

CENTENNIAL
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A SOUVENIR

—OF—

THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL

... POEMS ...

—BY—

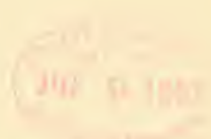
ANNIE SOMERS GILCHRIST

ILLUSTRATED

NASHVILLE, TENN.:

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ANNIE SOMERS GILCHRIST.

TO THE DAUGHTERS OF
THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR. —



Annie Lomers Gilchrist.

PREFACE.

Annie Somers Gilchrist is Tennessee's sweet singer when she lets poesy try her wings. As a novelist, she is best known by the popular novels: "Rosehurst," "Harcourt," and "The Mystery of Beechcroft." Her poems are numerous and widely known. "The Indian's Prophecy," "Put None but Americans on Guard To-night" (which was recited by her at the inaugural of the Tennessee Centennial), "Ethel," "To Annie," and "Our Glorious Banner, the Hope of the Free," are all well and favorably known. "The Indian's Prophecy" and "Put None but Americans on Guard To-night" have been read by every D. A. R. in the United States, I doubt not, as they were published in their organ, the American Monthly Magazine. She has been a very prolific writer, and life with her is like wine: become better with age. She is not only a poetess and novelist, but an excellent musician and elocutionist. She has a regal presence, is a charming conversationalist, and those who know her best love her most.

She is a Daughter of the American Revolution by right of her descent from Captain Matthew Somers, nephew of Sir George, that noted traveler and soldier for whom Somers Islands (now called Bermudas) were named.

Lord Delaware sent out from England, in 1609, Sir George Somers and Sir Thomas Gates, with five hundred settlers and nine vessels, to the colony of which he (Lord Delaware) had been appointed Governor,

but was unable just at that time to leave England. Eight of the vessels reached Jamestown; but the Sea Venture, in which Sir George Somers embarked, was separated from the others and cast ashore on the Somers or Bermudas Isles. They, with the assistance of the crew, raised a crop. Several months later they made a boat, which contained only one iron bolt, and preceded by a few weeks Lord Delaware to Jamestown, but left three of their crew—Chard, Waters, and another unknown—on the island for misdemeanors. Some weeks later, Sir George and his nephew, Matthew Somers, with three vessels, returned to the Bermudas in the interest of the colony of Virginia, and found that the three men that they had left there had, in the meantime, discovered great quantities of verdigris; and, falling out in consequence thereof, two agreed to fight a duel for their possessions; but Chard discovered this, and hid their weapons, thereby frustrating their murderous intentions.

On his return to England, Sir George related these circumstances and voyage to Shakespeare, who wrote "The Tempest" thereupon. (Vide "Harness Edition of Shakespeare," page 6; also "Notes on the Tempest," and Stith's "Virginia," page 120.)

Mrs. Gilchrist is on her maternal side a descendant of Mary Arden's brother. Mary Arden married John Shakespeare; and of this union was the immortal bard, William Shakespeare, born. John and Anne were common names in both the Shakespeare and Arden families. The poet's sister Anne died in infancy.

Mrs. Gilchrist's grandfather, John Somers, a descendant of Captain Matthew, was born in Warwick-

shire, England, and, marrying there Catherine Arden (cousin to the poet), emigrated to the colonies, and held a captain's commission in the Revolutionary War.

Her father, James Somers, fought in the Creek War and in the war of 1812, and had at the battle of the "Horseshoe" three bullets shot through his hat. James Somers married Miss McFarland, of Wilson County, Tenn., a lady of fine literary acumen, from whom our authoress inherits her talent for and love of letters. The well-known Chancellor Somers, whose spotless ermine adorned the bench for over twenty years, was her elder brother. She married in 1860 Mr. John Gilchrist, a native of New York, and who was of the well-known Gilchrist family. At the present writing she is a widow of some years' standing.

R. S. G.

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SOUVENIR OF
THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL

TENNESSEE'S CENTENNIAL.

HEY bid you hail, O Tennessee,
On this your grand Centennial time;
They hail you strong and grand and free;
Your greetings come from every clime.

Fair Nashville cradled in her hills,
Half girdled by clear Cumberland,
From out her rocks and singing rills
Forth stretches her white, beck'ning hand.

From Maine's high hills to Mexic's wave
Exhibits come the scene to grace,
And North and South and gay and grave
Will meet each other face to face.

They'll stroll amid the stately halls,
And view the grand works gathered there,
Or where some spray of crystal falls
On fragrant, clust'ring blossoms rare.

