthened by his own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, alley and street, Wanders
and watches with eager ears,
The silence around him, he hears the task
of the people at the door of the barracks,
the sound of gunfire and the sound of
footsteps, and the measured tread of the
Grenadiers
Walking into their boats on the shore.

Climb'd the church, a wooden staircase
stealthy, air cattails camera
And they began pigeons from his perch
In dark beams that ronnd mass and
displacement means made shadow -
upthe extent of the light, thin and long,
with the largest window in the wall,
Paused where listen and look down for a
moment on the roofs of the city,
And the moonlight flowing over all

Below, at the cemetery, the night was slain
intheir camp on the hill, Wrapp'd in silence so
deep and still,
I could hear, like the floor of a sentry,
Watchman The wind of the night when he
crawled from store to store,

And seems to whisper: "Very good!"
 Please just feel the charm
 Location and time, the secret fear of the
 lonely belfry and the dead;
 For suddenly all his thoughts are bent in
 a bit far darker,
 When the river widens into the bay, a black
 line satisfying curves and floats
 At high tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
 road and spurr'd, plod across walk'd Paul
 Revere. Click on the side of his horse,
 Now the landscape far and near, and then
 stamped the land of fire,
 And tum'd tighten'd and size; But above all
 looking anxious watch'd tower North
 Church Old and the graves on the hill,
 alone and spectral and sombre and still
 passed.

And here! As shown, the height of a tower
 dim light, and a light beam
 He comes to the saddle, is the brake, but stops
 and looks at the view
 A second light is lit on the bell.

A waiting time of need in a small street,
 One way the moonlight more in the dark,
 And under rocks in paBBing a spark Struck by a fearless
 horse theft and fleet:
 That was all! and yet, through the darkness and the light,
 the fate of a nation was driving that night:
 And the spark hit by the horse, in their flight, turned
 the flame to the earth with its warmth.

It was twelve on the clock of the city,
 When Atravessaste the bridge to the city of
 Medford. He heard the raven
 And the barking of farm dogs,

And he felt the fog river water which
rises when the sun goes down.

**There was one by
the village clock,
when he entered in
Lexington. He saw
gold CATA**

Swim in the moonlight as pass'd,
And meeting-Housewindows, white and bare,
looked a ghostly air,
As if they were all shocked
When working with blood that was all.

They were two clock,
When we arrived the bridge in the city of
Concord.He heard the bleating of sheep,
And the birds singing in the trees, and felt
the breath of the morning breeze Breath on
the brown grasslands.
And one was safe and asleep in bed that the
bridge would be the first to fall, that day
would be dead, pierced by a British musket
ball.

You know the rest. In the books he read the
British soldiers shot and fled,-
While farmers gave them ball for Balkh,
behind every wall and the wall Corral redcoats
along the way,
After crossing the fields to emerge again
under the trees in the bend of the road,
stopping only to shoot and load.

So the whole night rode Paul Revere;
If the night was his cry of alarm for every
Middlesex village and close -
A cry of defiance and not of fear -
A voice in the darkness,A knock on the door,
And a word forever missFor him, by the wind
last night, throughout our history, to the last,

POETRY All Rica.

the dark new time, and danger, and
necessity. "about the people wake up and
listen to his hastily need to hear this horse,
and message midnight PABLO Respect.

The arrow and the tube.

THE BURNAN arrow in the air;
He fell to the ground,
did not know where A,
so fast that it flew, the
sight could follow him
in his flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
He fell to the ground was not true:
For those who have eyes as sharp and
strong, you can follow the flight of song?


Much, much later, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found in the heart of a friend.

BERENA.DE.

(In "OBpanuh student. ")

Stars Midsummer Night! Now, in
the blue depths Yon
Hide, hide your golden light!
she sleeps!
I sleep Mistress
Capacity!

Summer Night Moon! many
western slopes well-Yon
countertops, light money!
she sleeps!
I sleep Mistress
Capacity!



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

.....
•▷

The Summer Night Wind
When you drag over Woodbine
Fold, fold your light I pine nuts
She sleeps! I
sleep Mistress
capacity I

Summer Night Dreams!
Tell him, watching his
beloved! while the bright
dreams
She sleeps! I
sleep Mistress
capacity I

CHILDREN.

They come to me, saying: Children O I
From what you hear from your game,
And the questions went well perplex'd me.

Open the windows, looking for
the sun,
Where thoughts singing shots, and
streams running in the morning.

In their hearts are birds and sunlight into your
cash flow of thoughts;
But mine is the autumn wind, and the
first snowfall.

Oh what would the world for us,
If children are not?
We should fear the desert behind us worse
than the dark before.

That leaves the forest with light and
air for food,
For soft and tender juices harden'd of
wood -

To be the world's children; Thanks
to them, you feel the brightness
A bright and sunny weather that
reaches trunks.

They come to me, saying: Children 0 I
And I whisperer
What the birds and the wind singing in the
sunny ambience.

So all our contrivings and wisdom of
our books,
Compared to car.eases, and the joy of
their appearance?

YE is better than all the ballads
sung or spoken;
Because you live poetry,
And everyone is dead.

CATAWBA VIN.

Tar my song
It is a song of the vine
To be sung by the embers of the inns
on the road,
When rain begins
Darker 1 "ovembers monotonous.

There is a song
Scuppernong, warm
valleys Carolinian,
Neither Isabel and
Muscadel
Bathed in our garden paths.

Or the red Mustang,
whose hanging bouquets
On the waves of Colorado

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

77

and the chapel
Whose purple blood
suspicion Spanish arrogance.

For better and richer
It is the western wine
It is beautiful with the river, the sweet
smell
Fills the entire room
with a blessing upon the
donor.

And as hollow shafts
are local bees
always coming and going;
So that's all life
glass beehive
With a swarm and buzz and hum.

Very well on their
way to the Verzenay
Or smooth and creamy Sillery;
But the Catawba wine
It has a sweeter taste
delicious, more divine, dreamy.

Vine grows without
Enchanted Rin
By Guadalupe Danube or the
island or low, holding a
grape
As it grows the beautiful river.

Drugg'd is the juice to
the outside,
When shipp'd O myrAtlantic Gateway
winding wire our brains
With foot pain
This led the former hectic world.

Sewers and sinks with
 all these drinks,
 And after them, I turn the mixer
 For the evil Borgia
 poison is like wine,
 Or beet sugar, but elixir of the devil.

While pure as spring is
 the wine that song,
 And praise, but you need the name of the;
 Hae came Catawba
 need any signal,
 announce tavern No Bush.

Parra and the music, the
 greeting of the mine,
 The wind and the birds must deliver to
 West Queen
 Garlands in their Dress'd,
 On the banks of the beautiful river.

Cumberland.

We anchored in Hampton Roads
 Aboard the Cumberland, sloop of war; And
 sometimes the fortress across the bay
 The alarm of drums swept past,
 or the blast of a horn
 Camp on the beach.

So far uprose south
 A small column of white smoke as snow,
 and we knew that the iron ship of our
 enemies
 He regularly made its way to the
 strength of the driving test
 inUNEDoak ribs R.

or downmightyWe really performed,
 Silentand coarse motive power;

Then a cloud of smoke from his arms and
leaps the terrible death
With the breath of
fire, open all doors.

They are not active, but sent his challenge in a
blistering attack!
As hail rebounds from a slate roof, hail
bouncing our heavier
Each sample of iron
scale skin.

"Strike your flag!" Rebel yells,
In his arrogant old plantation
stock. "Never!"-
SensationnelGallant reacts Morris;
"It's better than sinking
revenues.I"
And all air pea.I'd with cheers
of our men.

Then, like a huge black Kraken
They Crush'd our shores in his iron fist!
Cumberland was a lot of seaweed
With a thrill of sudden death, and
the cannon blast
To his last breath.

The next morning, as the sun rose over the
bay, our flag was still flying in main
masthead.
Lord, the beauty was his day!
Each gust a whisper of
prayer
• Or a lament for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that sank in the sea!
They are only in your current
turbulence. Ho! encourage earth! with
hearts like these,
Their flag, which will hire some
point,
And seamless!

CUPS SNOW.

Air safety,
 Outside the clouds folds of their clothes by forests and
 barren brown.
 With the fall harvest abandoned
 fields, quiet, smooth, slow and
 snow.

Although our fantasies cloudy
 Of expression suddenly a divine form, even
 if making the troubled heart doth
 In the confession of white face, reveals
 troubled sky
 The pain experienced.

This is the air of the poem,
 Slowly absorbed in silent syllables;
 This is the secret of despair,
 Long in the cloudy stacked on the
 chest, and now he muttered
 reveal'd forest and field.

ROBERT HINCKLEY Messinger.

born 1807.

GIVE ME THE OLD.

OLD WDie glass, burning old wood, old books and old friends CONVEBSll heel:
 CON.

drinking old wine!
 Oh, give smooth juice
 This grape drippeth played loose • Inside Cuba:
 Pluek'd under sunny sided cliff
 Tenerife
 And the blink of an Indian
 sun Neath ripen'd "!"
 hot whiskey peat,
 Temper'd boil'd- with good water!

This makes the long night; to
remember
Good old English porter stout.

old wood to burn
Oh, bring the beech hill
If puppies and wheezing and Ravens
croaking;
Sizzle pine, cedar and sweet; also
brings together a group of fragrant peat
Dug Neath sail ", "
Knotted oak
Homosexual and.perhap,
Whose bright flame dancing, wink, we
will enlighten our consumption of
alcohol;
While the sap that oozes
You must be sweet music to our thinking.

old books to read!
Oh, bring us the spirit,
The Brazen-clasp'd, writing vellum, I-
time volumes honored
Although my father scann'd before,
Same as my grandfather o'er the same
diameter of the College, left his father;
Meed deserved
Oxford's domes.old
blind HOMER
Horacio Viejo, Anacreon rake Old Tully,
Plautus, Terence lie;
Death Olden minstrelsie
ARTHUR, Picturesque BURTON,
SPENSKR quainter, ay me and hunting
Gervase MARKH.AM;
discard
The book Holye by which we live and die.

Old friends tell me
Ay, take some elected
The manner, polite, and the truth, so
rare:

H'JDfoR my wine, my standard, my
 ass, disticb bud
 inHiking in the
 mountains!
 bringWALTERgood,
 With eoul STUFFEDFREDand learnedHe
 goes;
 andyou myalter ego(So much for
 everyone).

J OHN D BR AR HOW YA NT. •

bornCummington,pasta:1807.

INDIAN SUMMER.

And what will happen if heautumn mild climate
 That isHe throws himself on the bare stage
 charmsonly that it exists in our northern
 climates,bright, far between stations.

The foliage of the forest now
 That isgather'dthe explosive nature November and
 E'en thick poplar leaves had fallen on the
 branch;in front ofthe last.

vines powerful complement
 trunks woods to close small branches are purple
 leaf shaken to the ground,
 Naked balanceinwind.

Some still live green,
 The clear stream is shining on the grass; But the
 problemlawnWhite is o'er the plains,
 And the bright flowers are gone.

Rut this is their charms -
 Mildtemper'd air and light on the
 LEA;North Dakotaemyyear to stop time
 in the armseDo not look.

emysunny afternoon, your
 So stand,gold, silent as the next US \$ to death;
 Are EU that the horizon brightness fl.ush'd
 Eve and the early light.

• Note 11.



Historically, the best smile of the year -
 You come hoping to fill the human heart, and
 strong to withstand the storms of time,
 The winter days until departure.

On the Great Plains, which are
 A grim picture, burn the spread of the fall, and
 every night the dark sky walls
 A red glowI poured.

Far away in a corner shelter'd
 I know that these days of rest, a smiling
 flower, single aster, swinging a stream,
 Within hours of quiet afternoon.

And said something to my mind,
 In the case of old age to redial childhood could
 find me a few days of sun and flowers
 Along the track tired of life.

IN THA NIEL Parker Willis.

Well, in Portland, Maine, in 1807, died in 1867.

The Annoyer.

Love knows are all air, and any form
 of land,
 And it's everywhere, like the
 mysterious birth of spontaneous
 thought.

The sea lit by the moon and the night
 sky are written with words of love,
 And his voice is constantly heard, as
 songbirds time.

It offers a view of the top of the heart
 of a warrior. lean pen,
 And spears, and sleek men can not refuse
 room.
 That will come every night tired your tent,
 And engaged in his sleep,

And it floats in the eye in the morning light, like a
fairy in a silver bar.

the sound of the hunter gun was heard, and
the return echo,
And the sigh HIE ear like a rudder and
flits in HIE track trees.
The shadow of the wood, and the clarity of the
river, clouds andTo openeky -
It will continue every subtle quiver hie, as the
light of your own eyes.

The fisherman hanging over the boat
tilted and ponders the silver sea,
Because love is the area where you
are going, and a lot of thinking;
He breathes the sinusoid so sweet, and talks
about low ripple,
Happened to the bait cunning line and
naked under lock hook.

printing and distribution of scientific books
used penetrates prayer
Desecrate the holy cell in the form of a
beautiful lady.
the darkest night and the daylight, Earth
and the sea and the sky,
in every home of human thought
As lurking nearby.

TWO WOMEN.

tense shadow on Broadway, TWASnear
the twilight of the tide,
And slowly it was a beautiful
lady in her pride.
only walk'dThis fact;but viewlessly,
walk'd spirits at his side.

NAT IEL PARKER WILLIS 85

Paz street beneath your feet charmed, And
honor air charmed;
And various a.stir saw it, and as
good ca.ll'd -
For everything God has givenin
front ofHe kept his ca.re with
Chary.

Ca.re had rare warm and true beauty
lovers,
It was cold at heartin front ofanything
but gold, and the rich notin front
ofcourt
But if the charms are honoredin front ofto sell
asdo sale priests.

Now run was more just a pale girl
lilies;
And she had the invisible
company quail mind -
"Twixt want and sad walk'd contempt and
nothing could use.

Ruthless now clear CA.N the Front
for the peace of this worldin front
ofpray;
L To solve prayer wild love in the air, has
given way to the heart of his wife —
But sin forgiven for ChristinBy Heaven
Manthat isI curse every day

Saturday afternoon.

Love Searching for a scene like that,
wild and sloppy,
And convince me that a m Not
old, and my hair is always gray;
To the blood in the heart of an old man stir and
make your heart fly
Capturing the thrill of a cheerful
voice and the light of a pleasant
eye.

I walk'd foll' SCORE the world for years, and say
 I Oude-
 My heart is ripe for the reaper death, and my
 years are said nothing.
 It's true, that's right--
 I am old, and "wait my time";
 But my heart will skip to a scene like that, and
 half renew my cousin.

Lots of fun! the game I am with you,
 the Play through his party;
 I can feel, swing dare jump the
 excitement and breathless.
 I will hide in the fragrant hay
 and crying called
 smother'd,
 And my feet slipping on the shabby
 floor, and do not care about the fall.

I am willing to die when my time
 comes, I'll be happy Go-
 To the world, maybe it's a little tired, my
 wrist is short;
 But the tomb is dark, and the heart failure
 Intreading his dark path;
 And my heart fireworks, drearine⁸⁸ To see if
 the young joyful.

JOHN Greenleaf Whittier. •

Good Oats Mass: 1807.

CAPTAIN WALK Ireson.

From all walks of life, from birth time,
 the story said or sung verse -
 Golden A88 in Apuleius
 Or a brass calendar in one horse eye,
 horse witch on a human court, the
 prophet of Islam in Al Borak -
 the 11trangest he never short tour

• In note 12.

The Ireson off Marblehead I

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart and
Tarr'd plumed and vehicle
Marblehead for women!

Turkey bodies, the head of the owl
Wings of a fall-rain'd like a bird, plumed
and leaflets were everywhere Skipper
Ireson in the car.

sWomen cores, young and old, strong
muscles and simplistic language and
Pull'd pushed rocky path,

hoarse, singing the chorus shouts: "Here
FLÜD Oirson, the skin of his horrt of
horrd, Torr'd a" futherr'd a "corr'd in
Corrt

For women or "I Morble'ead"

reprimand duties wrinkled with hands
on hips, flower girls cheeks and lips,
bulging eyes, a round limb'd
prosecution Bacchusold• vessel Short
skirt, bare feet, ankles and boating
loose loose hair,

With shells blowing horns and accent fish and
sang Mrenads

"This isFlud Oirson, the skin of his horrd
of horrt, Torr'd a futherr'd a corr'd in
Corrt

For women or "I Morble'ead"

Some of them are worth it! The sail'd
far from a sinking ship in the Bay of
Chaleur Sail'd far from a shipwreck
accident

With town's-person platform "to put
aside, I" -she is the name. Back
answer'd- to "sink or swim I
Brag about your ti.sh fish again "

And out through the fog of sail'dandrain Old
Floyd I Ireson, for his hard heart Tarr'd
and feathered and vehicle
by WOMinMarblehead! •

• In note 13.

destroy Fathoms deep dark
 Chaleurs cast off forever. Mother
 and sister, wife and girlfriend,
 Rocks looked at Marblehead In the
 grunts and sea rainy
 Looked at the other can not! That wind
 and seabirds SAY the cruel captain eail'd
 far? -

Old Floyd Ireson heart for HIE hard and
 prided Tarr'd and transported in a car
 For women, I marblehead

Opposite both sides,
 Up flew windows, wide doors;
 Sharptongued maids, old and gray, "f
 Reble lent fish horns" Bray.
 grandparents were born to the sea,
 forced to shut down, stranding navy old
 pieces,
 Shaking his head and wrist, and the cap and the
 rod,
 And it was broken with the chorus hoarse
 curses:

"This is FLÜD Oirson, the skin of
 his horrt of horrd, Torr'd a futherr'd a
 corr'd in Corrt
 For women or "I Morble'ead"

Gently Salem Roadshow'd flowery
 orchard and lavender. Little did evil
 captain
 The fields so green and the sky so blue. In his
 district, the configuration used,
 Indian Idol so bleak and dark, just to
 hear his scream eem'd voioee far
 and wide:

"This is FLÜD Oirson, the skin of his
 horrt of horrd, Torr'd a futherr'd a corr'd
 in Corrt
 For women or "I Morble'ead"

"AuditionI, our neighbors! "He shouted,
 finally,"Whin front offFor me it's loud
 around?
 WhaIt's a shame that fur
 clothingTHEtsheliving in unspeakable
 horror?

Asleep or awake, I see an accident,
and hears a cry from a platform
swing! hate me and curse me, I'm
afraid

! hand and face of the death of God, "said Floyd
Ireson old, for his hard heart Tarr'd and
feathered and carried in a car
Marblehead for women!

Then at sea the wife of the captain lost
I said, "God touch'd Why!?" Said an old
woman, her son only survived
"Court belt criminals and I run "Well, excuse
relentings with smooth and rough, mocking
half, half pity, cut them loose, and gave him a
hiding cover.,

And alone with his shame and sin. Poor Floyd
Ireson, for his hard heart Tarr'd and
feathered and vehicle
Marblehead for women!

Barclay Uby.

The streets of Aberdeen
Green church and school, he
increased the Laird of Ury;
Heh ind him, near his hand and
mouthed evil eye,
the anger of the crowd press'd.

I mocked the drunken clown, he
Jeer'd waitress,
Please ask his master; And
Carlin Begging, then fed and
clothed Ury door
She cursed him pass'd.

However, calm and imposing
size, the streets of Aberdeen
winegradually the horse;
And all who saw it and heard
no reaction with bitter words change
not punish.

He joined forces with swords swinging
 pieces and strong brakes to play,
 loosefree and twisted;
 Above all, he said, "down! Push the skewer
 through the city
 base behavior QuakerYO "

But the thickening crowd She
 shouted in a high voice suddenly:
 "I Barclay Ho! Barclay I" and
 tried the old man next to a co-
 saw battle,
 Scarr'd sunburn'd and dark;

Who loan with a gun naked in
 front of soldiers, he exclaimed:
 "God saves us apart nickname
 was!

Lutzen ankles in the blood,
 Bravo Gustavus? "

"No, They do not need your
 sword, my friend! "Ury said;
 "Put it on, your passive to
 his will ipray but Trustlin my
 Master
 Although it kills me. "

"The promises of love and
 faith, resulting in a death
 camp, many
 Not for me, they are needed. "
 Marvel'd as a reliable man in fat,
 your Laird, 80 old burly,
 Now 80 humble prayers.

"Woe is the day! "- he told me
 sadly, his head slowly, nodding,
 And a look of pity; - "fair
 lord of Ury offended
 Simulacrum of the Sota child and Sport
 In his own city instead of me

"Say the word and my master!
As loaded Tilly Lines and
Walloon lancers,
Pounding in his half we learn
civil aspect and decent speech
For this I Prancers "young -

"Marvel not, my friend, I love my
old begins; the end "
wherein Ury,
"It's the most sinful servant
Hie Lord of mercy and wore striped
obligations of the Jewish
community?"

"Give me the joy of thy name
with the patient can support
framework, these openings
provide all;
While suffering for them, -should
reply evil with evil,
Mocking the Trickster?"

"Happier than the loss of all,
Hunted, outlaw'd held in
Thrall
With a few friends to say hello,
When Reeve and Squire were seen riding on
Aberdeen
blootshoofds meet me.

"As any good wife, o'er and o'er, bless'd
as I pass'd me your door;
And snooded girl
With his swing looking down, he smiled with
fame
Red field of slaughter.

"It's hard to feel unfamiliar spot,
falling hard old friends,
Hard to learn to forgive:
But the Lord your rewards, and
love with the agreements of their
own,
Hot and fresh and lively.

American poetry.

"Through this dark and stormy night Fe
has a low light

Blackness Even bands; Time
to know God is the best, the
patient hope I keep Ina

To break the last day "-

Then the lord of Ury is said,
slowly turning his head from his
horse

municipal prison to prison, where,
through the bars of iron, poor disciples
heard the word

I preach Christ already appeared

As expected, former Confessor!

The story is told in the

test day;

Each age of its wide roads and
smoothies

He poured his cup seven times.

Blessed is he who comforts

Angel can hear in the ear

o'erLaughter lawn;

And while the hate firewood Insights

distinguished by the smoke

For more question.

However, knowing this was
never share the truth made in
vain

Fallow worldwide; After the
side sow the seed, After the

hands of the hill and mead

.choosewashed yellow.

Thus, both the soothsayer, the pioneer
moral obligation

future loan;

Dress with waste grain of dreams, and
the rain of the midnight sky

Paint the golden morning!

The Mayflowers.

*madrono TM tratling, or Mayflower, grows in abundance in near
Plymouth, and in the first year after the Pilgrims' arrival
in 1620.*

SAD Mayflower! watch'd winter stars, and
chest storms through the winter,
Petals and smooth leaves sleeted
frozen candles!

What was in that sad hour in his ice rimm'd
Bay
In Common forests with wild flowers,
The first sweet smile in May?

Yet- "Praise God!" The pilgrim said he saw
the flowers poke
Above, dry leaves, brown eyes, "This is
our Mayflower here!"

"God w; Men: here is our peace, our
long pilgrimage o'er
For us, the Mayflower sea, they
spread their veils over. "

Oh! sacred flower of faith and hope!
Now as then sweet
You bloom in many birch slope
in many Glen-black pine.

Behind the scenery of the sea long
resistance unchanged, the leaves unfurl,
Like love behind the virile strength of
the brave hearts of the age.

So our parents love their
children live, their strong faith
is ours "and that the excess
His rock strength with flowers!

Wild winter pilgrim and put shade
 attracts us;
 Mayflower bay storm because of our
 struggle for freedom.

But when the hot mill will be the life
 of the frozen field:
 And read the death · Hope, walk the stream:
 O.owers of God I

B.ARBqUR fimeral. •

They took him to his grave
 companions; Never a brave
 Regret is the grass in the
 coming centuries,
 While millions of people in the
 room who sow in tears reap.

who took the ice hill,
 Kansas, still frozen
 As his noble heart, and the
 country below. - came to
 muscles and wants to call a free
 man,

And his poor snow hut Roord

A look at the dead face of his
 murderhideousprovision
 A kiss, oh, a widow'd his left
 hand on the forehead, raise the
 upper right corner, and voice
 You can still do your job.

Patience, my friends! The eye of God
 for the murder taken Each path
 Watches, out, day and night; And
 the dead man in his shroud, his
 widow and shouting loudly,
 And our hearts are right before your eyes.

• viewNote 14.

Every mortal threat that swells with
the sound of hell,

Each brutal joke and
mockery, every evil thought
and the heart of the cruel man
planning

But even in a low voice, he can hear!

We, suffering, crime, the prize
is waiting

Expect to be revenge; Not in vain
heart, no tear break for freedom
Ear Falls: God's throne.

While star flag threat to be protected
bedeck'd,

And while the law gives a hand to crime, we
can only hope,
The combination of our patience to
our destination, and follow the
best?

Patience, my friends! Wherever the human
heart will lead us,

Everywhere to pray for us; On
our side the laws of nature and
life of God is the cause
by Ago-day.

Then you suffer is divine;
Spread the slogan of the line, change the
slogan "i Endur".

Not for those who dare light,
but noble,

It is sure to win the crown.

frozen remains slain in the
country,

puts in hope and faith; And in the
broken grass,
Again, the God of Freedom Commit
to life or death:

The state whose walls la.y,
 insensationalBlood tea.rs a da.y,
 They must be free from aha.me tires;
 And our good earth untrodden
 Curse of the feet called shoes-
 slavery as I

brown plant on your grave, for
 the hunter of slaves
 inyourCA.N shadow does not
 rest; And many martyrs and the
 treeto beour promise and
 guarantee
 West Liberty!

BLACK BONG BOATMAN.

O: Insert a "tank Lord He came to free
 men!
 A "ma.sea. Tink ob inevitable
 day, a" jubilee Ob us.
 Lord da.t faint red March, jus 'like'
 Trong as a den;
 It is said that the word "slave at night,
 A-da.y, Free Lord.
 De.yam grow blow cotton, rice, a
 hab 'corn:
 O nebber who fear that if you hear nebber
 Delawaredriver blows his horn!

ma.sea ole. trabbels disappeared;
 He shook back cover:
 Breft Sir breath "of NUDER, such as
 corn, shellinWind.
 We own hoe, we have to take
 ourselves plow hands DAT;
 We sell pork, sell the cow, but
 Chile nebber sales.
 From ya.m will grow, blow cotton,
 rice will ha.ba "corn:
 O nebber who fear that if you hear nebber
 Delawaredriver blew the horn I

Let us pray, he signed GIB That one
day off;

Norf Wind pine say wacky sea;
Tinkering with the ringing of the
church bell, dreams during sleep;

Rice bird means that when they
sing, as the eagle scream.

Yam growing, blowing cotton, rice
will be a hab 'choirs:

O nebber who fear that if you
hear the sound of the horn
driver nebber!

Nebber promise fails, a "nebber
word lie;

And Postles' in prison, we
expect the Lord;

The "Now the door ebery, A
"key Trow Road;

TINK Lub before, Lub us the
best, free.

Yam cotton suddenly grow GIB rice
will be a "corn:

O nebber fear as nebber driver
heard your horn!

BnlB.JBA FBIETOHIE.

Grassland corn, bright cold morning
in September

The cluster'd Frederick needles wall'd
green hills of Maryland.

By sweeping orchards, Apple and
deeply fruity peach,

Like a garden of the Lord,
In the eyes of hunger'rebellious flock

H

This morning early autumn, when Lee
walked mmntain the wall,

Ending in the mountains, on horseback
and on foot, to the city of Frederick.

Forty flags with their silver stars, with
their red flags forty bars

Flapp'd in the morning wind, the
afternoon looked down, not looking.

Up rose old Barbara than Frietchie,
Bow'd his ninety years;

The bravest of all in the city of Frederick,
She took the flag down haul'd men.

In your attic-windowteam
established to demonstrate that the
heart was still faithful.

Down the street the band of rebel band
was shooting, floor Stonewall Jackson
below.

Under his hat slouch'd left and right
Miró: The old flag met his si'ght.

"Stop!" -the lines maintained brown
powder; "Fire I" open Check out the blast
gun.

window glass and shiver'd band,
ltrentflag with the seam and cut.

Quickly, once he fell PartyteamSilk
Lady Barbara Snatch'dscarf.

They lean'd away on the windowsill,
and shook it back with a sincere
desire.

"Shoot, if necessary, this old gray head,
but spare the flag of your country!" - he
said.

shadowsorrow,a shameful blush was the
head man;

Nature at its most noble in life
stirr'dwomafactual andword.

"That plays a gray-haired head die like a
dog YonI March "- he said.

All day in the street Federico hit the
ground running feet;

During the day toss'd flag over the
head of the rebel army.

Never folds are broken up and down
The faithful winds that good;

And through the cracks hills, the sun
shone on a hot night.

Barbara I < "rietchie work is o'er,
And the rebel mounts are more invasions.

Honoring! and a tear
Fall because of him in the coffin of Stonewall.

Barbara is Frietchie
Liberty and Union flag! day!

The peace and order and beauty to
attract your Ronda symbol of light
and the law;

And still above the Stars Look
His star in the city of Frederick I

Ichabod.

then fell! So lost! Light retiree
who ever used!

The glory of his white hair
disappeared Forever!

he does not offend -a tempting to
fall for all !;

And tears of pity, contempt and anger
does not correspond to his fall.

O IPassion is the stupid fad storm, if you
could

ten0 POETRY A.MERICA.

Illuminated and brought his age, he
falls back into the night!

Mockery! The angels laugh, leads the
occasion of a brilliant soul,
-Demon induced darkness endless hope
and the sky?

Not on the floor once proud, now
insult;

- Or highlight your deepest shame tenuous,
before dishonor!

But let your children be discouraged,
however, from the sea to the lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
the pain!

Everything we wanted and honored, there
is nothing more to save energy -
The pride of a fallen angel of thought,
be strong in chains.

It all started with another; fled those big
eyes of the soul
When faith is lost when honpur dies,
the husband is deceased

Then pay homage to ancient times
waiting for his glory;
The reverse, road, and hide the
shame

TELL BBC. •

Line is the place; Run directly to
Thomas Hill Road;
You can see the difference in the old wall still,
And the steps of the shallow stream.

- Note 15.

Not the house with the red door BARR'D high
poplars;
And the brown barn and the cattle yard in length,
and horns playing on the wall.

The Hives distance from the sun; And on
the edge
Brook their poor flowers, herbs thought o'er
mismanagement and daffodils, pink and pink.

A year has passed, as the likes of Tortoise,
heavy and slow;
And the same is exploding, and shines the same sun
and the same stream sings a year ago.

Not the same perfume sweet clover in the wind; And
the hot June sun
Shyness fire wings on the trees, Settings,
and then in Fernside Farm.

I care about the way the attention of
a lover of my Sunday suit
I brush'd and smooth'd burrs out of my hair,
And cool'd Brookside my forehead and neck.

Since we broke up, had a month pass'd,
Amar, one year;
During the beech finally considered
In the small port and the red pit next scan.

I can see now, -a slanting rain of
light through the leaves,
fiery sunset in your glass, your roses bloom in
the attic.

However, a month earlier, the house
and trees,
barn two brown slopes, vine at the door, nothing
has changed, but the hives.

Before them under the garden wall, and
again,

He sang unfortunately the daughter of the
tasks that each nest black with a touch.

Tremors, listen'd: The summer sun
had cold snow;
Because I knew he was all telling the bees
that trip we took to go I

So I said: "My Mary mourns death a- day:
If your old blind grandfather sleeps
You worry and hurt your age. "

However, your dog low moan; the threshold of
the door with his stick on the chin,
The old man sat; and yet a daughter task
Blood and flying bees.

And the song he sang once in my
earrings -
"Staying home instead IEE! steal, you
must not: Maestra Maria is
dead and buried! "

The n. TH. BIVER

In the corner of birds drove up the
hill, the bank was still matted down;

No rubbing birch rod without water
ripple hem.

Twilight Twilight for grown around us,
We found that the drop of dew;

For us the day before, the wooded
hills closed the sun.

But the other side of the river,
we saw the glorious peaks of
mountains -

An acceptable range to shine God;
A dream day without shine.

-In humidity, cold, darkness, they bloom
with pink sunset sun sunset;

Although the dark, given roll'd river shaded
by thin between views.

The darkness we entered the mountains of
God;

Whose light was no moon or sun. He
did not, but we think one of them.

We stopped, as if this clear edge Beckon'd gone
our loved ones;

And still'd our beating hearts to hear
the voice lost mortal ears.

Suddenly back from our night; The
mountains were opened to light;

Sunlight through the green doors, the long slope
flow'd splendor.

Under the bright sofa and Glen and roll'd;
current shading gold l'tbridged;

And thrown broadcast in the fog, in
combination with the dark face lit by
the sun.

"So," WE -pray'd "when our feet on the
river 9 arc approach in agony

"andnightjustrelax with dew, 0
Father! let your light break!

"As soonthe hills that divide the doubt
Then the tidal bridge of faith without the sun!

"As soonleaveseyesthey can not
land on his anxious everlasting
hills;

"And his angels know sign loved ones
that we love belowYO "

IN SOHOOL D.AYB.

YET It is the home-school on the road. Sun
 exposure beggar in rags:
 Around her sumac still grow and
 mature vines are performed.

Within the teacher's desk is by
 official deepest pull scarr'd;
 Ground deformation, the seat is cut
 Batter'd initial Jackknife;

coal charges in the wall; worn
 door, cheating
 feet creep slowly to school, the
 attack was to play me

**golden curls matted and
 brown eyes touch'd
 emergency**

Who will follow his steps when
 everything was delay'd school.

For about the son she was the only
 child,
 Low Pull'd hat on face
 Where mingled pride and shame.

Restless legs push the snow to the
 right and left, which linger'd,
 Restless hands
 Blue Apron check'd finger'd.

He saw her rise; He felt the
 touch of the soft light hand;
 And I heard the quiver in his voice, As
 if admitting his guilt.

"I feel like I spelled the
 word: I love above you to
 go,
 Because "- little brown eyes fell"
 because, you see, I love you.

William D. Gallagher.

ten5

There are several years a winter
sun shone in the establishment;
Western crystals lit windows,
and the friction of the ice under the roof.
I remember a man hair'd gray This
child shows soft face,
The honey in serious herbal forty
years of growth has been the
To learn in school hard living life What
little pass
Lamenting his victory and loss, like
her, -when love.

William D. Gallagher.

Born in Philadelphia in 1808 •

AOÛT.

The dust on your coat of dust,
The light in his green uniform of the summer.
Dyes, oxidation,
Manages its bright afternoon;
And delights young -leafe products and flower, change
will come on them every hour.

You have the sun in August
considered with hot face and bright and bronze;
Yet lazy and running,
just whispered into his rhythm, The
semi-dry when water recently sent out a cry
of joy as they were.

Flame while 0:00
With not a lot of fresh air that is almost
syringes stirr'd

**Where's the
panting bird,**
Dommelen hot and nasty afternoon with
Twitter intermittent unfortunately tune.

seeds in moist air,
 Spider and cobweb on the trees to sleep;
 at tall pine back
 His feathers catch the breeze and -
 A light breeze from the west unrefreshening
 Partake general lethargy and deep peace.

Happy man can be,
 Stretched roundabout back home bean vine While bees
 lascivious
 Roba around each flower,
 And scrambles babbling youth o'er his chest,
 Labrador, enjoy your lunch.

Against the cloudy sky
 thin clouds and gently, without moving home;
 Among them now, but high
 In the small West
 The scavenger vulture smelling so their rates,
 candles, circling slowly in the sunny sky.

Sober, in the shade,
 The rest of the patient to the cow and the
 ox or the work done shoal Wade
 current Shelter'd by huge rocks;
 woolly sheep, -fly mounted and restless like crazy fence
 gate, from bush to bush.

Tediously hours;
 And withered vegetation wither the roots
 and blister'd thirsty flowers, where
 the sunlight slanted shooting:
 But any old line of high elongation, slow rampant
 tree shapes eastward down.

Faster on the plain
 Now go to the shade, and on the edge of the
 meadows: my cows again,
 my fluttering of birds on the rooftop.
 Now in the west casting Sunwell."
 Uncle, Sweet Eve! -a day is overwhelming.

You just pleasant,
 evening dew! grass crisp'd up; And the corn
 curl'd-knivesbow
 If you pass the light breeze,
 Parch'd your lips can feel and increase your sweet
 fever'd land recovery

Therefore, the soul is thirsty
 Dew is the love of the Almighty; And
 scathed heart, healed, combine the
 previous joy
 When the mind is free to expand,
 And Rove untrammel'd where "the best country."

Oliver Wendell HOLMES.

Well, in Cambridge,
 Massachusetts: 1809.

DOROTHY Q.

(REfamily portrait.)

Maternal grandmother! your age think
 thirteen summers LEBB or something; bust
 girl but as a woman,
 Smooth, square forehead with uproll'd hair, lips
 that kissing lover,
 thin narrow fingers and wrists,
 hanging sleeves hard brocade -
 While The Painted employees.

Meanwhile, a green parrot
 He is still young and serene; Keep
 the screen in sight!
 Look! there is a light shining through the
 dark dust lane rent with a century -
 It was a clever Red-Coat attack Maybe I
 told story and the daughter of the daughter
 of Dorothy Oude-.

The painter who had no one can say,
 someone whose best was not done;
 Hard and dry, must be recognized,
 Flat was like a rose preSB'd; However, the
 colors are bright cheek, red and white
 Dainty;
 And its slim shape and the Council
 promise to see the big picture.

Do not get in with mocking eyes! Dorothy
 P. was born a woman!
 Ay! Since the advent of Norman gallop,
 England annals knew his name: And yet, the
 rebels of the town Three hill'd Caro famous
 old name,
 Too much for the civic crown
 A young father and his son grayhair'd.

O Dorothy Maiden! Dorothy P. I
 miss is the gift task for
 you; a gift, like a king than ever
 daughter or son could bring Saving:
 All my mandate heart and hand,
 My whole house title and land,
 Mother and sister, and children and
 women, and the joy and pain, life and
 death.

And if a hundred years
 Those lips had responded closeup
 closed-n! When the trembling question
 about wine for the young Norman girl
 costs; And among the folds that still
 Swell'd bodice with emotion chest? I, or
 would

A tenth of the other nine tenths me?

Tender is the breath of a girl yes: It's not
 moving low light with less; But never
 take a cable

Through all the battles of the wave and the
 shock wave, and never an eco • speech or
 singing

Who lives whispering in the air for so long!

There were whispering tones, so you can hear a
hundred days when men!

O lady and lover I lost consciousness
and the distant His images form a loom, and
here we are strong and bustle in the flesh -
and Edwards Dorothys-all are beautiful
have a record to show

On a syllable spoken long ago - Shall
you, Dorothy, bless me and
forgive;

For soft murmur which invited me to live?

It will be a blessing, girl!

He will heal the red coat chopped sheet and
refresh under tarnish'd gold seal with a
rhyming name of the house; , So you have to
smile for us sharp and clear
I first greet the light and life without
difficulties, problems and fears a second
youth hundred years.

masterpiece DEACON:

Or the beautiful "One-Hoss Shay."

(A logical story).

He heard a beautiful Hoss Shay, which was built
in such a logical way

hundred years ran a day
And suddenly - ah, but remain; I'll tell you
what happen'd immediately healing
warning shots,
scare people out of their wits, you
heard that, you
mean?

Seven fifty-five ReenGeorgius Secundus
I then alive - Snuffy old German bumblebee
hive. This was the year that the city of
Lisbon, the open-cut and swallow

And Braddock's army was made as brown, she
left her scalp to his crown.
This was the terrible earthquake-day
finish'd Deacon-Hoss Shay.

Now, the construction of the seats, I tell you,
there is always a weak point somewhere; In the
middle band, the page in the spring or Thill
In the panel or the bar, or to the soil or to the door,
Inscrew, Pine thoroughbrace - Tapi
follows: Finding a place to be and will be,
above or below, or inside or outside,
That is why, no doubt,
chairbreaksdownbut itdressOutside.

But the deacon of the jury (as a deacon,
With "vum dew" or "I say Yu ")He would
build a Shay to winta.own'north 'keounty
the 'n' all raoun kentry ";
It can not build "break daown:
-"Skin" they said
Deacon "Tplain powerful Thut
Weake "place Sparrow Stan tension";'path
'C' 't fix, maintain uz,
This is just a joke

T "uz make this harder than the rest" uz.

When the deacon asked locals where to find the
strongest oak
This can not be broken or bent or broken, in
that it for the radio and base and thresholds;
I called to make Lance Wood stretchers;
The messages were gray, straight trees;white
panels-woodthat cuts like cheese, but hard as iron
for things like;
it the "settlers Ellum" files axes Last of wood,
they could not sell, he has never seen an ax
their chips,
And stole his mouth, blunt heir with Frizzled
celery opinion "; Step iron e-prop, worm,
Veer, the center line of the axis of the tire, and also

Best steel, shiny and blue; Thoroughbrace
buffalo skin thickness and width; Startup,
Dasher, old and hard to hide it when found
in Tanner's death.

It was the way he was through. "

"No!" Said the deacon "dew Naow will!"

To do! Itell it best to guess
It was amazing, and nothing
less! Grew horse foals, animals have
become gray, deacon and deaconess
dropp'd far

The children and grandchildren, where she was?
But there was a big old Hoss Shay
As fresh as the day the Lisbon earthquake

One hundred and eighteen, he came and found
strong Deacon and his masterpiece; 1800
increased ten - "Hahnsun Kerridge" that
name is so; He came to be carried out in 1820,
as usual, on the same;
Thirty and forty finally arrive; And
then fifty and fifty-five.

Regardless of what we value here
He wakes up on the morning of his hundredth
year without at the same time feel and look
awkward.

In fact, there is nothing that a youth,
we know what happens, but a tree
and truth.

(This is a body which extends in general;
Take! You're welcome. No extra costs.)

OF FrnsTNovember days after the earthquake,
there are traces of the old Shay in a boss, a
general flavor of mild decay,
But no place and we can say.
He could not, -For Art Deacon as did
everywhere else
There was a chance to start.
For wheels were as strong as stretchers, and the
ground was as hard as windows,

And as hard as the floor panels and
Whippletree neither more nor less, and back-
crOBBar as strong as the foreground, and in
the spring and the shaft and huba.
AHD however, *In general* There is no doubt
inagainyou wantto bepast *Outside /*

In fifty-five "November
This morning, the shepherd carries one.
Now the children on the way: this is the
beautiful Shay pipe produced by a mouse
tail'd Bay neck'd sheep.
"I Huddup," said the priest; -oft was. "The
priest was to work his text on Sunday so it
was in front of *Fifth*, and stopp'd perplex'd
Because follow -Moses. Suddenly the
horse stopped,
Very close to the house meet'n "over the hill.
—First, a cold and trembling,
Then something is definitely a leak, and
the priest was sitting on a rock,
At half past nine meet'n the internal clock "time
earthquakes shook me
— How to find the shepherd,
when he stood up and looked around?
old chair in a heap of bad fate, asyes I
knowsupportedstatein front ofThe mill
and the earth! You see, of course, asyou
are not a donkey, What was it in front
ofOnoe all parties -
Suddenly, nothing for the first time
- as bubbles when they burst.

Ending a wonderful Hoss Shay. The
logic is the logic. which'sall say.

The two streams.

Here the rock is
The slanted sides
for swift.rain-drop8, The mixture was allowed to
fall,

I raid tidal river

Yon.'stream,the springs run
returned by the edge of a dirt
Athabasca rolls in the direction of the
sun through the peak slot.

stray'd was thin trickle, but
sloping stone,
night ocean with tousled tresses fleck'd
Oregon foam.

So from the point of separation of
ordinary life going there,
And, as a moment he saw the thin
stream, turns any extension of the
flow -

For the same cradle,
From the knee of the same mother - "
An oil spill and frozen for a long time,
one of the Pacific I

Saint John.

HERE! Scan this crazy leaves; I will not
crush their brains Update
Look! curtains are drawn south? Bring me
a fan, and so here!

I palm leaf rustle not move a coral
reef drying Respiratory heated; -I
would vary
The wide gray feathers; -o Eagle Wing.

■

I hate roses the lily feverish blood!
 began half-blown lily-bad
 A Lily Lake stemm'd long, coiled cold
 water hose!

I sweet smell rain in the air, and I
 wheel my chair in India, and pour a
 little book not flat wise to sleep
 before my eyes!

Who knows what this fiber undead
 setback stretch'd tired by the effort,
 weak pulse and low vibration
 When the boiling summer wind blows?

O Nattire! his bare chest lover
 And give your daughter a range of time,
 invisible lie
 Under his green scarf sheet!

So curtain'd by a ridge of pine trees,
 Your breath voice mixed with mine, to, lost in
 dreams, my bet attempt
 The music is turned down.

• —————

The Nautilus.

THAT APearl is the ship, which poets pretend
 main unshadow'd candles,
 The enterprising shell start
 In the summer they roll their purple wings in
 Encantado bays where sings the siren,
 And coral reefs are exposed,
 When the cold sea rose the sun her.
 Her gauzy fabrics life not unroll;
 wreck'rethat isPearl ship!
 And each cell chamber'd,
 Where low dream life used to live,
 as the delicate shape of his tenant ehell
 always for you reveal'd -
 LTS iris'd maximum income, unseal'd sunless crypt!

Year after year, the silent spread
 saw his brilliant work
 package; However, as the
 spiral growth,
 accommodation last year for the new, fresh flew
 step through the arch was brilliant,
 He built his door down,
 Stretch'd in his last home game and knew the elder.
 Thank you for the heavenly message brought to you,
 children roam the sea,
 Cast your knees, sad!
 His dead lips a lighter note, we are born
 Triton Blowing Horn I funkiest
 Although it sounds in my ear,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear, a singing voice:
 build the most majestic hotels, O my soul
 As the seasons go fast - A low
 vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 closing the sky with a large dome,
 Art to the free length,
 Leaving his shell by the relentless sea of life!

ALBERT Pike. *

Well, in Boston, Massachusetts: .1809.

CERES.

GoDDF.SS reward! wherein the spring call into its first plea
 dewdrop, the floor of each tender pierced young leaves, and
 wondered at the sun; any dull gray light shining new
 lawn; each hole where cooling dull soul
 enchain'd, the birds come forward and sends
 out the joy between the elastic plate; and fast
 and free, Rivers launch their channels in the
 sun,

And its green banks run leapingly,

• Note 16.

When touch'd you: you are still the goddess of
 beauty; you whose heart
 He is always on the sunny meadows
 and fields;

Who the floor laughing watching and waving
 treasures product: you get in your car, with
 winged dragons, when the morning throws its
 cold light, touching the trees in the morning
 To expand their flowers in the wind - O, pour Lilt
 truth andjoysensationalsouls tonight, and we
 give a lot of comfort and good!

O you, the goddess of corn crisis You I reapen
 singing, and the lawn
 Heaping baskets wheat ear'd everywhere;
 While the girls are dancing with little feet, and
 the introduction of poppies, like weaving a
 simple crown of beauty, nodding down
 Garland for their baskets this hand, among the
 sheaves of wheat will, which will run Bacchus
 With clear, bright eyes, and foot and mouth no
 birthmark southern warm and sunny Maybe an arm
 around his neck is screwed,

While you collected on your device in the
 vineyards and in the other hand
 complete rich grapes and keep the shiny glass to
 his lips, then play,
 And you leave bright crown in front of their own
 shadow, so that you love the most and can see light
 Bi radiant face: If you want a quick flight
 Being on a hill

Vine Thracian-0-hung comeI, as the night is over and
 say hello to collect weapons gladden'd view!

sheI little star above the wave of money, come
 wandering into the sky, and thoroughly wash
 thin light clouds as Hoa.ting diamond sparks in the air;
 or fine spirit

With invisible runners air Inde
 BowlingHi, I have a slight soft mist is very
 high,
 As silver shining through a red dye,

And the moon shed his kingdom of love and
 Pearl-fogon land and at sea, where they cross
 see our mystery Me Lo! We torches here for
 you, and which drive the ballot boxes, burnt
 smell of incense,

And altars stacked with different fruits and
 flowers, and ears, gather'd early hours,
 And the fresh scent of India, with many
 poppies colour'd "m! We remain silent to
 show before

!Altars Ready to HYin front ofto do our
 coast Their trolley wheels

Come, while the ocean loading coils and
 speakin front ofthe sky a dull sound I

JUMP.

O you, glorious spring
 Well kept on the lap of the fine and subtle
 rain
 Which dispel the clouds wing snow beds of fragrant
 flowers packed light,
 Bowers and enmassed,
 The grass along your adventure walks vegetation
 Come, gentle Spring I
 You wind young lover,
 .invisible the upper sea
 Under the sky, clouds, white foam, bind to Y, based
 on the great trees,
 He danced the young leaves of joy,
 even in the teeth, back, sober age,
 unpleasant winter -
 Come as you are
 How great love for children, the mild spring
 which touches the sacred feeling of the heart,
 Or as a cozy Maid; And you used
 The tide of the gentle art, but convincing
 In the heart.

Red South Fallsburg

It keeps you; Ouch! so you can see? What are your
purple stain and mouth
Gold and their sweet cheeks feet of snow, and
shine shy, friendly,
Let flowers earth drilling the primary growth, greener
youth?

Gay was conquers you,
But he did not beauty, if you: What is your
constant sea of fire streaming
For the sheer glory Have you shine?
divine season
What can monotonous life and minstrels
compare with yours?

Come sit by the mountains,
And get to skip the current offerings at her side, and
the green valleys with grooves that sound light!
And if the stars O dragging the air and the
ground Dian,
Also wind their delicious emotions,
green hills.

Ouch! bright spring! Not
always enjoy the pleasant effect:
Because you from the summer heat to die, vapor
sublimated in his intense fire,
And so it is gone forever,
Exist a more; not belong to the country,
except for the music.

die for the song:
Worn to death, perhaps, for care and pain; And
fainting this with an unconscious sigh,
The auction until this poor body a good
day - ready at some point,
And breathe Joyance clearer and stronger, allowing
sigh!

Edgar Allan Poe. *

Bon-1809 died in 1849.

THE CROW.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while
ponder'd, weak and tired, leaning on
an old, rare

Password volume folklore,
shook his head, almost asleep,
suddenly there came a tapping,
tapping someone AB

Knocking on the door of my
room: "There is a visitor" - I
mutter'd

"Through the door of my room, all
this and nothing more."

ah, I remember that great

It was dark in
December; And every
ember dying

He operated his shadow on the
floor. I'm glad wish'd the next day;
In vain he tried to borrow
My book cessation of sorrow and grief
over the loss of Lenor -
For radiant young girl who is always to
call the angels Lenore Nameless.

And silk, sad, uncertain rustling of
each purple curtain thrill'd m & Me
with fantastic -fill'd
never felt Terrors

So to calm the beating of my
heart, to repeat: "There is a
visitor entreating

The entrance is past visitor to my
door begging

The entrance is at my door,-
This, and nothing more. "

• Note 17.

Right now my soul grew stronger and
without hesitation,

"Man!" He said - "or real

lady! His forgiveness entreat;

But the fact is asleep, and so

gently you came rapping, And so

faintly you came to recording,

Call camera portal,

It rarely hear, "here Darkness open'd

door open there, and nothing more!

At the end of the dark interconnection,

Long ago, out of fear, doubt, dreams

no mortal

I dreamt; But the silence was

unbroken, and the darkness was

silent, and the only word there

spoken

Is this the whispered word, "Lenore YO

This whiepet'd I and Eco

Copies Murmur'd word "Lenore YO

Only this, and nothing more.

Then rotate the camera, all my

soul on fire, I learned quickly

tapping a

Something stronger than

ever: "Undoubtedly," -said-

"absolutely that is something

caught my window; Let's look, for

what it is

And this mystery explore, Let

my heart be still a moment,

And discovering this mystery; -

Wind Ata and nothing else! "

Open here flung the trigger, when

more than one flirt and

flutter, inettep'd base a crow

The holy days of yore;

No less respect; No stopp'd or stay'd
 time; Mr and Mrs face,
 above Perch'd portal Perch'd on the
 bust of Pallas
 Perch'd just above the door, and
 went; and nothing else.

And this handsome ebony bird my
 smile bitterness
 The grave and stern decorum of
 the countenance it wore, -
 "While cutting your peak and mocha
 You "-I said" not shocking raven grim and
 ancient Craven
 Straying away from the shore
 Night!
 Tell me your royal name
 On the evening Plutonian
 shoreYO "
 Raven said, "NevermoreYO "

Very clumsy bird marvel'd me
 clearly hear the speech; although
 their little sense of the response,
 little relevance:
 Because we can not agree that no
 living human has gone before
 seeing bless'd
 Bird above the bird or beast
 carved door on camera
 Busting the door of the room with
 that name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, the calm bust,
 not uttered a single word, such
 as in his soul
 This word pour. Nothing else,
 then it will not rule aflutter'd
 single sentence;
 Until a little more mutter'd-

American poetry.

"Other friends have flown tomorrow
 he will leave me
 As my hopes have flown before.
 "Then the bird said," Never again! "

Overwhelmed so well spoken
 by breaking the silence as an
 answer,
 "Sure," she told me, "that makes it
 unique and makes his shop,
 I caught an unfortunate master, the
 unmerciful disaster
 follow'd faster and faster follow'd
 songs had only one direction,
 THE Profundis the hope that he
 had a sense of melancholy
 II never more than ever "

Yet raven seductive smile my
 bitterness,
 I right wheel'd an upholstered seat
 For bird and bust and door; Then,
 after the velvet sinking,
 I drove to associate a
 fantasy world, thinking
 What this grim yere bird this grim,
 ungainly, ghastly,
 Gaunt and ominous bird of yore
 meant croaking "Nevermore."

These are, I thought, but
 without words
 For birds, whose fiery eyes now burned
 into my bosom:
 This anlj, I think he was
 sitting with his head on
 keyboard velvet lining
 That devoured artificial light, but
 the purple velvet dress,
 Light o'er joy lamp is pressed-
 ah.never more!

So I thought the sky was closer /
 perfumed from an unseen censer
 Swung Seraphim whose foot falls
 She brushed the ornate floor:
 "Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath given
 thee by these angels he has sent you,
 truce truceand nepenthe- your
 memories I Leonora
 Accelerates the pace Thi 0:; Type
 Nepenthe and forget this lost
 Lenore! "Quoth the raven"
 Nevermore me "

"I prophet," said one "thing of evil!
 Prophet Always bird or devil you! •
If tempter sent or
 Storm toss'd're sorry, but all
 without fear,
 enchanted in this desert country,
 In this horror house haunted Tell
 me really implore-
 He is balm in Gilead?
 ! Tell tell me, please, "said the
 raven," Never "

"! Prophet "says one" thing of evil
 prophet still, if bird or devil!
 Why is the sky stretched over us, the
 God we both worship
 Tell this soul crushed fines as
 Eden remote
**He must rely on a
 young girl named
 Leonora by holy
 angels**
 . Keep a rare and radiant maiden
 whom the angels named Leonor,
 "said the raven," Never "

"Ensure that word our starting signal,
 Bird or devil "I shriek'd, vain,"
 "Back to the storm
 I night Plutonian shore

• Read and no black cloud as a
 sign that lie thy soul, said, leave
 me alone! -
 Leaving the bust above my door
 Take thy beak from my heart,
 And the way to my door take thy "
 Raven said, "Never again!"

And the raven, never ending,
 still high, still high on the bust
 of Athena

Just above the portal; And his
 eyes have all the appearance of a
 demon dreams
 And the light of the lamp, poured over him,
 cast his shadow on the floor;
 And my soul from out that shadow
 that lies floating on the floor, I
 was going to be never-raise

Bells.

Sledging hear the silver bells
 What a world of happiness their melody I foretells
 Such as ringing, ringing,
 ringing in the cold night air
 While stars oversprinkle all
 heavens seem to shine with a
 crystalline delight.
 maintenance time, time, time,
 In a kind of rimes Rune,
 For both musically tinkling bells, bells, bells,
 Bells bells.-
 From the jingling and clanging bells.

Listen to me soft golden
 wedding bells

What a world of happiness their harmony foretelli!

"Rthrough warm evening air
The way that resonates pleasure!
Casting Notes gold

And while the
fleet, just tune

Rolls hear because it heats up on the moon!
O cell research,

What euphony abundant good flowing!
How it swells!

what remains
in the futureI speak the way
that ecstasy leads

To scroll and bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells -

For rhyme and the ringing of the bells!

Hear loud bells Alarum
brass bells!

What a tale of terror, now, tell them turbulence!
surprise, heard the night

As scream their terror! aorrified talk
excessively,

They can not yell, scream,
from the air,

In clamorous repealmeroy fire

In a counterclaim crazy request with the deaf
and frantic fire jumps higher, higher,

higher,
With a desperate desire,
and a determined effort,
now, now or never sit,

On the side of the Pale Moon.

O, clocks,bell11, which has a
horror story

Despair!

How they clang and clash, and roar like
horror outpour

Within the forced air I

But he fully understood hearing
Feels and metal
compounds,

The danger ebbs and flows;
However, it is said to be heard
clearly,

In the jingle,
And the dispute, the
danger well and swell,
If you or swelling in the anger of the bells -
clocks -
Bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells -
In the heat and noise of the bells I

Hear the tinkling bells
Iron bells
the

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!

In the silence of the night, as
we tremble in fear

The threat of your melancholy!

For every sound that floats
Since rust in the throat is a grunt.
And people ah of people living in
the belfry,

only
And touch, touch, touch,

In this monotone
muffled, Feel a glory in
wheelchair

In the heart of man the stone Son
neither man or woman who is
neither beast nor man

They are Ghouls:
And their king is duty; And he
rolls, buns, rolls,
roll,

The pman bells!

And my chest swells pleased
 with bells pman!
 And dance and shout;
 maintenance time, time, time,
 inaRune as rhyme,
 Piean for bells,
 inClocks: then,
 over time, in a sort rimes
 Rune,
 To the rhythm of the bells,
 bells, bells, bells -
 Ilobbing the clock, keeping
 time, time, time,
 asGlass provides glass
 inRunic rhyme happy,
 For bells swinging, bells-
 The ringing of bells,
 Bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,
 bells, bells -
 In the groaning of the underworld. .

Annabel Lee.

ESOhe was a go many years, in a
 kingdom by the sea.,
 Who lived a maid, you know the name of
 Annabel Lee;
 And this lady lived with no other thought than to love
 and be loved by me.
 I was a child and she was a girl,
 inIn this kingdom by the sea;
 But we loved with a lovehe was more than love, I
 and my AnnabelSide under the wind
 With a love that the air and I envy him the angels.
 And that was why, long ago,
 inthat isKingdom by the Sea,

A wind came a dark cloud, chilling my
 Annabel Lee;
 as soon his noble parents came and took
 her away from me,
 To close a grave
 in that is kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven, went
 envying him.
 Yes! that was the reason (as all men know
 In this kingdom by the sea)
 Outside the wind, cooling and killing my
 Annabel Lee.

But our love was stronger than the love of the
 people who are older than we were,
 Much wiser than we are;
 And neither the angels in heaven, nor the
 demons under the sea never separate my
 soul from the soul
 The beautiful Annabel Lee.

To the moon without me dreaming radius of the beautiful
 Annabel Lee:
 And never come stal'8, but I feel the bright eyes of
 the beautiful Annabel Lee;
 So every night I sleep through the tide I hide my
 darling, my life, my life, and my girlfriend,
 in your sepulcher there by; and,
 In the grave by the probe can be
 found in March

With Helen.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
 As these old shells of Nicaea soft
 o'er a perfumed March
 The tired worn Tramp then gave birth
 to her own country.

In ofl: lperate sea long habit of
wandering, hyacinth Her hair, her
classic face,
His tunes Naiad took me back to the glory
that was Greece,
And grandeur which was Rome.
Lo, in the window of his brilliant
niche as one: l statue I'm standing
lamp agate in your hand!
Ah, Psyche! regions the Holy Land.

Sarah fuller Margaret (Ossoli)

Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts: 1810 - 1850
death.

The temple of life.

The round temple
Spread beautiful green area; The stock
market colonnade
Be really neat columns marble
Strong AEI: ltain the roof,
Time and storm test
However, among them, the lightest
bleeze can play what they want;
The court will be free
for everyone
venerable
Energy Wori; hipp'd here one
unshakable truth Youth
Guide:
In basic haven for the
image of God, it
seems
For those whose shares were as a priest
decent, clean.
Those who interpret for the first
time,
As the hours
Usher roughly hope and competence,

K

which changes your face,
 Former Change -
 Now, a radiant young Grace
 now north Estoriansaga:
 But the pure heart, this
 form of primitive art in
 the required age,
 In his youth, it seems
 sensible that no comparison,
 surprise, above.
 Native who teaches seems,
 His new tradition of our old dreams;
 Incense rises from the floor,
 Music flows around;
 remaining steadfast feet below. look at the eyes,
 If the truth to the point where the road through the life he
 leads the baton of love;
 However, when she threw glitter green jacket,
 winter silver
 White, pure as the light,
 It's soft fur worthy weeds as was the wedding dress.

RALPH Hoyt.

good in New York, 1810.

OLD.

Eg the road, a few steps mo8sy, Sat
 gray pilgrim meditation
 unfortunately;
 Mark'd often I sat there alone,
 The whole landscape like a striptease
 page: poor, unknown,
 Incidentally, on a mossy stone
 bent knees and shoes, hat and wide rimm'd
 Shield:18 He was older than the form of folding,
 silver buttons, tail and tie crimp'a oak
 behind his weak hand:
 There he sat
 knees buckled and Shoa and rimm'd hat.

It is unfortunate that you appeared to sit
there,

No sympathizer, service, no love for his
thin gray hair

And the tracks and said calmly care

any age:

It is unfortunate that you appeared to sit.

**It was summer, and went to
school, country Brave boys
and girls;**

He learned the motto of "dumb stool," and
my grave Laden luxury imports:

"It's a fool!"

**It was summer, and went to
school.**

Abroad appeared to highlight our game, some
of us were happy, some sad heart;

I remember very well that day, tears often
started spontaneously.

I do not want,

Abroad, seemed to mark our game.

A sweet spirit broke out in silence Ah! I
always called the air!

She begged her pain to say:

(I was thirteen and eleven)

Isabel! -

A sweet spirit broke out in silence.

Angel! He said that, unfortunately - I'm
old ;!

Earthly hope next day; However, why I
have to say here.

Then betray'd viewThe. beads pain; Below

I roll'd

Angel said sadly, - and old.

Here totter'd look again,

The beautiful scene where he enjoyed the
carefree days, happy old.

The center was ruined before garden of
my heart:

I ha.n totter'd here to watch a time
mor.

the whole picture for me now so expensive!

E'en this old gray stone where I sit

It is a gem worth my trip here;

Ab this scene must be completed With a
tear,

Now the whole image of me as expensive for me

old stone home from school, there is

salvation: AME: He restored step as often;

yonderchia window in the structure; And the
short slots and said:

In the game:

Old school-stone house! It remains the same.

In the house there, which was born;

Time my happy home, this humble abode; He
clover, wheat fields;

It seems clear nectar swelling sad Ah 1-

In the house where I was born.

these doors are two plane trees planted so
far,

This long poles and away for free, and the
car safely drive under:

Ninety-Three I

Both aircraft gateway tree is seen.

there the garden where he used to ride when
my colleagues and I were kids together,

Without thinking of flying time,

Fearing nothing but the wet work and the time

I was past his prime

yonderthe garden where we used to go up.

There are basically three ways • comer'd brown
pastures where herds graze round,

When, smart, I saw quail

In buckwheat wheat questions: Pitfalls and
trails!

There oorn'er'd big brown three-way.

There is the mill grinds our grain yellow;
 Lagoon and the river that flows still quiet;
 Cots, but in the shadow track where Lily
 blew my heart:

Mary Jane!

yonderthe mill that grinds our yellow corn.

There is the door that rocked;
 Brook, and the bridge, and old barn red barn; But
 unfortunately! no more morning

This group wanted around the table of my
 father: Taken wing!

yonderI swing the door.

Huyo-everything he'd fled.

Yon green meadow was our game up; This old
 tree can say sweet things said

Around her Jane and I were away: She's
 dead!

Huyo-everything he'd fled.

Yon white needle, a pencil in the air, moving
 silently Tracing the history of life,
 So familiar to the eye of the dark ages,

I have seven points now in glory:
 Yon white needle, a pencil in the air!

Oft former hotel sprained church, led by
 an angel mother there;

Now she sleeps under his holy territory;
 Father and sisters and my younger
 brother

missingin front ofGod!

· Oft former hotel sprained church.

I have not heard of fun ways to wisdom:

Bless the holy lesson But oh, no!

I need to hear these praises this still
 small voice and Always

calm days!

I have not heard of fun ways of wisdom.

No, I Blessed Mary with his group
When our souls drank bleBSing bride Era
mind rushed Earth
There lawn pressed his soft chest strap I
broke
There, Mary has blessed me with my hand.

I OOME to see again the tomb and
the sacred place where we rejoice
Worshipp'd where in the old days, before my
heart was featured garden
The core:

I came to the tomb to see again.

Angel said sadly - and old:
earthly hope has no future: Now, why do I
have said here.
in youranother pearl eye pain, I roll'd
down
Angel! He said that unfortunately - already old.

Incidentally, in a stone Mobby
The hoary Sam Pilgrim, unfortunately,
meditate; Mark'd still sitting there all
alone,
The whole landscape, like a page flipping:
poor, unknown!
Incidentally, on a foam-coated stone.

ALFRED STREET BILLINGS.

Good, in Poughkeepsie, New York, 1811.

INDIAN SUMMER.

How quiet the year
In this season is to make the eyes and smooth
adult falls
Beer # 1 frozen in winter
Like the sunset at dusk near his rally
Aging raises his final rest.

At the first light of morning broke, the air
 volume depending roll'd a sea pens,
 "It is woods loom'd brilliant misty folds, vaguely mountain
 big screen seemed to fight and disassembly, and the
 bird sang und play'd happens invisibly.

Mist is much clear'd;
 O'erhead the sun shines softly, a reddened ball, and
 the land of their eyes fall Placid
 Although quiet, soft, gray,
 The air expands the shade with veil of clouds and
 flashes blue break outlet.

Hill 1: > smooth and quiet Lopes
 Fields still have the afternoon sun bath;
 Everyone seems to invite my exile;
 And with the balm of South Fanning
 wind in pure fresh kisses my forehead, my
 way is the middle of their places of silence
 now.

Sear on the meadow,
 And the mountain side where extend sumac branches
 tipp'd pubescent with red grapes,
 And what a show here -
 Arch'd but rsky laughing on hot summer day
 Indian Ray quiet:

deep dark wood stains,
 overlooking the mountains and the steep
 hill, a thong lake under the pure ATS
 politSh'd,
 The sky on a quiet sleep,
 mountaiw far piled garlands of light smoke and rich purple
 fusion valleys.

She later starred another scene,
 If the cold air has its icy showers: The forests,
 many beautiful explosion: Fiuwer11,
 Changing their summer
 Blue show'd tomorrow; while in another flame
 splendor he did look wonderful.

Inside the air slimy
The magazine glitter'd a soft sigh of the wind,
the brightness is more like a Sunset sky,
Among the glories there,
And when the mountains were raised to the sky seemed
to As jewelry giant beams cells :

And the rainbow forest, there
was a fairy canopy unroll'd
blent lush shiny gold purple, there is loneliness
gomm'd
purple bows form'd Bowers each dye, with opal
opal shower'd I; ky.

The storm then o'er gather'd
In the cold rain and the operation of the breath;
After the mountains explosions throw their
clothes,
wilderness lake sent its roar,
Pin hiss'd hard and wake forest
His thunder and wind waves broke them.

But, as another baby,
Field, valley, hill, and wood, now seems to dreams
of a movie purple glow bright light,
And I more; mooth inside
wreaths of fogi <CAFor slowly curling iron
Because the wind sport darker o'er its luster.

With whispers like a flute,
"The gel Tapirus by spraying Alder i meteorites;
parkles heart to broken spokes,
Subsequently, cry in the waves
jets, bow woven grass
Ferns and green spaces bathed in your glass.

On the way to the forest
I step; Pin gentle wind drag down and grinds
brown beech wood,
Then tap swirling game
Dead leaves, strown arms crossed, to give a
quick beeps when swimming along the mast
Sylvan iipe'i'd.

shadows slide Heart
 Rabbit springs fear for me wings, nuts squirrel
 stops where it feeds strew'd
 At a signal to the lower edge
 And the quick flicker as checker'd point mosti'd oak
 blow dart and neck.

The air is so still and again!
 Each coines sweet sounds softly in his ear - fall
 l'he nuts, besides music wing bee
 The river current loops,
 Birdsong, the moans of hreeze,
 And hachazo extreme echoing through the trees.

While the sense of depth
 Does nature speak to us! Oh, I think the flame
 that shines in his eternal sanctuary!
 The knowledge we gain from their
 large pages, if you read!
 Thanks to God shows his wisdom and strength.

Visions of our youth!
 Bright as the fall leaves are dressed in their arc
 clear sky everywhere
 Radiant Ruth apparent t,
 us to pull forward with his hair! icherous brightness,
 And I shine better, faster as they go.

Then the Th1 · eatening cloud; Despair
 seems our worst i darker; ky; die our fragile
 bright viisions;
 And instead of living glow'd fantasy
 Enchanted Eden, nothing seems to be a
 great loss and grief t8ar <1.

But when our youth is gone,
 With false visions and storms, clear sky Yon
 smooth and quiet, like me; Cene,
 cheerful smile, finally
 In our own way, they have the wonderful hope aud
 "Oh light our way, whose homeland is heaven.

Harpoon.

Lake gold and purple are vanish'd vision, clarity dusk
 turns into night,
 "The Maderas in Tfie mass'd boundaries in the dark,
 still waters ebony glass'd,
 "The stars in the first West pearl sequins are lost
 in the fierce heatcro ". V'ds the rest;
 Insert the torch! -Launch the boat! -For tonight we are
 here,
 Salmon, salmon quickly dart, a spear.

We urge our craft slight push rowing across the lily
 steal hose near the coast, and turn the growing ogival
 Yon Creek, created by black down on his glove
 boughti; The gently bubbling whirl Eddy in our
 immersion
 It seems that the low heel lip explodes 011 wine; Lake
 of our flame of the torch, we consider
 A pyramid represented Spanglmysgold
 And deep marble arched Eaeh side flames are filled
 with dark flashes when outside view;
 Wages of his corner in the bank, sends a cry;
 night owl darts down a point in the sky;
Ronca gutturalt1 green slimy record,
 "The triple or trihe tubes Patriarca croaks SAPO, and
 bleating, bass, shell banks are mixed layer
 With sad comphlint anacoreta Malice Scourge. We slide into
 the bay; let the torch is too lowI
 If the victim is hiding, "shows twill;
 'branches Senocollapsed cup saying death, Poise,
 comrade his javelin, jumping, or our prices! He darts; in
 front ofThe bladders are besteffurt! They are bent -
 A white tape shows the bubbler rapid decline; He
 grabbed the A8 shot through the air,
 Three cheers for our lucky me-barb'd the victim here!
 Shape, childrenI give the guys ONR points I bow to the
 coast, assign, guys! give the man that our work'ether.
 Because the black forest masses get our torches,
**It is divided into groups of tree
 trunks, branches and leaves:**

perch'd low Hemlock, dazzled with the head of gray
 owl Yon! flutter eee fly! SAPO and speaker, as we
 slip our brilliance,
 He stops his speech with a grunt, and fell below the
 projections. A long bars, hard to draw the arc in the sand !;
 "The hme Applause for our luck, guys! When spring to land.

Christopher Pearse Cranch.

Born in Alexandria, near Washington, DC, in
 1813.

write Sorrento.

Raging waves of the mad rush and roar,
 The storm hit the beach; His long
 white hands shoie
 They always reach strnggle.

bringsrExtensive cavernous rocks amain,
 Short growl, hoarse, jumping and diving as arm'd
 host, again and again,
 Tilt some stiff abuse.

Great Ocean Pulse Heart, Defeating
 the vastness outside!
 What to send news myistic From the
 largeE <of Piritmya?

Never, still in force increaing,
 Earnest and cries of LOVmy or
 hatred
 His eloquent discourise is big and
 powerful it's March fate.

I feel alone in the bright sand,
 fill'dwith the music of his speech, and the
 other half can not understand
 A beautiful tradition teach.

seaweed andshellThey are wise,
 Sanskrit and paid in full;

Rocks are our eyes and ears of the low
understand-song.

The ocean and the coast are one;
"It is rocks and trees hanging from the
ceiling, birds and insects in the sun,
Link'd in a strong bond of love.

It would be necessary, it may be that
the freedom to be a visionary in the
hidden truth
Join the business fraternity,
To drink with it eternal youth!

HOURS.

Times are sliding invisible angels
And every minute testimony than
sitting on top.

And we who walk among them, as
one by one hole,
Seeing is not always
threatening to terminate our
hearts.

When summer bees, they fly
around the flowers down,
every act and thought are, "Invisible
Angel-hour pipe.

"Poison The golden nectar
Performance deep flower heart is a
sign that will soon cups,
And we leave the field.

And some notes flit through the
pines and gay blue gold
Y or a winged flag dark tone is sadness.

But flew back and remove;
Your flight mission of the day or
night can continue without magical
power.

And how do you do every minute
that God has given us to spend,
The facts are before his throne, the story is
told in the air.

These hours if the bees see or hear
her silent wings; Only often we
feel when flying abandoning their
bites.

Teach me then to fulfill Heavenly
Father for all flight hours
What will they wish they can not, my
heart I poison flower

So when death brings their
shadows, the last remaining
hours
They need to keep my hopes in angel
wings, passed Unfetter'd.

Henry Theodore Tuckerman.

born in Boston, Massachusetts: 1813-
1871 deceased.

In an elm.

arm courageous ancient adventure
Their numerous aerial banners fields, and, as a
king, Sylvan
His green arsenal still wears proudly.

As an old rough round
The huge trunk still rears its design and strength,
with members giant clams,
To fight with the winter storm.

Fano powerful nature,
You Noblet arc under heaven; The time is
now Pilgrim
What pass'd blessing; and!

lonely patriarch of wood!
As a true spirit of thousand Dost move
freely, The cool climate and
dauntleS11,
Extending the open branches.

Cancer is known;
And when the days of the summer, come the nuts,
they hid in a worksheet cell,
For your green world their sleepiness song.

Oft., A spring morning,
yellow birds seek Your stirring aerosol and swing
no security,
To whet your mouth, and his jovial potrr Jay.

If the frost explodes moan,
When you sleep the pulse of the driving life of
nature, and is stripped to meet the storm,
Shake your old branches, looking forward
to the battle!

Sunset weaves often
For his crest. Rare beauty crown, while the
fresh leaves grumble
Fill the fresh air of the night in secret.

Sacreil your green roof
For the rustic dance and limitations of the gay
youth of childhood and old serene
I back you are familiar with joy.

O, so we wander,
To hear real harbinger of the upper shadow;
Under the dome Emerald
champion would freedom, well-coordinated,
remove the knife.

Blessings on your feet,
The farmer is used to rest at noon;

The green and peaceful haven
Inspire sad and relieving chest problems.

Then at dusk,
Play via your tresyl crown last sunbeam, under its
former garden pavilion
College sports, dreaming bard.

And when the moon rays fall by its
enormous canopy over the grass,
Create a fairy ball
If the lawn Hit shadows pass -

Dan Rush Dating,
With heart tremble slightly changed for them 0,
brave old tree!
You are the joy ofSanctuary-a Temple pleasure.

LUCY HOOPER.

Good to Newblll'yport, Mass: 1816-1841
deceased.

Death and life.

I do not know oh! pale and shining death!
Not you, though each I hope to spend,
Although the life of the first, softer stars You can
surpass or earth again cherish'd sleep,
The future brilliant cast urn
Something, some joy in me:

But you, I dressed and crowned monarch, and beautiful
in all its sad arsenal!
They have no incense. Although the heart is cold,
can not fill the eyes, tears,
Brilla not like once daylight use,
But even after another shrine my vows

Everything will be paid properly; and although his voice
 It is full of Mui; desire IC core,
 And I Illow woo some peace and quiet
 Dull, where all thoughts and LIFO restle88,
 however, does not O death!

I paid my vows. Although it would be
 crowned your Seems to me overflow SES
 first summer and the voice of his painful
 feelings,
 O Death! Dtlath oh! r-softt the melody
 and the only soft Ministry were his,
 I ask you again.

But you, oh oh life I live! XX weak heart
 you, I bow down to show; And the fire on
 the altar of the sanctuary
 Down and wither any hope of a pencil, you can
 always my heart now
 Turn not afraid of tests.

But let me get my vows to you, O life! And let
 me wait until this enemy still redeem'd may
 seem pure gold
 Thoughtt and light, and the eagle! to assemble and
 fly the "heir fly higher,
 Freed from earthly hope of earthly terror.

 Yes, yes, oh life! run mine.
 Others to join I ltrive their Christmas lights, let
 others seek their false dazzling lightning and for
 me was the light was gone early in chains and
 roses in my hands,
 No more, no longer develop.

However, the stars, the stars of the holy
 night, lights in the dark,
 so he, cbeer'd bright hope more pure, the soil
 remains the thorny path to narrow slightly
 Yes, but eventually the boat and tired toss'd
 earn hiding his final resting place.

/

(145)

EPES Sargent. •

Born in Gloucester,
Massachusetts: 1816

SUMMER IN HE.ABT.

The cold wind to beat Casement,
The windows are white,
Snow walks through the empty streets,
It's a sad night
Sitting, old friend; wine glasses fill wait
o'erflowing I filled
Although winter yells at the door,
In even tis our hearts

fill us many summer jays
And sport shared Greenwood when it
is free and traveling children
Rocks, bold flow And I love to look
at his face,
Back, back o'er years of poor -
My heart flies har.py where it is
still summer I

Yes! But I will be if the foundation continues
Our first hope strown,
And the flowers are dead cherish'd
around and chirping birds are
transported -
Greenness not completely
disappeared, not quiet all the
nuances of this emotion,
To see, hear tonight
My heart always tis

I filled the old times back with light
and life again:
We monitor the bright future margin
analysis enchant young:
Back down. We walked through fields of
flowers at will;
He went crazy Winter Gloom:
In our heart.â yet 'tis

• Note 18.

the

O you Keen breezes.

OSM Penetrating breezes of the Atlantic salt
Who loves the beach where the memory in front of wandering
in Waft relive their strong junions freshness, Ben
course here YO

Because you browse scatter'd in front of sunlight,
you're not all flashing in my youth, screaming
with joy,

O Rude partners?

thereafter in front of the beautiful and fragrant
meadows, where the timid spring contemplated his
early greenness washed with a smile rugged seaside
city,

How can we accelerate!

There, under the elms foliage affluent
Top high o'er eagle hover'd by midday view rested
After our pironettes.

In vain the sailor who will be called before sleep:
Like a sea shiny glass floor; As with white cloth
as snow falling at random,
Were tall glasses.

And if you end awaken'd exultation
Rush'd to the beach, and just plough'd acres, as I
continued through the waves shiver'd
in my frail shallop!

Playmates old playmates, hear my prayer; I
At the end of the city to lose gold this summer,
where the shrill cries and sounds of the wheels in
motion
constantly mixed.

When I feel his breath on my forehead? When I
hear the branches of the elm? When we fight in
the salty waves,
Friends of my boynood?

CHARLES Gamage EASTMAN.

Good to Fryeburg, Maine, 1816

A JN Vermont snowstorm.

YO.

This is a terrible night in the winter it is
cold, because it can never be;
The sound HLast means the stamp of the
waves in a sea,
The moon is full, but the silver light
The titorm uses its wings a- night; And in the
southern sky north
Not a star looks like, because the wind comes
thea powerful force of joy.

II.

All day the snow fell, "Every day, he never
had before;
And the hills are twilight
Two or three feet or more;
The fence has been lost, and the stone wall;
"The windows block'd, have disappeared curbR;
The barn was moved to a cable car; That's it
WOODPILE seen as a sample derivative.
As I reached the door of the farmer.
The night is in a world of snow, while the
air growsacuteIt's cold
And the sound of a formidable attack
warning It can be heard on the distant
hill;
And Norther! -to see! on top of the mountain,
lu as breathingT he twist and shout old trees! The
cries in the plain-Ho-Ho! ho-ho!
Nose leads to blinding snow and growls with a
wild desire.

III.

one night outside spreads and cold air,
huge in the field by the road dog,
\ Vith snow in his hair disheveled I

Close your eyes to the wind, and thunder;
 He looks up and groans and cries; So I
 looked short of mud press'd nose in his
 trembling feet: -

pray, What the dog there?

A farmer came to simple people.

However, he lost his way travell'd;
 And for hourstrampled, with all his strength, a
 way for the horse and sleigh;
 But even colder than the cold wind and
 even deep gaps have increased,
 And his mare, a pretty brunette Morgan
 finally in their fight flounder'd down
 Recording a hollow seemed.

inshalla frantic snort and whinny, she
 collapsed in the blowing snow,
 Although the main application until her breathing
 became shorter, with a word and a light touch;
 But the snow was deep, and tugs have been
 tightened; His hands were numb,
 andsupportedlost his strength; So back
 wallow'din front ofSled half,
 and strovein front ofIt houses da.y with
 the film and buffalo.