Out floating on the silver lake
Sections apart will then clasp hands;
And fond, sweet memories will wake,
And pleasure crown our visiting bands.

Along the winding paths they'll go,
'Mid bosky glens through spacious grounds,
Where lovely Southern roses blow,
And grosbeaks sing their merry rounds.

If I could sweep a golden lyre,
And sing and sing a hundred years,
I could not tell the trials dire
You have endured in blood and tears—

Of King's Mountain and th' Alamo,
Of perils sore and marches drear,
The sure advance, though weary, slow,
Of Liberty sun-sandaled here.

And later, when the tocsin rung
Of civil war out o'er our land,
How into line you grandly swung
Beside the South's devoted band.

Your country called, and you were true
And Bate and Harris led the van.
No worthier sons 'neath heaven's blue
E'er martialled stronger, braver men.

I could not tell the triumphs grand
You have achieved in bygone time,
And now you're hailed in every land;
They sing your praise in every clime.

How fair your women, Tennessee!
How brave your men! Of volunteers
You bear the palm. May victory
And right crown you through all the years!

“PUT NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD
TO-NIGHT.” *

DUN clouds enwrapped the sunset skies,
 Bird music blent with the night wind's sighs,
 Cold swept the river its banks along,
 Where camped our troops, eight thousand strong.

A grand voice cried in the waning light:
 “Put none but Americans on guard to-night!”

Stands a martial form in the dying day;
 His eagle eye swept where his brave hosts lay,
 A prescient light from their clear depths poured,
 A ray gilded his scabbarded sword,

While his voice rang true and brave and right:
 “Put none but Americans on guard to-night!”

Did his prescient soul see this State to-day,
 For which he so long held the foe at bay,
 With his handful of troops in many a fray,
 The long, weary marches o'er mountain and gorge,
 The black winter spent at drear Valley Forge.

'Twas a warning cry in the waning light:
 “Put none but Americans on guard to-night!”

*Washington's famous command at the siege of Yorktown the night before the decisive battle which preceded the surrender of Cornwallis. It has been adopted as the motto of the Cumberland Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution at Nashville, Tenn.

O, say, does our nation still heed that command
 That first sounded out o'er Potomac's dark strand?
 My countrymen, O if you never would drag
 In the dust and the mire our grand, starry flag,

O, heed our great chieftain's advice and foresight,
 And "put none but Americans on guard to-night!"

For—lo!—red Anarchy's murderous hand
 Has threatened our borders. O, Freedom's brave
 band,

Engrave on your hearts in letters of light,
 And "put none but Americans on guard to-night!"



WRITTEN ON VISITING THE HERMITAGE AND
 THE TOMB OF ANDREW JACKSON.

TO MRS. MARY L. BAXTER.

The sunlit crystal showers,
 Born in the summer clouds, with silver edge,
 Fall on the rustling corn and thick-set hedge
 And fragrant wayside flowers.

The roses to and fro,
 Moved by the Western wind, their leaves unfold;
 And stately lilies open hearts of gold
 And waxen cups of snow.

Up from the woodland deep,
Whose secrets moon nor sun can penetrate,
The perfumes steal, and on my footsteps wait.
The showers wake them from sleep.

The darting quail's quick call
Comes sharply through the softly pattering rain
From out the waving fields of growing grain,
Where drops have ceased to fall.

Along the stone-paved way
And through the galleries' fluted columns tall
And in the olden, classic pictured hall
The soft June zephyrs play.

As when so long ago,
To offer homage, statesmen great and wise
Came here; and Beauty's daughters, with sweet
eyes

Of praise and brows of snow.

Then, as to-day, uncurled
The roses to the morning's golden dew;
Then, as to-day, stood that grand avenue,
With crystal drops impearled.

I think he lingers here,
The spirit of "Old Hickory," rugged, grand;
'Tis meet the wise and great of many a land
Come here to drop a tear.



MRS. MILDRED SPOTTSWOOD MATHES.

Mrs. Mathes is a Daughter of the American Revolution and a Colonial Dame, being descended from Lord Delaware, who was Governor of the colonies in 1608. Her ancestry on her maternal side is also il-

lustrious, being the Spottswoods and Dandrighes, of Virginia, and Col. Benjamin Cash, of South Carolina. Her mother was Miss Mildred Spottswood Dandridge. She organized the first chapter of the D. A. R. in Tennessee five years ago. Even then she had the State Centennial in view, and promoted the great enterprise by organizing chapters all over the State. She originated the idea of a Woman's Board of the Centennial, and in 1894 visited Nashville and laid the proposition before the Men's Board, and tendered the services of the D. A. R. She has been State Regent for nearly five years, and has attended the National Congresses in Washington, Chicago, and Atlanta, thus advertising the Centennial with prominent people throughout the country. She is the spirit and genius of the D. A. R. Congress of History, to meet here during the Centennial, which will bring representative women from every State in the Union. She is a member of the Hermitage Association, a Daughter of the Confederacy, and was chairman for the Liberty Bell of Tennessee; and through her the historic relics and coins were collected to go into the bell. Through her influence the Legislature made an appropriation for the Chair of American History in the Peabody Normal College, and she afterwards presented a beautiful liberty bell to the chair. She is a brilliant society woman, but thoroughly domestic, and entertains her friends with the charm of old-time Southern hospitality.

TO CLARK MILLS.

[On the unveiling of Jackson's statue, Nashville, Tenn., May, 1880.]

HAIL, grand old sculptor! Nashville bids thee hail.
 Thy fame's the pleasing theme of every tongue.
 From cot and hall and mansion loud 'tis sung;
 It floats on every gale.

O, proud the wondrous model statue stands
 'Mid arch and column strong as those of Rome
 In her fair youth! May it, like her, ne'er come
 To fall 'neath Tyrrany's polluting hands.

O, what fond patience is discovered here!
 How faithfully love marked that grand, strong
 face!
 The proud war horse anxious for the race
 To battle, which he seems to scent afar!

This work of genius, noble, glorious, brave,
 Has crowned thy fair and placid, green old age.
 As Nashville loves that tomb at Hermitage,
 She loves thee, hero-sculptor, grave.



JEFFERSON DAVIS.

[Written on hearing of his death, December 6, 1889.]

SAD watch by one Love could not save,
 O Southland, to-day you are keeping!
 Broken hearts and eyes dim with weeping—
 To the grave
 Follow the brave.

Fond, precious memories hold sway;
While Sorrow—her black robes are trailing
Throughout your green valleys, and paling
Are many bronzed cheeks at the wailing
 That sweeps up to-day
 From Mexic's broad bay.

In Valhalla a welcoming song,
It greets your proud chieftain so glorious,
In death and defeat so victorious,
 In misfortune so strong,
 Spurning all wrong.

That banner that swings up on high,
The proudest and dearest under the sky—
 It could not console,
Though it stood at halfmast. Grief's assuming
You want not. Lo! already pluming,
 His great golden wings
 Fame's eagle springs
Your chief's name to enroll
With the first on her scroll.





MRS. MARY L. BAXTER,
Regent of the Hermitage Association.

THE INDIAN'S PROPHECY.*

INSCRIBED TO MISS SUSIE GENTRY, OF FRANKLIN,
TENNESSEE.

DEAR twenty long years ere the proud eagle
soared,
Soared free from the lion's embrace,
Where prodigal nature her beauties outpoured,
Dwelt a maiden of lofty, proud place.

She dwelt where the Hudson's broad tide swept
along
Verdant banks gemmed with daisies of white
And cypress, whose scarlet bells shook to the song
Of the thrush through the fair summer night.

As light as the fawn was her step on the lawn;
'Twas music to a proud soldier brave.
Her beauty his heart from the old world had drawn
Clear across the Atlantic's deep wave.

Many gallant men bowed to her glorious charms,
Mary Philipse, the "Fride of the West;"
Even Washington bowed before War's stern alarms
Thundered loud o'er the land of the blest.

But not unto him would Lord Frederick's daughter
E'er plight her proud troth—not to him,
But smiled on a captain. Quite wise her friends
thought her,
For the star of the new world was dim.

*The charming Mary Philipse, the daughter of Lord Frederick Philipse, of a noble Bohemian family, was married to Captain Roger Morris, in January, 1758.—Benson J. Lossing.

One day, when the sun, flanked with mountains of
gold,

In the Occident slowly went down,
And perfumes from myriads of blossoms uprolled
Round the mansion that sat like a crown

In the midst of its fountains and towering trees
And blooms of the clinging woodbines,
Where mocking birds played hide and seek with the
breeze,
The fair Mary parted the vines

That grew o'er a porch in luxuriance wild,
Looked forth, her face bright as the dawn,
Saw a youth moor a boat to the bank. How she
smiled
As she lightly stepped out on the lawn!