IV.

he gavepastfa.int draw reins to die awake to
 his horse,
 And the poor dog barksin front ofThe
 explosion in vain, because it helps need
 his master;
 For a time, he fights with a melancholy cry,
 to catch a glimpse of the sleepy eye, and
 shakes his tail, if strong winds shake the
 skirt Buffalo on his knees,
 And he complains when the circumstances.

V.

the windshalldown, and the storm is o'er,
 "It's midnight, I -Fits;
 Old trees are rotated and unfolded
 inOrunning a swirl explosion;

The moon silently with their peaceful light,
 looking down on the white snow all hills; And
 the giant shadow of Cr.mel bump,
 Pine bla.st.ed and ghost-like stem, Afar
 model a.re. plain

But the cold and death, the hidden folder
 that ca.me city:
 The man in his sleigh and his faithful
 dog, and her beautiful brown
 Morgan —

In the big snow in the desert, far,
 With his cap on his head and the reins in hand, the dog
 with his nose at the feet of his master -
 And ma.re half seen through the crust of mud, where
 she was when she flounder'd down.

TBE FABMEB.

The farmer sat in his chair, smoking his
 clay pipe,
 While his ex-wife ha.le carefully a.way
 was busy dressing dinner;
 A sweet girl with beautiful blue eyes
 In round grandfather, he was catching flies.

The old la.id his hand on the head with a
 cracks wrinkled face;
 He thought of how often his mother, who
 died, was the self-same:
 As abort the fly closure bis eye--
 "No smoking," said the child; "The way it makes you
 cry!"

The dog-house stretch'd was on the floor where
 the shadow at noon a.ft.er used to steal;
 old woman held the door open He turned
 the wheel;
 And the old mantle clock tree copper had
 walked nearly three a.long:

However, the farmer sitting in his
 chair, very close to his chest heaving
 The moi.t; and for ten'dOjust playing his
 son sweet press'd;
 His head bent over his sleeping Pep soft
 hair, that summer day.

DIBGE.

SoFTLY!
 she lies
 lipsbeyond.
 Caution!
 she dies
 Of a broken heart.

To whisper!
 She goes
 For his final
 resting place.
 To whisper!
 Life is increasingly
 darkin the chest.

Thoughtfully!
 She sleeps;
 She breathed his last.
 cautious
 While crying to heaven have
 PA1> t.

JOHN Godfrey Saxe.
 good toHighgateVermont 1816

blind and an elephant.

It was six men of Hindustan,
 for muc inclined learning
 He went to see the elephant
 (Even if all were blinded)
 f'Hats off each by
 observation can satisfy
 your mind.

The first approach'd elephant, and
happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
then began to shout:
"God bless me, but the elephant
It's like a wall I "

He and Driver, feel trapped,
shouted: "Yo Ho we have here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me tis mighty clear,
This marvel of an elephant
is like a spear I "

The third approach'd the animal, and
will
The trunk is twisted in his hands, so
brave and said:
"I see '--quoth - the elephant is
like a snake!"

The hall was held in the hand and felt
uneasy knee:
"What is this beautiful beast as
It is vast plain "--quoth him
-" It is very clear that the
elephant
It is like a tree I "

The fifth hit the ear, he said: "Even a
blind person
You can say that it is like denying
the fact that they can,
This marvel of an elephant
It is like a fan I '

The sixth had barely begun About
the beast to grope,
So consider swinging tail within its
scope
"I see '--quoth it - Elephant
It's like a rope "J

And so these men of Hindustan
 played loud and long,
 each mhiJJNote Besides
 hardness and strong,
 Though each was partly in the right, and
 all the evil world

Morality.

As soon, often
 theological wars of the
 contenders,
 Weep

trackincomplete ignorance
 ineach other means;
 .andpraf.ecertainlyaelephant
 Noone ofshebellowstateI

I'II OLD GBOWING.

my daysspendpleasant way,
 My nights are blessed with the sweetest dream;
 They feel symptoms of decay,
 They have no reasonin front ofcrying
 and tears; My enemies are helpless
 and shy,
 However, my false a.re or cold, and
 friends, in recent times, often
 sigh

"I'm getting old."

My speech more ancient times,
 My growing appetite for early news,
 my growing apathyin front ofrhymes,
 My love getting easier shoes,
 My growing hatred of the crowds and
 noise, my growing fear cold to catch:
 allBlows flat voice

I'm getting old.

I'm more in love with myteam
 I'm still fuzzy in my mind, I grow
 weak in my laughter,
 I am more and more deeply in my breathing.

My dress more and
more I am frugal my gold,
growth rationally, I'm getting, yes
I'm getting old.

I see in changing my taste,
I see in change my hair, I
see in my waist increasingly,
I see it in my hair growth;
FISIM thousand proclaim the truth,
as flat British car club truth never
said that even in my youth vaunted
I'm getting old.

Alas! my own history of breathing
laurels in My ears, reluctant
And everyone a big help omission
hour, but the debtor me years.
ahoney'd flattering words explain the
secret that would be willing to take,
And tell me, in "when you are young!" -
I'm getting old.

Thank you for the next few years, the
rapid flight My Muse sings with gloom!
Thank you to the golden flash of light
colored the darkness of their wings!
The rays of light from heaven, develop
these heavenly abodes
to where all They bleat, not Maysigh
" I'm getting
old YO "

KISS ME SOFTLY.

gently kiss me and talk me down,
Malice you always attentive ears:
What Malice if they hang out?
Besame, honey!
gently kiss me and talk me down.

kiss me gently down and talk, envy
 has an ear:
 And if the desire is the chance to hear?
 Kiss Me Kate I.
 gently kiss me and talk me down.

kiss me gently and talk to me: Believe
 me, my dear, the time is near
 When can never keep lovers with fear,
 Kiss Me Kate I.
 gently kiss me and talk me down.

ROBERT TRAIL SPENCE Lowell
 good to Boston, Mesh: 1816

Believe in Lucknow.

Or make sure i last day in Lucknow Fort I
 We knew it was the last;
 This enemy of mine had slipped safely, and
 that the end is near.

Cedar meant that the enemy worse than death;
 And the people and all work'd in:
 It was a day, smoke and noise, and
 everything would be done.

It was not one of us, the wife of one
 thing certain young smooth body
 Wasted with fever on the site, and
 his mind wandered.

He lay on the floor in his plaid, and took my
 head in her lap;
 "When my father comes the Frae Hame pleugh" -
 shesaid "Oh, please, I wake up."

She slept like a baby in Woodbine splash
 floor shadow of his father,
 When the house-dog lying next to the open door
 and wheel stay'd ° mother.

There was smoke and noise
and the smell of dust and
waiting hopelessly for the
death;

But the wife of a soldier, as a child
completely tired, showed little breath.

I fell asleep, and I had my
dream of an English village
lanes,
And the wall and the garden; A sudden
scream brought me to roar again.

Jessie Brown, he listens, and burst joy
All her face, and she took my hand and
guided me back and said:

"The Highlanders! Oh! dinna hear
the slogan now awa'-
McGregor? Ah! I know the weel; It
is the largest or "them."

"God bless Thae Highlanders Bonny We
are safe, we are saved!" She cried; He fell
to his knees and thank God poured out,
like a rising tide fills.

how can I battery line mourn
the fallen man;
And they started because they were dying:
life was so close to them, then?

They listen'd for life; and rattling fire in the
distance, and the distant sound
They were; -and Colonel nodded,
And founded their weapons again.

When Jessie said: "dune slogan, but
you can not hear, noo -
*O Oampbells are comin "fyour*It is not a
dream; hae break our relief! "

We heard the rumble and rattle away,
but the pipes could not hear;

So people have exercised their desperate work
of the war, and I knew the end was near.

It did not take them long to be heard,
lyre, her incessant;

**Noise fight road or
underground had
Sappers.**

High Landers tubes TMB,
And now that play'd ".AuldLongSyne
"which wine in front of our men as the
voice of God, and they shouted down the
line.

She cried and shook hands with each other,
and the woman sobb'd in a crowd;
And all knelt where we were, and that's all
thank God aloud.

What a happy day when receiving our men
placed first Jessie;
And the general took his hand, and the applause
of the people, as an explosion of volleyball.

And bands of bagpipers and stream'd tartan,
turns our progress online;
And our joy of applause burst into tears,
Play'd tubes ".Auldlong Syms."

LOVE eliminated.

Here I will now I love the light, a weight
around the neck:

**If you stay longer
here, our boat
will be a disaster.**

**I dropped
overboard
overboard down**
In deep sleep, you, where
grow the corals.

He said he was going to conquer the
gentle breeze,
THE bright teardrop in eye;
But she was false or difficult to meet,
if he tells a lie.
water! water!
Down at sea
You can find the true spirit
when the sirens are.

We sing many happy songs,
while the wind was kind: but
the low always regret are the
wind.
water! water!
Beneath the Wave
Sing when playing soft shells on the
ocean cave!

It may take; It is regrettable;
Let's hard and cold;
Your pain is the deepest in
tears, power are called.
she you gone overboard!
the will fleet in;
Now let's find a T-MER wind
disappeared.

Henry David Thoreau.

Well, in Boston, Massachusetts: 1817-1862
deceased.

INSPIRATION.

IF singing with head slightly, but all
museums lend your strength, my poor
love for something,
fresh that is and low surface tension source.

but as with the neck bent touch I
hear behind my judgment, with
the hope that faith
More eager to preserve it forward which:

Make my soul accomplice there to fla:
ine turned on my heart, it is always
use fresh -
The time line is that God has not bowing briefly.

I have to do, but your ears
and eyes, but his eyes:
Moment.a life, but lived for years
And discern the truth, he knew, but the tradition
of learning.

Now it's mostly my time at home,
and only now my prime of life:
The power of masculinity flower,
"The Strife peace and end the war Tis.

**It is presented in the
summer for a broader
afternoon a gray wall, or
accidentally somewhere,
time Unseasoning, insult
June**
And not show her face the day.

I have no doubt love untold
I have not bought it not you who woo'd me
young and old woo'd me and gave me this
afternoon.

ON THE BEACH.

My life is likeThe. walking on the beach,
so close to the edge of the ocean I can;
wave it.A time my step
delayo'erreacb,Sometimes I stay with them
on the landing.

My only work and care scrupuloll8 Tis my
profit out of reach of the tides,
Ea.ch smooth and rare stones each tank, the
ocean gently admit my hand.

**But I have a few friends on the
beach, despised barnWho wants
whatsail the sea.**
However, I think often the ocean o'er
sail'd deeper strand known to me.

The media is not contain purple dulse Mars
Their deepest waves out there to see pearls;
Along the edge of my hand is on your wrist
and chat with more than one shipwreck'd
team.

William Ellery CHANNING. •

Born in Boston, Massachusetts: 1818

The flying geese.

Maze of marshes beside Assabett,
I think the way it was, I pray that
you can remember, and while
uncertain
If I was right, it works to lift
the curtain of time,
And if I burned stronger light suddenly
In the air,
I heard geese travel'd
His insinuation
preparation.

Stir'd Patches ball up, wild
geese flew,
Not nearly as wild as this work must be
done to me, O wisdom swollen iMore.

the front fetch'd leader behind the
line, and stirred for about
As it was almost overnight,
When these drivers conditioners to
stop the leak.

shallow sea area where we were;
And not based on your opinion to
release or separation of the spirit
SOPS;

• Note 19.

geographical tact
 nameless North Dakota or
 river; Pull'd down at dusk, in fact,
In shiver Squawk and reeds;
There they go,
 Spectators at the game, then South
 in a row.

You can not map the earth and
 the stars of indifference geese;
 It does not taste sweet in the odd bottles;
 Or speculate and freeze;
 weaeands rancid also have bright
 feathers, feathers in order; The
 opening of this train, there is a call,
 steam rises without recorder.

"My whole plumed birds"
 Goose commander said:
 "Clarify your accounts and link their gear,
 my fingers-nipp'd grant loans
 Soft in Guatemala
 Or suck peeing in Campeche;
 very iced cake Spitsbergen-linda
 and drinks are not Leechy

"Bleed for loose brush, without
 clogging and flying fish, fatty
 condiments for weak, flooding the
 cake.
 Finning is not a place, at
 the same time space Ye! "

Mute countries is to listen
 in thisRetirement black earth;
 How bland their cities, downhill, I
 scatter'd blurred
 place of worship
 There seems to be no bigger than a mouse!

How long? -
asked the question,
While a neck may raise the song,
or rhythmic task'd.

Hear grandparents speakers
from heaven;
Then put on your thick wool and
reducing the heating of the
afternoon; And the children look
at the sky,
And laughing at the long black line so high!

From there again I heard him say: "It's
a gentle way, delicious, hard to lose
shape,
And a bit of a burden. "

He was our power to move this
sentence to borrow bag
Wings and legs, and the accounts of the
noise and the horizon in the morning.

MY COMPANIONS.

YE marine heavy heart on the
coast!
Patients tired sitting in the
driveway of the blade,
And seeing flickering roadsEA gullsplay
In open water, and the happy days of bright
wire by hand spraying Me
Apart from the monotony,
tired of his heart, I say,
because I am your
These gray shores.

No, no, I do not know, I Marine
What are the cliffs,
These high lifted his dark smooth facades
and unfortunately we round bar;

Imagine which of free play clouds
 Thoth up! And lofty heights, anywhere Stroll to the
 day irumpLant your way.

Remove and
 dominated DOLL 'Serious
 oblirion. BNT See thereoot
 road THE free indoubt.

ARTHI "R C'LE \ ELAND Coxe.

• Good *laidham, New Jeney, 1818--

OLD MAN • d.BBETS.

YB and a.bbevs S Marches!
 HVW
 couple and ONION between
 the remains of his glory, in
 all its glory;
 The thw Funes and fell.
 and the bat and owl the rest
 when vnce peo lleshe knelt
 and high TOI You: pink UX.

but dust and stones are precious
 I U devout men's eyes,
 aud O baron has his Manor,
 AUD The king himself again!
 Aud new bells
 M et fuie and seems happy,
 new Aud TOI DE t Tilup
 I U all Complete churches.

NAV, pl v. Our skin mother
 The .ugland. long may to be,
 "The ho HVL; v happy A11D,
 aud the g kiriously free!

BL T W ho & t'th It is
 blessed
 or peao o o in walls;

UKA •• .which means iu all his palace.
 UKA wttag esand rooms!

• view Note 20.

Anything you pray in English,
 pray for England, pray!
 And above all, you, my country,
 His younger glory days of Jo
 asking God not to return these
 days,
 'Tis England'11 hour of need!
 The word Pray for your daughter!
 Gud said England, who said:

Thomas Hill.

Born in New Brunswick, New Jersey, 1818

The Bobolink.

Bobolink! in the meadow or in the
 shade of the garden, a robust
 estimator keep cheerful when talking
 about my kids, WelcomeT he new
 North!
 Welcome to stretch your ear,
 welcome to my beliefs Eye
 Your aficionado; its black and white!
 bright feathers can greet the sun in
 bauks Amazon;
 dulcet tones can weave the spell of
 the beautiful Philomel;
 But would fail tropical bird, and
 English nightingale
**If you need to compare its
 value with its infinite joy
 that springs.**

When May, June and sea sum
 spent quickly approach, while the
 deep blue just above the mighty
 breath of love, calling each button
 and resii flowers; tless, Secret
 Power, W 11king wild hope and
 desire, the fire burn erotiu -

six
tee
n4

American poetry.

Full of dreams and mysterious girls
with fun themes and then, amid the
bright sun floating in the perfumed
air,
You do fill everyone's heart with
pleasure your content as ecstasy.

A single note, so sweet and down as
the overflow of the heart,
Training a prelude; but the strain
This gives us new tone, wild
and brutal music
Jumps and jumps between notes,
fast and athletic game, Ne'er was
crazier, happier place.

Songster spring merrier! Bring me
your songs before field Visions
built dream come true constant
zephyrs fann'd could walk
perpetual holy Embosom'd May
Neither material nor fear your
stomach knowledge; Why do you
never miss a storm;
But when our north was o'er,
Delaware or Schuylkill Shore Wild
Rice calls the air head,
And the real holidays are handled for
you. And if the winter threat there,
their tireless wings still afraid, but
give you the most southern coasts, Far
beyond the scope of the gel.

Bobolink! I can still take your joy to
the contamination of grief; Fill my
soul with unwavering confidence
that the be who took
Ce.re for all living beings,
In the summer, winter, fall and
spring•

...

(sixty-five)

James Russell Lowell.

Well, in Cambridge, Massachusetts
in 1819

BH < ECU.

Goo sends his teachers at all ages, all
ages and all races of men, installed with
the revelations on growth
And the way of the spirit, nor the kingdom of truth
in of one selfish rule run.
Therefore, any form of worship must have sway'd,
and gave him to understand human life
Knowledge bow master key, requires some
form of seeds and the law; The rest had never
intermittent anxious soul lazy ignorance
pamper'd down despised, found rest even for a
moment.

There is an instinct in the human heart that
makes all fables, and coin'd justify the reign of
his faith
And I strengthen the divine right of beauty,
sailing on the internal cells mystical gift,
What the hazel branch in loyal hands, certainly
points to hidden sources of truth. For, as in
nature, nothing is in vain,
But all these things have in your helmet The
wisdom and understanding of spiritual
mysteries can speak to the ear
The mind and heart whatso'er Hath
fashion'd to the console,
For your inspiration to adapt to their faith,
And using the false twist food clip is really needed
is not always
Sympathy with nature, revealing,
No less than his own works, his pure reflexes; ht
serious and similarities within the tradition.
Now hear this legendary story of ancient Greece,
Full of freedom, youth and beauty yet

... ..

As the immortal freshness thanks for all ages
frieze carved in an attic.

A young man named Rhrecus, wandering in the
forest, He saw an old oak just swinging at & It;
And have pity on a beautiful tree,
The propp'd her gray trunk with care and
admiration footst.ep loiter'd without thinking.
But then he heard a voice behind tum'd
This murrur'd- "RhrecusI "He was like the leaves,
Stir'd by a passing wind, she murrur'd;
And bewilder'd rearrested,
**"Rhrecu11" murmur'd- is softer
than a breeze. He started and
looked with eyes dazed**
I'm on the contents of a happy dream to stay
there for him, spreading a warm glow
abatimientos ishadowy oak. proved to be a
woman, but everyone. very safe
Being a woman, with a very soft eyes to
those used for coupling to the gods. Naked
as a goddess, and how beautiful goddess
Fighting spirit feel guilt born of shame.
"RhrecusI Iam Dryad this tree "
So she began, dropping low tone words, serene
and full, of course, like dewdrops "And with him
Dedicated I live and die;
Rain and sun are my catering services,
nor different the joy of the
simple life;
Now, ask me what you want that power
offer and with grateful joy that will be
yours. "

Rhrecus than fl.utter heart, but led by the
beauty, fat, Answer'd- "What can you
satisfy The infinite longing of the soul, but
love? Give me your love, but hope or what
should increasingly the target of my mind.
"After a brief pause, he said again,
But with a hint of sadness in his voice

"I give Rhrecus though The. A gift; An hour
 before sunset to me here "
 And there was nothing he could see But green
 shots in the shade of oak; And his ears a sound
 reaches open
 But dripping leaves rustling under, and the
 distance in an emerald slope, hesitating
 pastor of inactivity of the tube.

Now, in these days of simplicity and faith,
 Men do not think things were happy dreams because
 they have crossed the street Bourne
 Probability, but nothing too pious deem'd
 great or too good to reward a bold heart.
 Rhocous and no doubt he bleated; And all the
 way to the gate
 Earth seemed to pounce on him as walk'd;
 "Certainly F, broad sky seemed bluer than usual,
 and could hardly believe he had no wings Such sun
 seemed to HII,. Veins instead of blood, he felt light
 and strange.

Young Rhocous had enough loyal heart, but it
 was too much, and, taking with joyful reception
 luck whatso'er gave joy, it was all connected; If
 the farmer meets a valley,
 Deem'd the world, and never considered
 further. Therefore, the meeting of the
 afternoon ha.ply
 Some comrades dice, joined them and forgot all
 together.

The data obtained and cheerful Rhocous,
 who had met him, but I feel happy, laugh'd
 only triumph of a lucky shot,
 When the room is humm'd a bee "hat with ear Buzz'd
 a.bout dropp'd legs down, as if the light. And
 Rhocous laugh'd and said: Sensing the red and signed
 form was at a loss,

·Venus · We do not give me a rose? "
 But he shook hands with severe, impatient, but the
 bees back, and three times Rhooous hit him with
 growing anger.
 Then, through the window, he flew the injured to;
 And Rhwcus, accompanying him with angry eyes,
 saw strong peak mountain Ts !! aly against
 the red disk of the sun - and the blood of his
 heart sank, as if the walls were ca \ 'ed a way.
 Without a word, he turned and ran, ran like
 crazy ANQ through the gate of the city,
 And the plain, now the shade of the forest, the sun
 played on the broad forehead, thin, almost darken'd
 well of the city wall.

Very tired and out of breath, which rea.ch'd the
 tree; And he heard the fear, not heard
 The mild mutters "RhwoousI "at hand: Where seen
 around, but I could not see
 Just utter darkness under the oak. voice when
 sigh'd - "O, Rhwcus more, because you have me
 here, whether day or night -
 I, like you cheer with a more mature and generous
 love never
 fill'd nectar of every mortal heart;
 But you gave despise my humble messenger,
 And sent'st to me with injured wings. We, the
 spirits show only mild eyes -
 wNever ask an undivided love;
 He who despises the smallest works of nature is
 then expelled, barred from all.
 Goodbye because you'll never see me. "

Rhwoous then hit his chest and high groa.n'd and
 exclaimed: "I know I still Forgie sorry!
 This time, and I never more.I - "You are blind,
 do not pity me" turned voice "Ouch," I can
 forgive!
 But they do not have the ability to heal the eyes of
 his mind;

Only the soul has the power o'er him. "
 Again murmur'd "never again"
 Rhocus and then heard no sound, but the
 sound of fresh oak leaves as surfing time on a
 pebble beach rakes distant sea and worn.
 The night was gather'd around; it was "clear that
 the city glowed with thousands of lights,
 Revel sounds and fell hard on the ear and a
 curse; above, the sky with all its
 magnificence of bright stars,
 Deepen'd, and his head hit the windshield; It
 was the beauty and pleasure around;
 But since the day before was alone on the land.

SOURCE.

Sun, full of light,
 Jumping and flashing
 mother until the
 evening;

In the moonlight, whiter
 than snow,
 Shaking like a flower, if
 the wind blows;

In the light of the stars
 during spraying run,
 happy happy day at
 midnight; -

Always moving, cheerful
 and gay,
 still climbing to the sky, is not
 tired; -

Contents of all time,
 always looking for
 better,
 Or down, put the rest; -

Full naturally nothing
 can dominate,
 Changed every time, always
 the same; -
 candidate incessant,
 constant content,
 The darkness or
 sunlight Your
 element; -
 Source Glorious let
 my heart
 Cool, moody, steady, upward, as if I

FALCON.

I know a hawk and quickly Peerless
 As e'er was packed in pine; the
 eyes of the bird was always so
 brave,
 Or wing as strong as this mine.
 There is no better wind drivers love it
 O'errun molten gold cloud, lights are
 on islands,
 The star of the coming sun.
 For the heart of a joke, the tower by a
 glorious instinct, prepared
 No bees at the bottom of the flower
 It rose in the explosion in the morning.
 No harmless pigeon, no vogelzang
 famous, with top view chills;
 The rush of her burning in force innocent
 hearts not mince emotion of fear.
 Let fraud and bad chills and baseness, the
 balance between them and the sky
 The falcon loan lock true always, and mark
 them with your vindictive eye.

Hungry and cold.

SISTERS. I thank you, with
your pinch'd and blue faces; For the
poor man I'm real

Age:

You can clearest word I penk, you
are sure to treasure,
From the point that you stir'd, hungry
and cold

Let compromise elegant state,
paralysis and lies are their shifts
Faced with bloodshot eyes, dark and bold;
Politics is defined as any,

**In their fall, you do not catch, you
have to purchase too honest -**

. Hungry and cold

Screws and bar the doors of the
palace! While most people are
poor, the naked truth ever

Uncontroll'd;

You, however, never to
guess, Praise embarrassed
You can visit without court dressed,
hungry and cold

As the music rose and fell, and
dance reel'd the end where his
expensive set of problems

strpl'd fashion,

granted enormous fear
wolf eyes by the pairs of windows;
Little dream your area -

Hungry and cold

At the heart link employee awareness is
 not very popular,
 It does not feel like a bloody
 smutch In their gold:
 Referring all you powerful
 reasoners
 The treadmill whisper their betrayal,
 hunger and cold

rough comparisons are drawn, will
 refuse to satiate the stomach,
 emaciated limbs the cobweb lawyers
 You can not hold;
 you are Clogg'd not with stupid
 pride, but can be done with a right
 denied; God is somehow on your
 side -
 Hungry and cold

You respect nothing wrong on
 gray hatng long prevailed; His
 last victim shot crowd
 Since the mold
 You cave; knives and lower
 stabwhicharmweepinglower
 whichtheir silence year -
 Hungry and cold.

We will protect bothcorridor and
 the mandrel; Through the window,
 threatening look, patiently until
 your timing
 They toll'd;
 The cheeks are pale, but the hands are
 red, Guiltless. The blood may be poured
 chance, but must be nurtured and -
 Hungry and cold

God man has plans, some died of
 hunger and fatigue, and to share the
 wine and oil does not spoil,
 told;

James Russell Lowell.

These theories devil, hope and love and peace stuffy,
Framed her terrible desire for pleasure, - hunger and cold
for me

scatter ashes on the head, "Tears shed burning
pain, the earth and have compassion
Sometimes, love :
Before the door thin bodies of the poor,
and you want the silence of nothing but blood, hunger and
cold !

HEBE.

TIERRA flashing white legs,
flash saw the tunic down; For his influence ran a fleet
Bow'd bend my heart as barley.

As in the barren fields, searching for pilots bees on
flowers outside our discovery, **which** He took me in
degrees -With the soft, simple honey cells Joy
compromiso.Por.

Thank you thut appeared were fierce destinations; With love
more o'er the air lean'd./F; Golden Gates is the long-sought
secret
In music hinges waved to me.

brimm'd saw the cup in an exciting series with the divine; as
a lover,
the proffer'd life hone jump : The cup fell, luck ran.

The earth drank the harvest; What to correct boots glass
chips? You can see To fill ice bowl
Whose treacherous glass that is But the winter?

O spender hurry! Wait for the gods;
 lips nectar patiently crown. Rod pieces
 scattered untbankful
 The immortal gift vain libations.

Coy Hebe: Fly Woo,
 And catch leaks hands; Follow his life, and they
 will continue
 Pour yourself a glass of honor!

DENT.

DEAR common: Flower I growest this side of the
 road, the dirt road lined harmless gold

Lfa.y first youth clothing,
 Which children cracks, and full QI.pride, defense,
 good heart Buccaneers who o'erjoy'd
 Eldorado found in the grass,
 In rich soil global cycle

You can combine the richness, -thou Nioré I can love
 are even more proud of the summer flowers.

Or like you never Spanish arch attracted by the silence
 of the primordial seas of India,
 Wrinkled or lean

Age, to the heart of the system to steal lover;
 This is the source of generosity, now spread
 between rich and poor, with generous hand
 Although most heart will never
 understand to realize the value of God, but
 by
 wealth to the eye, with no reward.

You a.rt my tropics and mine Italy ;
 Look you unlock a warmer climate;
 Eyes me

They are in the heart, and no attention or time;
 Not in mid-June, the Golden Bee-cuirass'd
 It looks like a summer and warmer
 explosion

Store in a white lily wind
 His Sibaris conquer'd, me, when the first
 cracks in his dark green yellow circles.

So I think deep shadows on the grass -
 "Meadows, where the cattle graze in the sun,
 Then, as they pass by the wind,
 Bright straws inclined thousand ways,
 sleeping sheets in a vague mass,
 Or whiten in the wind, blue waters -The
 The distance of the spark gap, some
 woods and the sky above,
 If a white cloud like a lost lamb chance to move.

thoughts of my childhood are mandatory of you; The
 vision of "I called again robin i> ong
 This is the old dark tree
 Next door, it is clear that he sang all day, and I
 in piety from childhood,
 Listen'd as if I heard a singing angel
 Sky News, which has daily fresh unpolluted my
 ears,
 When the birds and flowers and happy companions.

He worked as seems lush nature, If you, for
 all your gold, art so mean!
 Teach me to consider the
 most sacred of all human HRT
 As each reflects the joy of its shine down
 From the air, and had some wonderful secret
 program, but we must pay we keep
 And with the wisdom of a child unflinching
 look at all these living pages of the book of
 God.

WHAT MR. ROBINSON thinking.

B. Güvener is a sensitive person;
 a "look Arter his people is his horn, Furrer ez
 ez draws his line can,
 The "Tater Patch by someone stalking;
 However, John
 PAG.
 Robinson
 The SEZ wunt vote iron Güvener B.

My! aint terrible? Wut's okay?
 We can never choose, o'course, -thet is flat;
 Guess HEV come to us (right?)
 The arms go on an iron thunder ", " has it
 all; John P. Iron
 Robinson
 The SEZ wunt vote iron Givener B.

General C is an intelligent man dreffie:
 there is I give all sides of places or profit;
 But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,
 there is am loyal to a party, "Thet itself;
 So, John P.
 Robinson
 Bez will vote iron General C.

C. General will iron war;
 Vally principle, he did not more'n an old cud;
 What God did in creeturs raytional iron
 But the glory of a "powder looting a" blood?
 So, John P.
 Robinson
 SEZ he will vote iron G; ineral C.

We were in Gittin very well here in our city, with
 good ideas or "Wut Wut right Aint,
 We love the 'thought Christ was a Agin war "used a"
 Thet epyletts worn't Tho best mark of a saint;
 But John P.
 Robinson
 Bez this sort o thing Idea exploded.

The side of our country should take Ollers
 President Polk, you know, our country; An angel
 Thet all our sins written in a book
 barrels O *debit* him ' in front of we *and* < *mtry*;
 The John P.
 Robinson
 io HLS Tiew the thing in front of The.

Parson Wilbur argimunte call all these lies,
 Sez are airth nothing. but joke *action, the fam jaw*;
 A "Thet all this great conversation about our destinations
 Half in the dark, a "middle rum t'other.
 But John P.
 Robinson
 Sez CEES nothing; a "natural, and you should.
 shepherd Wilbur EEZ Heerd life HIE
 Thet apostles th "rigg'd in its Swaller adhesive. Coatti,
 The "ran counter-rotating drums with a" Fife
 Some git in the office, and some of them vote;
 However, John P.
 Robinson
 Sez who do not know everythin 'in Judea.
 Wal Marcy people the heart to tell you
 The rights of the "evil of this or that promise. God
 sends lawyers in the country" another wise decliners,
 "The GITS The team leader wen the world in a
 swamp; John P. Iron
 Robinson
 Sez the world'JI go right, screaming f Gee

The Courtin.

Gon makes sech nights can still see or hear
 any "white Fur'z,
 Moonshine a "snow field on a" hill,
 very quiet an "all shine.

 Zekle pancake "not at all on the
 height A" peek'd up by the reel,
 A "non Sot Huldy alone," ITH
 not get closer Bender.

 A fireplace fill'd one side of the room
 with an average <In-Ord Wood '
 They are not wood stoves (the so-called
 dead comfort) To a Puddin cooking.
north

Seems wa'nut The reports drawn
 leg stenosis, bless!
 A "leettle flames danced around
 Chiny in Drebber.

By the thief hanging chimbley neck, A
 "including oxide
 The poor ole young queens Thet Fetch'd
 stopped behind Concord.

O the same room, kitchen she I was
 in seemed to warm floor ceilings,
 The "he turned his gaze full of
 pink Ez ez Agin peelin apples.

It was a kingdom to "O" can be
 considered SECH bleBBed an
 animal.
 Rosehip Blushin "not a current
 Fashion Star or sweet.

He was "the man, A1, clean sand
 a" six human feet Natur ";
 Nobody could not faster than a ton
 Dror No release Furrer law.

Would you spark'd full twenty liters, had
 taken a ride 'em, I danced' em, Druv!
 in,
 Fust him a "continuation Thet, for spells,
 everything, I could not love them.

However, long Uld or her veins
 running all curly like card curl'd
 bresh'd felt side attack or "sun
 EZ southern slope Ap'il.

She thought that no bed Sech balance
 v'ice
 Hisn Ez in the choir;
Hy! When a ring Ole Cien, Ella was the
 Lord knew nigher.

a ' blushed scarlit., inprayer law,
 When your new meetin'-Bunnet



Feeling somehow through "some of the
crown

blue Sot eyes on her.

Thet night, I tell you, I looked at all

It seemed to've stripping a new
soul, for Sartin-sure he felt,
Tery his shoe.

They heer'd stand, "the A-
managed Raspin" on the
scraper -

A.ll ways in turn feel the sparks and
burned paper.

KIN "or" iter'd on the
treadmill, doubtfie Some o
sekle, Kep His heart goin
pity pat, but it was worth
Zekle zoom.

YIT gin straight joy

Ez as firder wish'd,

A 'in their apples Kep "exhausted
Parin murder.

"Want to see my Dad, I suppose?"

" rampart * . No * . I I just dasignin ""

To see my mother? It clo'es sprinklin '
i'nin die Agin. "

Tell us why girls act IO liters

or less, or not, "ould

presumin";

meaning mebbly *Yes* average " *No*

Nateral are women.

a spell is put on Fust FUT then put a
spell t'other,

The "I felt Wust

It might not be "your nuther said.

He said: "You better call Agin,"

she said: "Think likely as a pin,
That last word you lick'd as a pin,

a' ••• Wa that even a "Kist to be.

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When Ma bimeby them slipping, ez
pa.le Huldy Sot shaft
The family of "ro1 ln smile 'lips
A' lashes tears roun '.

So it was Isaiah soft kind that do
not vary natur
As streams which keep the spirit HID
snow Summer Jenooary.

Roun Closter blood of his heart was tightly all
expressin '
Tell the mother about how things
were, and gin "seeing both his
blessin .

Then red as the tide at the Bay of
"Fundy;
An "all I know is that gave voice
in Meetin come nex Sunday.

Yussouf.

THE UNKNOWN He came one evening in
Yussouf, diciendo-: "See, an outcast and fear,
whose life is doubled by the arc energy,
flying, no place to lay his head, I will bring
you food and shelter,
... For Yussouf, called by all our tribes *O Good.* "

"This store is my "he said andussouf- "but no
more than what God come in peace;
everyone participated freely in my store
than theirs, which is based on this
our tents your day of the glorious roof and
night, and they Nay heard at the door. "

So Yussouf fed his guest that night,
ERE day .and next day he said: "This is gold, my
best horse that is Sealed are: Bight day before
starting the lever grow fat "

If a lamp is a different, and less growth, the
nobility of the nobility then ignites.

"Bright Hat stTanger face inside is big, bright full
self-conquest; kneeling along his forehead bow'd
Yussoufs part Sobbing-" O Sheik, I can not leave
well enough;
I pay; ready-madeIbrahim slain her son! "

"Take three gold!" Yussouf- says "through you, I Into
desert ever.Voile,
my simple black thoughts from me.First-born! for
that day and nostalgia, balanced and equitable night are
all God's decrees.
I have avenged my firstborn, I sleep in peace "

He came and went.

Trembles as a branch of a bird
Lights in the corner, leave without
bending so my thrill'd and stirr'd
memory:
So I went and I went.

If a more fibulae for unriven explosions,
vast content of the blue dome
So did my soul the air at the moment:
just went and went.

Like, an hour, the Swift spring our
batteries full of flowers and aromatic
gardens,
When my winter sleep modes; So I
went and I went.

An angel stood and met my gaze through
the low door of my tent;
The tent is reached, the vision
remains; So I went and I went.

O when the chamber is slow-growing
 weak, and, finally, runs out of the
 service life of the oil,
 A light burst gush these eyes, so she
 lived with.

The first snowfall.

The snow had begun at sunset, and busy
 all night
 He had the field and the road full of deep
 silence, been white.

Each pine and spruce and hemlock
 stoats too much for a count,
 And the poorest elm branch was
 inches deep grooves with pearl.

Launches new roof Carrara muffled
 rooster crows came;
 thin fabric Soften'd hard rails and even flannel
 flutter'd by snow.

I was near the window and
 watch'd The quiet work E <ky
 And the snow birds crack as brown
 leaves hanging.

I thought a lot in the Sweet Auburn,
 which was a small tombstone ;
 As the flakes were slowly transformed
 into the wood thrush baby.

He even talked about our own little Mabel,
 Diciendo- "Father! which makes the snow?
 "And I mean everything Father
 Who cares for us here.

Again, I looked at the falling
 snow, and I thought the leaden
 sky

This arch'd o'er our first great sorrow,
when the party was heap'd so high.

I remembered the progressive
patient hat "fell from the sky
like snow,

Flake by: Bake healing and scar cloud
sunk deep sorrow.

And back to the
childIwhisper'd, "Snow
husheth everything,
Honey, merciful Father is
knocking down! "

Then, with the blind eyes, is Ikiss'd; It's
her,kiBBing back, could not know
My kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

MARIA LOWELL WHITE. •

good to Watertown, M11ss: 1821-1853
deceased.

Morning Glory.

WE wreath'd head of our dear ·
The glory of the bright morning;
His face looked down, so full of
life and light,
And lit with sunrise, which
could only say,
"It is the true glory of the morning,
and the poor boys. "

So always, from the moment glad
you called you by name;
And it seems quite appropriate,
To ensure that the sun will rise,
Behind his crib bars smiled to catch
the first small radius,
Flower farms you smile and open
daily.

• view remark 21.

But not so good that raise
 their glasses ventilation
 Blue,
 As eye candy turned to the light,
 sleep dew offer Brimm'd;
 And not so close XX RIE thin branches
 are drawn around its supports,
 As a family, whose statement outstretch'd arml
 Clasp'd all hearts for your account.

We are accustomed to think if he had
 come out despite the flower -
 The last perfect and added
 Top love in the morning; And
 when she was photographed
 Love could not say,
 As in small drops of dew round Brilla
 the heart of the days.

We would never have thought, O I God,
 it must fade,
 Almost before he was transferred
 to the day when the cup of
 morning glory;
 We never see the corner of the just and
 noble head,
 Until she was stretch'd before our eyes:
 I wilted, and cold and dead

"The morning glory flower that will
 soon come round ;
 We see its rows of leaves heart-shaped
 burst the ground.
 The tender things again renew the birth
 of winter:
 But the glory of our morning
 pass'd Earth.

O Earth is in vain to extend our sore
 eyes along the green meadows I
 .To your hard sprays, air you too coarse
 to support your mind!

But the wood-filled paradise
certainly see
Our beautiful Dondiego tiful
String around our Lord knee.

A FANTASY. OPIUM

Smile hangs opium in the brains and
relieves pain aboard anesthesia heavier
sound, near or far, Sing floating in her
softball.

It wakes me from my deep sleep?
Or am I still asleep?
This keeps long, soft vibrations
asleep like a charm.

The elegant game, a moment unfolds
STOPS the distance again,
As silver beads, ringing softly DROPT
in a golden cup.

I doubt red poppy, fairy
band bows,
While I, a weed with his head in his
support phalanx -

"Someone airy with red cap, the
name seems
This new minstrel who can sleep in
your lap melody "

Grew its red bands Lumine head cold wind
was blowing,
And gently swaying softly sang
beds —

"Oh, he's just an owl, the
lowest of his parents,

Sitting under the hood and vented
midnight makeg this turmoil. "

"Fraudulent tongues of fire paints: s!
Much more than this known to
you, I know this is her dream prince
Doomed go as an owl; -

"Neither their amateur work for years
STOPS but unfolds every night
His silver balls, silent ring Dropt in a
golden cup. "

Thomas William Parsons.

good in front of Boston, Massachusetts:
1819

A bust of Dante.

VEA, this forgery Arno will remember
for a long time, lineament so serious,
serious manner, the father was from
Tuscany I song
No, but the painful burning sensation,
continuing care, and contempt, respect,
friendship remains small distrust crowd
just next door.

Where as wan
No dream of his life - a struggle; I
could see the whole Beatrice
A hermit lover?
Given the cold dark Ghibelines Who could
have visions guess'd beauty, hidden from
the light of heaven,
In the circles of the eternal flame?
Lips like cave near Cumre,
Cheeks, fast and thin hard pain ahead,
almost brooding,
However, the hope in the patient -

Declaring a life was Inmaculada yet,
although still serious; This, by vacillating
days of sin, he was banned caste clear gel.

Not quite like its lowered
When walking once through, sad,
companion stray'd spare his book,
Monacale shadow hush'd Raven;
When at Benedictine together
Palm of your hand on the guest
pilgrim, the only big help for charity
pray'd The monastery was too much.

Peace does not live here -This rough side
Trai any spirit of peace;
The only trace of black warrior,
marble man of many ailments. That
was his face when he arrived
The idea that the strange story of God,
where the hell is full of enemies,
The bane of many a defective line.

The last war fought with every
tyrant cancer worms of the earth;
Baron and Duke in the cellar and
lounge,
He cursed the dark hours that gave birth;
He used prostitute in Rome with joy;
Plucked naked hypocrisy and criminality;
However, the brave souls is transferred
coils manning at the time.

0 times! whose rulings mock ourselves, to
focus only on the art fair;
Poor, sad and lonely exile is another
Virgilio Lazio.
For his name bow nations; His words
are the lot of humanity, deep in their
hearts, such as the forehead,
Brands have sunk the spirit of Dante.

SAINT PERAY

As a sacred prayer Saint
Peray. He alone, of all
seeds; Every time I made
myself well: Many have tried
to be hoaxes on the calendar.

In the Atlantic, weak and
sick, once pray'd San
Dominick He was holy, safe
and sensible; Was't not
designed Car Fez and
rosaries? But for one in my
condition
This great saint was not a doctor.

So in Normandy
I prayed to Saint Denis, LN
great cathedral, where the
All former kings of peace;
However, the bow was angry
In the "Golden Fleece" - he knows I

During my travels, and several waves,
come to Naples, I was like
Vesuvius watching the bay,
San Genaro pleaded.
But I was crazy to try
him;
Nothing I say can liquefy; And I
swear I will not hurt me, I always
keep myself cal
This plague of the house, obscene wit.h
Jews and Greeks and the unclean: What
should I quarantined?

In Sicily, at least a score -
In Spain, almost as many more,
and almost as many in Rome
Because the loves of Don Giovanni -

I made the request without
response;
diablo Take I-strain said L

WOM the journey, tired and
lame, Assisi wallswine:
Sad and hospital full of fantasies,
I addrese'd San Francie; But the
beggar was never
Everything that was said,
He never me something much fleae
supported in front of Aseiee.

However, in Provence, near Vauchuee,
difficult for Rhone found a
saint with a delicious juice
powerful worse complaint.
Avignon was the first;
the Witches time of thirst: I
bra.in ca.me of the name
Catholic saint; Forty miles that
day duo met me in San Pera.y.

although thenbad Aught not
heard from him for a third
Liter pase'd my lips,
Everyone was I lamts eclipse.
By slid his gentle spirit
With every spell in the mine,
So I thought BLISE poet never rose
wine.

The rest, he gave me, and refeation
expects Chasten'd, retrospectiori calm.
Soften'd, images of pain,
brilliant for the next shot, Charity for
what happened -
Believe in something good in the past.

Now wh1 should any almanac
Good nf name thing missing?

Whether it should be omitted
 breviary Santo so wise and good
 humor? The Pope should pay
 special day for Saint-Peray.
 But because there is no date is mentioned,
 moreover, bl. Lord's anointed,
 : We wait, do the right thing;
 Send us your round bottle, Hal I and I put you at night.

Expand. •

What do we do now, Mary died,
 Or say or write that the medium expreBB? What
 can we do, but the right pillow head
 And in the spring time to write your epitaph?

how long snowfall, purple,
 Windbreakers: 8.ower, and hung, and the
 deterioration of the girl, every letter of the alphabet
 enough
 What explains: 8.owers Event of the Year.

She was a maid for a man they love,
 She was one of the life of a man who
 had learn'd woman to value well above
 I love the name of the holy woman.

Her little dream life, so rounded with sleep,
 had everything in life, but gray :
 Hope, love, trust, passion and dedication, and
 tie mysterious a mother bear.

This fulfill'd its promise and released. He laid
 her gently on the iron door
 eyes I find the last lover image:
 It now covers the earth, the earth more I

- See note 22.

Golondrinas.

Swallows fireplace! Back home I hie
 You do not have the lady eyes
 Watch and you love, now and then, as
 his book or pen completely closed
 world of men. In your room, if built,
 Your smile will be fill'd Never be
 desired
 A visit to his happy fire
 But I will say shaking in their new nest
 "rest here!"

O, if necessary, but also their
 feathers! I know very well
 what to do.
 I know where I would live this
 evening as light and fire and the
 eyes are bright, and where the
 music never fails.
 Even if the instrument is still a
 song that then is a greater power
 of the teacher: This harmony born
 of passionate love, but quiet; Last
 understanding and above
 Music, -More felt when they leave this
 work.

William Ross Wallace.

Well, in Lexington, Kentucky, 1819

The gods of antiquity.

NO realm less ancient gods sitting on
 their thrones foggy.
 In that first glorious Greek real
 celestial spheres
 The languor in her terrible forms can Jie
 And a deep sadness in his big white eyebrows

sky king people.
 But they still have the power of God,
 Stainless table.
 They can not disappear, but its creed of 11 er
 burden'd came curse
 And the apotheosis of a
 darken'd was a universe:
 No storm announced direct light;
 No sign of fire walk'd solemn night;
 blood red flag Wll.8 unforl'd no winner in color;
 No volcano, he shook his warning to the flame;
 The earthquake tore L pulse of the world;
 No pale soles wandered the dark sky; only
 silencespheres
 Amid the dark shed a few tears of joy;
 And then, like a rainbow came, it came
 with the morning call Jambent.
 Stars saw the palace, towers and windows locked
 away the brilliant prophet
 And they ordered read sing their choruses,
 suave "Peace and goodwill in the box!"
 Shudder'd princes and returned cardiac patients;
 And attacked his brilliant hands
 Gemm'd ticeptres with his thunderous Btfore
 wonder:
 Ah! sick at heart-but them, bards,
 calm immortal song in Eclipse
 Throng'd and a cup of nectar famous
 "fo pale lips ;
 And each, with a worried look, love, stirr'd
 Some melodic sequences,
 While the shock storm with bird sat shaking
 their wings:
 Harder than that their echo harps, And
 their voices even louder roll'd between
 arches and dreamy recovered from the
 Golden Roof:

 "You can not leave your throne fields, but
 faith is o'er,

And it seems more powerful than Jupiter
 leading edge of the earth! "
 Gradually, trampled the bold words "by halls-
 "Not on earth nor hell or heaven,
 The IDEAL, gods 0 men! You can never
 die, but the soul called immortal man.

"Nevertheless, Jupiter, sublime, must
 return

His hideous face in Olympic shrouds, or
 take the black desert sky
 His hunting thunder behind the clouds hunted
 eyes and mortals upwards, you will see
 APOLLO murmur gold dress
 Wipe speaks the rooms of the old wood sky
 deity:
 He, the Lord of the earth restless spirits
 sunless I <gait sometimes illumine
 With burning eyes cavern'd jerk lights Hell House
 tremors penumbra:
 The ethereal cloak, as in ancient times
 You have to walk in the mountains and virgin
 Sacred members Latmos Wash in cold water
 Keep the soil in the marble fountains; And flows in
 his dreams August with the Italians, poor old god
 angry frown without throne
 Weak he will capture the air for his lost crown -
 and sadly whispered from his great defeat And
 wrapp'd electronic resonance will be seen, the
 giant war tick -
 And where conflict coils
 Stimulation through the pipes to the wheels that break
 sharpen; Or interrupt the list, among the jagged
 shadows
 deep guttural scream f hungry battle blades,
 Directed by Lance hunger - At
 the end of the battle weary
 They gave them thanks to the passion,
 Amid the rows of panting conquer'd
 enemies; "The chicken, drinking red wine
 with their king,
 Fainting go around your purple sanctuary to rest.

"AND He said the carrier trident still see tht:
 first wave of admirers kneeling at his feet,
 while his ministry wind resources
 Before the altar of the approaching storm
 : Or, bending o'er the Paphos Islands
 Cheer'd music horn section "of rriton dark
 night curtains for your HID window above
 the treetops,
 And was the sleeping eyelids with the light
 of the queen, the lascivious love!
 And you, ah, you!
 Birthday March white foam
 Dreams of a problem, even around your home,
 you sleep Dawn, press in love on your lips
 burning
 In a gentle angle, alone,
 When the water rushing and the Dark bow: And
 the young Endymion
 At midnight the pale 12:00
 Even violate dream dew who do not know,
 the moon of love
 Who excites you find in a beautiful valley
 before missing mly silver lamp;
 And the PAN must be wonderful to
 downplay cane hush'd arcades
 And the joke lawn fauna between the sun
 Thessaly shadows.

"Can not be missed Whose eyes from sunlight
 shot blue truth to follow in the world:
 It will always be easy to give you years of corals
 of fast corners areas beamy
 Rhat tremble as she walks across the plains and
 gives sometimes dark
 Gray mistake mountains fall by at Titan heard
 since the high rock, bursting with immortal pain
 His immortal spirit can still mockingly,
 cheering see, despite the fury of the oppressor
 Frost, heat, vulture, and the storm -

Earth ancient valleys joy in your fire
 Houses, keep men -The beings forged many a
 beautiful shape
 in the serenity of your big idea : And above
 all, bright, beautiful, quiet,
 And does not change, however,
 You, psyche! gloria-cinctured, holy, always
 whispering this exalted word is detected by the
 time pressure gallery,'eternity YO 'include
 whose terrible rings
 Men and gods in common. "

as distant star shining in the sky,
 immortal gods O ! and can be spent illumine;
 The voice of a poet cry aloud, faithful
 among the faithless, the final "Do not die!"
 When darkness Trail appropriate age
 or rigid and floral Tempe Valley O'er
 Delphi *can not* That!
 Although time and assault their ancient temples of
 a quiet holiday, and rightly men in our curve "a" -
 You were things in the spirit of the time, his
 dark sense of Sacred Divinity.
 Olympus Sinai also respectfully
 And Ida is likely to hear the voice of Mount
 Zion : coop Past ! form on our balls; In our
 climate, the strong presence grave
 And rejoice the hearts of Christians with the Greek
 souls.

Amin believers.

Wao what Hara? Not true pomp and pride,
 However, a great son of Leo and natural Soul'd Eagle Eye:
 Who is that in the presence of which the idols fall on the lawn?
 OUT while shouting "Allah Akbar t What's new? that is
 god but God! "

Wandering in the wilderness wonder'd solemn as a child is
still not too proud to ask, the sun and the star and wildlife.

"O, your Moon ! You have your glory? I hooked you
the stars above?
reply Iso my soul can hold : *should* worship, or die."

Then he let the awkward silence that precedes the
thunder;
And the old Arab called Whirlwind other Arab soul.

Who wants what · that is Hara is? Not true pomp and pride,
However, a great son of Leo and natural Soul'd Eagle Eye:
He excelled and Monte Hara saw a huge endorsement ·
Presence
she you Cloud heard and lightning "Knowing that not that
is
god but God, I "

Call this man "a fraud?" - It was called O
truth when
A child who has wandered o'er deserts and wild eyes of
Arab men.

It has always been called *X116 faithful*. truth I knew the
breath of God;
But lying dark rustling through the death of corridors.

"The fierce I "Yes! With bars -fierce are nasty pieces of
wood
Koreish who taught people made the sun and solitude.

But his heart was too soft; and graceful palm affection,
Curling on the tropical spirit brought a balm for the weary.

" Instructions? "Compassion in each -DoI carry
Unknown to the door,
inyour maintaining the treatment in court IGive one-tenth
of the poor!

"However, ambitious!" - Yes! Ambitious, he listens
 quiet the sweet
 Aidenn voice hell below Sing step conquer'd Your feet ..
 "The Islam?" NOW! send to heaven! - "prophet"
 that's why you!
 What are the prophets, but the trumpets blown by God to
 stir the heart?

He is big heart wilderness stir'd up formal strain
 Roll victory Hara important error problems.

Dark and hundreds of millions still honor the staff of El Amin
 daily cbaunting- "Allah Akbar! knows that there is no
 god but God!"

call she then more lies! Mecca is the Reef door
 True, the Zion afternoon should They take, nations in
 wait until tomorrow.

HISTORY WILLIAM WETMORE.

good AI Salem, Maas: 1819

PB.4.X ITELES And PHBYNE.

THE Thousands .. ". IDsilent years behind
 Twilight, turned out to be weak and,
 used to be By pulling the sun your
 sweet and the veil of shadow;

When displaying a sculptor working stay'd
 his hand and a return
 It was through the, half in shadow, with
 a sigh - "made JI's !

"As is registered expediency and Instead,
 Waiting for you and me ;
 Many of these little-! to achieve
 in death Destiny.

r

! "Phryne proved to be their human
lips rotting rounded members -
Neither love nor prayers to offer no
benefit to get your beauty;

"But your smile centuries
The marble lips inhabit -
For art can give love denied and only
the leak.

"Sad thought! neither age nor death this cold
melted youth bust;
When the brains quickly made and hand,
and you and I are the dust!

"If all our hopes and fears have died, and
our two hearts are cold,
And love is like a melody that play'd,
and living a story that said -

"This sense handlers stone as coolly, that
love nor life can be heated,
The same is wearing charm, even
enjoyable way.

"Your rhythm destroy pain, your
age will pity Beauty
Vanish'd bitterness of joy, the use
of the treatment of waste.

"And there, in that silent face You
see the ages unborn
eternal youth, grace and serenity
multi seal'd.

"And strangers, if we sleep in peace, they
say, not quite unmoved-
So I smiled Praxiteles
The Phryne he loved. "

VIOLET.

O! Low lovely purple spring weather, the
 smell Tuyo, as a key,
 turns silence in memory salons to leave a
 thought without pain.

The breath of blowing the distant fields on my
 head through the open door
 The sound of bells by the wind, softer and lower and
 sadder than before performed.

**It comes close to this
 beloved place,
 duration, time,**
 When the suspended ripening gold grace love life,
 as above gazebo grapes.

Springsteen sings his grass Reedy; Sings or
 Calandria'r my head,
 She drowned in the air : O happens your
 visions! pass:
 to make which I was dead

By prohibiting the door open'd which once
 flee?
 O vanish'd joy! O Love are more!
 Vex'd my mind it!

O Violet! you smell sent my brains
 Shall, and chopped
 This sunny day, though a curse your
 stains Alcotan.

Walt Whitman •

Born in West Hills, New York, 1819

wITH FUND.

With a history;
 With my parents, and the accumulation of centuries past;
 With that, if it had not all state would Not here now,
 like AM :

• See Note 23.

Egypt, India, Phenicia, Greece and Rome;
 With the Kelt, Scandinavia, AB and Saxony; With
 maritime antiques business with the necessary artizanship,
 Conflict and displacement;
 The poet, the skald, the saga, the myth and the oracle;
 With the sale of slaves with enthusiasm and the
 troubadour, the crusader, and the monk;
 With those old continents where we came from in front
 of This new continent;
 there fade with kingdoms and kings; With the
 fading religions and priests;
 With the small margins we look back to our own shores and
 a great gift;
 · With countless years of drawing, and came to them year; ·

You and I came to America arrived and making this year;
 This year! sending countless years ahead.

O but not me years is you; We touch all
 laws and all TALLY background;
 "Ve are Skald, Oracle, monk and Gentleman including
 easily, and;
 We are in half the time, the beginning or the end, we are
 in the midst of good and evil;
 All changes around us, there is so much darkness as
 light;
 The same sun and the planets balance system around us;
 turn sun and capsizes.

as for me (torn, stormy, and I, in the midst of this violent
 days) ·

I They feel all, and I, and all belieYe;
 I think materialism that is true and spiritualism is
 true rejection nowhere.

somehow forgotten?
 fen in front of me and everyone until I give you
 knowledge.

I respect Assyria, China, Teutonia, and the
 Hebrews; Adopt any theory, myth, god, and
 demigod;
 I see old accounts, bibles, genealogy, it is true,
 without exception;
 I say that all past days were what they should
 have been;
 And it could not be better than they were-how
 And that day is what it should be, and that the United
 States,
 And to day and America could not do to be better than them.

On behalf of these states, and in your name and my past,
 and in O the name and the states on their behalf and me
 this time.

I know that the past was great, and the future
 will be great,
 And I know that both strangely together in this hour

(As marked by the love, the love of the average common
 man This makes:)
 And where I am, or They are, Today is not the center of
 every day, all races,
 And the meaning is, in front of us is
 game day, or never.

Desire HOME.

O Magnet-ON I O shiny, fragrant South I My South!
 O rapid cooling, high blood pressure: momentum and good
 love ly
 false I O all expensive for me I
 O dear to me my birth, things, all the things that
 move, and the trees, where I was born, grains,
 plants, rivers; Dear me my own slow sluggish
 rivers where they flow at a distance on silver
 sands of the marshes;

Dear me Roanoke, Savannah, altamahaw the Pedee, the
 Tombigbee, the Santee, the Coosa and Sabine;
 O pensive wandering away, I return with my
 soul
 · It will continue to put forth its banks;
 In Florida I float float I-transparent Okeechobee -I many
 lakes across the country or through pleasant or dense
 forest openings;
 I see birds in the forest and see the Papayo titi
 development;
 Again, sailing on my mountain, on the bridge, the coast
 of Georgia
 Coast of the Carolinas,
 I see the green-oak grows where the pine,
 fragrant bay leaves, lemon and orange trees,
 cypresses, graceful palm trees;
 Mar-step coarse capes and enter Pamlico sound
 through an inlet and throw my inner vision;
 O cotton rice fields, sugar, hemp!
 The cactus guarded with thorns bay with large white
 flowers;
 The range of wealth and extreme baTennessee old woods
 charged with mistletoe and foam outlet
 The pineyodour and sadness, silence of nature, terrible,
 (here in these dense swamps filibuster carries his
 weapon, and the runaway slave cabin has a conceal'd);
 O strange appeal of these marshes, well-known
 semi-IMPAS means mink, infected with
 reptiles, in resonance with the crocodile below
 sad nighttime noise and disorganized and whil'r
 rattlesnake;
 Thrasher, American mimicry, singing all morning
 singing every full moon night,
 The hummingbird, wild turkey, raccoon, skunk ;
 ·
 A rich cornfield in Tennessee, elegant, with a thin sheet
 length, agitation, light each well dish with thin
 spikes tassele sheath'd;
 Lake Prairie sleep Arkansas, or even Bayou;
 O my heart! O tender and severe pain, she can
 not stand, I must go;

O to be a Virginian, I grew ! O to a carolinian !
 O cravings ! O iwill back to old Tennessee
 and never walk !

Pioneros / O / Pioneros

Come on, tanned face children !
 Keep it ready, get your weapons;
 You have your weapons? You have their sharp edges axes?
 pioneers ! O pioneers !

Why can here tarry
 We should go, my dear ! we have to bear the risk weight
 We vigorous youth races, all the rest of us depend
 Pioneers ! O pioneers !

O You have youth, young Westerners
 as soon impatient, full of action, full of male pride and
 friendship;
 vision, young Westerners lto see pinch the first,
 pioneers ! O pioneers !

They arrested the biggest races?
 and lean not the lesson, beyond the seas too tired out, out
 there?
 Take our eternal task and load, and the lesson
 pioneers ! O pioneers !

All the past we leave behind;
 We lead the world in a new world more powerful, varied;
 Fresh and strong the world we do, the world of work and
 progress,
 pioneers ! O pioneers !

We detachments steady release
 Ridges, passes through the rugged mountains,
 Conquering, holding, daring, risk, as we move forward,
 unfamiliar roads,
 pioneers | O pioneers |

We felling of forest,
 We, the rivers will disgust, penetrating deep into the
 mines;
 We have great topography and the raw virgin land
 Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Colorado men that
 Huge tops of high mountains and
 highland
 My Gully, hunting trail we come
 pioneers | O pioneers !

Nebraska, Arkansas,
 Race to the central interior in Missouri, with mental
 intervein'd blood;
 all pressing the hands of his countrymen, by the South, all
 north
 pioneers O pioneers |

O stirred irresistible ras |
 O I was in the race all ! O My chest hurt me tender love for
 everyone!
 O I cry Exult and again I am very happy with the
 love of all, the pioneers of pioneers O
 |

Raise the mighty mother mistress
 Waving hello sweet lover in all starry sky
 lover, (bending the head of all!)
 Increase war lover fang'd IMD lover serious weapon'd
 unmoved
 pioneers | O pioneers |

See, my children, the children solved,
 This chills in the back, never give up or not,
 Age return in ghostly millions frowning there behind us
 asking,

Pioneers! O Pioneers! ·

Time and again takes the Copact,
 With memberships still pending, with the places of the dead
 quickly fill'd,
 The struggle, the defeat but constantly moves
 Pioneers! O pioneers !

O die !

There are some of us to rot and die ? It is the hour?
 This March fittest die quickly and space is fill'd,
 pioneers O ! Pioneers!

All units in the world,
 The decline rhythm we, the pace of the western movement
 Keeping the groin or together, in constant motion, for, all
 for us
 pioneers ! O Pioneers!

involved and varied life competition
 All the forms and shows, all employees in the workplace,
 All sea and on land, all the masters with their slaves,
 Pioneers! O pioneers !

silent unhappy lovers,
 all prisoners in prisons, all the just and the unjust,
 All joy, all affected, all living beings, all die,
 pioneers ! O pioneer !

I also had the soul and body,
 We, a curious trio, picking, wandering on the road,

By means of this coast in the middle of the shades, with
 Aparri presses wide,
 Pioneers! O Pioneers!

· What fly bowling in the world!
 Brother orbs around all without IHE group and planets:
 Dazzling every day, every mystic nights with
 dreams, Pioneers! O Pioneers!

This is us, they are with us,
 All work required for the primary, while
 supporters there
 embryo waiting behind,
 We travel a title procession platform cleaning road
 Pioneers! O Pioneers!

O West girls I
 O girls are young and old, mothers and wives O
 You!
 You should never be divided, moving in our ranks to United,
 . Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Minstrels latent on the prairies me
 (Bardos packed extra land can sleep has done its job;)
 soon hear just variable frequency rise and buttocks
 among us,
 pioneers I O Pioneers!

Not for sweet treats;
 No skates and shoes, not in peace and researchers ;

It is not safe to have wealth and friendship, not tamed us
 pleasure
 pioneers I O Pioneers!

The greedy party guests?
 burly sleepers sleep? They must lock'd and closed doors?
 our availability, and the cover on the ground, Pioneers!
 O Pioneers!



WALT Whitman.

101

During the night?
Was the way the afternoon so painful? we stopped composition
pointing our way?
However, the passage of time, I will give in their tracks to take
a break outside.
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Even with the sound of the trumpet,
Far, far away from one day to break called Hark! loud
and clear I was told that the wind;
Quick! the head of the army! -Quick! spring to your places,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Quicksand YE.A.R.S.

quicksand years I do not know where to turn,
Your programs, politics, no drilling stage substances lines
and escape;
Only the theme song, big and strong, the -possess'd soul, not
run away;
The same, Neyer should take place, for example, last in
the position that everything is safe;
Outside politics, triumphs, battles, death, eventually
Finally he left?
When shows break, but itself is only one?

the dressing.

A fold of elderly among the new faces coming
There are years of research, programs, meet the children,
He said just old young men and women who love me;
Years in which these scenes, of these furious passions the 1m
opportunities

Of unsurpass'd Heroes, (a brave face? was even more
 significant) ;
 Now, repaint evidence of the mightiest armies of the earth;
 This al'mies so fast, so much to tell us what you saw?
 What remains with you the latest and deepest? curious panic,
 Opportunities obligations, or large speakers, deeper?

O girls and young people who love, and I
 love it!

What you ask my strangest and sudden your talking recalls
 days;
 soldier warning comes after covering a long walk, sweat
 and dust;
 Nfok time I come, plunge into the battle, shouting
 loudly in the rush load successfully;
 Enter the prison work However, here! as soon liver
 before disappearing;
 Pass away and they disappear I never cease threatening or
 soldiers joys soldiers;
 (Both I remember a lot of problems, little joy, But I'm
 happy).

But silently, projections sleep
 While the world of gain and appearance and joy remains,
 much earlier than what is forgotten, and the waves wash
 their im
 footprints in the sand,
 In the sad nature of fantasy with articulated knees back,
 I feeding the balcony doors (top
 Whoever you are, yet I no noise, and be strong heart).

Having bandages, water and sponge, straight and
 fast to my wounded I
 Where she brought after the battle on the ground; When
 blood is costly grass far-red to the ground;
 O the ranks of the hospital shop, or in the hospital roof'd;

For long rows of beds, from top to bottom on both sides,
 the back;
 In all, a miss after another, you go around;
 A wizard steps in a carrier plate of a trash can,
 Soon fill'd with clotted rags and blood, emptied, and fill'd
 again.

I walk, I stop,
 Articulated knees and laborers, wound care;
 I am now, between pang11 active, but inevitable;
 A person is I look appealing (poor guy! I did not know,
 But I think I could have this moment for you to die not
 refuse, as a backup).

I Go (doors open time! Doorr opened the hospital!)
 Go me Crush'd (Mad bad hand, not to mention the following
 bandage tear);
 The neck of the cavalry man with the ball from the
 beginning to the end, I will consider;
 Jingle Bells panting, and a nice glass eye, but life ha.rd battle;
 (Come, sweet death! Convince, O beautiful death!
 Your mercy come quickly.)

Since the stump of the arm, are amputated hand,
 I make the clotted lint, remove slough, wash and
 blood issues;
 The soldier cushion rotates with curved neck and side of the
 main droplet;
 His eyes are closed, his face pale, he was afraid to look
 bloody stem,
 Yet saw it.

I saw a wound on the side, deep, deep;
 But a day or two, to see wasted the whole picture and sinks,
 And the face of the yellow-blue bell

Pag

I dress the perforated shoulder, the bullet
wound,
Clean only with a gnawing and putrid gangrene, unhealthy,
so offensive,
While the guard stands behind aside me holding the tray
and pail.

I am faithful, I did not call;
fracture of the femur, knee, abdominal injuries, and I
saw this with impassive hand (even a burning fire in
my chest flame).

THNS quiet, dream projections
Backup, recovery, juniper me my way through the
hospitals;
Pacific pain and injury to the soft side
I sit by the restless all night, threatening so young;
Some suffer too much to recall the experience sweet and
sad;
(Many loving arms of a soldier in the neck Atravessaste and
rested,
Many kiss a soldier stops it bearded lips).

Spirit whose work is done.

the spirit of the work is done WHORE ! spirit of the terrible
hours !
ERE out, disappear from the eyes of his bayonets forests;
Spirit still the most pessimistic fears and doubts (still un
try pressing);
Spirit of many a solemn day and a wild scene !
electric spirit !
Voice whispering over the years closed tireless mind
wandered,
Awakening of the earth with the fire breathing while you
beat and percussion;

Now, as the sound of the drum, hollow and lasts until the end,
 reverberating around me; •
 As their ranks, their immortal ranks, return, return of the
 fighting ;
 While the young dogs still lean on their shoulders;
 When I look prickly bayonets on their shoulders ; Although
 this Leaning bayonets, whole forests of them appearing in
 the distance, focus and transmit,
 go home,
 Move with a constant motion, rocking back and forth, left
 and right,
 A uniform, holding a slight increase and the stage time:
 Spirit hour I knew all red agitated one day, but turned a1: the
 day after death;
 Touch my mouth before leaving - I press my lips close
 I left angry impulses that left me! fills me with spasmodic
 currents
 We will burn and blister when they leave my songs;
 Let me identify with the future in these songs!

Dead City home.

With Dead-house town, next door,
 Like walking scattered, spawn my way of noise,
 I curious pause - which a marginalized
 form, poor death It is a prostitute;
 The reservoir body unclaim'd in the damp brick pavement;
 divine woman, her body, I see only see the body,
 This house once full of passion and beauty, all e-mail
 message !;
 quiet nor so cold, or tap or morbific printing scents;
 But the only home - the beautiful house that delicate
 beautiful home - that ruin!

This immortal house, more than all the rows of houses ever
built !

O itself white dome of the Capitol, with a commanding
presence surmounted - OR highest conspired old
cathedral

This small house, more than all poor house, desperate I
destruction just scared I close to a soul I If a soul !
Unclaim'd, House avoided I my breath I IPS tremor;
Take a Dropt side tear how to go, because the thought of you,
Still Love Home ! home and madness sin crumbled !
Crush'd I

House and talk lifewhile long hung BNT-ah, poor house
I even death;

Months, years, ultrasound, garnish'd the house, but dead,
dead, dead.

The Mystic Trumpeter.

1 .

listen carefully I some wild trumpeter, some strange
musician, hovering One UN and in the air, vibrates
capricious airs tonight.

I You hear, trumpeter I listen, alert, grab your notes, now
poning, run like a whirlwind around me,
Now, low, moderate, lost in the distance.

2 .

Come immaterial I resonates in you Some dead
composers peDBive your life '
Fi.ll'd was ideal aspiratioDB high-unform'd, waves,
ocean and music, rising chaotic,
Now the spirit of ecstasy I bow to me, your horn eco,
peal,
Hearing about someone, but mine, but gave mine,
I translate for you.

3.

Blow a trumpet! Of course, I, and drying without the
 use of liquid pre-play, gay, quiet,
 I! This relates to the world, the streets, the busy hour day
 retreat;
 A holy calm descends like dew upon me;
 I walking at night · Hangout costs look, the smell of the
 grass, moist air and rose 1;
 His music has been developing my numb'd, please note
 freer imbonded, launchest me
 Floating and enjoy the lake from the air.

4.

I blow my trumpet and sexy eyes Bring old contest - t
 window feudal world.

What does the charm of your music! -thou please pass me,
 Horsemen and women long dead barons are in their
 castle ships Troubadours sing;
 Arm'd drivers come correct errors, some in search of the Holy
 Grail:
 I see the tournament contest. ants wrapped seated on
 stately horses seen nibbling in heavy armor;
 Shout.s the blowt1 crane imply sound
 sample:
 tumultuous Al mies-Hark see crossed that clang
 dishes
 Lo! where monks walk in advance, with the cross on the
 heights!

5.

Blow a trumpet player! and the subject,
 Take the lock in all of the solvent and the environment;
 Looe, ie shutters and pulse of life;
 Tha heart of man and woman for love;
 No other theme of love, but love knitting, enclosing, all
 iffusing.

O, how the immortal phantoms crowd around me!
 I see great works, I still see and know the flames
 that heat the world;
 Lip gloss, blush, the beating hearts of lovers,
 80 happy few happy and some so silent, dark and almost
 to death.
 Love, which is doing lovers who mocks time the whole
 earth
 and space;
 Love is the day and night, love, that is the sun and the moon
 and the stars;
 Love, or scarlet, patient lush scent;
 There are no other words but words of love-no other
 thought than to love.

6.

Blow a trumpet player! shout wanted war alarms!

 Fast your magic, a shuddering hum like distant thunder;
 Lo! which arm'd men I revaverage dust, the brightness
 of bayonets
 I see Cannoniers with the mark in the dirt pink flash
 amid the smoke, I could hear the click of
 weapons:
 -Neither war alone, you fear MW; IC song, wild
 player! It brings all the scary eyes,
 The work of ruthless bandits robbery, murder heard
 the cries for help
 See sunken ships at sea, I see the bridge and
 under the bridge, the terrible images.

7.

O trumpeter I think I am my!Self instrument played!
 Melt'st you my heart, my brains, you move, maintains,
 they chan hots at will:
 And now your notes gloomy darkness by sending
 through me; They encourage them to take all hope of
 light:

See line \ wash, dethroned pain oppressed the
country !;
feel the shame and humiliation of my race immeasurable
It is everything to me;
Mine also the challenge of humanity, errors of hatred and
hatred baffled ages;
total defeat weighs on me, all the victorious enemy lost
me
(However, "the ruins pride colossal bar, inflexible the last;
Endurance, resolution to the last.)

8.

Now trumpeter for his neighbor, One
more time than a fixed voltage head;
my soul sings weakened renew their faith and hope; Rouse
slow my faith gives me a vision of the future; Dame for the
first time, his prophecy and joy.

O happy, elated, culminating song
Force on earth is in your notes!
Victoria man marches disenthral'd the winner in the
last Me
Hymns to the universal, universal, God-man, the joy
A revival career seems a perfect world, all joy
Women and men in the innocence of wisdom and health of
all joy!
Freely without limitation, Bacchanalia laugh, fill'd joy!
War, pain, past suffering - the ground station served
nothing but joy left me
The ocean fill'd with joy, the joy of the atmosphere
Joy! In freedom of joy, reverence, joy of love in the
ecstasy of life I
Something enough just to breathe I
I all joy joy joy

IA July WAR DHOW E.

Born in New York in 1819

B.4. TITLE Hymn of the Republic. •

My eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
 It is run on time, grapes in is stored Anger;
 he has activated. the fatal lightning your terribly fast
 sword:
 His truth is enabled.

glory | glory, hallelujah |
 glory | glory | glory, hallelujah |
 glory | glory, hallelujah |
 His truth is enabled.

I saw the lights of camps hundred circling;
 They built an altar in the night dew and pillows;
 You can read their reflections lamps to a fair trial:
 your day is underway.

Glory Glory Hallelujah 1-

I have read a fiery gospel written in steel polished lines:
 as You will practice with my opponents, so my pardon
 you should try:
 The hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel!
 Because God is in full swing.

Glory Glory Hallelujah 1-

He played the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
 It is to delve into the man's heart your judgment seat

to be Quickly, my soul I answer; to be joy, my feet I Our
 God There is ongoing.

I Glory Glory Hallelujah 1--

- view Note 24.

inO beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
 with a glory in within HIE transfigures you and me: As
 he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free
 God while I that is Marching.

The Glory Glory Hallelujah ■—

HERMANMELVILL E.

good in NY city 1819-

1 *SHERID ..A.T CED.AR Creek.*

EOE horse of the money,
 which led to the charge,
 When you heard the guns off at dawn
 Miles;
 When you call, the caller hears Monte or
 stay:
 Fast, or all is lost;
 "The hey've surprised and storm'd position,
 They promote your host defeat; -
 Galloping recover from the day

house horse in ermine for
 foam flakes he blew
 by Blanca red October; The
 thunder'd view;
 I cheer'd approaching, rider and
 horse knew. Changing the tide
 began,
 He walked the rebound horns
 HIE twisted in the bus; The
 spark of the hull-electric flew.

Involves driving and driving **she**
 by The loading was carried
 out touch'd md tum'd cypress
 amaranth head

Philip, king knights,
 Who rose from the dead. Camp
 (Dawn 108t) by recover'd
 Eva-linked
 Laughs host Rank early
 afternoon Flee.

Cutlass horse shaped. To
 heap mountains!
 it attracts in the valley, and
 always keep fighting;
 It is the farewell volleyball
 which that is deep pathos.
 yonder that is Honor to save the
 brave and noble bearing,
 But no knowledge in the grave
 Where pupils remain anonymous.

• SHILOH

.ONU Requiem.

SIMumm something rotates
 Swallows again to fly low
 o'er Cloudy weather field in
 Shiloh forest
 In the area where the rain in April
 consolation \ Parch'd which stretch'd in breaks
 night- pain
 This follow'd fighting Sunday
 around the Shiloh church.
 church as an integrated compound
 echo'd in front of groan many farewell
 And the natural prayer
 Foemen dying foemen mixed mom
 there, but friends Eva fame or
 country less care:
 (This may disappoint a ball!) But now
 a low profile,
 While the swallows skim over them,
 and all huah'd is Shiloh.

.. Henry Howard BROWNELL.

Born in New York in 1819

THE COL UR BEA RE

&

(Vicksburg, May 22, 1863.)

I have braveIknow Riddance -
But a place like this, it suits me;
You can not get the old colors by day, we put
a long fence,
This is as good a place as any to rest.

No look, count, long hold; So here on
the lawn with my bayonet,
To dig and plant them heavily
(Look at the point we want again!)

! work, but the old water cleaning which
drops on fresh non-canteen is
guaranteed -
So for a drink would be the last - My
respects Mr. Secesh!

No big show of snakes in sight;
Our boys keep them busy, however, by the
powers! Hark, which line passes, RightI
More luck there, hope, than ours.

Half an hour - (and swear 'twas three) - Next, the
former personal bully I was -
For a long time, because it seems
to me, to lose as many lives as a
cat.

From time to time, designed distance -
A puff and crack andIhear the ball.
powerful evil purpose, say iShould,
no bad companions, perhaps, after
all.

My luck, of course, is not worthy of a dimethyl
Butthought "Twould more sudden and rapid
Well, it seems that we are not on time,
Is to give a touch Kilikinick.

OF ALLIU POE'BY < 'LA ..

Fresh as a watch! And strange.

Apart from to dream death **alum** (Thia wild, Bard weeks LUT: you and change) r.mnge fatal rifle.

LLY the thinking they are **all** .. No, dear old farmhouse.

'Tis green or a lawn. by thi: <

name1
y, TBE jn.st Orchard **get started** in front of AET.

They mow'd house-lot a WETK **behind** -
Rom TBE should be: Mail, this piece **that is wet**.

I power think of a or both ends

THE dropped or beautiful blue eyes. **THE**rate I sit and breathe on my pipe,

with a hundreds of skulls **adornment difficult**.

And I wonder when bellow **all** pus'd o'er,

And old stars tatter'd in winning wave in the middle of the street and **Nasty**, with welcvmng roar,

as and will be there **to think** in ns Who wants what they are I was!

Who was inclined together, sound or **ill**.

sank in tTench in the heavy knife. Bow arm charged up to twice as fast,

Death .Kept supply of tea and gathering and poured into thfl **bed** is not good hands finished.

Ah, good! -in .-. t, when the nationfree,

and **flags** they are Flapping of the bluff bay, the former S t. LON so once there'II to be !

I **mayn't** to be live to see. but**as** the old man **dishcloth** goo ;. Back-to-day ' she or **should** say -It lasted by I !

The D.ANE OF Bubla.

BLN gap **all** round ns
blue paradise llinster
overload **all** in the





quarter.
we have to to bury deads !

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Henry Howard Brownell.

**It's just a Danish
sailor, rough on
the forehead and
the shape;**

A child of the arc, gray white with sun
and storm.

His name and paid hail'd know and
nothing more!
But perhaps a mother waits
the lonely island of Fohr.

While he was dying as the
result of a drift accident -
"It's my watch!" He Mütter- "I
must go on deck!"

Oh, the platform through the
turnstile! But be careful and
know his;
Union Jack go about it,
How quiet it is in the sun!

Delaying the heavy engine!
sPressed as Tay! Let the
ocean roll
The cradle of our giant ship I
Gather around the grid, I take
serious dinner

Neat and listen
For more on holy: and prayer;
Each stand in the street,
Each head is bald - the
rising soft trade winds
One hundred hairs.

Our captain read this
(A little spray on the cheeks)
Funeral grand old words,
And confidence of a true heart
look, "That's why we provide your
body
The deep "- and when he speaks,



rail to water dropped time, Swift as
 the eye can score,
 The horrible shipwreck ball
 network, away from the shark,
 Below thousand miles, even in
 the dark

One thousand and Gulf agitation
 winter storm
 High o'er his coffin screen - But.
 the doubt and Dole silence
 There is a quiet place to house the
 poor soul fatigue.

Releasing the speed fetter'd
 tireless motor shaft!
 to'gilltant loose and topsail! the
 windthat is Just aft.

blue sea around us,
 o'erhead clear blue sky,
 Everyone in front of his duty to
 me
 We bury our dead.

He died May I

No llob a tear to be spent
 For those who fell at his side -
 but a grunt and a long lament
 For him, I could have died I

It could be that Harold had a king,
 and the state of enow,
 Or slept with his companions, like Roland
 inO Detroit Roncesvalles.

(2 2 3)

Alice Cary.

Dom near Cincinnati, Ohio, 1820-1871 deceased.

The little house on the hill.

O MEMORY I sweet - Here,
take much more
comfortable,
So you, but let me safe and sound, without a
sample of my heart injury,
The house on the hill, I little

Take everything better . East to West,
just let me again
The room where the starlight
used to sleepless nights
And ready to whip wants evil.

Take bed purple, red and pink plants
purple colored flags,
Gay Meadow and garden soil; But let out
unharm'd O
The little house on the hill!

Daisy tracks, and down-dove, and Bill offer
Cuckoo -
Take one and all, but let the dreams
themselves to the rays of the golden beams,
the The Hill House I

Brown Gables, was dry and the flow through
the mill;
O sheet used keeping care
I spent my last dream long dead
the Valley Floor and forth.

However, the memory is sweet to
me, and to build the walls at will
the chamber was used mark by
gently shaking So dark
number Whip reluctantly!

Ah. Memory! be kind to
 me, all other sources of
 entertainment;
 But let the song so strange and wild.
 Dear life as the heart of the child,
 the The house on the hill!

LE.AVES disappeared.

The hills are still bright with edges;
 But the flat land
 beech leaves rustling in the wind
 so dry and brown sand. .
 red bars of rusty clouds along the top
 of the brightness of the mountains,
 And yet crisp air e gel
 It's like a dream
 snow.