And in the rich sunset that streaked with bright
gold
The broad, flowering grounds went the maid;
The shelving bank reached, where the blue waters
rolled,
Now in sunshine, now darkling in shade.

They swift floated out on the Hudson's wide stream;
While the birds, homeward-bound, cleft the air.
The moon, in the gentian-hued east, soft did beam;
And wild blossoms bowed their heads there.

And high o'er the water the grand palisades
Shone afar in the soft eventide.
He drew her more close as they passed the dark
shades
Where a great, painted savage might hide.

He whispered his love on the river's clear wave,
And the maid shyly plighted her vows.
Sweeter words could not fall on the ears of the brave
When at the altar of beauty he bows.

The water tones through drooping ferns softly
strayed,
And the katydids sung a sweet tune;
Castle Philipse loomed high, 'gainst whose scarred
front had played
Storms of war, lone and grim in the moon,

Where the maiden's proud ancestors dwelt in the
past,
Defying the savages' skill
To take their rough stronghold. Two centuries cast
Their shades o'er it. 'Tis standing there still.

Their vows scarcely rose o'er the splash of the oars,
Where now gilded palaces glide;
Such moments Elysium her glories outpours
On the heart in a full, golden tide.

O, swift passed that summer in Hudson's green vale,
Where love and hope sung their sweet song,
And cold winds of autumn turned gay blossoms pale,
And birds to the southward did throng.

On the gray palisades the thick, clambering vines,
Frost-smitten, were golden and red;
And ripe cones that rattled from tall emerald pines
Gave proof that the summer was dead.

Mount Washington towered in the dim, yellow haze,
And the hills shone in crystal and gold,

And purple fruits hung in the sun's slanting rays;
 And autumn's rich days were soon told.

The forests that crowned the broad river were bare,
 And garnered all safe were the sheaves;
 Chill Boreas rushed down from his far northern lair,
 Swept to earth all the lingering leaves.

One day, when the vale wore a carpet of snow,
 To the manor house happy guests came;
 The silver sleigh bells made a musical flow
 With the voice of many a high dame.

To the wedding of the "Pride of the West" they had
 come—

Mary Philipse, the gay and the fair;
 'Neath rich, silken awnings in th' grand drawing-
 room,

The good rector married her there

To the man of her choice. Then followed glad
 words;

And the bride, in her diamonds and lace,
 As happy and bright as her darling pet birds,
 A vision of beauty and grace,

Led the way to the feast. Richly sparkled the wines,
 With laughter and wit sped the time,
 When—lo!—at the door, in the sun's slanting lines,
 Stood a son of a far Western clime.

A blanket of scarlet enwrapped his tall form,
 And the fire of prophecy burned
 In his dark, lofty eye that wore a weird charm
 As on the fair bride it was turned.

He opened his lips. Came his measured words plain:
"From you your possessions shall pass
When the eagle despoils the lion of his mane."

He was gone. With fondest caress
The bridegroom soothed his beautiful bride,
But she pondered the message. Years sped;
And the words were fulfilled, when to Great Brit-
ain's side
Her husband, a loyalist, fled.





MRS. IDA HORTON EAST.


Mrs. Ida Horton East is a Daughter of the American Revolution and eligible as a Colonial Dame, being the granddaughter of Capt. Thomas Kennedy, of Virginia, who fought in the Revolutionary War un-

der Francis Marion. He was one of the three thousand heroes who never surrendered when South Carolina was overrun by the British, but went to the Pedee Swamps, with his renowned leader, and harassed the enemy until the colony was retaken by the patriots. She is a relative of the Pickneys, and is descended on her maternal side from Capt. Bernard Elliott, who served in the Revolutionary War. She is the wife of Judge E. H. East, one of the most noted lawyers in the South. She was appointed Regent of the Cumberland Chapter, the second one of the order of D. A. R. organized in Tennessee. She has an attractive personality, high culture; and her approachable manners cause all classes of society to love her. Possessed of ample fortune, she is foremost in all movements looking to the uplifting of mankind. Enthusiastic for temperance, she has been for years the president of the Central Woman's Christian Temperance Union; and young ministers find in her an invaluable friend. At her stately home she entertains guests of national reputation, and from the same home the poor are never turned empty away. McTyeire Memorial Church is in existence because of her untiring energies. She now holds the office of State Vice Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Miss Edine East, eldest daughter of Judge and Mrs. East, is a D. A. R., being descended in three direct lines from Revolutionary heroes. She is a young lady of fine presence, sweet-spirited, a singer, and has a choice fund of information gathered in her travels in Europe and the Holy Land.