Briar-Rose Berries lost their
 rounded pride;
 Bitter-SWE> and chryi; anthemums fell
 heavy eyes;


Cricket is now more user-friendly,
 intelligent and wise dormouse,
 Hide in the accident of nature,
 the eyes of the people;

Wandering doves in black lines tow'rd
 swing of the sun;
 And all the important areas and
 proclaim done withers.

Add chestnuts and acorns now
 hurry squirrel
 And put your house in order Sad
 winter kingdom.

It's time to fire night light, reading
 good books, singing
 low blows and beautiful songs

Of eternal spring.



PH <CARY EBITDA.

Well near Cincinnati, Ohio, 1824-1871
deceased.

Song.

Laughing, running O ! green of his bed, where
he lies in the embrace of the sun;
And speaking of reeds bending O'er
Touching the face with dimples.
But let your communication be
sweet as it comes, and her laugh
was so gay,
You can not laugh while I laugh in my
heart, my beloved come day!

sing sweet little bird ,! sing his companion
hidden in the lush trees;
clear singing and waiting to tell him and
tell all your love him.
But despite singing pushing buttons and tender
leaves from May
My mind takes a sweet song for my
beloved to come one day!

Get, O winds! From the south forwardly
hurried,
And kiss red rose in his mouth
At the roundabout, where his soft heart.
But you can not kiss his beloved flower,
While support I can, while I kiss
my dear beloved thought
I'll get my arms the day

.iAY!

Because if I work my way that could meet the hands,
So what if half the world is tired of our
feet?

POP: A. ICERICA OF Iky.

which I by here O loDfllOIdE And EA,
You on request. ". " WLT Rin?
rowing heart3 they were jll8t as far Otherwise,
as I loved the way on mine!

So, with a 1-ckward look,
I leaTe J> MI: b.:hind;
and Stan • IIN · z eg HRE O bila only,
to give whIch ILI wfud.

IIT all to cruel wind.
and a word land;
Yet. Ouch! in front of to be as I hate State.
and in front of to be as we are today !

TICKLED BEEI DO ..

To go in. my friend ! to talk pray
freely; No swp until you he said Your
opinion; but, thereafter you are, you are
tired in front of death.
And paused to take breath Linle,
I will call di.sh I think AI
TOr Jaz - - tioe can be done!

This is not cakes, old and wealth
Not onioas, garlic, chives and such.
The cheese was not moving at high speed,
It is not even *StaeiUa KJUe*:
It isn't that's old ham and
strong and keep sawiage
months too LCMG; No
steak: fried in lard,
or boil'd hoe when difficult
(All the food unsuitable for Gothic or Celt);
which ISN't setting t myvmywhen n
smeli; · which This is not beautiful
Chinese call \ although Oand dot
mio8 of rat.ay

Tor talk trnly be honest I it would
not Givmy which a Culinary! \
it would not VirginiaLLY even a
puppy. |

J



”””” To
go4

If I could eat him; My
 enemy or give a little,
 although Sot and
 wept for her. Forget
 all Pizen food and
 decanting

At stations where the cars stop
 ferroviarios-; It is more than all of
 them, almost sixteen degrees.

**He has no nutrients,
 trash is**

your lower than the most vile,
 bitter, and twenty thousand times
 hash, such as lemon, vinegar and
 lemon: This is what I love the man
 who eats; He is poor, cold, damn,
 pickled beets!

RICHARD COE.

Born in Philadelphia 1821

Emblems.

FALLETH Now a tree
 A dry layer:
 The lesson for me, life is short!
 to hear
 "Mortal, follow me thou'lt AI
 decline "

Now my hair dripping head
 money:
 clearer preacher he never
 said: "In preparation for
 death!" Fill'd grief
 time yet formal step in the grave.

Update Now on air wings,
 heaven,
 A small drop of dew pure and
 clear: very high;
 I hear '

American poetry.

"Everything on earth is just
 watch and pray
 Night of pain do not come here:
 It's a perfect day "

CORNELIUS George Fenner.

Good 182ied 1847.

Gulf grass weeds.

grass poor tired of toss'd, drench'd
 unfortunately in the ocean brine,
 Top flight and under sinks
 Lash'd without my will, rough sea
 sport Spoom
 He threw the foam and anear Mark my
 mystery collector -
 Growth and grace appear instead!

They round beads, gray and red, and
 Rootless thoughIbe Rover ;.
 My sheets when well distributed sequins,
 Arborese as a trunk without;
 Coral o'er me curious coat,
 white and hard in the
 appropriate range;
 "; resourcesdin coarse wild waves, I
 grow Gracia, day and night.

Hearts are whispers coastal That seems
 roam restless and always the same. tired
 of algae;
 Still fights on each breast
 The eternal nature of all the wonderful: growth
 develops in the middle of the action
 Thanks to inform silent soul?

THOMA S. . BuchanNR

AND D.

Good death in Pennsylvania from 1822 to 1872.

The night wind.

A low and wide, On
the roof,
Storms Midnight Howl!
Monotone, like the sad melody wolves
bay at the moon in the desert;
The whistling and
shouting through the
branches creaking. "You
think! Tu-WhitI cry and
flit.
"Tu-whit! You Are," as the solemn owl I

A low and wide, on
the roof,
moaning winds sweep amain and very
board
Elm, and ash, shakes the
window frame,
With a sound and shaking
hail and rain,
Break slightly less than the
darkness of the panel I

A low and wide, on
the roof,
Storms swell and roar Although I up,
although the cat and cur
Twelve are on the kitchen floor, there
are air feet
Any steps by each piece
For each door, I racheado
There is a pushing and
stirring, with a silk rustling,
Since the meeting, the guests at a party!

A low and wide, on
 the roof,
 As storm storms swell I
 And do aerodynamic
 The tower, they complain;
 They hove the bell with all his strength, and burst
 and sweep
 The Clock Tower, call me
 They will be so hard, and the attack so Sexton
 threw his arms in the dream,
 And dreaming it sounds a death sentence!

Abandoned farm.

The elms were old and gnarl'd and curved;
 Fields, untill'd were choked with weeds, As
 every year sent thistles
 To an increasing extent, their winged seeds.
 Still far nettle and dock, I went to
 colonize the plain grow each season,
 abundant Action
 Burr wanted to protect their territory.
 Now the last thing he was plough'd earth
 was in the cemetery furrow'd;
 The boy whistled facilitate job was clerk
 somewhere far away.
 Instead, we saw the rabbit and mole Burrow'd
 furrow'd and anxiety than ever;
 As the Fox tunnel considered his hole,
 indicating if the weather is clear.
 No cut was to deter birds
 Accentuate your stinking sickle noise; Quail
 like a cowboy to call their flocks
 He whistled to say that his heart was happy.
 Now, everything is carefully bequeath'd pia
 Forests and fields fenced around with briars-

For birds singing in the air cloisters
And squirrels, happy forest monks.

Sighing .Autumn.

sighs fall Sox, die; A.re flying
clouds

In horses; While
their shadows on the
prairies Walk like
widows
crowned in the weeds.

red leaves, infallible
autumn, fall, sailing,
woodSo
unplia.nt, it remains
difficult as one.
giant

Dropping blood.

A.rE winds swelling
around our house
counting all day

We were a
stranger; and
Vesper
they Gel sharpen and
Whispers
Snow.

The ground is not
frozen inside,
Below winter blades
Greenland
lightneSB spill as the
light of the bright moon
When whiteneBB
Fill the tides.

American poetry.

pleasure now clear
foaming action of rare
treasures

I am overflowing
with that is Oh what a
joy comes sadness,
madness

Oh, oh I

Even deserve
to inherit
Some naked, or in
the attic;

O₁ worse ill
snacks

On a door, like a
dog to me

dragged storms; Winds
week layers, weeping,
rails

In each port. "Half
of this card, Howl,
rails, the list of
complaints
Poor thing!

George HR BOKE

Well, in Philadelphia in 1823

THE EB LAO KRIMES T.

(*Puerto Hudwn, mayo 27, 1863.*)

DARK as coupling Rank'd
clouds in the western sky, He
expects the breath all means lifts
anxiety and Tempest
movements and is the brand in a
country in ruins -
So keep and tidy
Arm, knee,

Meanwhile the big event,
black regiment.

Among the long black line
Teeth whitening and shiny
eyeballs; Shiny bristling
bayonets and firmly
established,
Flash'd with great design, good
for dry end fierce winding drum
I told them that the time had
come, he told them that the work
sent to the black regiment.

"Now, the" flag sergeant
shouted: "Despite the death
and hell bones
Shows every nation
If we to be in shape
Free on this earth; or go down
like the dog cracks, with red
stripes pain
In our old brands still "- 0,
which was a black regiment
Cry

"Charge" Trump and drum slaves
broken for awakening;
Bayonets Sabers and resist the
time to be futile wait.
By breaking the wild fight with
aflush thought the behavior of their
masters as straw,
laugh at the mouth of the
canyon; Or smooth jump marks
with open hands,
Little man and horse, knocking
over their terrible; Entering the
fall of the bloody heel steel;
All eyes leaned forward,
black regiment Rush'd.

: • freedom I "their battle cry,"
 Freedom or I let her die! "Ah, and
 returned to the word, tis not hear
 us,

It is not a simple cry of the
 party: They gave their
 thoughts; At the end of trust
 in God,

and blood
 Roll'd triumph of blood: I
 am happy to hit a free
 throw, good or distress;
 Lucky to free breath even on
 the death of the lips; Ore
 wings I avail! They may fall
 again,

So again you can see Thal
 burst into freedom I
 This is what "freedom"
 borrowed the black
 regiment.

Hundreds of thousands have
 fallen, but they rest;
 Seourges and strong currents
 can never be bad. O
 progressive alive
 The soldiers just and true
 Welcome as partners;
 Fighting side by side; Never
 before in history or tent,
 Despise the black regiment!

..A. B..4.LL..4.D of Sir John FR..4.NKLIN.

"TM _ lce, here tk _ lce, *Just like that,*
TM _ lce, all round." CoLBRIDGL

Of wmlHER navigate? Sir John FRANKLIN
 He shouted a whaling in Baffin Bay.
 To see if between the earth and the pole
 You can find a way to the sea.

I refer, Sir John Franklin I

AB You could live and prosper;
Between the earth and the cold pool one can
navigate life.

But laugh'd beam and Sir John told his
men:

Half of Britain is wrong to say that's
right; And then take West!

O where surfing? courageous English!

She cried a little Eskimos. Between
land and LODESTAR

My brother veSBels van.

Down, not travel I

The little Indian said;
And change her clothing fabric skin, your
ship sled.

But the big light laugh'd Sir John and
the staff laugh'd with it as well:

A naval vessel to the sled moving
Ween, were new I

Long, long day polar ships west at full
speed :

and where view Sir John has exploded, fled
notified the ice.

He moaned many gaps and many
growling roar

But murmur'd threaten'd and everywhere; And
where sa.il'd previously closed.

Ho I You see, my gay I

The wide, open sea ? Think
about what you said Whalert

Sledge Think India I

Laugh'd joy crew.

Sir John, Sir John, the intense cold units
scud in the wind,

Threatening northern ice. frozen
sunbeams.

Bright summer will be. dark winter
comes, we can not rule out the year;
BNT son is always e'er,
in Sea we lead.

The infusion dipp'd icebergs and pink, and
founder'd by the wind;
The ships were serious, the man'd sites, and are
not required rolled candle.

Summer is gone, the winter comes, we do
not sail at sea there:
car Sailing is not it? Sir JohnFRillXLI!!
He was a quiet man.

Summer leaves, winter comes TBE.
We can not do the year the paper:
**I cry. we can not paper
forms, Sir John I
would like to drive.**

The brutal ice floated over and
under closed lee
Until no more thickening dash'd
waters; Ice Age around behind avant
my GOO! no sea I

What do you think of whaling? What
Esquimaox?
A sleigh was better than a boat,
To navigate in ice and snow.

Grim the red sun sank, Northern
Light out.
He watched the boat surrounded by ice
and shake their spears around.

Tips, raising the storm storm, and was on the
covers:
Even the weary sailor, heart sick.
He fell next to his name.

George H. Boker.

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Sir John I long night is dark, the wind
whistling is dark,
green hard ice is as strong as death —
I ask you, captain! I say

The night is not clear, not down, the
cool breeze sings:
The ice is not as strong as hoped
heart man is bold

What hope can this wall of ice above
the mast climbing?
Ledges above the wolf and the bear
looks down to see a patient resolved,
Look down on us and smiling.

Summer has come winter, we could not
rule the year;
BNT background summer ice again,
and open a path to the main sun,
which must meet our ships.

It was winter, the summer was winter
came around:
But green hard ice was strong as death, and
the voice of hope was a breath,
However, taken in each
sound.

Listen! I heard no sound of guns? And
here and there, yet ?
'Tis The roar of some iceberg
uncomfortable, because it is
usually frozen time.

Hoera I hooray! Eskimos through the ice
fields to steal;
God gives them the grace of love! Pray
for the stupid seal.

Sir John! to where the courses in
English, and to where English is the
trees,
and WHmyre They are small English
flowers '!hat To open in the wind?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors see
the new fields,
And opening the smell of the flowers, Grass
and corn stir.

Oh! when to see The father of my
child? My hope Maria me. -
Oh, when shall I see my old mother
and pray on his knees shaking? -

Be still, be still, my brave sailors who
do not think these thoughts again.
But a tear slowly froze on his face;
He thought of Lady Jane.

Ah! bitter, cold leads, Ice is more
and more;
In particular by looking at the wolf and
the bear, more patience than before.

O I think, though Sir John Franklin
We never see the earth?
It was cruel to send us starve without a hand.

It was a cruel, Sir John sent me here, far
from help or home,
Starving and freezing in this lonely sea:
When, the Lords of the Admiralty prefer
to control the future.

Oh, you starve yourself or browse our own,
We did this man ever done: The truth is
based, won the secret -
wpa88'd and the North Sea!



(239)

Augustine Joseph Hickey Duganne.

Well, in Boston, Massachusetts:
1823

The poet and the people.

Greek spoke well when he said that the poems were the
highest laws sway'd the spirit of a nation
The voices that live soon and
prophetic proems, echoes-
Opening the book great heart of humanity I

Songs are the beating heart of a nation, they
discover

as the large body nature as will'd; The
numbers are spasms of the soul,
which tells us that men suffer:

death that is The heart of the nation, whose numbers are
still'd.

she I signature of the poet dispenser is
the Truth

Standing like a sky juice priest, his sanctuary; And his
lofty thoughts, such as incense,
golden censer of his soul to

God a sacrifice of God's throne I

supports the dark Samuel prophesied

Threats such as Nathan, crawling, king of Judah, San
Juan Bautista,
"Desert means to cry -

Part of his voice impatient soul must jump.

direction of foreign tyrants, delaying the evil of the
human heart ocean I-

Their advanced whips and
chains are daring songs, such as
power surges :

Before Caverns Starl deeper than previously thought.

However, for people even have to speak to the man and
his words full of confidence Titan Bard freedom;

long lost his birthright by
regain'd by EooM-

until, in front of restore that right JAooB seeking Esau!

Poetry .A. ICERICA ..

The eyes of love.

LMBT of my life your glorious As
the eyes stars mv above heart
émerger-
llke stars which sh..izi'e in midnight sky.

In my heart deep she beam.
Like the stars in a stream of dark rays.
Reflected myself and they seem.

They reflect my soul and make
me part and artistic eye:
by pure light read my heart.

Prior to the joists, so clear and bright, dark
fade My doubts ;
and hope that is Now, where once it was Fear.

Dear eyes! Without leaving my heart!
Shine like the stars in the lake,
brightness and dark shades to break!

Charles Godfrey Leland.

Fortunately in 1824 to Philadelphia

BREITMANN and Turner.

HANS BREITMANN choin'd Toor Fasteners in
Novemper fall
Dey und gifed a boostin duplicator
In Toomer Hall.

Further coom'd Gesangverein Chor Mit
der Liederlich Aepfel.

TNorth Dakota TLEand blow're the the dream and
strom'd fifea
up Dey could not refife.

Hans secondReitmann choin'd van Toor
Fasteners, I together oop few shouts,
Dey tooI k'd Deir Toomer Hall
North Dakota Poots she a class in shprouts:

Of) "Poots hell barrell-ooop go Und
 shtands in his head,
 Dey und mit China beer line
 in your "Dill" malt half pout Deams I

Hans Breit Mann choin'd of TOOMERS;
 Dey know shimnastig Ricks,
 The Shock floor mid-ooop Und lasted
 six fify;
 trows und the border,
 Trink und schwig a treadful:
 COOM package veight toomple in your heart, I
 do und py Shinke Vink

Hans Breit Mann choin'd Toor Fasteners
 — Mein Gott und dey me drink'd
 shwore,
 Dere UAE Schwabians Tyrolese und,
 und mark Bavaria;
 Some coom'd vellers Rheinland Und
 Frankfurt in hand
 Boat Dere Dere some VAS von
 Sharman, which und Vas Danish
 Houtein.

Breit Mann choin'd Hans van Toor
 Fasteners cheese Mit a Limpurg
 "which COOM;
 Come open the box in which Schmell loudt
It was called musik doomb;
 Come taste Deutschers kit,
Hair is COOR in the
main Dere; Boat Dere
Dere UAE DWO
Americans Goose;
 Und, tom py! the slain kilt dem!

Hans Breit Mann choin'd Toor
 Fasteners; Coom'd see ladies -
 Leg Dem dey Blace for girls, All in the
 bile lerie:
 Dey "hiih of vhere Breit Mann?" And fear
 dremple dey started and fear
 Dey Come see what's toes PY
 Schwingen, A coffin drinking beer.

Hans Breitmann choin'd Toomem
 including: - 1 dells vot, py I Tam
 Dey sings great Urbummellied
 Father Psalm Sharman;
 Dey see kits und The Gorus
 You need dem dramp I hear
of fear down Teufel To
 listen Dootchmen seal.

Hans Breit Mann choin'd of Toomem :
 Leave! Grand is EVA
 Vhen all dem is Und Valkin dance Dere
 hand
 Mit Voot all wavin 'in the air, a
 Gottstausend II VOT Ricks
 und der Dill Breitmann Shoost Dey all fall as
 a row of bricks.

Hans Breit Mann choin'd of
 TOOMERS, Further Dey was in a
 stack,
 Dill slept early Sonnen light control
 window;
 And prooze Vake Deir sleep dem,
 E Dey Go to Deir Food
 Processing Equipment - This hat
 "dis song A endemicity
 from ist ED ~~second~~REinu.NNSLIED.

BALLAD.

Hugo Ritter DER Noble
 von Schwillensaufenstein
 Red shpoor MIT and a helmet,
 OOOM Und Panks Rhine.

Und Dere oop rose by a Moor lady
 Vot is not reached in nodings,
 Und you say, "Oh, Hugo Ritter I
 MIT where go alone? "

He is he said "I creenwood
visiting the city Mit und mit
Gasthaus in Oooms inDere Und
that beer Trinks. "

und den outshpoke maid Vot
was not reached in nodings
"I dink exchange Tont
beoplesh That put
demselfs a.lone;

" Petter could OOOM in wa.sser to see
many leading collisions Vere,
Und ha.fe tinker shplendid und
mit dra.fel my :

"Dere shows schwimmin Fisch, an und
dem efery catches you"
He sang say used Wasser Vot
failed nodings.

"Dere ish drunk completed put money
inexpedition THAT
ventilation down old ;
Und even helpsh Dunder I
For shimmerin golden crowns.

"Shoost look dese shpoons va.tches und! Shoost
see diamond rings down!
COOM down and completed our
bockets, und am sig As a.very
shots.

- "Vot which vantsh und mit their drink beer?
Low Coom of Rinl
Der Kaiser der ISH jars Charlemagne
Vonce fill'd gold mit red wine! "

WHICH fetch'd, shtood he books all shpell; She
pool'd her skirts down,
They draw'd the oonder of Wasser, mit
inaugural nodings.

American poetry.

GEORGE WILLIAM Curtis.

Good to Providence, Rhode Island, 1824

SONG.

RusBF.S address water, shells
 found on the coast,
 And the daughter of Ooea.n blue. Sleep'st
 soft on the edge of its roar.

Sailing Ooea.n clouds on white
 flashes affect his calm,
 But never your wildest movement
 Your brother must still hurt.

white on the edge of the wave
 making fun of your feet sweet cream
 boiling; bee.ch ribs cushion hard
 beach,
 And a lover of his noble dream.

As streaming tangles more algae that
 perfect pearl
 Her hair bands just your dream,
 O daughter Lido sleep

PEARL-SEED.

songs they are sang in my mind
 as beads they are form'd high
 seas
 Interlaced Ee.ch thought his name is a sweet
 song for me.

Weak these pearls shine light
 hidden under the sea - these
 are my wave of music, so
 deep that you in me.

Tides.

I WALK'D by the sea in the afternoon,
And I dreamed a dream that could not
be; The waves that sank along the coast,
said only- "dreamer! more dreams YO "

But still the legions charged the beach,
and called his battle cry as the word;
But it was changed in the imperial
pressure;
Murmur'd- "Dreamer I Still dreaming YO "

I turned to the house of darkness,
the sound never heard in my
room; But suddenly sound very
stirr'd in my chest, I heard.

It was my heart, like a sea constantly
beating in my chest, but if the waves
along the coast,
which says "Dream in YO " and "Dream
more YO "

Major and minor.

THE BIRD sweet and strong corner
in the top of the tallest tree :
He sang "my soul in the song of the
summer will soon."

But on the wooden background
shadow Another bird Blood
"
my nucleus in the single lone
For sources of return. "

TRAIN Adeline D. Whitney.

good to Boston, Hare: 1824

BEHJ Mask ND.

It was an old distorted face,
A rough surface rough and wild, but
behind the laughter grace
Peep'd fresh beauty of a child.

So, unlike strange days, my young
heart doth inly questions
as half the land wrinkly grimness can
but being be by in the shadow.

back gray and wither furrow'd face and
see that life throws
Each while only weers in front of how
the child is hidden, not disappeared.

For years inexorable
Seidden'd functionality to your mold in the
tears of time and work environment
Expect something not age.

handstand on liability hill
Scarr'd by lightning and wind,
By bolts and rust grows still young fibers in
the crust;

And many storm blows violently sent
and lost hope, and the stain of sin,
irritate the foreign integument
The soul struggles to bring the pain.

However, when it comes in front of assert its
own, the angels of heaven to ask
That last look at the world famous he.th, but
the face behind the mask.

(2 4 7)

Richard Henry Stoddard.

Born in Hingham, Maas: 1825-

LINCOLN .AJJUIIAM.

(a *HIYra.tian* ode.)

It's not like falling at a great captain in
battle, where he called his country,
In addition to the lines that are
struggling to grow their
terrible projects

A mortally wounded condemned a stray
bullet : Or, in this last charge, head
Of its resolute men *muBt* to
be after winning !

Not like the big bourgeois
shipwreck, La. State safer pillars
which quiet, mature, wise
words eliminate the need for swords
!—

No tears when e'er cast over the noblest
of our death
to do regret that day
The man who no longer exists !

Our pain has a wider scope,
Very strange, fear, hope very wide,
beautiful, blind and dumb,
Wait until you get !

They were surprised
If the madness that dark night, unseen,
we launched our cameras,
And while we slept slaughter !

We woke up to find a game New-
sensational shiver'd houses in the
fireplace, the roof fallen trees, -
All
This may frighten, terrify !

These rays, in other countries,
A rod hurting real hands, but safe with us
so far,
Each front of CRESAR laurels!

Not CRESAR him, we regret, a
man without a / lit,
published **which** Woul seem, in front of
to do
His work and perish also I

Not tired of the concerns of the state,
The endless tasks that are not expected, often
unsuccessfully,
It should again:

Do not leak, the brutal war that has risen
so high, and far roll'd
sea sweep in front of sea
in terrible anarchy -

Four fateful years of deadly conflict,
which cut the life slowly, drinking in the
nation,
(However, for every drop he
walked Person Shooter !)

No; But if measures to achieve victory and
defeat -
Courage, patience, skill, fix.'d
people " *Whey* "

He was crucified, died Crush'd rebellion
without head without hands -
THE Before, when
everything was in order, he
fell to 0, how he fell !

time -a place -a way to fly, the coward shot, -
a outing -
The crying woman, the widow -
which It's a horrible dream

A dream? -which means that competition, so?
This solemn crowds of men,

Those who do not speak when
they meet, but the street silent
crowd?

The half-mast, as late as in any big
ranged victory?
(The stars lose boring but bloody
red card)

black streamers that extend for miles and
turn the streets in funeral halls?
(Not very bad house to reveal
the fate of the insignia of the
nation!)

Suddenly dark bum cannon - The bells
toll of death and disaster,
Drum roll - the terrible car
coming ?

Cursed be the hand that made the shot!
The hectic brains hatch'd intrigue!
father died in his country
For you, and worse than Cain I

Tyrants fell like you,
Which is good; but now follow'd-Quel
(God allows evil instruments
produce the best events).

But he was the man who mourn
to day no tyrant so light domain
In support of such a weight that
was not previously known I

Must be nice, balanced powers, "FHE
govern a race like ours,
Impatient, stubborn, wild, O
A Ma accompany the
child!

And it was completely
inappropriate (ie attacking strong
sense of God!)
It seemed to take his place.
With a welcoming face -

Such rustic manners, rude informative
conversation (which somehow
blunder'd true!)

Inexperienced untrain'd to
provide support regia?

Oh, and I put his genius despise the
pride born more purple,

Whose wisdom never grew
Because without education, who know

People, of which he is one. No, sir
Wa.shington,

(Whose bones, in my opinion, the site
of his grave!)

A man who works with hot hands,
which opened the ax that their country
till'd

Which was reduced to something
new, but what did the poor!

One of the people I was born to His
incarnation curiosity;

To share, but above his
change of hate and love.

common opinion (which it seemed at
the time), his mind the thoughts of other
men:

They were simple words and arm,
but will now suffer!

Do not be stupid want early, stubborn,
But be careful, cautious, flexible
yet; That since his work was
good, I could.

Dudar, not ashamed of doubt and lack of
foresight, but without :

Often seemed to stop,
And, of course, the debt:

After hearing all the opinions,
nothing loath, and love on both
sides, both anger'd:

was not Such as justice, blind
but vigilant Clemente friendly.

No hero Roman mold; If our
fathers nor majestic old: Maybe
it was not great
But I kept the state

O honest face that everyone
knew I tender heart, but we know
that some!

O wonder of the age,
cut by the tragic fury
I

May I peace come a long procession,
I refer to sadness, muffled Drumming
trumpet now regret -
And I see the wrong car

Peace spoils sad procession
While booming cannons and slowly without
bells : And boy, the sacred car,
I take our Ay

Come on, black transferred from one state to
another, the faithful wait cities in difficulty
Honoring all they can
Dust good man!

Come on, noble past, with a train of this
As might die greatest kings to win: the
just, the wise, Bravo shows you
the grave I

And there, the soldiers of the war veterans
with severe tanned noble scars I
hello Again
His commander dead end!

Yes I let the tears fall indignant, but
leave their rifles on the wall : Your
country has now
Next to the forge, I plow

(When the right unsheathe your brand,
TF Mercy can not
make more than
him And it must direct
 the shot I)

And in the midst of the dominant
 race, which seems oddly in place,
 You know that? Who told me
 the release

Arch, while paeeee-No body
 Fall on your knees and mourn and pray!
 Cry, cry, you can make your poor, black
 or white faces

And children should come in strips
 with garlands in their hands,
 Blue, white and red,
 Spreading death

Then slowly, unfortunately,
 will be strictly The final resting
 place fell hie: In no mighty dome
 However, in his modest house;

The cemetery where their children to
 rest, quiet spot in sugar beets following:
 It will also determine where his
 grave HIE bones!

And his compatriots are proud with the
 memory still pen, and strangers near
 and far,
 For many years, I

For many years and centuries, while the
 vast history page
 The virtues must
 register I paternal soul

BRAHMA'S ANSWER.

Once, when the days were older and
the age of the Earth was young,
gods and wise men of the
golden pages of the nature
of their open secrets
tormented.

each Question'd in front of namely
Where is the sky above, and therefore under the earth.

Indra, the endless donor
Each funniest gods in front
of free, whose reward is the
river

About the spring, Indra, with
anxious heart,
Enterprises with Viochunu wherein Brahma separated.

"Brahma I Supreme more I
Which the worlds are made, we
are blind, all-seeing, shed, where
they fled,

A fear of life and death,
indicating, for humanity,
which that is Body Brahma I O Brahma! what the
spirit! "

To hear or not to hear, was so
perfect your peace,
If no great soul err'd,
So stirr'd unwise lips, hand on
chest

He has left: So your face
He was girded mirror'd River this holy place!

They meet Question'd which meant
Brahma.
Viochunu- "said Brother I
Thanks to the great Mother of Brahma

He spoke of his intention:
 Man ends when started:
 The shadow in the water and all yonder that is men the

"O Earth with pain that is cumber'd
 and includes;
 They see his days are never
 number'd by slumber'd
 Not stay'd their terrible hands.
 I see with the eyes of Brahma -
 the body that is Shadow in water. "

When Indra, even looking, with
 Brahma possess'd car.
 So dry your eyes, Mourner I
 and to download Again, your
 bed I The hand on the chest
 of Brahma That is His
 divine permission,
 Coverage of the soul does not die. This is what I meant Brahma.

A jack.

ONCE head Y
 And heart is death
 There are more in front of
 Do: Make the Man bed
 Six Feet Under, you need
 a deep sleep.

Gold was my hair and
 my heart
 The voice of the viola
 If the feet of the dancers.
 Never cold blood died
 before the flood.

Just and loving and false
 Mother, wife and daughter -

He never lived a man
They are not betray'd. "Do
not escape my old joy, but
Mother Earth.

With the security referred
to, no company
But my brother Worm,
who will feed me,
I sleep deep
underground.

The lover dying.

THE grass which so now me me:
this sweet
When you are walking in this
way, I will not hear his feet.

You can walk this path again
and tears like dew :
They will be more for me than
mine are now in your case.

UNDER Bobe.

He wears a rose in her hair,
In the dream the twilight close:
His face is fair, equitable
Sub Rosa I.

I fly like a shadow there,
if you sit in the rest of
abduction,
And whisper my prayer of
love in pink.

They will come and go and her
pink hair color,
And dare -a lover
In trust.

BARSTOW Elizabeth Stoddard.

Good to Mattapoissett, but: 1828.

A summer evening.

I FEELING the breath of the summer
 night, aromatic fire:
 Trees, vines, flowers are in motion with the
 help of desire.

White butterflies floating around the
 lamp enamour'd light;
 And thousands of creatures softly
 sings a song in front of 'at
 night.

But I am alone, and how can I sing in
 front of A?
 Come overnight I reveal the beautiful
 soul that await me.

MERCEDES.

BELOW a sriltry, yellow sky,
 in yellow sand;
 Vapors Hives take my brains
 smouJder in burning pain.

flying above the cliffs of the condor,
 he knows where the red stay gold;
 He knows where the diamonds sparkle:
as I knew right to be my?

Mercedes changes in your network,
 inyour court palm Adventures of trees
 The slender shadow on the ground,
 The sound source is money.

His lips are like this cup cactus, with a
broken hand top ·

**Tore his flamboyant
leaves aside: I wish I
break your heart**

Last night, a man was at her door :
The lid on hold I:
Mercedes saw the meeting with
him, the fire files on your hair.

I waited until dawn, then
got up and robbed ;
But given the dagger at his door;
Now know the fate of her lover.

IN CAMP A.G.N.A. ..

STOP on the Appian Way,
In the Roman countryside,
stopping at my grave
The Cecilia Metella I grave
Today, as you see Alaric
saw a go year
Then he, his pale face Gothe, On
Saturday, the gates of Rome,
Reading your runes shield.
Odin I curse his remains.

Among these niches
My bones stirr'd proud Roman, even centuries
before I died Romane: · Now my bones duet;
Goth powder coated. The riverbed is dry,
where the king sleep;
My grave remains.
When Rome ordered the
mainland was Metellus:
I was the wife Metullue " :
I loved him and I'm dead.
Then, with the slow patient build this memorial:
Each brand century love.

No; Appian is Cecilia
 Metella tomb.
 wild shepherds alonek retirement,
 in his wild buffalo ass BEAe.
 At the bottom of their destruction,
 Deep shadow of Rome I

BAYARDTAYLO R.

Well, Pennsylvania 1825-

The BIBTH PROPHET.

Three times three moons had wax'd in the air three times
 three moons had disappeared,

Since Abdullah, weak and thirsty, she was in the desert
 in around the summer heat, O day meridian; -

Since upgushing TEQ outdoor sand I suddenly jumped
 source ;

Soft as musk and clear as Amber, for drying drawn lips.
 If you drink, immediately vanish'd; but his blood kept
 her under.

in front of light morning seal the forefront of the prophet,
 For the beauty of Amina supported He transferr'd the
 divine flame :

in O germ sleep in it and the specific signal.

And with each moon, he vanished splendor wax'd more

Lighten'd beauty Amina sailing midwife it uses

And the store is fill'd glory of Heaven Bears.

When your quicken'd womb of his office supported
 matured and began life

Fighting in his life prin through broad creative RAN

Premonition of the arrival of a man appointed by God.

For nature oracles recognize the birth of a prophet
 Bonbon end age, type crowning human value -
 And signs and wonders are welcome in front of the earth.
 Then the stars of the sky was clear, leaning Ward in their
 field;

Mecca of revolutions, he sang the moon in silver tones ;
 And terrible images of the Kaaba granite trembled in their
 seats.

powerful bow glory bows, axes PU pillar'd - "The PLE fire
 Spann'd split the air and darkness, and a gold necklace,
 As Beacon, every mountain stream'd meteor shine.

But at the first breath was sacred to the baby,
 Pali pump airy brightness, and the stars are clouded by
 shame,

For the glory of his face, he darkened his lower flame.

On the sands of Nedjid which lighten'd, a choir, surprising
 the world asleep precious eastern regions of Oman, "sick,
 we further enhanced the evening sun, illuminating the
 Indian

Pure.

Those who survived saw appear distant empires on the
 borders of Mecca

All a.round the vast horizon, glowing bright beautiful, the
 gardens of Damascus Bendemeer.

Colonnades Tadmor hills of Hadramout,
 ancient Arabia was lit, and arrested the splendor sand
 To scan magical views exceeded thinking head.

On Earth, this magnificent glory, but in addition to the seven
 aspects: Select;

God mansions fill'd with joy, and seraphim have seen the rise
 Palace of pearls and rubies sources paradise.

AB more heavenly hymns shook the night atmosphere, the
 solemn surroundings,

The sanctuaries of false religions have a cry of despair,
 Pagan altar and extinguish'd were lights everywhere.

"Mi sounds greeting," half brightness
 balm,

He knelt to the holy child, proclaim a heavenly calm brow:
 "God is God; may be other; His chosen prophet in
 the morning! "

The .ALL of Wisdom

(a *Arabe legend*)

Prophet was once calm discussion, said. "I
 am the power of wisdom, but the door itself
 is Ali" Then there is that, jealousy stirr'd
 heard incredulously;

And this can lead to confusion about the ten
 most daring thing to try join'd. "Return there
 To go YO " She said: - "And he asks seek
 wisdom insteadground means; So, **as** I
 answer

For each of us, in mind, accordingly,
 Yet a word or phrase that your Honor to be, and
 our shame. "

Now when the first request in bold,
 These are the words he spoke, while Ali: "Wisdom is the
 legacy of

Allah favors; the richness of their enemies. "

For the second, he said, "you must have the same
 guard in front of riches of you; But you keep, wisdom. "

By the third "of the wealth of wisdom is won,
 but still bought wealth wisdom for nothing."

In the fourth, "The products can take the thief,
but the wisdom of the house can not break."

Until the fifth "Their products decreased the
most began, but his store usage increases
wisdom."

Until the sixth "wealth attempts to evil ways, but
the desire of wisdom is the praise of God."

Until the seventh "you distribute wealth, each party
is a misery. Give with an open heart
His wisdom and donations beyond ha.st All
this, however, does not impoverish ".

Until the eighth "Wealth can not follow, but
wisdom is the administrator even the base
metal."

In the ninth, "Camels slowly
Its assets; but wisdom is the wing of the swallow. "

And finally, when was the tenth question, what
are the loans words, who told Ali "Wealth is a
darkness that should fear the soul. But wisdom is
the light that says"

Crimson interrogators pension shame
And declared- "words of the prophet were true, Ali
mouth that is golden gate
Wisdom. "

If friends are bored Ali
These words, he smiled and said: : "AND if asked If
"The till the day I die, the task
They were easy: give the power of the source of
wisdom that God is inexhaustible. "

The P.ALM.AR.AB AL.

Besides, I gazelles 0
O Beddowee daughter so beloved;
In addition to the bold Nedjidee,
His light to charge me again for you;
Together with you twoLove the palm,
With its beautiful leaves, the fruit of your balm;

AJKBJCA the RT "POJ.

Together with you, while Lot shaft
Shake abadow Whoee wrapi Three of
us with love, and silence and mystery I

Our tribe is much, poets compete
with all under the sky of Arabia;
However, no power sings Palma, but L

marble minarets of Cairo cit.ad.el with
tiara

They are not as bright British car club and your lender Atem.

He lifts the sheets in The appearance of the sun
as the Almehs elevator your blazon in dance -

A movement alumberous. a.passionat.esign,
that work in blood like wine.

Vol passion and pain that is There,
where dreams belovM May -to be.

And then there was warm south wind,
aspiring to breathe in burning sighs--

Fragrances, balsam acceleration cushion
the fall in around his chosen palm.

Manganese can can move flame and sand, but
the breath of the passion reached its bis.

O Tree of Love I because of
your love, show me how the mine
will soften I

Give me the secret of the sun, so the
woo'd that is He has never won I

If you were a king, majestic tree O I
The agreement, as great powers to be,
inO my palace built to cut for you I

A money tree leaves and bright bumish'd
Beryl and malachit.e:

BAYARD TAYLOR.

doped light golden flower and fruit
and Topaz crisoprasa:

And there are poets in their praise,
In the case of the night and the morning of
the new framework lays-

New measures to sing the divine
melodies; But no, must be between 0
and palm are the same as mine!

BONG Bedouin.

FROM O Desert Come If a
 stud shoes with fire;
And the winds are left
 in the speed of my desire!
window below to be,
 And midnight Hear My Cry :
love do you like it but, with a
 love that will not die
 Grows cold sun,
 And the statistics are old,
 And fold the sheets judgment
 Facebook I

view your window and see my
 passion and my pain;
situated on the following sand,
 And faint his contempt.
The wind hit the night her forehead
 with the heat of my ardent desire, "
And melt you with the voice of
 a love that will not die hear
 Until cools the sun, and the
 stars are old,
 And the leaves of the judgment
 show album !

My steps are driven by the
 fever of the chest of the
 night,
To find your structural breathed the
 word you rest me.

Open the door of your heart,
 and open the door to your
 room,
 And teach my kiss his lips love
 will not fade
 As long as the sun cools,
 and the appearance is
 old,
 And the judgment of the Book is
 allowed to continue.

Wind and BEA.

Tn Mar is a prankster,
 Laughs through which;
 Hie seems Joy Rides dimples rest HIE Hale;
 He stands in front of the sun, and he shakes all
 joy,
 And the great waves of low ba.ck'd fall on the coast,
 in the powerful joy sea I

But the wind is sad and worried,
 and cursed with an internal pain;
 It is possible that, Hark This will, by valley or hill
 But you always hear the complaint.
 He deplores the arid mountains
 And cry in winter sea;
 Sobbing in cedar, pine a.nd of mourning, and all
 tremble.

Welcome both their voices,
 And I do not know what **that is best** -
 The laughter that slips out of the mouth of the ocean,
 O Wind conditions being. There
 is a pa.ngin all joy,
 The joy in the heart of the pain.
 And it saddens wind, the joy of the sea,
 they are sing self-same strain I

DORR JULIA CR.

Born in Charleston, South Carolina, 1825

I thought.

MARION show'd me her wedding dress and evening
 chiffon lace veil,
 And orange flowers wither mother morning in
 the golden light of her soft hair.
 But Philip came to the open door;
 If the heart of a wild rose shone on his face,
 wandered through the garden paths,
 Balan, so they talk not mind.

I wonder how it seems to be loved;
 To know what is right in man's eyes; That
 rises some of its beauty
 Every day a new surprise.
 To know that if you cry or laugh, if you are serious
 mood or gay,
 We think so much that every flower that
 I may

I wonder what would be love; I
 think that would be much
 sweeter
 Knowing that one of the very
 This was the Lord of your life, your king, your
 star
 They talk about sweet love agitation and
 pain; I'm not sure I understand it,
 Although a shiver ran my fingers,
 Once when --- somebody- touch'd my hand.

I wonder how your dream
 A child may one day his own, hidden sources
 of his life, on the one hand,
 the flesh of the meat, and a large part of its core.
 Marion stoop'd one day kiss
 Baby with a beggar, while some sweet idea
 by enrolling as a prophecy,
 considered pure face of Madonna.

I wonder what you think
Tomorrow will be the day of the
wedding, and, in the sun,
The trails vary from fragrant flowers,
AB Marion night did bleBBed
Philip lost in a happy dream.
you can feel your heart beat in silence? It's what you
see their eyes sparkle in the light of the stars?
Questioning and my days pass,
But never will answer me; All the
secrets of love, sweet so strange,
Seal'd should be close to my life.
But I still dream, my heart O!
The beautiful city far;
And there, at some point, I will drop the
mask and be properly trained and, like all
other I

Exceeded.

AU, I was wrong, my friend I It is precarious; His love
simply outdated:
To all this, the translation of his heart by reading the light
itself.

you can wear to talk Honestly? Wy heart say;
And you know we were kids together, quarrell'd and
"connection".

Thus, due to the old friendship, I dare to say the truth -
As evident, perhaps, and as honest, as much as in our
youth.

five summers ago when woo'd, you were on the plane,
Face to face, heart to heart, soul down their dreams could be
separated again.

It was the hand that gave him so white and clean as her
femininity?

Go, as measured by standard ho'r; Looking back over the
years, bone!
Then ask, if necessary, WHF she told him died his childhood
sweetheart.

She can not look down, I saw sucks her lover you love
your soul;
should lie next to or above turn their sacred fires.

I now leave for the sake of old friendship I have I dared to tell
the truth,
As evident, perhaps, and as unabashedly as iMight iii.
sensational
young.

LUCY Larcom.

good in Massachusetts 1826-

WO .Al .ALOY .a M "SNO.

No, I was my answer to this dark and cold side of
the valley; You can stay there:
Gulf but it is wide, and you can not build a bridge
"THIT gross weight're safe here.

Have mercy on me, if you want I see at which
Something that is very affectionate contempt,
And to think, "Oh, I can grovel'd;
I could have walk'd fetter'd it and resigned. "

I'm the weak nature than others;
I could have chosen practical ways; as soon
Fr.TO tHAnd what will happen if he
heightsshrank, seen from the
distance,
in so sweet quiet ride easy days.

could-Iwnot hide patient it - Oncemight
q.vo He lost, in a hot tub in his voice,

The feeling of evil, harsh cry of the law;
 But the truth steer'd me free, and I'm happy.

It is the triumph look back model ·
 The poor sheep who call their happiness misery;
 but how The. mortal speech, when God is near,
 I play my answer is this: -

01:00 is not theirs, because the price of me
 What is the basis of my self-esteem:
 Can only be given my level of flowers,
 Or my tops of the air to launch their dreams.

I'm not yours, because you: Your heart
 has room for just me.
 It will not by name, and the metal base;
 I despise the shelter of his narrow
 proud I

Not yours, "Because not man enough to take
 A.rE measure of a man from his country.
 If, like you, when the roads are rough
 for freedom, you can not walk in
 them, to learn that women can!

Not yours, "Because of this need of the
 nation, look to double their losses to
 increase,
 And the anger of your writing is not sitting;
 without touching the palm contaminated
 with this place!

If the thought of man can find an excellent risen
 too high for women, do not care to know:
 But when he staggers to his side, or disaster, it
 should not hinder your soul with her to go.

Who married, at least at the rate sometimes moves me
 to my being:
 A follow-up to their first,
 His most special atmosphere, were willing pleasure.

You pull me to the valley: men need the
 mountains where the air is clear calling.
 I win and help me up, I eat a lot!
 Besides these major summits hear the harmonies -

The Freedom morning Chant and law I
 The blade is about, in front of the washing from.
 Slave point; Nothing more alone than ever seen the
 sun shine,

a people without spot or point up!

Men and women linked time not walk on the
 plain soothing foam;
 His hands are join'd sublime sacrifice; Her feet
 firmly established in the ways of increasing
 pain.

sleep deep sleep, and go to their sleepy .I walk!

You can hear the voices air I

vile souls shrink which day;

The brightness can support his coming?

For me, I do not just walk these hills:

Heroes blood poured truth, women, whose heart
 bleeds, unknown martyrs, all

Here catch the beginning of the immortal youth

His face pale eyebrows committed - I charms,
 your call in front of then rest.

I shook hands, my lips to pronounce
 their vows: Take the silence of my life
 for your answer n I

HANNAH BINDING shoes.

Poor lonely Hannah

Sitting in the window binding shoes I

Faded, wrinkled,

Sitting, sewing, in a sad Muse I

beauty bright eyes, as it was when

the flower was in the tree:

Spring and winter

Hannah in the window, binshoes thing.

no neighbors

permission or steering response

you want reject his voice

low

"THAT IS he fishes news? "

O, the heart of the drift, with
 In an endless journey, I went to
 the night and morning,
 Hannah at the window, binding shoes.

Hannah beautiful young
 Ben, burned by the sun Happy fisherman
 court Hale and intelligent,
 A heart and ready to labor demand.
 day air, you are all in,
 And the laughter waves I for your
 wedding
 Hannah leaves her window and shoes.

Happening

Mayo:
 "Mi-apple BOEGEN a cooing pigeons.
 Hannah shudders,
 Suroit light beers for mischief. Round
 Rocks Marblehead, Outward Bound, a
 schooner rapidly changing:
 Quiet, lonely,
 Hannah at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November

It is true that there is no tear from her face lost
 bed.ewe; of Newfoundla.nd
 It will lose a candle, whispering
 hoarsely- "Fishermen as I have you,
 have you ever heard of Ben?"
 old by saying,
 Hannah at the window, binding shoes.

twenty winters
 Bleach and uneven wear board.
 Twenty seasons -
 never brought no news. Even his dark
 eyes quietly
 Continue white sails in the sea :
 despair loyal,
 Hannah at the window, binding shoes.

The D.ARK CURT.AIN .

The darkness of the curtain
 It is crossed by a number of income:
 Wells star, the spark of the spark operates
 during the night Tom shop.

Pain is a tent tatter'd
 Through which shines the light of God,
 looking up, with each rental
 It will take a divine ray.

SLEEP song.

Husu homeless baby cry, dream
 tender I
 Each folded violet
 You can forget the outside storm.
 These buffers drying wet cushion,
 Their influence I

Soothes the soul that thought is tired,
 sleep babbling I
 If a hidden Brooklet song, waving
 precious woods between,
 Jingle sad mountains, white and stiff.

Breath a balm for insulation, sweet
 sleep I
 As dusk breeze bless
 Desert and fragrant Oh, and lots of
 white doves as hot wings
 To sweep them away I

o'er old shed his blessing, the
 Holy sleep I

If soft rain, and maturity, that falls
 to the yellow grains :

The glow of the oppressor,
 compassionate soles cry †
 In yet fulfilled its seas, sleep
 Charmed !
 Hymning hear sleep, swelling music
 swans swimming silver
 Driving with a pen unruffi.ed in the
 background.

John Townsend Trowbridge.

Born in Ogden, New York 1 27-

!!

Overnight FA.BM.

Hill-boy FARM
 your shadow on the earth longer, a
 huge team in a huge hand;
 inO poplar, above the spring,
 locusts begins to sing;
 fall morning dew; - In many
 games mink stone darts; "The
 swallows skim the river;
 And in the forests of the house: flying ravens:
 When the mountain boy determination,
 Bel happy -
 "Chief Co '! co, head ! co ' ! co ' ! co ' ! "
 Moreover, the other on the hill,
 weak cry, but cry
 " co ' boss! co, head ! co ' ! co "1"

In the yard of the farmer,
 With grateful hearts, at the end of the
 day: whip and drag;
 Standing on the yoke and plow garage;
 "The echo on the stack, haymaking;
 fall cooling spray; sheep
 bleating use your host, pigs are
 grunting at his feet,
 And neighing horse you know a teacher,

T

When the court of the farmer,
 your calling the cattle -
 "Co Chef' ! <o, head ! co' ! co' ! co' !"
 Although still the cowboy, far a way,
 shall looking for those who are lost, "Co
 head ! co'co boss I co' ! "

Now his task is to clear the milk:
 The cattle move through the front door and
 Looing, pushing small;
 On track for poultry pump Playful Foals Frisk
 and jump,
 While pleasant dew; -: The new dairy cow
 is fast and shy,
 But the old cow looks calm eye
 And the chain on the cube so bright white when
 your milk will work,
 call S09thingly -
 "So the head ! Thus, the head ! as soon !
 as soon ! as soon ! "
 Good humor Dairy takes his chair and
 fresh milk, dark,
 Saying, "So, t as soon, head t as soon! as soont
 "

For dinner, the farmer finally :
 • The a.re apples pa red, read the
 newspaper stories they are he said,
 then all to bed ;
 No, the incessant chirping of crickets
 ago acute the silence all Long night;
 Sprays have fallen; -
 Housewife hand turned the lock; Sleepy
 kitchen clock is ticking;
 dark home into a deep sleep: farm
 boy, but even dream of going
 Singing, called -
 "Co" boss! co' head; co' ! co' ! co' ! "
 And often the dairy, in your dreams,
 Battery in the bucket with intermittent
 current, whisper, "As soon, boss! el "

Midwinter.

The sky is colored light
 snow Snowflakes Fall slower light
 completely; Athwart top of a hill,
 absorbed and turned silently drops a veil
 of money;
 The valley is closed
 By flashing gray and thin curtains.

But blessed famous song
 unemployed in front of I'm on the
 fence and the tree;
 Snow candles is over, singing, among white
 as the wings of angels.

Miro Slow flakes as in the
 banking and Briar and falling
 off walls; The garden waste
 and brown, Silently everything
 calms, -appel lean branches, and each
 flickering light plum and fishing.

Lawn and sidewalk and Bower ceiling
 The snow storm extends his ivory ground;
which opens with garden beads
 feet;
 And with love shaking tatter'd round
 rods and rod Magio weaves a cloak
 leave as Lily.

Beehive with a lid, small and weak,
 positioned as a girl in the snow; And
 the old gate of the plate hidden under a
 half Alabaster course.

Snowed all day : poster canopy
 flashes in the darkness like a ghost;
 During each explosion remained day
 A wooden stopper assistant;
 Decorating Garland and breather
 Sumac and the spine of the road;

And field glitter and glow in the dark
 pine grouping braids;
 unequal old dy dwarf bush Shrink Like a
 begging in the cold;
 Surplis is white cedar,
 And ble8808 with priestly hands.

unemployed still happy famous
 song for me on the fence and the
 tree; But heard in my ear deepest
 sacred birds of the music;
 And heavenly thoughts, like flakes of soft
 snow, white AB, in my clothes burning
 soul with the love of my lonely heart,
 peace with each healing hand injury to my
 whole being seems to have changed its
 purity.

HUMPHREY GUY McMaster.

good number 829

OLD CONTINENT.ALB.

(Bellicosum Carmen).

In his opposition to irregular
 continental uniform age
 assign,

While the Grenadiers were thrown, and
 were destroyed as hail

Cannonball;
 when files
 Islands,

Smoke camp for the night, making it creep flag
 Unicom;

And Grummer, Grummer, Grummer, roll'd drumroll,
 Through the morning!

Then, with the eyes of all the
 horizontal fire and weapons,
 our parents;
 While whistling bullets mortal,
 and in the valleys: flashing red,
 burnt lights;
 As roar coast
 They swept the automatic strong impact on the green lawn
 ha
 The plains;
 And louder, louder, louder, the broken black powder,
 cracking amain !

Now, as in his work forging St.
 George Red Forge
 Gunners;
 And "evil saltpetre" seemed
 dissonant fierce underground
 Around our
 ears. What is
 the storm drift
 velocity,
 With the hot anger swept the guards came the noise of horses
 In our flanks;
 Then, louder, louder, louder, old fire burned fashion'd in the
 ranks!

Then, bareheaded white collar hellish
 Gallop'd
 dust;
 And swing his sword, and his brass
 neck he was buzz,
 loud trumpet.
 Then the blue
 balls were
 flying,
 And the soldier reddened vests with a lead button
 air gun;
 And rounder, softer and rounder, iron roar'd six books,
 I hurling qeath

HENRY T. IMROD.

Born-1829 in 1867.

OHABLESTON.

Calm as second summer for the first snowfall,
 Gestas sunlight The city expects the
 enemy.

Until now, behind walls trunk and prond sleep
 with bolts thunder -
 Sumter dark, like a cloud hanging over
 embattled deeply solemn.

forehead high cliff or steep slope collects
 Cape guard The Sint-chain;
 But Moultrie pushes his dogs of war, rather than
 the level of sand.

And the thousand couch'd weapons dunes are invisible
 side of the flood -
 like tigers insome East crouch'd jungle to wait
 and see the blood.

Meanwhile, the streets still echo with the trade, serious
 Walk and men of thought,
 day hands which would work sheet Patriot
 as light pen.

And with eyes as girls in black for bleeding dog
 look each a in front of They called the power of a
 sword forced sadly.

Thus girt and not at home in Garrison,
 patient day after day,
 Charleston Age saw the roof and the tower and dome,
 peaceful bay.

Boats, more than a hundred enemies, Saxon land
 and spicy Indian ports,
 Wear steel and iron Saxon hands,
 And summer in the Belgian courts.

But along the hairline Yon Atlantic,
 the only hostile smoke
 It glides like a harmless mist of saline in
 certain vulnerable: Floating oak.

If the beginning of spring, and still wearing a smile
 and eyebrow healthy and sound,
 It lies in the strong arms of his crown palm "islands
 D, free and just now?

We do not know; God in the Temple of the
 Fates recorded their conviction;
 And all this without problems in their
 faith, she hopes that the victory of the
 grave.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

THF. splashing rain on my window
 But the winds of heaven are even; And
 so it is with this clunk
 What makes us on the grounds of the
 cemetery, when the first shovel fell like
 lead on the chest of the dead man.
 In addition to the transfer of my
 window, I do not see the short
 distance but his old familiar turn
 The lid is damped by the shower. How to Build a
 strange and unexpected link
 Touch'd feel that reminds me Although an
 empty soul and the eye
 I look at the gray sky and
 stone. unmarked graves, fight
 Wash'd plains by winter rain, a
 unique event, part of the hills of
 Virginia, and other green Atlantic
 grooves

Part of the western waters, rest a
 lot of unsung heroes?
 Oh! There are employers who, dying,
 see their flags for victory,
 or lost soul nobler cost of payment
 for a good fight,
 pretend The bitterest of his
 monumental cuts shelter beds in the
 nation. Yon solitary hill below Bl point
 at all, but some fans forget the true
 martyrs of the struggle,
 This draws attention to the freedom and
 justice. They, their zeal and patriotic
 pride, great faith that they are dead,
 Also say recognizing the page
 that many were brave; And we
 encourage vague
 What the world anxiety of this world,
 sorrow, despair and misery, their fate
 you he brought in front of many homes.
 Only a sky like this sorry about them,
 always, where they sleep; However, by
 chance, at this time,
 their graves they are flag as a lover;
 And my nature, with eyes unwet,
 Ignoring the debt purple
 FO, which owes his April pardon
 She smiled brightly o'er your grave.

John Esten Cooke.

Born in Winchester, Virginia, 1830-

May.

11As Old Glory pass'd
 contest in May
 The horns echo explosion never
 cheerful horn and die quickly in
 the past,
 W lcomes day?

Paul H. Hayne.



old beauty took gold in
May
No longer in the morning in the
flowery grass,
The hills of the forest away, girls are
at stake?

It's the old fairy
freshness died of
May? -
Ah! unshed tears drops sad!
Ah! a girlsGolden hair pink
cheeks I red.-
Ah! True?

Paul H. Hayne.

Well, in Charleston, South Carolina,
1831-

Golden Age.

THE The ship with a high bow for Lazio
Beach-
God Bui chain sever'd, to rule the
earth.
The abundance and peace among his
smile tread -
Blossom'd earth Hesperian fields,
disagreement was dead.
The sky with its light was calm
highest place bless'd -
And misery in the enchanted kingdom
Durst not enter.
Life pass'd because the sacred
dream to sleep-Riptide -
And fade as the sun melts the violet
leaves.
you drink geniuses Charmed Flew,
Intwilight Sun -

American poetry.

Nature and human hearts drink deep
Your wildering anthem.

Earth air and air in a trance, A climate
cloudless

Hung, how transparent sprays around
This golds.

These golden years are pass'd, in front
of They come in the purest light, -
He hopes the dream, but they are not
dead, You should THIT's doing at
night.

Time sin Dome Dungeon loud
explosion,
And glorious arranged in his anger;
your chains. accursed.

God will come from the wealthy view
less This deadly side -
Misery and dark clothing flee the face
always.

the reason .ONU He blushed.

Two chairs on the porch blush to the
evening light;
They reflect light leaves
What made her perfect face so bright?

It took him gently steys,
. And follow the flashing curtain, but still soft
cheeks and forehead o'er
The same clarity with deep play'd taste.

"Enough, O Candy! "I whispered
down"; the heart that is my yeam'd
in front of win, earn :
No yacht at sunset, but pure love in the
morning wind with burning soul! "

(2 8 3)

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Born in Hartford, Connecticut: 1833-

Brown took this old HARPEES FERRY.

John Brown in Kansas is installed as a farmer firm Yankee
Brave and pious, with four children, all the valiant men
could.
He spoke loudly for freedom and the border conflict has become
warmer,
 Even the Rangers fired his house in his absence the
 night;
 Old And Brown
 Osawatomie,
He returned home in the morning to find his house on fire.
So grasp'd your trusty shotgun and courageously fought for
freedom;
 He injured the deadline for the border of the bright
 intruder band;
 And he and HIE-vow'd so brave boys could help skies
 and speed! -
 this old Great Plains fr'om ruining the earth be saved
 hearts O ;
 Old And Brown
 Osawatomie,
He said, "Boys, the Lord help us I "and Ramrod down.
And the Lord helped these people, and day and even labour'd,
 Kansas beat your own risk; and did his own life •
 charmed
Even the hooligans kill'd a child, the blessed light of heaven -
 One of the great companions slain because
 all journey'd unarm'd;

If the old, Brown
Osawatomie,

A tear, but close **your** teeth, and a terrible frown'd frown!

"The chicken has another boy, not defy the heat of battle,
However, only behind your Coulter - and filled with
chains,

And spears for their horses, even **sting**
their cattle,

It took him cruelly, for their sport and last shot
your brain;

If the old, Brown
Osawatomie,

high **your** right hand to the sky, shouting heaven Revenge
down.

And he is afraid of the oath, · the name of the Almighty,

He: this evil voracious yacht that had torn scathed so on;
He sailed in search of vital functions; I was going to crashday
night; she

It would therefore not go, so I went blow blow,
This old, Osawatomie
Brown,

It must swear a name in backcountry or in people!

thereafter **your** beard It became more gray, and his wild blue
eyes were wilder,

And more curved plastered his nose, turning the battle
from afar;

And he left and his two son, despite the struggle Kansas
wa.x'd softer,

It was darker, ended up on the edge of war, blood,
Old And Brown
Osawatomie,

"I grassa reckon'd crazy because you look with fear and frowning.

ho left the plains of Kansas and bitter problems
 secondmyback,
 : YOU LIPT from Virginia, where all born statesmen
 ' i RCcl a farm in Harpers Ferry, and no one knew where to find
 him,
 Or Parson had returned, or lying down and stripped;
 Old, Brown Osawatomie,
 T. announced that he was, knew enough to use texts are a
 priest.

· no ads bought teams bars, shovels and spades, and so
 little;
 Ruth quietly failed at his ranch, for each train,
 · XCS filled with spears and guns, and a strong popular guns;

And eighteen other crazy join'd their leader again.
 Old said,
 Osawatomie Brown,
 · Faces! We have to march an army big enough to and
 take in the city.

" Take the city, and seize weapons, free blacks and poor;
 Observe local and national, Ay! and all powerful south.
 were slaughtered on their heads as their victims up
 hurt them-
 These Virginians! who does not believe or obey warning
 mouth! "

Old said, Osawatomie
 Brown,

"The world needs to see a republic or my name is not John
 Brown!"

This was the sixteenth day of October Sunday:
 "This good work" -declared captain "should appear
 on a holy night!" -
which It was a Sunday, and before noon on Monday
 With two children, and Captain Stephens, fifteen soldiers
 in black and white,
 Captain Brown
 Osawatomie,
 walked bridge between Potomac and knock'd sentry
 downstairs;

He took the fourth building weapons and held guns and
 rifles;
 Caught. **all** and most county coroneis one by one;
 The fear of death was any Galante stick Virginia
 And before noon on Monday Isay, It was done the deed.
 Mad old Brown
 Osawatomie,
 With eighteen crazy, it was in and he took the city.

Very little noise and noise, no smell of gunpowder ·
which ws ready in midnight, when the emperor
C-OTPP # State.
 "Court cable I Stop convoy of cars I Keep the streets
 and bridges YO " He said;
 When the new republic said to himself GUID ING
 assessment -
 This old Brown,
 Osawatomie Brown;
 And fat two thousand citizens often run "and left the city.

When was the horse and railroading and express here and there;

And Martinsburg shooters and volunteers Charlestown
And Shepherdstown and Winchester Milicia. hasten'd
to where

Old Brown said in front of his collect ten miles Diers
Grenadier.

General Brown I
Osawatomie Brown! !

Whose unbridled flag behind North Slope Below.

But in the end, "he said repeatedly escaping, some prisoners
from the old Durance Brown

And the cavalry bustling value learn'd broken when he was
nineteen mad march

vellous aseurance-

Only nineteen years, so this place and head straight;

Old And Brown
Osawatomie,

You found an army came to take him, encamp'd around town.

but in front of storm, with all the forces have mention'd,
it was too risky;

When she went to Richmond by the Marines government
matrons cry broke, fired their souls with Bourbon whiskey,
Batter'd until Brown castle steps and machines;

Old And Brown
Osawatomie,

He got three bayonets and a cut on his old brave crown.

Tallyho ! Old Virginia gentry meet barking
 in rns'h'd this game and kill'd, throw powerful;
 Whene'er and killed a rebel who came also Afternoon to kill,
 To avoid losing a part of the glory, they shot their bullets
 in the mud;

Old And Brown
 Osawatomie,

He saw his children drop dead next to him, among them
 established.

As conquerors brought their laurels; hasten'd such as
 during the process;
 How old Brown was placed, half dead on the floor of the
 city of Charles courtyard;
 Like his great prayer in spite of denial;
 What a crazy old spirit said: "These are known o'er the
 land.

"Hang old Brown,
 Osawatomie Brown!" -

The judges said, "and all these rebels L "with its menacing
 shorter.

Virginia, but not here! I tell them that ilagon,
 Full blood descendants of the old Brown was the first
 .pour'd South hands;
 And every drop of life the veins of the former Brown, such
 as red blood cells Get on,
 There are a vengeful rage, whistling can through their
 land used by slaves?

Old And Brown
 Osawatomie,

It is more than ever to spend, if your hectic game your
 the coffin down

NO'ember, 1859.

PAGNL On Wall Street.

JuBT before where marble Treasury
 It seems that mixing the nations Wall Street
 Where Jews and more generally Gentile
 "The O crowd for trade and quota.tions past,
 where hourly, gold prices
 Comparing the ears of the people,
 the neighborhood bell toll'd calm
 steeple Trinidad unmoved; -

Even I have a wild strain not heard his strange
 modern high above the noise,
 Crie.- above; greed and profit,
 Brocal war, sales of the auction hammer, and
 Swift, faded in the form of music,
 This led, in this struggle for millions,
 do-nothing sweet old time
 Among the Sicilian clad Kirtle.

And since still'd the crowd,
 Yet the most cheerful pink and more
 acute, I saw where he was the minstrel
 At ease in a Doric column: A
 hand of a body buzz play'd,
 The other guide (PAN fashion'd How
 old) lips made
 Already publicity to the impaeion'd strain.

used to be If Pan had been walking here
 in this dirty city,
 And civil ear tube
 The start of a pastoral tune me
 The demigod had Atravessaste seas -
 Pastor caves, nymph and satyr, and this time
 Syracuse -A
 islands and twenty cent.uries later.

V

The coverage was uneven in the head :
 but hidden so there is no doubt that all
 o'erspread a net-locks,
 His twisted horns grew somewhere: Hill club
 feet encased in shoes rusty,
 They were Atravessaste, as in some frie7.e you
 see, and pants, patch'd different shades,
 Conoeal'd twisted rods underneath.

He fill'd reed vibrating sound as amended
 o'er moved his mouth,
 And with his eyes goat're round Where'er
 paSBing current drift;
 And soon, the Trinacrian accounts
 Nymphs and shepherds rushed to today traders
 hear their boxes,
 The staff and doormen surrounded.

They pulled all the tenors
 Jauncey Court New Street and Alley
 as Erst, if true pastoral,
 He came animals could: the forests of the
 valley? passersby at random to keep list.-
 Egon a boxer Broadway rough and
 cheerful Daphnis his appointment
 With Nais in Brooklyn; rn Ferry.

The blind Cyclops time stopped
 The standard low tatter'd army and
 Galatea join'd the throng.-
 Automatic apple blowsy slut; As the
 old Silenus on stagger'd
 Some meals home to modern in hand, and asked
 the piper with a shout,
 To involve Dandy Yankee Doodle |

A girl and a pea newsagent NNT
 What is the scope fauns he started
 jumping: His hair was tangled loops,
 Her legs were bare and tawny tuning.

And became the largest gathering,
 And he gave them money and busy nigher,
 While the aye-minstrel shepherd blew
 His pipe, and reached the highest range.

O heart of nature, still beating
 With their passion right spring taught, even in
 this case, as covered in the hillside vineyards,
 Or water Arethusan !
 New forms can double discourse, new land
 Occur within the gates of the
 ocean, but the eternal wands music
 waves

Enchantress of mortals

as soon thought; But between
 us was a blue man with the
 legal team,
 And scoff'd the demigod bum,
 And stepIsat on a repulsed. Doubting
 Imused in Cry
 "Great Pan is dead "- and all the people
 crossed the t.heir And loud and clear
 The room rang.

Love always.

Tell me, I Dimple Chin-old starts
 What is love? His blue eyes looked
 like three summers, my fairy queen
 But the mild miracle
 gentle approach, pulls sly View
 theLittle shooter there, hidden in
 her beautiful hair; When a heart
 have learned to win? Tell me,
 Dimple Chin!

"Oh!" comply pink lips:
 "I can not say if I try.
 It's not forget longIcan't: Ask a
 girl Thanii "

The Count, O tell me, gray-faced t
 Please keep your heart and
 mind? When I love the gray
 conquest, when the frost to
 extinguish the fire?
 They can burn coal below
 Everything Cooling snow in
 December? Hands issues still soft
 to the press, Bonny will soothe and
 bless?
 To boost giving love?
 Score, O Tell, face gray I

"Ah!" old wise response lips -
 "Youth you can go and force can die; But
 LoveI can't omen:
 Ask more sage YO "

FEET.

Tn conference through meetings in
 the past, children from all over
 the ry wait jacket
 Come see the newest girls stumble,
 When the snow birds are prepared to
 adapt.

Not t.hat wall jumps by courageous
 level bitten musket s flaehP,
 I who Stepp'D in the first place
 Long'd to see who gets the glove.

But without the blush'd and he took my
 arm : Let the elderly, and · the road,
 And he went to the board of all farm
 along a kind of love on the roads.

Can not remember what I said to me,
 "Nothing Twae worthy of a song or a
 story:
yet roughened so that accelerated which
 And everything seemed to Transform'd



The snow was crunchy under our feet,
 The moon was full, glistening fields; Until
 soft cape shelter'd,
 His face shone with youth and health.

The small hand from his sleeve -
 O sculptor! if I could, but the mold!
 Then light touch'd my coat sleeves,
 To keep warm I had to keep it.

After her there alone -
 It was love and tears and mixed triumph.
 We finally found the stone was worn feet
 When this delightful journey ended.

Old, were almost at home are crushed her
 band: finger'd,
 We approached beard votes,
 . However, always bear linger'd.

She shook the curls of her hood,
 And with a "Thank you, Ned I"
 concealment, but he knew he understood
 Bring trembled a bold desire.

Careful pass'd a cloud above,
 The moon is furtively looking through it,
 However, he has hidden his face, as if to say,
 "Come, now or never ! to do which I *to do I* "

My lips till then knew the mother and
 sister, kisis
 But somehow, right on its own
 soft pink lips that I loved him, I kissed

It was perhaps the love of a child,
 and yet women liistless O! lover
 tired!
 To feel fresh emotion, would be wild
 again, but can live more young
 people?

ELENA FISKE Jackson. •

Well, in Amherst, Massachusetts

■ -

Coronation.

In subtle 12:00 Wo door, and a low
yellow sun networks king;
Drowsy early fall The guards fell
one by one.

Through the door of the king, then
unquestion'd,

A weight-nt beggar and laugh'd- "I his
provides" opportunity for me, finally, to see
if the people

"Do better, and the kings I"

King bow'd State under Ms. crown, resting his
face in his hands indifferent;
Looking clock gla.-s too slowly sift the
light sand.

"Poor I What you want to do with me?" The
beggar turned and compassionate.
responded, like a dream "To"

Nothing I want the king I "

Uprose shook the king and the crown of
his head and played by:
"O man! You should have known"-
He said: "A king is greater than I."

By all doors unquestion'd was then a king(I
Beggar hand.

He muttered the king, "I need to know
when" Before your throne I am? "

The laugh'd beggar. free wind cleaned the
bustle of the warm front king
The lines had followed the red crown - . "This
today is I"

• view Note 25.

King clever Unwove midi porte
 their yellow sun networks;
 Sleeping in the horror logo wak'd
 guards one by one.

"ho ho here no one saw Hae
 "King? "The cry and RANcertainly;
 Beggar and King laugh'd,
 , laugh free know men. Weep

in the door of the king GRA1 ME;
 The king did not come. they calledshe death;
 And HIE eldest son one day
 Slave instead of his father.

BPINNING.

I LOVE blind in the sun,
 lefile my days;
 They know that are performed
 every son designated forms;
 You know that every day will bring
 their work not to be blind moreask.

tise of the name is unknown
 in That spider ;
 you know that someone came,
 They should be presented in
 My thread of the hand and said: "Since 'blind,
 but one thing you can do. "

Sometimes, as hard and fast son confused
 and fly,
 I know that the storms would sweep
 past. and fear ■
 They shall fall; dare try to find a
 safer plaoe because I'm blind.

I do not know why, but I'm sure
This dye and place
in some Large fabric backing,
Over time and race,
My subjects are: that from the beginning,
Although blind, I never felt cursed me.

I think maybe that confidence
came from a short word
I said: me when I was young - so
young, I heard
It is, without knowing the name of God sign'd
My forehead and I seal'd him, though blind.

However, as a stamped or drawn
Inside out
No matter: the divine union
I doubt if ever.
I know he is still here
And happy, and blind, they hope that their will;

But listen, listen, every day,
To listen to the web
support fi.nish'd accessed
remotely,
And cut the wire,
And the message of God in the sun "Poor
spinner get iWork is blind!"

CITA.

At one point awaitest you and me,
with lips unkiss'd,
I regret that they often
consume this way "our
dedication.

gold cups are broken, silver
son untwist;
Mark Almond blossoms
a flower'dI am yours.

Others you fly
alarms, cowards
Who hates you and deny you
foldest in his arms.

How I pray that you do not
need?
I dare not meet
O lover away and cold
O lover whose lips my
lips Many cool kieve'd,
Come even if you do not,
And keep your appointment 59lemn.

 GEORGE ARNOLD.

Well, New York died from 1834 to 1865.

The jolly old pedagogue

Was an old teacher and gay, length,
height, thin, yellowish and dry;
Average HIE was bent, and the process
was slow HIC HIC long hair was thin and
white as snow,
But, beautiful light shone in the eyes hie;
And he sang all night when he went to bed
"Leave happy to be here under me
Life is for living, dead really dead, "said Professor
merry old, long ago.

He taught researchers Hie the rule of three,
reading and writing, and history, also;
I took the little hie in the knee to the heart
of an old man HIE mother,
And the youngest child wishes she knew:
"Learn while you're young," It is often said,
"Not much to enjoy here below;
Life for life and the rest died I "
Sa.id the jolly old teacher, long ago.

With dumb children was good and fresh, speaking
 in softer tones;
 The stem is little known to the school • • •
 Whip, for him, was a barbaric rule
 And work very hard for old bones arms; Then, it
 was painful, sometimes it is said:
 "We make life more pleasant, way, life has to
 charity more than the dead"
 This makes long merry old pedagogue.

He lived in the house by rail hawthorn, with
 roses and honeysuckle on the door;
 Their rooms were quiet and clean and simple,
 but not govern achieve a spirit of comfort
 And it made him forget that he was old
 and poor; "I have so little" - it is often said;
 "And my parents and friends down here
 ester I am right when I'm dead "
 This makes long merry old pedagogue.

But the most pleasant moments we had, in
 particular, were sociable hours I,
 With their backs against the wall tipp'd a chair nearby,
 Calling without ceremony
 More of a tube and a glass Usage:
 This was the greatest pleasure, he said,
 Among the many tests below; "Who
 has not acolytes, he had better be dead"
 This makes long merry old pedagogue.

So Professor old wrinkled face all smile
 sunshiny melted;
 The stir'd his drink with an old school of mercy, he
 laughed and sipp'd, and hit at a rapid pace,
 Even home grown cheerful basement for shingles:
 "I am a very old man," he said softly, "I
 linger'd here long;
 But my heart has escaped cool if my youth "
 This makes long merry old pedagogue.

smoking his pipe in the fresh air every
 evening as the sun went down,
 While the soft wind play'd silver hair hie, so
 tender coast HIE more

In the former Crown cheerful and happy old
 educator: And feel kil 1868 emil'd and said:
 It was a wonderful world here; "Why wait
 for the luck that we are dead?"
 This makes long merry old pedagogue.

He was hie at the door, sank a summer
 evening, after the sun in the west,
 And sustained golden rays of light
 He made his old face and look at the bright and
 friendly man.

As night fragrant wind whispered- "rest" Slowly, slowly,
 the bow'd head. • •

There were angels who were waiting for
 him, I know; There. I was sure lucky, alive or
 dead,

This former professor Gay, long ago.

YEAR matron.

The leaves of forest roads makes our shadow
 grinding Beginning in the wind;
 The year disappear as a majestic lady
 who puts his young vanities aside;
 However, while the reminder of his enduring
 beauty, does not support the old uniform,
 And autumn comes, to paint with cold fingers,
 Some leaves with red and gold.

The voice of the midwife fill'd all the hills and valleys
 show full of music when the leaves were young; Seen
 now, in the aisles of the forest and the valleys of the garden,
 The song is the song sung Reedy Eve;
 However, sometimes, when the sun gilds the morning, a
 tree explodes Carol Sonie half naked,
 Though slowly but surely entice your
 decadence, he awoke again Olden melody.

May buttons with perfumed pleasures, soft and young,
 made his light and elegant beauty:
 But now, the country produces no strings estimate
 sad flowers and no pink hair Midwife:
 still can not deliver the desired things; Regal is
 right clothes, even now -
 Gold, purple, green, laced with all the pomp and grape
 cluster wreaths on the front I

In June they took us scented clover riddled
 tufts gay monotonous wild bees
 And when the first flower was above and beyond, we
 offered sweet aromas of freshly cut fields;
 Now, orchards produce dry land, with the laughter of
 patter, red wagon groaning cheek'd generosity,
 And shelves loaded crawl later
 A pile of golden beard packages.

So if all the love and cling to life, and holly
 festival shines on all the walls,
 His punishment will outringing Claus clocks; drifting
 snow, stainleBB-Pall burial:
 She disappears and failed, but with pride and
 Matrona quiet this year that gave largeBB,
 His calm forehead and his presence tately,
 As someone who, losing ground, taking me to heaven

.ONU SERENADE sensitive.

Browsing the far shore is clear; dew shining tears
 roses seem to regret;
 But you prejudiced against the clock,
 I will sing little and let his dream this dream, the
 Virgin, the dream I

I will not censor for this song, love you?
 make great efforts to keep my voice low,

I understand the high value
 All healthy people sitting on a healthy
 sleep.
 The dream, the Virgin, sleep I

Some members feel as I often ask me to sing
 with strong, high and deep voice,
 For family would go to the thunder, or like me,
 just sing and let them sleep.
 The dream, the Virgin, sleep I

O lawn it is wet; I think I sneeze; Thi l l stuff is
 at least very "stiff";
 The idea of RA is not pleasant,
 So with your permission, I'm going home to
 sleep and sleep.
 The dream, the Virgin, sleep I

JOHNJAMESPIAT T.

Good in Milton, Indiana,
 1835-

RIDING STEM.

*(TM Former Democratic Wut
 old.)*

BEYOND Old dark relaxed tavern disappeared a year
 before sunset and bands scoop holes:
 The tavern is to sign the same day
 GlintingR blinded · pulleys nothing but the sun.

in Jackson days of a young gay man with Hale and the
 spirit of good humor,
 And so young walnut, so strong, tall and thin,
 The first time I remember we were to load a
 truck, a dozen Old Hickory-November this
 bumpy road.

Ah! Forty help a man who is getting gray; They are not the
 souls of men, which makes a man take away! It is forty, or
 near, one day I will vote again; Here, half a mile away, we
 see the crowd at the door.

My children, in 1860 My children? my husband, I
 mean!
 (No better men nor brave souls in the flesh!)
 Among the twenty-six of the twenty-three, was with
 his father following:
 Urn remind them vote'll -my try again!

Urn remember her, the country may well know
 Although only two million almost seem to go;
 But somehow, when the ticket slipp'ddream'd son Jack
 Day:
 Earth, I think, need what
 Far!

she It does not change when the need was named company
 thought
 The word he says clearly that behind wrought;
 And while meditation and breathing fell far behind
 Finally,
 Again, the young Jackson appeared Hale voice casting!

God thank you, it was not lost! -My not VoteIdid check
 To go!
 Just to let my voice again the glorious mood; Soil, which
 dropped three together, but fall Ishall day; But even if
 I'm only day to speak with one voice for all

When our men, waking quick wine and fireplace threshold
 Mina said: "Another Day", but began as a flame;
 RN vote for them as well as I; soldiers
 died as they can,
 But my voice every vote will claim the right man.

The old man left his wife and son, my vote for that
 show;
 The youngest bride yo voice complain too!
 Yes, I myriad.speechless languages offered countless
 lives,
 Devastation in the heart of orphans and women I

I will give my vote Aloni curse their
 shame shameless traitors to fight here
 at home in the holy name of peace! I
 will give my voice, but I,
 I vote for the dead and alive, all the undead and
 you!

See the tree next to the field, caught in a sudden
 crackle,
 As aware of their strength is likely at this time, stable
 If Lincoln curve (for everyone, so, I
 mean my voice) -
 As the wind blew storm is announced! walnut right,
 finally!

northf' Jmber, 1864.

OLD MAN .SUBWAYA A.ND-SPRING LEA. VES.

BELOW beech
 All things fall for me I love singing
 birds sing softer Ne'er when he was
 young; Some cool breeze, you will
 not see, Roba kiss me with love;
 All sheets, as merry and bright, the
 dance song for light Maying
 In m "Finally, finally, he
 flew past."

Therefore, the leaves! up crazy?
 I'm a little sad that cheerful.

"He is happy playing child •
dBelow is a shadow there, I a.go
years; All things bright Gladden'd
satisfied with pleasure that I "

I'm not the boy under his shadow
pla.y'd beech;
I am not the son of the songs you
sang in lost language story.
She read fairy below,
Legends of leaves and flowers would
know; The drea.m'd fairy dreams, and
your fairies have changed his joy
Dans, sing axis; And a.wa.ken'd tale
land
I circle youth wand
Joy heart ewell'd HIE before hia kiee'd joy;
I am now after the funeral.
Fairy of banks; EMI Lost Horizon
take my heart.
I'm not the boy under his shadow
pla.y'd beech.

"" Child Ata good mood in our
a.go Yea.re play'd shade of
beech, all things bright Loved,
MA.DE happy for your pleasure
that I "

Oh shiny leaves will not know that an
old dream below
No; they will not hear or see, The
palms of your hands to search for me,
singing, dancing your tree Ah me your
happy voice flight
Leisure: againIfeel as they
sing to me far
The lost child, come to my heart:
Inde charm Paet, the first is the last
child I

The first bet.

It takes a rose from your rose bush,
Kiss your soul into it -
Now, more than a year, well above
the tide of dreams and
possibilities.