THE NATION'S CENTENNIAL.

[Written July 4, 1876.]

 SWIFT the circling years have sped, and earth
 Has reached that spot upon her orbit where
 A century ago a nation's birth
 Took place, and notes triumphant filled the air.

Sweet, silver-sandaled Liberty arose,
 Her glorious song outfloating to the breeze,
 Whose cadences swept up to doors that close
 On dungeons locked by tyrants' grim decrees.

Her towers are still intact, though four years long
 The tide of fratricidal war their feet surged
 round.
 Our sires deep planted them—yea, deep and
 strong—
 At Bunker Hill and New Orleans' bloody
 ground—

Aye, grand and strong; for some brave, gentle
 hands,
 Outstretched to deck them o'er with leaves of
 palm
 That lonely wave in sunny Southern lands
 And emerald pine 'neath Peace's oriflambe,

Outstretched to hurl discord to Stygian gloom,
 The vulture fell that brothers brave had slain,
 And bind the South's rich, golden bowers of bloom
 In union true with breezy hills of Maine.

“Heart union!” shout the great Apalachian chains;
 And far, rock-ribbed Cordilleras join the cry:
 “Down, down, with strife and hate; while grandly
 reigns
 Our great Centennial year beneath the sky!”

“Heart union!” shouts the strong, free Northern
 blast;
 And hopefully the balmy Southern breeze
 Echoes the strain where towering palm trees cast
 Their broad, deep shades o’er golden tropic seas.

Where warm, bright waves against the Gulf States
 curled.

Twelve years ago, disunion fled affrighted;
 Brave hands the starry flag once more unfurled,
 But strife and hate the olive branch have blight-
 ed.

But now we’ll know no North or South, while
 closes
 Our glorious first century of life;
 God make us free from tyranny as our roses,
 And as our breezes free from hate and strife.

And when another century is ended,
 O, may our swelling anthem be the same;
 With angel accents may it still be blended:
 “Union, good will to every clime and name.”

Gracious Columbia, ever stand, as now,
 Foremost of nations on thy upward march;
 All coming centuries crown thy radiant brow
 The grandest, proudest land ’neath heaven’s blue
 arch.



MRS. JULIA PEETE BATE.

MRS. JULIA PEETE BATE.

Mrs. Bate is eligible as a Colonial Dame and Daughter of the American Revolution, being a lineal descendant of the Peetes of Revolutionary fame. Her father, the late Arthur Peete, was a prominent lawyer of Huntsville, Ala. She was educated in Philadelphia; and soon after leaving school she married William B. Bate, who won distinction in the Confederate cause, being promoted to the office of general of the Third Division of the Army of Tennessee. He has been twice elected Governor of Tennessee, and is now in the Senate of the United States. She resides in Washington during the sessions of Congress, participating in the social affairs incident to senatorial life without losing that taste for domestic duties which has always characterized her. She has two daughters: Mrs. Thomas F. Mastin, who resides in Texas, and Mrs. D. D. Childs, whose home is in Los Angeles. As Miss Susie Bate, Mrs. Childs was for a number of seasons much admired in Washington society. Mrs. Bate's gentle grace of manner and sweet, Christian spirit have made her a general favorite in social and official circles, both in Nashville and Washington.

“OUR GLORIOUS BANNER, THE HOPE OF THE
FREE.” *

OVER the wide Western ocean they sailed,
Trusting kind Heaven that their prayers had
prevailed

To give them a home in that far distant State,
Where worship they might as their souls should
dictate.

Ah, oft mountain high the green billows rolled,
And the North wind came whistling so bleak and
so cold;

Did they look out across the long years and see
Our glorious banner, the hope of the free?

Their vessel was clothed in an ice coat-of-mail;
But still their stout bosoms did never once quail,
As onward they sped through the turbid green
seas;

For often they prayed on low-bended knees
To Him who held for them so faithful in fee
Our glorious banner, the hope of the free.

O, bright were the visions of that brave little band,
As a joyful voice cried to them: “Land! Oho,
land!”

For, led by the Master’s own powerful hand,
Their frail bark came safe to this wild Western
strand;

On which, to plant firmly, came sweet Liberty,
Our glorious banner, the hope of the free.