It rips your heart a poem; A
messenger of fresh flowers,
Now, more than a year, well above
dream, stirs his soul to him.

These are the old world of lovers in
Clasp'd dusk flash One:
However, this is not a dream for
her, and dream of a poet.

Theodore Tilton.

Born in New York 1835-

No and yes.

WATCH'D the tower, and it
was my departure
Woo and win.

So cruel, so indifferent,
Therefore, the contemptuous
attitude was, they put me in the
midst of despair.

However, the ingenuity feel a
utility,
He loves, and thinks he will lose
because a woman refused.

Love grows in the
manufacturing sector with the
help of your pain
And trembling and heart broken.

The first woman
warranties of refusing
After a second attempt.

X

The first time I said plead in-
 "Here are my love lies bleeding
 YO " She shook her head, not
 paying attention.

But then I said again,
 He accused the cold, they dropp'd
 increasingly against my shoulder.

Then, with the eyes of the splendor
 has a tender look,

I knew she was going I

So I drove to the track,
 And while the face was red, I
 categorically demanded to wed.

good weekend bad get started I
 My entourage went on to win I
 And I can still turn I

reflections Marmaduke SIB.

I won the noble fame;
 However, with the sudden pout
 J.> OOPle Snatch'd crown, YM
 mud staged down
 My reputation.

I bounteollll supports
 a scholarship, And
 beggars on the road
 So I bless'd daily; But grew
 up in poverty, because,
 Now they have their curse.

I acquired is called friends;
 Bu now your love is hate,
 and I learned too late
 How dissociates covered
 spirits
 And the end of the friendship.

I ola.s: p'd chest of a woman,
 as as his heart he knew,

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

307

The footage would be true; It
was unfortunately too
Fake the rest.

Now I am free from ,: _

Like when a fall tower doth,
with tilt and the wall,
And the door and the bridge and
everything - and nothing else.

However, it should be noted that
All pain Atravessaste hope all
loves and honors LTI
For the air at a cost
losing ground.

As soon, lestbe inclined
To make sick sick later
instill in me, O God is
good sweet
A.11 humanity.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Born in Calais, Maine, 1835-

JU GDALEN.

LF every woman we all
only woman in the street,
Before the Lord should take a break and fall,
And with long hair and clean your feet -

Because you are, and happy with a sad
heart with the human eye
Move around our way of life, and in
our skies every day -

The creator of heaven and earth, the
Lord of life, the Lord of Death,
The birth of the universe
But the end of the breath -

If a woman in the street

If the knees and raised mesh with his long
hair clean your feet
And thereby k.isaes kiss beef -

As the round woman crowd, how willing
hands
Cool to touch the divine, and long son
to collect twice I Blest

While they eagerll mnoceno change our
inactive or shows
His shameful memories and strange, but
one could say that writing.

NIGHT-wo

In the summer, even,
While the dew still Hoar,
It was torn purple thoughts
Even my love would reach the coast.

Fishing Lights dancing in the sea,
And "Come to me" Blood "my true love I
Come to hurry home! "

But the sea has dropped a grunt,
And the white gulls Rock'd about,
And the young dropp'd moon from the sky, and
HID lamps in a row.

All are silent visual Slipp'd very
cruel sea
Y " to wait YO " She cried at night wind and
storm -
"Wait till I YO "

A view.

It was just a rose I gave him nothing
 more than a rose
 While the wind half their eavour can
 steal any wind.

Then she took my trembling fingers of
 one hand and cold -
 Ah! play fly continues, continues and
 tickles!

To faded prese'd between pages, crumpled
 fold fold -
 Once they placed in the chest and can
 not do the old times.

Leighton Celia Thaxter ..

good to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 1835-

Long guns minute.

I property in the small inlet opening,
 Full of life and hope in the morning,
 many fearful surfing
 Thunderingly accused flights rocky.

The wonderful switches! As Rush'd and all
 emerald green-white flash,
 "The umultuoue am such a,
 With joy and light and fun.

And the wind blew fragrant wild
 eeawind above,
 And I took the spray and: cast
 Insweeping showers shiny droplets.

Inside the bay and all foam'd tJash'd.
With more than one volatile rainbow
colors of the iris; No, gleam'd bright
against the sky
A blue hesitation match online

Toss'd where the distant waves, and many
Shone, quiet silvery candle;
It is high seagulls
elegant pine stemm'd Gale.

and all My thrill'd pulse of joy, see wind
and water battle
With the sudden ecstasy and shouted:
"O, Life is sweet | Thank God for life YO "

Sail'd no clouds in the sky, the glory
of the sun? -
On the sea, much stronger,
He came to the time of launching weapons |

war news | Many a brave soul who fled,
And a heart numbs the message |
I saw the most joyous
waves; I heard the reports
of guns.

JCEDRAKE .and OSPREY.

MEDRAKE. Low wide wings fluttering in the wind swung
Bight |
Osprey, large headless blue background,
Ornate, fearless and strong | What do you get excited
with the treatment of the morning
Like me? The sun brings a message of beauty for you?
O west wind blows softly good mood distant land,
Tipper heavy head against weeds, the thickness of
overpopulation, so thin and proud |

O the warm sparkling sea with waves in the fast wind fann'd
 O width crystal clear sky with vivid islands delicate cloud I

Feel the awakening of life in the world lock'd lot of time on
 the ice,

beautiful birds, with flash: bright wings like flag ?

Osprey soaring so high, has lost half in the depths of the
 sky!

Medrake, flying at low altitude, where the sweet tones
 rings Sandpiper!

am nothing to a place, maybe during the day;

Nothing is added to your joy, but they are beautiful, my
 view;

And it seems that in their gay wings in front of I stood at a
 distance ether

And the most brilliant divine future because of their
 glorious flight.

Song.

I Lonestar tow'rd candle night
 shivering in the proposed Blue:
 A cloud, a dark bar,

Burned dull purple from beginning to end, slow
 growth in the summer sky,

It is in the west, along the discoloration.

How sweet to see his dying splendor, she
 cradled Hello and therefore caress'd
 wind.

"The gentle cool breeze, jump jet kissing
 cheeks, the sudden joy:

In the dark edge of the lights of the bay,

Kindle far and near,

And in the warm depths of faint star

groups steal air at rest

in deep drink, you and I,

Wave-packed, so caress'd and wind.

Because they are like a dream land and
 air dark Starbeam: ns, the sky and the sea:
 His face, pale with dark eyes that you
 even seem to calm me
 0 periods of time,
 Your baby! We are in a better life,
 bent arm on the seat of God,
 Wave - Oradled both and wind - 0are88'd.

JOHN AYLMERE Dorgan.

good 1836-1867 deceased.

THE KISS.

THE read It is soft
 throw in the frozen ground in
 slow motion, the golden
 cords,
 Fire song words.

ki88 you; my vain Kibb,
 Where voice and music both fail, say love,
 or you
 A secret for more and more!

.un farewell.

Low Night June splendor shine soft
 summer moon, I stand in the way
 goodbye, Estelle pulled me

frag Sunviolet clarity and thMy
 Heather Pink wet dew,
 I breathe Fr. TO Dell shadowv!
 They are good, Estelle I
 Goodbye!



distant murmur of summer trees
and whisper dream seas around
your sink and waving goodbye I,
Estelle! I pulled

And every time you zoom gentle
bees and birds singing and hear
the sound of the sacred bell!
Goodbye, Estelle ! Bye!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Well, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 1836

When Sultan ISP.A.HAN.

WHEN *Shah Zaman Sultan*

G06s to city of Isfahan,

Before you even get away

The place where the palm cluster'd are 13 !! Has
thirty gates of the palace,

IIarem mascot, Rose-in-Bloom, order a
party in your favorite room, shiny ice
colour'd square.

Sweeten'd syrup dyed with herbs, creams and
liqueurs, and sugar'd dates, apples, quinces
Syrians Othmanee

Limes and lemons and apricots,

And the wines are known for Eastern leaders; And
Nubian slaves,smoking pot.a

Meat and fish most expensive spice

And the curious palate can wish, and

cedam Door mosaic floors scatter'd

His anemones, violets and myrtle, and a
musical fountain launches jets hundred
colors in the sky.

Sultana black hair loose,

And stains with spikes of plants henna

pearl nails, lips and bites

To bloom again, but unfortunately, pink

Poetry AIEBICA ..

: Sot gems and defeated Sultan!
: Sot O sultan Shah Zaman
win, earn you shall she citJ are .bpaiaa.
Theo in a vacant in your sun the hand.
Samarkand dancers
fleet in I love *nebulae* Fairyland! and in
front of the voluptuous swoon
Music and down the mane
His art brown. *bosoJDB*. Eastern blood in
his veins, shining in his eyes: And here in
this paradise of the East,
fill'd sandalwood and musk smoke
Khoten, aloe and myrrh, Rose-in-Bloom
is drinking on a bench side .Astrakhan
wine;
And his Arab lover with her. Tohen
Tllat'aO *Sultan Shw.h-Zamars Goea*
to O CEG Iapahan.

Now, when I see an extra l.iji: HT
flames flicker at night,
If my neighbor does not sway, I know,
so I know how to pray,
I know that can say as a
language, the Zaman Shah Sultan
Innocent Haa missing in front of O CEG
Isfahan.

PAL.A.BRAS OARINOS.AS

good evening ! I need a good night
to say a few things, like no!
give good night to the queen delicate
memories plus her weight All rings,
eyes good night
Good night for brown hair hair, good
night perfect mouth
And the sweetness is there - stop me
snow by hand, -Dan
I must say goodnight to the new



But the time will come, my love I
 then, if read our star, right
 Do not stay at this level
 With goodbye. Until then, good night I wish
 the weather was now? And you do not blush?
 You blush'd to death
 Both a year ago.
 What these two hands covered with snow ah
 me, so I will say good night again

Tiger-lily.

I LOVE Lady-slippers,
 No flowers Yot Yot or sweet pea
 pink flake form,
 Rod or white as snow;
 thaliced like lilies, oriental
 lilies Heavy, beautiful
 tiger lilies,
 They grow in our garden I
 Because high and thin hoop;
 Dash'd their mouth crimson, Y, whtin
 wind sweeps,
 The Emerald bars
 Fold so proud and elegant, white
 women,
 Sultan Adown our favorite garden
 path!
 And when the rain falls,
 sitting by the window
 And see how they sparkle and shine -
 How will burn and shine!
 O lights for reading,
 "he says of the oriental
 lilies, tender beautiful
 tiger lilies,
 grow in our garden!

GUILLERMO WINTER.

Born and Gloucester,
Massachusetts: # 836

Lethe.

(UN Corner RET).

sweet oblivion ! blood of grapes!
leave I want to take your tone and
manner; in wonder tired heart my;
change which within Red wine;
by my veins, gold Brightness, Fire spirit!
and flash to sink;
deify This lump of clay,
and my soul ready to soar away.

ill and my sad fantasies, the
IRED Peace and tired war;
jokejester joke despite the clown
my heavy eyelids weak;
all philosophies sad; musicjargon
in my ear; endless tides s empty
words bubble around me I walk;
I deafen'd am by O noise
the world it challenges in; I'm
tired and pain ;
I I'm done with it I mean!

God sunrise! purple wine! Let me
lose my soul in you; Close my
eyes and stop my ears
THE whole deadly see and hear:
Rollo in drums and the clash of
swords, sassy angry face words,
church and state and free or slave,
festival, beliefs and politics
Gossip, babbling, laughing, and moan,
Crozier, scepter, flag, and throne,
stupid people, and large Discussion is
sweet bit or large,

Who pray'd for now, and say foreign
critics.
Not all harnesses; might is right;
Life is dull day is night.

Ruby Sun I came to my fire
burning in your being:
So my dream of the death of forgetfulness
blessed memory.
No more tired, thinking losses
In a final charge so crazy!
More dreams eyes of love lit, soft
and silky hair and sighs,
And kisses, wild and sweet that shake
the frame errors - Poor Neither others
like bad ,! -
The work of the manner or lout
praise; fire polishing of a ring,
The fire, burning a kingdom, the fire
in the chest
Taking the ambition of his guest!
But in the end, instead of this,
Sun Cloud Sunset and wind in the
afternoon, the Holy shines the
light of faint stars, groaning organ
and the hymns of the Vespers,
Cypress crown, and daffodils, call
toll of distant sweet -
This makes the sleeper bletit,
Based on an endless bed.

When this farce of life is o'er,
we fretted over?
to do Moreover, I wonder,
On grass or snow, which began
on a quiet road, what time
and must? If they do, I think
they were happy so
Sleeping in growing roses and ripe
mulberry-blown,

British car club the mnshine Poun ita gold
 in rock and ancient forests.
 while wind and clouds ntle Vellón
 And the wavy waters murmur of peace!

andis O luxury: nothing dies:
 fall -.apreciador falls increase;
 coming back and round at.oms to fly
 lawn and stone sea and air,
 \ Autumn Ato and human blood
 In the grim plan.

all that is movement: nothing to die:
 llystery mysteries.

Hoyal way to escape blessed!
 sweet oblivion! blood of grapes!
 I serve your tone and shape: In
 his floating spirit

It will be a dream,

The fleeting thought, a dream
 that fades, a melting cloud, a
 beam of light from the moon, a
 breath, a mist, a slight ghost, to
 get up and disappear into the
 night without seeing anything,
 invisible,

. \ Nd which they were not.

LOVE QUES'ION.

Why sigh of love is nothing more than a sigh,

It is the heart less love relationships?

Because rose to disappear and die,

Rose is less valuable?

Because the dark night should cover the day

without sunshine is gay brave?

secondmyCaliforniause autumn birds cold

panic shall suggests that spring will
 come?

scholarshipuse soft words are just words,

shall Love forever silent?

scholarshipuse our happiness was

very short-lived joy, should We

should refrain from embracing love?



Because such sweet eyes joy
 You need some time to let my heart with
 emotion, as the sweet voice of the earth
 Sooner or later, you still have to,
 because he is the idol is safe -
 It will be my great love, at least ,?

Oh, I do not - Allow lovers breathe their
 sighs and roses bloom and music sound
 And the passion burn on lips and eyes,
 And the pleasure of the world party to
 return Let golden sunshine flood the
 sky,
 And let me what I want, or I die

QUEEN OF LOVE.

He loves whose love is not fat!
 I would not get too close. Golden sun
 shines not pure gold ·
 Unless the sun in the sky:
 To get there and do your beauty chain
 around it disappears.

It keeps your state -Do keep your stuff,
 and shine on me from afar!
 as soon should divine light into heat
 Rector is the star of Love.
 So your Eminence be high, and
 therefore my passion and he died.

BNT take my life his hands high
 trailer demand'e his face, and as
 someone who speaks in ecstasy with
 perfect grace.
 My love, my hope, my all, analyzing
 the air and must look at you.

Your eyes will the heavenly lights; His
 voice will be the summer breeze

What time changing the full moon, the
 rustling of the leaves of the trees above;
 and touch your beautiful shape
 Injune red roses, rich and warm.

But you will not even this pure region
 well above questions;
 But keep his throne and wear your crown,
 my queen of hearts and queen of love I
 A king in his kingdom, and a
 monarch at his feet!

The last scene.

Here is white and cold; Put your
 hand on the forehead:
 His sad heart is very calm,
 And they do not know now.

ha I fall is a quiet bed they will
 sleep a good night's sleep,
 And you can cry
 not wake her, "So do not regret it!

I weep because you made your mistake; The
 I-whine mourn'd and died for you:
 ha I arrived too late to know what is
 false and what is true.

Ruda.

The autumn wind whispering complain about
 leaves and grass in my grave:
 ha I would have thought that your heart is crying for could
 not save her?

So, I'm dead, I do not know I'm dead?

Why I haunt me to my grave tonight, get up
and listen,

When you deeply buried from view?

you do not wine and music at home, and so clear
and pure eyes and pride

With love to you? and you will come to mistreat me,
lying quietly in my shroud?

Find your new love calls them, and the tears are hot
on his pale face, and his young breast
It is full of doubt and pain, hear -to
whispered words about his fear of the house.

Night! the storm begins to move. I will be
around and see ghostly eyes How are you
going to kiss your lips, and you say
"It's always, I love you," because if you told me.

AFTER ALL.

The apples are ripe in the garden,
Whether the platform is made, and
the golden woods Redden
dying sun blood.

In the home of the grandfather
pale in his chair,
While a soft twilight breeze
playing with her silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him; A
young mind is simply Perst.
In the first wild passion of grief, at his age
chest.

And the echoes of a lot more
"wobbly ahead,

and

American poetry.

or flight trumpet rattle
of the explosion and
rolling drums.

Then the grandfather speaks in a low voice,
"The end no one can see;
But we give to their country.
And we offer our prayers for you. "•••

Purple Star Meadows, buttons
pink tape door.
And the grass of the orchard
pink and white flowers discounts.

But grandfather of the president is
empty. The house was dark and
quiet,
There is an unmarked grave on the
battlefield. And a new under the hill.

And a pale woman tearless
The cold oven stands alone;
And the old clock ticking in the
corner at a constant hum.

1862.

ONU Belio.

I would recommend this little
flower, withered and lost not
give,
For most supreme happiness of the
power, the beauty of the proudest
fortunes.

Because this decision some flowers
A charming sin to save; And then
finally oold my heart.
I hope to do it on my grave.

(323)

BYRON Forceythe Willson.

stillborn 1837-1867.

OLD SERGEANT.

(*Jan. 11863.*)

THE Carrier can not sing ballads day I used to
go,
Rima merry happy new year rounds now under the
snow:

For the same terrible and ominous shadow,
earth cloudy
And he hit the ground last year with
destruction, even darker every home.

And with the support of the mighty Death March hear
Beethoven Come around mart;
And you can hear and feel your breath in her
breast, and entering his heart.

And one day, a veteran scarr'd and comes back
To tell the story of the old year battle in the
song of another year.

And the music is, but not 80 with the story; For
history, you should know
I was told in prose Assistaut Austin surgeon.
For a soldierin Shiloh :

Robert Burton, who grew up in *Adams*,
With his death wound to the side ;
And he told the story to the assistant surgeon on
the same night he died.

But the singer feels is best for the ride,
as everyone should consider it well,
To tell the story as if the talk of the
evening. Happen'd but had the last

"Come a little closer, medical Thank you, 'Let me take
the cup:

Call your seat, more-so, another small -only
Dinner!

Be you might think I am better; but it is almost exhausted

Doctor! You have everything I could do, but I'm just a
Up!

"Feel the pulse, sir I want, but it is not very useful for
the treatment "-

"I do not say," said the surgeon, as smother'd a sigh;
"This will never do, man! For a soldier say
die!" "Which you say there is no difference, make
doctor! when

You came to die. "

"" - "The doctor had been the object You have very
low, they say, '

You should try to sleep. "- Doctor! March

e! "-

"Not everyone knows" - "Doctor Doctor I
wanted,

It's here something must say, and you will not
have the time to stay!

"I got my marching orders and I'm ready now in
front of

To go:

Doctor, I said Ifainted But he could not, "was so ,? -
As sure as I'm a sergeant, and was wounded at Shiloh, I had
that night, the old field
Shiloh!

"That's all That remember .-The last time the
lightest wine

And all the lights were lower'd, and the sounds of it,

It's not five minutes before something name is my name;

"SERGEANT ORDERS Robert Burton -" Only in this
direction

my calling First Name ..

"And I wonder'd I could call so clearly and slowly

I knew that I could'nt lighter, he could not have spoken
if -

And I tried to answer'Here, sir, I do, but I could not
make it go away;

by I could not move a muscle, and I could not
make it go away!

"So, I thought: This is a nightmare, a real blast and
a gap;

Just a fool *grapes and vine* will not come;
But it happened, sir! However, in the same way as
before:

'ORDER --Even Sergeant Robert Burton I light '
previously.

"That's all I remember, until a sudden burst of light,
And I was next to the river, where we were on Sunday,
While waiting to be transported by contrast dark cliffs,
where the river was hell and damnation was contrary!

"And the same age palpitations came back in all its
power,

And I heard a horn that sounds like a firmament;
And the same mysterious voice says, "It's time I

ELEVELiTH

SERGEANT Robert-ES BURTON ordered at the last moment, I

"Dr. Austin I-What day is it? "- It's Wednesday, you
know. "-

"Yes! A new year -for tomorrow, and are down a good
time!

What time is it? Dr. AustinI "-. Almost twelve "

"So do not go I

It is possible that all this happen'd-all, there's no
time!

"It was the place where warships open'd in the dark rebel
 army;
 And where Webster semicircled their latest weapons
 coatst;
 There were also two houses per day, in the same way, or
 his mind -
 And the same old truck came and took me and his
 spirit I

"AND Old wide field for the full width leave me;
 nowhere he fell Prentiss, McClelland tide -There met;
 Sherman was claimed when the stern, where the supply
 of deceased but'sheroes -
 Wallace below where they ordered, and the load is
 maintained until his death.

"There was Lew Wallace show'd where they are he was
 Canny parents
 This is when thunder'd old Nelson, which Rous in the
 bucket of water;
 He sent McCook 'em in front of breakfast, and we all started in
 front of
 -ganha
 Yasha where the shrapnel took me when we start in front of
 win, eam.

"Now, a blanket of snow and silence on all things he
 was
 anointed;
 and but for that old blue coat and old hat in my head
 I would not even questioned in front of Now I was
 dead -
 To my steps were silent as the snow on the dead!

"Death and the silence and stillness -The death of me
 as I ACCELERATE!
 And here, a powerful LA TOUR, if I built the death, the
 heaven of heavens, increased the powerful head,
 Even the bars and stars in the sky, while stirring head
 seemed to I

"Based on the powerful round towers and above the
infinite
And no mortal knew Mason could have built such a
brilliant shaft;
by **which** The sun is shining as a solid; Spiral
staircase and lighting
 Wrapped around him and around him to liquidate
 sight!

"And see, as approach'd her with a lost and
 blinded eyes -
the thinking thatsaw old companion, grand staircases
 - top
Suddenly he broke the solemn challenge Halt "and
 shall No? '
, "I am a friend '- said: "If .-'- 'So ahead,
 sir | Scale **YO** '-

" ! sentinel advanced, doctor! Elias BallanTyne! -
First to fall Monday after form'd the line! -
"Welcome, my old sergeant | welcome | Welcome to
 sign **YO** '
 He said the fire in the old coat of mine!

"If my hand grasp'd shudder'd I think the grave;
But he smiled and showed a clear Guja and bloodless:
"For example, Mr. I thirst. - The
 bossRooms? '- the brave'.
 • However, the great trick? '- • The answer'd- It's
 true, sir! the brave **YO** '-

"Ca.me Then suddenly ashamed O'er Me to the
 uniform light;
In my own tatter'd so old and how new and shiny;

• Ah! "HE • remember that the new uniform night.
Come down, you have to be here just twelve
tonight! -

"and the next Remember that you were there,
and —

Doctor! out? Listen! -god protect you
all I Bye!

Doctor! please in front of take my gun and my bag when
to die

For my son, my son'come, it will not be here until
death!

"Tell your old father bless'd she as He's never done
before -

and in front of Take this old musket Hark I Knock
on the door and L

Union-- view I opens I "--" dad I Daddy! still
speaks YO "-

"to bless u /"gasp'd old gray sergeant, and to
determine and not said!

last show.

1.

The stars shine vibrate through the branches And the
moon shines from the needle;

There is no light in the house of a neighbor,
but bumeth low

And it seems almost spent!

With dark shapes in dark suit and
rear indicators,

as as pain and doubt--

And head to cry bow'd I

Listen carefully!

I was not Lament ?

H

**ere, here the
burning light**

image

disappears IA I

2.

You with such trick Sleepless
 camera out of sight,
 Whispering Down,
 A, and forward
 His quick hands in secret
 In the dark night of the layers, .._ .
 What do you sew?

3.

"Listen carefully I listen carefully !
 You can hear the distant sounds,
 as wind or wings that spread through the roof?
 Strip blend of heavenly voice rising
 Seraphim choir?
 listen carefully Ilisten carefully YO "

4.

"Far IFar!
 Here, here, is the day I
 Supporting the sweetness of the door;
 And up, up, they pounce YO "

The ESTRAY.

"Now tell me, my gay Woodman I
 Why are you so shocked? "-
 "My lord - It was a beautiful creature,
 but only went YO "-
 "The thing that kind of thing?" "No, but I
 do not know YO "-
 "! Uh-what made you think "The sunlight or
 snow.? -
 "I will conquer my horse."
 The woodcutter open'd
 your eyes:
 gold fell all round,
 And a rainbow sky spann'd.

0.4. utumn Song.

In the spring, the poet is happy,
 In summer, the poet was gay; But
 the sad poet fall
 And there is something sad to say:
 For the wind howls in the wood, And
 the leaf falls from "REE";
 And the rain falls cold on good digging,
 And the spray of the sea:
 Antl the soul of the poet drop songs made
 passionate grief
 sough wind and clocks of the ring is of a
 sheet configuration.

William Dean Howells.

born in Ohio 1837-

G.ATE BEFORE.

They all laugh rest, singing and playing
 intermittently,
 Moods for sobriety as an illusion, and
 then silence, and the rest inactive.
 But when finally his journey, Glum, late and
 reluctantly,
 The wide sun Prairie
 It is at the door, a sweet charm are both hinder'd.
 His heart was concerned about the suffering
 secretly see, but women know
 Those who wait; And for that love not to talk or talk to
 wither, and they do not prefer them;
 Until he said, "Man, if nothing understand all
 the wonderful cunning
 Women have won if you win, and ask the implacable
 eyes double your time -

" Oh, if beyond that door path united in our
 steps to death,
 And could open! "- His voice affrighted In his
 boldness, falter'd smoothly.

While faith and fear haunted Beyond the words to
 say,

best sense of spirit of his wife wanted
 The art knew I had in front of error also

For now he approached. small step, and ridicule,

"Why not listen also • Later

? For tea, "he said." I'm too tired to walk;

Yer, thank you! his arm! It will open the door? "

closer friends.

Robin singing in the elm; Cattle
 placed below
 Quiet and serious, with big brown eyes and
 pre-scented breath.

they listen in front of O.atter'd bird,

"look he knew, stupid!

And they sing a word Robin never
 understand.

NL BR CIS YEAR TO HAR.

Well, in Albany, New York, 1837

The Chinese.

I want in front of observation-

My tongue is clear that the
 way they are dark,

And the tricks vain, CHINESE

own

This has raised the same statement.

Ah-wu Without your
 name; And I will not
 hide
 in to consider the same
 This would involve the name:
 But his smile was attentive and friendly,
 As I frequent remark'd Bill Nye.

lanka.august was the third party;
 .and soft quit.e was heaven:
 What can inferr'd
 . Ah Sin This was the same;
 However, that day play'd William
 And me in a way that contempt.

We had a little game, and AH-
 Sin took a hand:
 used to be Euchre. He
 did not understand the
 same;
 But she smiled as she sat at the table,
 The Thai smile was childish and sweet.

However, stock'd cards
 on a So it hurts; And my
 feelings shock'd
 In treating the condition Nye -
 Stuff'd was full of aces and roundabouts, and
 deceive same with int.ent.

But CHINESE hands play'd
 Why
 .and the points quit.e were
 terrible to see -
 Until finally he made a law that had treated
 me the same Nye.

While considered Nye, and
 he looked at me;
 .and rose with a sigh,
 .and said, "it can be?
 We are ruined cheap labor in China, ""
 .and he went to Chinese.

Where was I fcene
 not grab the hand;
 But the bottom strew'd As
 Beach leaves
 Ah-Sin cards were hidden,
 In the game, "he did not understand."

Sleeves last twenty-four packs,
 Coming is strong, and the
 state, but the facts;
 And we are the nails that were tapered, which is
 common in cones or wax.

So says I,
 My tongue is clear that in
 ways that are too dark,
 And the tricks that are vain,
 CHINESE owner :
 The same, I am free to keep.

"JIM"

Say it! P'raps Some of the
 chapters that you may know
 Jim wanted? Well, not
 criminal:
 Thar meaningless
 in irritated Gittin I

Jim was my
 partner in the bar:
 That's why I
 come
 Yar up and down,
 looking for Jim.
 Thank you sir! you
 Not that the team -
 if you are blessed!

American poetry.

Not much money? It's
 not my type:
 There are no.
 ? Ron does not matter
 - Seein 'isyou.

Well, yer Jim
 What do you want to
 know? Jess Size fight;
 Same kind eyes; Well,
 that's weird:
 Because ca.me it two
 years ago here
 Ill one. change.
 Well, here for us,
 huh?
 H is said
 Death? Also
 this?

What makes you Thar
 stars?
 You can not leave a man
 S china shop Yer but
 must rar?
 coming soon
**D much for
 you and
 break your
 bar.**

Death!
 Poor-little-Jim I
 -Why was I Thar, Jones
 and Bob Lee, Harry and
 Ben.
 No man-aoount I
 take

Well, goodbye Thar
 No, sir, I -
 Huh?

What is that You say?
 So the Last-sho — No!
 Yes! by Jol
 Sold!
 I sold Val, advanced
 You stubborn,
 age Dern'd
 the leggy Jim

BROWN BEAR.

Coward heroic size -from,
 Whose muscles are lazy
 The power is afraid and does not
 take into account the Savage tied
 tirelessly -whose welcome the
 acorn shells
 thief DO explodes'r O'er treasure
 soar'd bee or squirrel I Whisker'd
 chin, nose and low Olaws steel
 baby toes -
 Here, in the solitude and shadow
 Shambling, trails, plantigrado your
 current undismay'd.

Here, where nature made her bed, let
 your human half gross floor
 Item hidden sources of India, lost
 in ferns and grasses,
 Hover'd o'er by timid wings, where
 the wood duck is slightly
 When the wild bee has her sweet
 retreats, gourmets,
 It's for you, and better than the
 loot fear dangerous man

Jowl'd fat in your devilry
 Tuck is in you; To Levy and
 unemployment tenth;
 You need to separate the joy of the forest,

Because the pilgrim toll;
 Th1 Clunning afraid party; Food and
 dnk and staining;
 Yet they continue again outside the law.

John Hay.

He was born in Salem, Indiana, 1839--

JIM Bludso

(from O Prairie8 Belk).

WALL T can not say whar Becase did he
 not see, you see;
 At least he has the habit of livin 'like
 you and me.
 Whar was in the past three years, have not
 you heard
 As Jimmy Bludso pass'd on your checks
 Night Belle Prairie?

He was not a saint, -them engineers
 are very similar -
 A woman Natchez-under-the-Hill and
 other Pike;
 Less time was a man in his speech,
 Jim, and a clumsy hand in a row,
 Funk'd but never, never I readD -
 1Never tell how knew.

And this was the religion he had,
 good for your engine,
 Never pass'd the river, the hood
 of pioneering spirit,
 And if you did the Belle Prairie fire
 A thousand times I'd love AGIN
 his bank spokesman
 grounded until the last soul.

All boats have their day in Mississippi And
 the day comes, finally -
 The Movaster was a better boat,
 But they are pass'd wouldn't Beautiful
 And they come tearing night
 The oldest ship of the line
 With a black-and-position penetrated its
 output, and the oven cramm'd, resin.

The fire started when clared bar, and a
 hole burned in the middle of the
 night,
 And the speed of lightning, came back and
 took the right Willer-bank:
 Ran and cussin but Jim yell'd by the infernal noise
 "I will be your spokesperson
 AGIN the land bank until the
 last GALOOT."

With warm breath Bumin was black boat "Jim
 Bludso to speak up,
 and they had confidence in their
 cu88edness and keeps his word did:
 And certainly you were born, they all fell for
 chimneys, ..., :-
 And the only pink ghost Bludso
 the although smoke Belle Prairie.

Ho was no saint; jedgment but I would
 take a chance with Jim,
 Longsido some pious men
 This hand has not given him: he
 sees his duty, died insurance thing,
 Thus was then Thar; And Christ
 will not be too hard
 A man who died for men.

Z

little calzones.

I to go a lot about religion,
 You have no proof;
 But I Middlin "tight control, Man!
 in Handful O 'things I know.
 It is not filtered in the prophet
 And free will, and that sort of thing, but
 b'lieve in God and the angels.
 Always SENCE one night last spring.

I'll pick to town with a number,
 and my little Gabe just
 In four years in the province
 I could beat him good and strong. Peart
 and shredder and 8888Y ·
 Always ready to participate and to
 fight, and chewing tobacco will terbacker
 larnt
 Just to keep the white milk teeth.

The snow came down like a blanket
 as I paaa'd by Store
 Taggart; I'm molasses jug
 And I let the staff at the door.
 They jumped into something and started,
 He heard a small storm,
 And Hell divided on the Prairie
 We were little britches staff, and
 everything else.

split light to the prairie !
 I was almost She froze with
 Skeer; but we royou some flares,
 and sarch'd them far and near.
 \ T last we horse shakes and
 transportation, Snow'd under a
 soft white hill sillyregistration
 fees, -but little Gabe
 or hide a \ Vas found her.

And here all hope sour'd me,
 with my comrades mistakes -
 Iflopp'd joke in my marrow, deep groin in
 the snow, and pray'd.

Therefore the torches is play'd and I
 Ierul and Parr
 He showed some wood in a bead said he
 was eomewhar Thar.

We have in the past, and some barn where
 the lambs are silent night.
 We have seen and considered Thar crowded,
 so warm and sleepy and white;
 and THAR SOT pants and small chirp'd Ae
 Peart as never seen
"I want terbacker Chaw,
 And that's what happens to me. "

GIT could not thar? Angele.
 I could never have walk'd this storm. They
 downplay scoop'd and toted
 For whar he was safe and warm.
 And I think that saving a child, and bring
 it to possess HIE
 In the opinion dern'd Best deal
 laziness around the throne.

The love of a woman.

THE SENTINEL Angel sitting on top of glory
 Did this ring roar of purgatory: "Have mercy,
 mighty angel I hear my story! -

"I liked it, -and blind with passionate love, I
 was. Love brought me to death, and death in front of
 Hell. Because God is righteous, and death through
 sin, too.

**"No anger against high decree
 or Hie ask this grace!**
 But my love on earth, he weeps for me.

"Great Spirit I Let's look again my love and
comfort of an hour and I had to pay and
thousand years of fire and pe.in. "-

That says Compassion Angel "No, I am sorry
that the vote would look," dial-finger folded
down when his term la.st I "-

Yet wail'd- "I pray thee, let me go, I
can not ride in peace and leave.
O, let me reassure you in your bitter pain! "-

poor chink floor bronze doors vote, and
even happy as a rising star, got up and
vanish'd ether far.

But soon a.down sunset sail dying sun,
And like a bird wounded output gears, Ella
flutter'd ha.ck crying with heartbreak.

They sobb'd- "I was lying in the sea with his
head on the lap of a young girl -
Curl'd her hair and kissed. Alas! "-

She cried, - "Now all my fond punishment
and stupid Let me !.
To atone for my pain and I NAR sin "-

Angel "No, sad soul! Go more! Fooled by the
desire of your true heart
It was more bitter than I thousand years of fire "

Cincinnatus Hiner ("Joaquin") MILLER.

right 1840

*Montan KIT CARSON.**

"Now you walk commitment .? prefer to think
But he is blind as a tie. Whoa, Pache, boy, wait. ! No,
you can not believe you look in the eyes,
But he is blind and Badger happen'd this point.

• See Note 26.

"We were in the weeds and clover · fires that
 spread on the ground like a large brown and north
 to the south and west and the coverage gap
 "The gold of the weapons that our stores,
 putting great sea without interruption
 brown,
 awaiting night curtains to get back together and
 hide our flight
 With my wife brown, cattle of an Indian city that
 was at the back of the night on the ground floor.

"We stayed in the pastures were in my eyes and his
 hands on my knees, and his hair was like in its
 richness INE and flooding, spilling over and around
 red wine chest, and never by a press'd;
 And his touch was as hot as the Quemado Clover
 brown dye, and he was taken to embrace • United
 Nations; And his words were as low as the neck lute
 dove, and so full of love that the heart as it beats
 In its reply to the first hot anxious love,
 Bec ran home to his sweet burden.

"We were in the grass in the high levels of civilian
 and reveal me and my old brunette girlfriend stolen;
 And the blue sky and beautiful vintage brown clover is
 like a soldier.
 Right and left, the sunlight. "If building a full
 run forty miles,
 Forty miles at least a foot, and red
 Camanches demons on the track
 Once you hit. Let the sun soon, very soon "-
 mutter'd Revels peer'd bearded old as the sun, a
 low profile in the back,
 Clinging to his tie. Trek "from his horse and stood up
 and looked around quickly, then dropp'd as if shot,
 hisheard the ground; Then back to his feet, and for me,
 my girlfriend,
 While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,
 forming as a king, and his beard like a cloud,
 And his voice high-pitched voice, as if suddenly. Reed,
 "pull the inner loop, and the reins of his horse,

network : UNED as **and for life**

Indiana round your alive. for their lives round
plain : *Ir'lame*. prairie fire,

ND TL> t. • t Wihl difficult horse tlyng in front of
to hear I love : ; brealrin! thigh on the beach.,
Wbifo the buithlo come as a wave O Wed. Drin>
time by O Mrs. Pachat take us tree

\ s The. Hurricane The Ransomes, croaching palms in their
shall .'-

"We have connections. We take the saddle and
bridle.

He had thrown them. the sinch'J. sinch'd theyet.

\ He called for new NDCircumference. The
together mach solder, tapidaros ut to tire in a loose
distance Folding backyard catenas sitle red glittery
gold,

Colts and mounted in gold, Co-year

ask IF Sarapes and wind in one breath,

and then nude Jump skin rush So he took the time he was
born. when he was on hand

God, without a word or a control word. head turned
towards the arms in a red cup stroke arm DEAT

Tum'd with whisperingher hot blowing Iring cause
of death in its path; Tnm'd head arm of a soundair 1
HMR as an army, and a twinkle in the eye

A red wall fire arrive paradise

Fierce looking for a black rolling AEA Rnshing
Stret.cling fast upon us, as the wind that sweeps
free and far Desert rough blown hollow.

"No word, no whimper lip he was leave fall
Do not kiss my girlfriend, not a look or layer call
love letter or value ; but the plain

'11 teo.dy and stidel stoop in front of moons,

\ INo. heelin front of O flank and hand- in front of O curb,

l\ or we on the shaftmy three of us assembled nose and gray
nose, ng

long, secondreathing aloud. like a cracked
wind: okay withoutt a whisper, not a prayer
breath'd, work in front of to be I was dead
air,

EC he was ora in front of thousand all.

"Gray nose nose, and each part Mustang \ I neck and constant stretch'd nerves affected to dry soil and foam at the flank and rump and neck, such as spraying flew into a door. Twenty miles I . . . thirty miles I . . . weakness distant . . Then a long distance line and arms, androse for me a joy.

I have on my stirrup and looked to my right, but disappeared Revels ; I looked shoulder
 And he saw his horse staggering; I could not see the head your chest, and his bare chest hair lower, faster and more powerful
 takes us come to light red-legged. To the left and right of the buffalo wine, a hangover in a sea of red light
 Floor at the back, reaching a high at most. He walked side by side with a buffalo.
 Frost million, full shaggy mane of smoke and dust, and **which** He shook with the struggle of desire, anger and loud shouting
 And reduce the supernatural, and through its cloud QF eyes flash came as half fire
 While their horns rotated in question, before the storm of his mane,
 If black spears raised and raised again;
 and considered this time because the fire through lick'd and fell and lost, because they get two.

"I looked at my left, ana-nose, neck and shoulder, he sank slowly surely sunk back to my thighs;
 And even blown by the black veil of her hair completely to its two mines beam beautiful eyes, with desire and love, but with a look of despair and QF pity on me, feeling the smoke curve . And flames to reach her glorious hair.
 Falter'd horse damping; ears fell greedily
 From here to there, and unstable, and each wave is reduced neck and back, and nerves death fell down.
 "The robust header chicken Pache bis-view of still dominated,

With a joy to watch; or the value or corruption
 Nothing more than my girlfriend, I could have taken in front
 of JE. **Because it was his
 father, and South Santafee**

Once he had gained an entire herd, sweeping everything
 in a race where the world came to work for the
 <Norfolk.

So when I won the heart of the mortal enemy
 bride-- my son and my neighbor,
 And real boss of his war tribe-- the child she
 brought me this horse limit the night she met
 Revels and his perilous escape

The house of the head of the northern part of Brazos; He
 said that half of the councilsill while he smiled,
as As a joke, I, I, Rhould mount light feet
 Pache, so should stay as family I certainly
 escape immediately

Driving without bloodshed, in front of Brazos north,
 and wait and wait for the moon to be hollow horn
 hung on the palms when Swift me safe and fast
 company, and everything would be fine without
 bloodshed or word. And now, when he pitched
 forward and fell to the ocean of fire, the last thing I
 saw was a look of pleasure

I escape, a love, a desire, but not a word,
 no aspect of the source,

So I would not be at hand, the hand must have or chop
 st.ay a time for my bad race.

"Then a murmur around the fire and under,
 And the cries of the animals and a sound like fire
 thundering beasts, blind and strength to the front
 again and again,
as driven flame was carried around and woven
 Red hands in her hair, and kissed hot **up** They died "the
 patient died with a wild and desolate moan,
 How a marine sandstone disc heartbroken •••••
 Brazos And I just drove all
 Alone, except for one horse limb'd long,
 naked, burned skin and blind. So when the
 terrible March came
 And fell at his hot thousands in the tide,

For the tide and brimm'd rapid flow block'd
swirls, wherein the opposite side has been
reached.

"Pache Sale Pach6 Ciego? Now, sir! Look!
You slept in my tent and took part in my joy for
several days, several days, this rugged frontier
Because the roads were difficult and Camanches were
close; But it is best to pack, sir! This store is very small
For both of us after I It has an old climber, you
think you are booking men could not boom-
boom at all? Pache sale! You buy! A bag full of
gold! You show! Tell him the story I say!
So I gave birth by fire, and blind, and old!
• • • Now grab your papers, and get up and return
For them, the cities • • • You can shoot and you YO "

James R. Randall.

SUBWAYARYLAND. *

Bully heel that is on the shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at the door of the
temple, Maryland!
Avenge Patriotic Gore
This fieck'd streets of Baltimore, and is
the queen of the struggle of the old,
Maryland I My Maryland I
Listen to roam your son's appeal
Maryland!
My mother is I I put you on my knees,
Maryland!
by life and death, pain and well-being,
the unparalleled H horse show,
And gird up your beautiful steel legs,
Maryland I My Maryland I
Not cower in the dust, Maryland!

* In note 27.

His shining sword will not rust,
 Maryland!
 Think of Carroll's sacred mission;
 Think pushed to the war Howard;
 And all ties with the righteous,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Coming! "This is the red Day Dawn,
 Maryland!
 I see your arsenal mines, Maryland!
 fighting in the spirit of Ringgold
 Watson blood in Monterey, anxiety
 Lowe and dashing May
 Maryland My Maryland II

Coming! For his shield is bright and
 clear, Maryland!
 They see that your flirtation makes you sick,
 Maryland!
 Come heroic than his own crowd,
 walking along freely and give a new
 key in front of your song,
 Maryland My Maryland II

Dear mother! cracks tyrant chain,
 Maryland!
 Virginia should not call vain,
 Maryland!
 She finds her sisters in the plains :
 "*sic already*" The choir proud that
 baffles minions back amain,
 Maryland!
 appearance in Majesty Maryland
 again! My Maryland I

See hunting face, Maryland!
 But you've been with a soft value,
 Maryland!

But here! do not forward a lot of
coming winch assembly from the
Chesapeake Bay, Potomac flame
Maryland! My Maryland!

You have not given a figure of
vandalism, Maryland!
You have no control over your
Crook, Maryland!

Best fire to roll on,
best knife, throw, bowl, "£ with the
crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the hum of distant
thunder, Maryland!
the age of the cornet line, fife and
drum, Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, or dumb;
Hoera! dairy North is dismissed!
Shebreathes-sheburns! come! come!
Maryland! My Maryland!

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD

Good to Fryeburg, Maine, 1840

While the cows came home.

Clover and grass with blue eyes
He turned to the channel of the
river; A was allowed to pass after
the other,
So fasten'd Prairie bars again.
Gnder willows, and on the hill, patient
follow'd sober look,
but fortunately whistle for a while,
' And something sbadow'd the bright side.
Just to hear a boy and his father had
me Nver to bring in an early stage:

Two were already dead
Trampling under the feet of the enemy.

But was done after work in the afternoon,
The frogs were high in the meadow marshes on his
shoulder dropped the gun,

Follow'd and quiet at the foot of the wet

Through clover and wheat across the
enterprise with a dark heart and purpose,
Although it was cold dew on his hurried and
momentarily blind bat, she's scared.

Three times since the rails were white and sweet
apple orchard with flowers,
And now, when the cows came back at night,
weak father drove them home.

For news had reached the lonely farm
Three layers on two bad Lain, elderly arm
shaking palsy
Never could count on a kid again.

summer day and the evening grew cool:
He went to the cows when the work was done; But
along the way, as open'ddoor,
He saw them, one by one.

Brindle, ebony, speckled and Bess,
Shake the horns in the wind of the
afternoon; Cut butter cups grass;
But who has closely followed?

Free hovered in the air break
Blue hose army;
And brittle tired and pale hair, a face that looked
like his father did.

Southern prisons sometimes yawned, and the
performance of their dead to life;
And the next day with a sunset cloudy
sunrise in golden glory may decrease
eventually.

Tears came to his eyes meeting -
 So to speak the heart when Lip !! They are silent; And
 the heavens unde! · Silent Night
 Follow'd won all home.

.apple-TREE IN.

It was not anger that has changed in
 recent times, he did not shy mistrust;
 Yon blossom'd branch could guess the puzzle
 over the door, and so can I.

What does it mean when they fall bold eyes and
 a sharp tongue in their most gay-travel?
 It has a strong influence on the heart
 docile slave and burning lips?

Alas! to fail in front of a girl
 Dont shy tapas will let you know (except the
 intentional bend eyelashes)
 sleep thinking purple below.

There is nothing to deter a man just a
 face like this. I; trawberry bed;
 Just lost gold tie,
 And a mouth like a baby DEWY red.

Oh, the baby's mouth! biome their dimples,
 but Yon If blossomy apple-rama
 Could learned whispering a secret into
 darkness deepened their blush today !

There is no need at last to know the
 secret, I think, can not be
 He did not encounter a.lone inO follow
 the apple tree.

AKERS Elizabeth Allen.

*.at sparrow BE.A. **

AGAINST baffling winds, with the slow progress on
a day in December drear
For Vex'd Canal tow'rd the coast of France, asked
our ship are gone.


Fog around the dark horizon storm
leans his kakemono :
And it's worth pulling heavy ropes,
sailors sang drip.

Some shorebirds nest house wa Bewilder'd, lead
and lost,
With tired wings, he was adrift in the storm, when
coo.st. English

Blowing blindly forward with a crosshead speed
which could Without a guide or check,
Resorting to the absolute necessity,
which dropp'd on deck.

Remember all the fear of human enemies,
wanting to rest,
which folding your weak wings, and like
my mother close nesiled.

So I told this little life Twinkle, now all the lies
out of breath,
However, you must forget your own
risk and control, and ride in the
sunny sky.

TOmorrow, again with wings find their
rest on the coast of England;
And soon the leaves of a flower bed, 

O'er a nest summer bonfire.

• In note 28.



And then in the middle of my upcoming
travels, my guest and winding along,
I hear birds chirping, Carol plays
softer than the rest -

So I'm awake and warm heart. And the sudden
sympathy,
"It's a bird shelter'd the storm,"
The life you save in the sea -!

But when morning came on the ship, and the
storm, and the clouds disappeared,
TBA Golden Peak I no longer wanted my lip -•
The bird was exhausted.

many hours in the cold, wind and rain, have been
transmitted;
My Mercy came] ate in vain and the sun
frozen flowers.

So from a heart that lives in grief and tears. Challenging and
much suffering,
patiently bear the pain and the pain for years,
but the breaks in the first Jupiter Touch.

Rose Terry Cooke.

Born in Hartford,
Connecticut :

WITHOUT HIM.

Spirit of divine light
rapid breathing to breathe
through this my lips,
Convincing the bud;

Cleave takes your boring Ino cloud and wait.

E: t.ultinf called passionate
Including night.

I dare not breathe your
name I tremble in
his light,

But he had lethal force, has all the unmatched power!

Tree like fire bounce,
 covering a martyr;
 Burning like a pyre in India,
 with a fierce and loud
 music;

Come Power! Love calls you allendow'd God!

immortal life in death!
 This Rapt eyes
 In this rapid breathing, rising
 in their absence, with fear
 and glory!

altar expects that torch, "Come sacrifice!

Coming! not with the gifts of
 life, not by me:
 My soul has kept the competition
 · The fear and loneliness:

More conversely curd horror of the torch of the blood bay,

rather die than live
 peacefully light :
 Tear those lips a cry,
 an expression born dead!

clay, so save me; then the soul! survive in the air!

"CHE S.A.B.A S.A.B.A .. "

IT walk'd in the garden and
 a rose on a hanging tree,
 Red as heart's blood see
 Fair.

"Ah, here southerly I "Tuck
 Me In"

But the wind laugh'd softly and
 breathed the sea.

In addition to the branches,
Hair above his head, as
the crown of a king
Round and red.
"I am beautiful"
The maid said:
"I have gold as the
earth and sand," I
would be dead.

"They blush and rubies"
are not like a rose,
"With his deep heart"
sank love life.
"Ah, what beauty" can
give me the rest?
"What the world should all h ?
"I can make my mark."

THE CO. After! "Tf. ANCHKs.

PRESIDENT! sealed sealed you!
I saddle and gallop
Dark green meadow right on the
day of the track:
Spare not encourage addicted!
Hurry up crying and
jumping!
Hot and hard Meadow Mustang is
wide and long.

Saddle! Saddle Up! See! Hop
door broken
When the accepted gross Comanche
white feet and no more steps!
The house is bum'd to ashes
Stark there are dead people, but
only a long black wave
Left stolen bride.

Well, like the cry of the wind with
 death "not
 do not stay foodstuff or lethargy
 ! "Patients IE thieves lobes
 wedding that came before,
 Lighter than prayer or priest; The
 bridemen danced bullet.a,
 wild dogs ate the lot.

See the rifle dust and holding
 the knife belt
 Loss of coil circuit, which
 ensures that the loop!
 Fold ball poncho !
 To fill .O ruaize bag !
 And roll like tomorrow
 They were the last days of life!
 saddle saddle saddle! Save Ram
 and string!
 Tornado like crazy
 index that is lonely and long. ho'l
 not save! Or EI pilot
 Fly Fly bride to take her home
 on the back,
 A scalp on each side of me

Nora Perry.

In June

as soon soft pink, so gentle in his breath
 daffodils so fresh, so much to see;
 flower so carefree and cheerful flourishing natural
 hummingbird, a fighter with the bee I

Call so sweet, so sweet thrushes call Tho cuoing,
 woo, sides;
 Water'is sweet song through reeds and rushes, the PLO
 pipe Note · there, now here, now there!

or sweet, so sweet, blowing out the clover fields,
northwest wind, blowing the hill;
or sweet, so sweet, with the news of someone to
love, the fleet gets approaches, is more!

So close, so close - Now listen, listen, thrushes !! I
now PLE THERE! d blackbi! CEA .-; E and let me
hear; And water! I long you cut through the reeds and
rushes,

So I know comp.th good lover.

So strong, so strong that thrushes keep your
vocation or plover Blackbird never make me;
Bo works for voice was so excited, fall, O'er the bar
and the bench in the fighting, the noisy joy.

So strong, so strong; However, the blackbird, thrush,
or Plover Millstream not high on your freight and
fall.

You can change the voice, the deep voice of my
beloved, my beloved call by calling drown
thrushes.

"Take it easy!" - which is called vertical, and Zorzales
Peer-to-peer sang all the time-- "Come!" And while
water laugh'd through reeds and rushes,
Blackbird piped- plover chirp'd "Get down!"

Then down and out and through the clover fields I
follow'tJ in follow'd. call me what \ 'er,
Hear nothing blackbird, thrush. or Plover, water,
laugh, worry and trap range.

DISPLAY OFF.

Outside the window, and lean'd laugh'd,
The smile of a child, calm and stupid i;
silent and inactive know dropp'd as a call,
In a busy, noisy street.

Even when watching gaze of the face,
Who had called laughter as flutter'd and fell,

And in the eyes for a moment as
embraced by 11pell.

All this happens at a time there-
and his calm, empty day
UA something new at that time seemed to
find its way soon.

And hourly resounding MADT What \ clamorous
your workday,
The smile of a child, calm and stupid and
gentle, each company has its way.

And through and through many of the streets in all
windows by paslSing,
He looked up and seemed to see a pair
of eyes as the morning sky.

WEEKS Robert Kelly.

right 1840

.ONU. DFINEM.

I Haria They believe not
as someone told me Ere
you face again
A year and never will.

And back in the day "I feel sorry
for Gold and prophecies
And I will all face and tell them
everything you lie I

All the false prophets I You lie, you lie !
I believe all the words, but her;
They say July is December
April is the fall,

Instead of saying you forgot,
Or do not come asking me to wait,

WEEKS Robert Kelly,

Who wa.it and accuse him of late
ooing's.

He said he would come in the spring, and
I now believe believed-,
In spite of all the birds were silent
nanometer is each branch;

For spring is not yet see, winter is
not he around -'-
!'The Lord in all my years in
which I live and die

..T PAUSE.

Begging at the hands of your Clasp'd on his
shoulder, and holding his departure
Brush'd slowly through the hype
its exciting, not to mention;

To see the eyes without lifting
Although evidence fringes more than
enough to hide cases; ee rhle
You tear falls on them, and do not move;

Is that weird? But at last, tired What can not do
man
Seeing that the prosecution is long
gone, "Gold remains how sweet?"

The cease the net and
When he left the fever, he is careless of
what was or was
You can not hold;

For all their past little attention
In wondering WLIAT that was
what was so calm and content,
Although no longer in the tomb.

Carleton.

Good to Hudson, Michigan, 1845

Betsy and I OUT.

TO DRAW papers, lawyer! and to make them good and strong,
 For the home are cl'088 roads, and Betsy and I they are out -
 We work'd that much time together as husband and woman
 You need a harness nat'ral shoot the rest of our lives.

"What is wrong?" he said. Swan I your difficult in front
 of Teji ?

Most years behind pas8'dh us well;

They have no other woman has no husband; We only
 together as long as you can.

So after talk'd with Betsy, and Betsy talk'd me; And we
 agree <the whole can never agree;
 Not that we catch'd together in a heinous crime; We were
 a gatherin "for years, a little at a time.

"There was a temperamental stock that the two were to begin,
 although never suspected" twoul <I have two separate;
 They had my various defects, high in meat,
 And Betsy like all good women had a unique character.

The first thing I remember, we do not share,
 NORTHlike something out of the air a difference in our faith;
 We arg'ed breakfast dingding arg'ed for tea
 And more arg'ed the question, but we could not agree.

And the next thing I remember, we lost a cow;
 Kick'd have the bucket, moreover, it was just how?
 I celebrated my opinion, and Betsy was another;
 And if we did a talkin ', we were both crazy.

And the next thing I remember, I started a joke;
 However, spoke for an entire week, and none of
 them.
 And the next was worried because when I broke a plate;
 And she said it was bad and corrupt, aud had no soul.

And he took the thing workin', and all the way to the self-
same; Ar'ge always something to say and something
sharp,

And the neighbors came to us a couple of strong douzain,
And I borrowed the best to help along sarvice.

And there were days together, and more than a week of
fatigue

When both were cross and brave, and both too proud to speak;
And I thought and thought, all (the
summer and fall,

**If I was not with a woman kiud, why can
live, I will never do.**

So I talk'd with Betsy, and Betsy talk'd me;
And we agree with each other that we can never agree;
And what is yours and what's mine mine;
And I will put the contract and sign it.

I write on paper, the lawyer! -The first section of the
whole company and live Sto. .K. means; While they
help'd win for many a weary day
And nothin' paid Betsy justice.

Leave the house and the farm: a man can thrive and running,
but women- unles they are unhappy beings who have a
home. And I always gave and never say fail'd Betsy iShould
not want a house, so I took.

There is a little hard money be drawin' payment tol'able,
A few hundred dollars saved up for a rainy day, Safe at
hand I get good and easy; Put another clause and give
everything.

I see you smile, sir! my give you so; Yes,
divorce is not expensive, master of myself,
but to do what uo; Faithful married when she
was young and cheerful,
And Betsy was always good to me, exceptin' with his tongue.

When I was young like you, sir, and I do not so smart,
 perhaps, a lawyer is mitted for me, and several other
 cracks; And they fluster'd and completely.
 and for timewas said the happiest man in town.

Once, when he had a fever, I will not forget I was
 Soon-plated hot like crazy and Peru as a Loon time me
 never happened when I was out of sight;
 She took care of me when and tenderness, and clung to me
 day and night.

And if a house was pure and always clean kitchen, and
 the kitchen was dedicated anyever I don't see
 and complain of Betsy or actions,
 E.x: ceptin "when quarrel'd, and they told the facts.

Thus, paper making, lawyer! and I'm going home tonight
 and read the contract and see if they agree; And in the
 morning, I'll sell to a man "Tradin I know and embrace
 the child that was left for us, and the world
 '11 To go.

And one thing to put on paper, I did not take place;
 OEAD when I finally bring myself to it,
 And I sit under the maple few years ago when it was
 planted and I'm happy, so before quarrel'd.

And if I die, I would be for me; And slept together in one;
 ilence, maybe we agree; And if we are in heaven, I do not think
 homosexual love one another, because quarrel'd
 here.

HOW BETSY .AND I invented.

GIVE We put, Mr. Lawyer! How are you doing today?
 He drafted the document, I suppose you pay, Don't
 want to reduce their number; manufacturing an X or V;
 A written agreement is for me.
 Evcnin Goin home say that the blue,
 Thiukin "all my problems, and I would ;

And if my bosses were not the most consistent team alive
They had "seen tipp'd, of course, because I could not
see where they lead.

north What was O-labourin "under a heavy load;
XO in front of wa> i Travelin 'a totally different way;
Because I tracin "in the path of our lives ag'in,
And me; dishes int he "where miss'd the way, where it could
have been.

And in a corner which was only returned it led to a fight,
When I ought who remained calm and did; Before
traight ·
And I thought more over MRE these memories,
and The more truck Review that I was the biggest
culprit.

and things had He kept forgetting Risin "in my mind, () f
litt.le issues between us, where Betsy was good and
typing;
And these things FLA "H'D all by myself, as you know
things I ;! ometimt S
When an object in the dark, and everything is still.

"But " He says: - "We have a long time to take
another job,
And when iput not often pull back the hand to the plow
I do;
And "Tain't a rare thing now to crush two couples;"
So I put my teeth like to see through each other and
vow'd. ·

When I came to the some'at TWAS "home" at night,
And jui; t when I turned a hill, I see the light in the
kitchen; What often han'some of pictur "is a person who is
hungry,
But it does not matter a subject of much that happens in
the camp.

And then I was on the table of the house that he gave
 me as a good dinner zeal 'I'll see or want to see;
 And I cramm'd the agreement in my pocket, I might as
 well,
 And ex'er eating my groceries, it does not taste good in a way.

Betsy and she pretended around the house to look,
 But they watch'd pocket on the side jacket as a cat would a
 mouse;
 and then I <a Jittle he cheated his glass,
 And carefully preserves Readin a newspaper.

And when I had my dinner I draw'd of the agreement,
 A "give him to say without a word, because they knew"
 TWAS
 And then I hmmm'd TNNE a bit, but the occasional note was
 bu'sted for an animal hopp'd in my throat.

Then Betsy notes in his cloak, and read the article about
 himself quite softly;
 Lee slowly in his eyes is the age Gett
 And written in the law is not an impression, especially
 when it's cold.

And after reading a bit to rotate the arm,
 And slowly, he said he was u'fraid 'fate Löwin I was him; But
 when she passed him. It was for me, his face a-
 Streamin "tears
 And I kissed the first time in over twenty years.

I do not know what you're thinking, sir! -
 I didn't future re inqui
 But pick'd even. From st.uff'd and fire agreement;
 And I told would bury the hatchet next to the cow;
 And it has an agreement to never have another line.

And I told him that no crosstalk or rash in the future
When half of the house broke ships

A.11 break;

And she said the sky, we will try and learn the value
 Sta.rtin by "an establishment of branches and walk here

Earth.

And so we sat talkin 'three-quarters of the night;
 Open'd and our hearts to each other until they both rose
 slightly;

And the days when was winnin the a.way of many men
 There was nothing for Eveninorth ' Your back court.

The next morning, an old virgin penalty call,
 Trimm'd ignite all your lamp and A. fire to another riot; But
 when he went pryin "and opening of the old wounds,
 My Betsy stood and politely show'd-door.

as then don't They deny, but there were one or two words ;
 But we have our eyes wide open, and we know exactly what
 to do;

When talking with the other fillings only Langh,
 And the first willing to give up half of the main Thau.

Maybe you think soft on me, sir! talk in this style,
 But somehow it makes me much good to say from time
 to time;

And I do a compliment-'tis, you've written there was
 agreement that you
 ma.kin "me.

So your account, Mr. Lawyer! do not be late

J \ Lake we for have I controls; richer than
 a national bank, I'm all his treasures
 said:

Because I have a wife at home now worth weight in gold
 har.

F. VICTOR F..

NEVADA.

SPHINX Whose rough side for
centuries their slide grooves
splits

Sun and clouds and frost cracking, easy to leave a visible
trace

Age of sorrow,
weak evidence yesterday not tomorrow
I \ ly mind looks at you with a quizzical look,
to know your secret high.

If the mystery of Thebes,
With the grain of women, the soaring wings of
birds and snake tail type trunk lion were things
Intriguing story; And
people have invented
For a resource that the Chimera and
Headed Monster double,
For married Phoenician myths -

The theme is this-
"The beautiful and their chimerical
rom the mouth for the dumb gods could mean the
reality, not antitbesis -
So, What about THAT IS,
The head of a creature between the men of sphinxes
is eloquent, and is rich in history,
Besides his silence, I hoary

Nevada! desert waste,
MIII; HTY and inhospitable, dark,
meaning we crave hide
Anxious breathless rush, grab
and losses,
However, always be misled by our choice, we
Sphinx I replied that both ways
But the endless stress and problems?

Edward Rowland Sill.

I struggle impenetrable men
to tear his secret from his rocky chest, Break
their hearts and periling rest of the sky
Hoping that he can not develop;
As ruthless,
Mountain on his throne, and without remorse,
now sit, enjoy a warm sun,
See or hear nothing.

I fell under his star
The moon in a cloud bank beach'd sloop
And see mountains wrapp'd in shrouds sad, happy dark
bars
suggestion day
endless repetition of a question; I am
happy to rock your face, I do not see,
Nevada Mystery!

Edward Rowland Sill.

born in 1843

ASLEEP.

HusH'D in his quiet bed She is,
all night,
The pale white coat, pure eyelid in
the press'd, soft hands folded
breast.-
And you thought he meant seriously?
No! Shock'd smile on his face:
In the morning you wake up,
Tum your dreams for sports, and all
happy and cheerful homiehold
However, for many a happy
day, with her beauty and grace.
However, some summer twill
"said:" She is, all night with
his pale white coat,

Eyelid eyestrain, press'd hands
 intersect at breaisit together "
 we you need to understand the undead I

yet 'twill Just a dream :
 When, with songs and light wet Bloi
 Tomorrow> SOMETIMES flight JLI ..
 Neath She opens her blue eyes
 Paradise Palms,
 Although fools cry •

A POETS .APOLOGY.

TRUTH above the stone tablets or large columns stunning
 adom'd cut,
 Maybe they were just scorn'd,
 and pass'd;
 But the truth embedded in a rare pearl,
 A man holding and thus wear chest.

So more than one hours are and
 prune my jewelry, ten spoil'd, a set of pure
 beauty:
 Tiara Not a king, an amulet
 This can be used o'er the hearts and PLOD work,
 but even a pearl called God.

Grades.

1. Page 3 HOPKINSON-

Drake said he was born in 1778: an obvious misprint. Drake (.american Biography) is my custom authority; but I had to correctshe by .Allibone (Dictionary .Authors) and Griswold, and each of them or by personal advice.

2. .ADAHB And LmEBTY p.5.

So poem, written shortly after 1797 Paine that is He said they did

\$ 750, nearly ten dollars a row. Stanza Washington waa added by special request.

3. The Star-Spangled FLAG-p.7.

During the War of 1812 with Britain, Mr Key, who lived in Baltimore, the opportunity to climb to have on board one of the ships of the British fleet, he was arrested for witnessing the attack Fort McHenry; and I said :: Griswold wrote this song in honor of the flag that hung throughout useless on the fortbombardments.

4. .AMERICA Britain, p.8.

first printed with leaves Sybilline Coleridge in England, the volume of poems in 1810 appeared in 1813 .The .Allston. Although born in South Carolina, .Allston was educated at Harvard; is yours
life was devoted to the study and practice as a painter, either in the North or in Europe.

Cranched (also a painter) was born in Alexandria, on the border of Virginia Distr eIConnecticut of Columbia. Neithmyr in your life or in writing or Allston that is He: .nything to mark them as Southerners. "The heto be the other. Maxwell

to Yale. The only poets are clearly South Timrod and Randall; and the distinction is not more than politics. In fact, even in the absence of a southern flavor that is very sensitive.

5. PAULDING p. ten.

said Allibone, born in 1778; but Drake and '79 Griswold said.

6. DANA p. sixteen.

His poems were first published together in 1827 was informed that he was alive in 1872, no doubt, and I think . He lives at the time of writing this text thir. Richard Henry Dana / Union has recently become clear. in all cases which did not give the date of death, I think people who life, although, of course, I'm not sure. The latest edition of Bfography generally reliable Drake, dates from 1874; but internal evidence corrects its last evaluation in 1871.

7. The on-p swords. 22.

One belonged to Captain realistic "Linzee" (or Lindsay) Fakon demolition of the war, who participated in the battle Bunker Hill June 17, 1775 with another US Colonel Prescott. Thackeray began his novel Virginians regarding them: "In the library wall of one of the most famous writers in America" (William H. Prescott know) "suspended two eWords" etc. Swords are nowpreijerved by the Society of Massachusetts in Boston history "in Memory partnerships with that is to be inextricably connected. "

8. Bryant p. 25.

Allibone eays incorrectly- "born in 1797." The placement of poets in chronological order, of course, to avoid the same order later Bryant poems poems, for instance, take the position of your name many years prior to work much earlier by other right after the perpetrators. So the compass of a few pages of your Thanatopsis published appear in 1821; For Wateifowl, Hymn to the North Star, death <f las Flores (when *Olose in to give*) printed before 1829; and two of his last poems. *the third in : december 1861 and wait by the door. which* he was possible to the date of each poem, determining that the birth of the authors was therefore to determine the closest approach

so he can to be I had, though I tried to make the greatest writers to samples of both the earlier and later periods to the name, and insofar how could in front of production time . The critical reader should keep in mind these observations in estimating various merits of poems.

9. GENTIAN P fringes. 30.

This blue fringed gentian-le-G. crinita (Frcelich) is the favorite flower of the poet.

10. Halleck p.37.

Drake said, was born in 1790. Griswold and Allibone agreement in 1795, with details that seem in front of vouch for the accuracy. they should also bebest he could to several similar variations.

11. JOHN HowABD Bryant p. 82.

Brother William Cullen Bryant.

12. WHITTIER p. 86.

Drake's Birthday Dec : 17, 1807; Said Allibone 1808. Whittier wrote in front of I mean birthday was the last of the year 1807. "31 December.

13. CAPTAIN RME p IREsoN. 87.

"Do not chase limb'd big eyes, as
Bacchus around some old ship."

New England there pronunciation *vase* according to *Chace*.

14 TO BURY IN BARBOUB p. 94.

Barbour was one of the first victims of these brave w ho tried to install in new areas in front of except slavery, the restriction at any price in the country of origin. The first work of John Brown was in the same case.

15 SAID bees p. 100.

An old English superstition held in New England. Otherwise, it was thought, to abandon their hives and the bees move to another farm.

The girl is the daughter-task jobs "tasks" to do some strange LABOR

House : Chore-woman, I think, like our girl.

2 second

there is missing in front of a soldier in the Lord Anny; (3
times)

His soul is in full swing.
Glory me, etc.
His soul is in full swing.

The stars of the sky looking down gently (3 times)
The grave of the former John Brown.
Glory! etc..
By gravti old John Brown.

25. ELENA FISKE JACKSON p. 294.

Lady Jackson lines are published under the initial H.H., her bein_g
at the time of publication Mrs. Hunt.

26. Kit Carson RME p. 340.

which It should be noted that Mrs. Fremont, Fremont General
woman not only refused indignation story told by Miller, but also its
credibility. But speaking Kit Carson (and knowledge of personal
friendship too long) as a very noble man and pioneer forest, not
lawless, but respectable and totally incapable of abject cowardice he
attributed the poet. Mr. Rossetti that is my authority at the age of
Miller.

27. Maryland, p. 345.

This poem is the only with reference to the value of a volume O (Rhymes War South, especially by anonymous writel!!). Randall
You can retrieve all data. The "new key to his music" is
a pun referring Star-Spangled Banner Key, written in
Baltimore. "Sic Semper" is the motto of the state of
Maryland.

28. THE SEA-MUS p. 350.

"A bird whose warbling rings Carol" -Americas a sparrow
fringilla melody the song may have led to our author in error
with respect to the English authorities "Bird.

Here, as in other cases They did not give the date or place of
birth, because even request by letter allows me to get the desired
information. Therefore, the authors have been placed in or near
the end of my list, does not mean they are younger. The name of
Terry Rose (now Mrs. Rollin Cooke) Dana in the Book of Poetry
houses (Best Collection lie, English and American), 1862 Edition.

author index.

	PAGE
ALDRICH Thomas outer wall	31
Mrs. Allen. Elizabeth Akers	350
ALLSTON Washington	8
ARNOLD George	297
Boker George H •	232
BRAINARD John Gardner Calkins ...	43
Brooks Mrs. Maria (Gowen) ...	42
BROWNELL Henry Howard	219
William Bryant Cullen	25
Bryant, John Howard	82
Will Carleton	358
Cary-Alice	223
CABY-Phrebe	125
William Ellery Channing-	159
Richard Coe	227
CooxE John Esten	280
CooxE MRS. Rose (Terry) "	351
COU-Rev: Arthur Cleveland	162
Cratched Christopher Pearse	139
CtraTis - George William .. •	244
DANA Richard harass	sixteen
DoBGAN John Aylmere	312
Dou-MRS. Julia CR	265

	PAGES
• Daus Joseph Rodman. •	23
DuGuno: -Augustine Joseph Hickey	239
EASTMAN Charles Gamage	147
Emerson, Ralph Waldo	48'
Funa-Cornelius George	228
Freneau - Felipe	1
FBOOTHINGHUI- Rev Nathaniel Langdon	22
Sarah Margaret Extracteur (Countess Ossoli)	129
GALLAGHER William D.	105
Gann Albert Gorton	47
Halleck-Jamee Fitz-Greene	37
Bret Harte	331
HAY-John	336
Paul Hayne H.	281
Hill-Thomas ***	sixt
HoFFILAN Charles Fenno	59
Holkes Oliver Wendell ...	ten7
HOOPER-Lucy	143
Joseph HOPKINSON	3
Howells, William Dean	330
Howz MRS. Julia (Ward)	216
Hoyt-Rev Ralph ...	130
Mrs. Jackson. Helen (Fiske)	294
KEY Francis scott ***	7
Larcom-Lucy ...	268
Charles Godfrey Leland	240
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	67
Russell Lowell-Jamee	sixte
Lowell MRS. Mary(White)	183
Robert Lowell Trail Spence ...	a m
William Maxwell	11
McMABTEB Guy Humphrey ...	276
MELVILLE Herman	217
Messinger Robert Hinckley ***	80
Cincinnatus Hiner-MILLER ("Joaquin")	340

AUTHORS INDEX.

375

	P.L.O.i
OsoooD-Kate Putnam	347
workers portrait Robert	5
Treat PABS01'S Thomas	186
William PAULDING James	10
Kirke *** PEBCIVAL - Jamea	40
PERRY Nora · Doors...	354
Pu. TT John ,james ***	301
the Rev John	11
IBBPONT Plu Albert	115
PINXNU-Eduardo	46
galvanizing *** POZ-F.dgar	119
Allan Randall, James R.	345
LER Thomas Buchanan	229
8ABGEn-EPES ***	145
Saxony-John Godfrey	150
8GO'IJ'BNEY MRS. Lydia Howard	20
(Huntley)*..	365
THRESHOLD Edward	61
Rowland "Slllll and	307
William Gilmore	21
Spofford MRS. Harriet (Prescott)	283
Charles Sprague	256
Edmund STEDJUN Clarence ***	247
8ToDDABD MRS. Elizabeth Drew (Barstow) ...	197
8ToDDABD Richard Hemy	134
And Rory William	258
Wetm0'l'e STuE'l Alfred	309
Billinp TAYLOR-Bayard	157
Thaxter-MRS. Celia <(Leighton)	305
TBoBEAu Henry David ...	2;s
TILTON-Theodore ...	273
Tnmo "Henry	141
TBOWBRIDGE-I ob.n Townsend	364
TuoxEBKAN Henry Theodore	191
Victor-Mrs. FF ***	356
WWilliam ALLA.CE-Ro88	
WEEB Robert Kelly	

	PAGE
WHITHAN-Walter ("Walt")	199
WHITNEY-Mrs. AdelineERS.	246
(Train) Whittier, John Greenleaf	86
Willib-Nathaniel Parker Willson-	83
WINTER William Byron Forceythe	323
WS OODWOBTHAmuel	316
	15

[Note.-I They have no Index Line8 First, Assuming some who forget that the first rule is not to be able to remember the name of a poem or a poet, in the WHI (LH poem May to be easy to find.)

John G. White George William Curtis.

Oliver Wendell Holmes. Lowell.

E. C. Tamm. R. W. Suddard. Edgar & Co.

Bayard Taylor. W. Cullen Bryant.

Henry W. Longfellow. William Winter. Celia Hunter.

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ .



Eso out enlargeglassbefore
 antiEGB. Iold^ H -ryolaall
 allNonhemwow90lle "Kusha" "" "storehousearmy. thiswith
 ..• LAAlypoems on@southb.ymmoverseasO (

SLAnne bird green• mifurmedd "ley on lhlfil • H &
 . MI w w
 Timucroste onpoems Tilly•, J -
 Preface weBTP DBAL, SM TV Ollf "" ...to launch
 florida compomioallDgAccording to the column,Biggimoa' lblack
 Y.

0-.... ia.rØgnael mine yellowif it happens

Lily gnae.....
 \ CA ' lbelaiJML
 L> TRU' l'olusamng ag' North on
 • onDelaware - -sad....
 Jamaica \ *
 CD \img shirt second a lot of shirt*
 BAndian .annL e second thisLL ..



Way to Calvary(TAri.ce)

the gods
 I talk about (the)
 I do not know people like me (three times).
 the gods

poor girl is my custom itseunidaeu CRESAR Darma
 this song is very satisfied with. To establish the poor and the
 two variations and modifications, maintain the high in 1865.
 this is a very echnois popular in Charleson Island and the sea.
 Conversations with God and God people to Delaware pasta to go.

RVE health problems who do
 not know Jesus.
 YRVE to solve the problem:
 crestro S) 凯莱哈利路亚 me.
 ne Step 0 Lord? Ah, yes, I do.
 crest had to wait for 0 cases
 (The
 song Hello, I
 see.

I
 Sweet, R DE oneycomb, 0, my God, please.
 And If you Make a BIME God please from the AED
 of some come in to me s
 of hou comes in to me s
 the ruler of this to me? 0

Example I
 It can be a source of Virginia Current spread
 southward. Different in different places, it has been
 revised in the following :0

Hopkins
 clouds and
 canals *the crossroads*

Ondina kneed in Achi engIn a woman's body rack'd.
 I would like to integrate the son of God,
 BIME house, maintain I think we should pray
 for BIME BIME next
 BIME BIME next
 mine The law can be Buluggin ole Mudder 0; repeatedly
 stabbed home BIME IT -git.
 maintain I DO beliefs - Prayer

BIME BIME support this. I think they do put the pace
 said.

Called! Wait.



In January, VA black Carolinan.

O.

God's heart "The of prosperi
 God "O, news room for us." In the
 See "The of Prayer and FO

everyone in sing "Way, turned "Way
 One day a few weeks We pas small
 old when the saint down Satan.

Pray Praying clouds climb'd Lad
 s'd the offers

down You can protect d to
 see ability, and true friends, in the
 wisdom and such in pan with the some
 and Stephen theme.

Ted

Arale Sign the star at school
 Soon, we will use our school, the survival
 of High Country road
 on before You can take the warnings of
 walk'd and road ~~and~~

CIEmail Karen received Sappho.
 Sappho legs began to whistle songs, wing
 Santa Claus:
 santa Claus I mean, I do not care if he died..
 Skin death;
 with Sun will Agni

38this

song.

nail under their other words Misissippi river boat steam.

RM coast.A.LAB.A.MY

I, on the beach before I Alabamy (*Pro'longed Dhol*
Mother) or one bar a year (you can see *maintenance on W*)

you Ole Virginy Crom - Oh! Ø I
imp'roving me *多皮奧里* firemen-
SA health Ø HD not integrate.
but I will before Oh, I live in my
I have other in hand spread use.
Gold, the daughter of Henry Clay court.
I was.
currently C
package before send.

The sign is for to walk Henry soil. My mouse Bile

I would like to
See before All lost, or NT;

yellow *Bekaa Lawton*
I would
like to
moisture Beoqa Albuquerque, non-legal, duck
Beoqa - Ø Albuquerque Santa.

_promissory note

amuseme

I do
not
know
brnd

I'll Namoca Albuquerque before Oh! To me, said to
me: "brndder, Tony'm O.
hit (Raok) Baok holy dorm room Dynamic him. SECTION

Neither knows Bekaa Life and music may appeal to Albuquerque.. The
song ends with a smile; and

- Type: cycle "spirit" of the first line in each hand, and then draw back to "O"
M Another is called

However! ...

today, After a copy of his most editor Star Je clay Charles and Lucy and card configuration 136 song is completed, we will announce a number of the first is Allen. For the music (in 1867, ...). (Lee Boston ... travel time to singing, O, or sing our li ... phonics music ... songs Nashville conn ... in Kentucky. The only thing you need to mention with accuracy one that goes with it. black in his pery that we do, but in English, col ... Day" singer Fisk O'iversity, strange "make white of the company's influence on music and ... er the word. However, in this case, all persons ... actual not that hole.

Both the book value of the name of students a lot of and the environment

·□□□□□□□□□□·

the air

- 4. Shock Pvor tomb sinn ·
- R.vibration;
- TB ""•• EN nly trumpet .Linin'tqT
- "goldshirt> here Htay
- \$.- Clwrl ETU away theft.

improveMoe

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HEAV

E

AWAY

I have been in
widespread
use.
Gold, the
daughter of
Henry Clay
court.
I was.
packagebefor
esend

□□□□□□□□□□□□□□
 □□□□.

one ten

your life However, cut back in the bride - groom came,

wise when the bride - groom came. and said page

The ID Health card 3 rayaha Meim ee

"R this he
 meaning "I this

Wen Jiabao: |small/J |Fives 1-
 3:1

0 - Zi in, 0 Zion 0 Z1, When will be bride groom cut

- 2 Five ~~of the groom~~ is wise to prepare for turquoise.
- 3 you know Oil is a human and groom wine.
 0 Honu Zion, and so forth..
 cheating To groom a f the
- 4 ~~if the primary the named~~
 groom ~~of Zion~~, and so forth.
- 5 people If you know that the groom, who does not, the
 bride ~~of Zion~~ and so forth
 out think you know, the groom and the
 groom said Zion, and so forth..
- 6

Jordan rolled coil

Roll, Jor-dan, roll, roll, Jor-muor-shake low before Submitto
walk before

That Her when I die, a lot of stand by Jammuor-failure
Summary.

Two connection-fbers, man! The
1. You are a reasonable have be
my on

- sit-ting in the king-dom, To listening to

2. Oh, you are King County:

soulyou!
Gdom, before to listen to role in the
body
Yes R, and it is like" and,
ournes to M.
his fact of shirt and so
on. Such as tuberculosis,
is the same. Oh boy

KA.NYMIL missin



oauo • bloolr Tlon :: type> IR.mother -New York - Sandy

Plaintively.

disappear

isI do not like to bite o'oom

all a train TO me, etc..

once againooseAh, my 11alt,Eto.

(A) once you do not there were over a hundred Gay, I do

Lovephone to me, Eto hard, notin the pool
the port;

mory Road BUNB "

S1JPTTJammuofTshirtofJ

Jammu(A)(A)Vegetarian

JammuJammu.the release£

storyArd

{0 minutes -MAA takedat newbrancoatAnd" wall}
In fact, cabin and bake.dataameole oat Andwear'emthe child.

Jammu"H(A)(A)JammuJammu

(A)(A)IJJII j)I4J

In fact, this is not Oto listen toIn fact, I find in
EuropeWith direct face?0 will not listen

LONDON *

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... r. my. ...

SE