*The motto of Old Glory Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution at Franklin, Tennessee.

O, grandly swelled forth their pæan of praise!
 It swept out and echoed down deep forest ways;
 Its harmony clung round the clear, lonely foun-
 tains,
 And uprolled its numbers to great, towering moun-
 tains.
 Praises prophetic sung out on bent knee
 For our glorious banner, the hope of the free.

“ Old Glory ” hung over Paul Jones’ gallant ship,
 Bonhomie Richard, ’gainst Serapis. Though twice
 it did dip
 In the waters off England in the fierce naval fight,
 Soon renailed to the mast were its twelve stars of
 light.*
 Outfloating in victory over the sea,
 Our glorious banner, the hope of the free—
 O, may it be ever a glorious flag,
 The pride of our country in dale and on crag,
 Upheld by strong hearts that will ne’er let it trail
 In defeat and dishonor; yes, may it e’er sail,
 With breezes of victory on the land and the sea,
 Our glorious banner, the hope of the free!

*Soon after our colonies started in business for themselves, they felt the need of a banner unlike all others. A patriotic artist designed one after the beautiful coat of arms of their leader, George Washington. With a few slight changes it is exactly like the one we love to-day. This pattern banner was made in Philadelphia, 1777, by two sisters, Misses Mary and Sarah Austin. The house in which they lived is to-day pointed out to visitors as the birthplace of “ Old Glory.” The flag had but twelve stars at the time of the gallant Paul Jones’ victory, as Georgia had not then entered into the Union, she being the last one of the original thirteen to be admitted.



MRS SARAH BAIRD TAYLOR.

MRS. SARAH BAIRD TAYLOR.

Mrs. Taylor is eligible as a D. A. R. and Colonial Dame, being the granddaughter of Capt. Zebulon Baird, of North Carolina, who fought in the Revolutionary War, and was a member of the Senate for several years after peace was made. The celebrated Zebulon Baird Vance was a grandson of Capt. Baird. John Hunter, of Virginia, also a soldier in the Revolution, was her maternal grandfather. She is the wife of Robert L. Taylor, now elected Governor of the State for the third time, whose first canvass for that office against his brother Alf. made the Taylor brothers famous on two continents. The canvass, styled "The War of the Roses," Bob taking the white rose for his flower, and Alf. the red one, was conducted with a brotherly kindness and chivalric grace that made the brothers the admired of all parties. Mrs. Taylor has fine literary taste, a gracious manner, and her sweet approachableness renders her exceedingly popular with all classes.

THE BLUE TENNESSEE.

FLOW brightly, O beautiful, blue Tennessee!
 Long ago poets sung of the gay Guadalquivir,
 The Rhine, and the Rhone; but the stream fair and
 free
 Is the forest-crowned, beautiful, blue Tennessee.

Let Spain boast her Tagus and England her Thames,
 Overlooked by grim castles begirt with dark shades;
 True, float o'er their streams dames with high-
 sounding names;
 But by Tennessee's wave dwells the fairest of maids.

In long-ago centuries the dark Indian maid,
 O'er low, murmuring wavelets, swift shot her ca-
 noe,
 Or with dusky hand moored it beneath the green
 shade
 To smile on the warrior brave, faithful, and true.
 Its depths mirrored dark eyes soft-veiled with emo-
 tion,
 Perchance drank the sweetness of Beauty's bright
 tear
 Dropped on its clear bosom as words of devotion
 Stole low on the pure maiden's listening ear.

Then let Germany boast of her vintage-wreathed
 Rhine,
 And Spain of her palace-crowned, gay Guadal-
 quivir;
 The loveliest stream on which sun did e'er shine
 Is the forest-crowned, blue, rolling Tennessee
 River.

THE UNKNOWN CONFEDERATE DEAD.

[Written while the ladies of Union City were engaged in the work of raising means to rebury the Confederate dead at that place in 1868.]

THRICE noble aim befitting hands so fair,
 Befitting hearts so gentle and so true,
 Cause that might claim an angel's loving care
 Now claims this pure and holy trust from you.

Ah, broken hearts no doubt have waited long
 For the return of each one sleeping here,
 Waited and prayed and heard Hope's siren song,
 Till wailing dirges reached each list'ning ear.

Perhaps, dear friends, for one who came not back
 You waited thus, prayed, wept, and watched; I
 have.

My brother perished on War's blasting track,
 And sleeps now in a lonely, unknown grave.

Pale Sorrow, somewhat hushed, to-day arose,
 And flitted slowly through fond Memory's hall;
 Again my soul bowed down beneath the throes
 War gave when o'er the South he flung his pall.

Five dreary winters have their dirges sung
 Above my knightly playmate brother's grave;
 Mayhap some stranger hand hath kindly flung
 A chaplet o'er the mound of mine own brave.

If so, a sister's heart would bless the hands,
 E'en as the loved of these would bless you, friends,
 And hope to clasp them in the starry lands,
 Where peaceful, joyous union never ends.



MRS. SARAH POLK FALL.

MRS. SARAH POLK FALL.

Mrs. Fall is a Daughter of the American Revolution and eligible as a Colonial Dame, being descended from Capt. Philip Sansum, of the First Virginia Regiment in the Revolutionary War, and also from Col. William Napier, of Revolutionary fame. The Napiers were formerly the Lenoxes, of Scotland, the youngest branch of the house of Stuart. For bravery and prowess in war they were dubbed "No Peer," which finally merged into Napier. Mrs. Fall is niece and adopted daughter of the late Mrs. President Polk, and resides, as she has from childhood, in the old historic home, "Polk Place." Living amid such surroundings, she acquired the graciousness of manner that so well fits her for a society leader. Receiving with her aunt distinguished visitors from all parts of the world, she has always shown a tact, combined with a kindness of heart, that has made "Polk Place" a pleasant memory to all who ever visited there. She is Chairman of the Committee on Building in the Woman's Department. Mrs. M. M. Gardner, formerly Miss Saidee Fall, the belle of Tennessee, is her only child.

THE DESERTED HOME.

[To the memory of Lieut. Erskine Somers, who was killed December 24, 1863, while at the head of his company he was attempting to hold a bridge against the Federals, twenty miles from Mossy Creek, Tennessee.]

ACROSS the dark'ning, forest-skirted wold
 The low, weird winds, like treacherous sleuth-
 hounds, creep;
 They wail around the crumbling farmhouse old,
 Where erst dwelt loved ones now long, long asleep.

The old brown gate lies low, o'ergrown with weeds
 Noxious and rank; and from the barn flit scores
 Of dusky bats, which held for winter's needs
 In those bright years my father's plenteous stores.

Yon broad, translucent stream in those old days
 Echoed with shouts of children; now the works
 Our busy hands built on the tiny quays
 Are gone; there now the poisonous lizard lurks.

Oft have we sat here on the stoop and heard
 The cowboy's cattle call from yon far hill,
 Watched snowy lambkins driven to fold, while
 stirred
 O'er all the breath of bloom now cold and still;

Oft watched the cooing pigeons, brown and white,
 Come fluttering from the eaves at rosy dawn
 To gather up the bread crumbs sweet and light
 We'd scattered broadcast on the dewy lawn;

Oft crossed yon stile, where wayes the old oak high,
And strayed with friends amid the orchard's
bloom,
Till sunset's banners swept the purpling sky,
And tinkling tea bell called our footsteps home.

O, happy were the hearts that gathered long
Ago round that bright board in our home bower;
And happy lips o'erflowed with jest and song
Till stars betokened midnight's witching hour.

Alas! now all how changed! Along the gloom
A weird owl flits and settles on the tree,
The leafless tree, that once o'ershadowed home,
The home so full of peace, so dear to me.

Fair Luna's hung her pale, soft, silver bow
Against the fading glories of the West;
My brother, oft we've watched her fall below
That distant hill's lone, slowly dark'ning crest.

O brother, oft I turn to these dear places,
With precious memories teeming. O my God,
Vouchsafe me grace to meet the darling faces
Up there when I'm laid 'neath th' valley's sod!



MRS. FLORENCE KIRKMAN DROUILLARD.

MRS. FLORENCE KIRKMAN DROUILLARD.

Mrs. Drouillard is a Daughter of the American Revolution and a Colonial Dame, being the great-great-granddaughter of Isaac Wayne, of Chester County, Pa., who served six years in the Provincial Assembly and led many successful expeditions against the Indians. He was the father of Anthony Wayne, who was general of all the Union armies at the time of his death. She is also a lineal descendant of John Culbertson, who fought in the Provincial Army, and also of James Chambers, colonel of the First Rifle Regiment, of Cumberland County, Tenn., who did gallant service for six years in the war for independence. He led the attack at Bergen Point and White Plains, and was wounded at Germantown and Mammouth. Capt. Van Leer, who fought in the Germantown campaign, and Hannah Wayne, his wife, sister of Gen. Anthony Wayne, are also Mrs. Drouillard's ancestors. She is Vice President of the Woman's Board for Middle Tennessee, and has been from the first an enthusiast in the work. She has a gracious manner, and is well fitted for a social leader by her tact, wealth, and culture. She has spent much time abroad; and her daughter, Miss Florence, who was educated abroad, was wedded in May, 1896, to the Comte de Pourtelés of Paris, France. Hers is a brilliant and happy marriage. The fair young countess will visit the Centennial, and will assist in entertaining distinguished guests in her mother's palatial home. Mrs. Drouillard is the widow of the late Capt. James Pierre Drouillard, a graduate of West Point, and who served in the Union Army until the close of the war.

THE JUDGE'S DAUGHTER.

A SOUTHERN IDYL.

[To Mrs Judith Winston Pilcher.]

WELL, yes, I was a farmer's man;
For four long years I served him true,
Controlled his rough, unruly clan
"Quite well," he said, "for twenty-two."

That was my age. At early dawn,
While still there gleamed the paling stars,
I met his men, all strength and brawn,
Down in the meadow by the bars,

Where stood the cows, in deep lush grass,
Awaiting Kate, the buxom maid,
Who knew full well when Tom would pass
Along that way with pick and spade.

Some turned the fallow ground right blithe,
And some the later corn did sow;
And others, each with glancing scythe,
The verdant clover swift laid low.

The birds chirped softly in the trees,
Nest building in the greenery hid;
And down the stream swept tuneful glees,
Whose volume over white rocks slid.

Longer and languorous grew the days,
Light breezes fanned the ripened wheat,
The blackbird piped his joyous lays
Amid the straying odors sweet.

How oft I went when day was done,
From human eyes I sought a screen,
And sat me where the waters run
Beneath an arch of living green!

And while the twilight's wings of gloom
Swept out the flags of red and gold,
I bowed amid a world of bloom,
And o'er me fond, sad memories rolled.

An only child, my mother's joy—
Now long, long dead—my heart would pause
On times when I, so small a boy,
Had lost my all in the "Lost Cause."

My father led a regiment
Of Southern braves on Shiloh's ground,
Where shot and shell were thickest blent;
By Johnston's side got his death wound.

How oft I watched the stars go down,
While round me cold, black shadows slept!
Then hugging close my sorrow's crown,
Through meads and fields I slowly crept.

I reached my room, a lonely wing
Of th' old farmhouse. 'Twas chill and bare;
But sleep vouchsafed me some sweet spring
Of joy: my loved ones met me there.

Nay, say not 'twas but yearning dreams;
I felt their presence when I woke
Sure as I saw the crimson streams
Pour up the heavens when dawn had broke.

The farmer cared for naught but gold,
E'er left me to myself o' nights;
I pored o'er volumes rare and old,
My father's gifts, by tallow lights.

And so the winters came and went,
And so the summers sped away,
And autumn's spicy breezes blent
With flushes that bespoke decay.

I climbed the hill one Sabbath morn,
The last year 'twas I worked for him;
Below me rustled green, young corn;
Above me sighed the woodlands dim.

The birds chirped softly in the trees,
Nest building in the greenery hid;
And down the stream swept tuneful glees,
Whose volume over white rocks slid.

With book in hand, 'neath spreading beach,
I on a mossy knoll reclined
To list the varied forms of speech
That ever through green woodlands wind.

Some steps away a fence of rocks
Rose by the highway hard and white,
And vines that trailed o'er granite blocks
Unwrapped pale blooms to emerald light.

Thus, while I lay and idly dreamed,
Swift hoofs struck sharp the winding road;
Grace, beauty on my vision gleamed:
Tenfold more bright the morning glowed.

Down swept a shower of golden hair
From jaunty cap of velvet blue;
The rose and lily were vying there
'Neath eyes of heaven's cerulean hue.

A whirr filled all the air around,
The palfrey reared with quick alarm;
I cleared the fence with one swift bound,
And caught the maiden on my arm.

One moment on my breast she lay,
The judge's daughter, whose grand hall
O'erlooked the landscape far away
Amid the lordly live oaks tall.

She rose with charming, gentle grace;
And, while I helped her to her seat,
A rosy wave swept o'er her face,
As, gathering reins so naïve and sweet,

She said: "Come, see my father soon."
I strolled on by the palfrey's side;
We'll ne'er forget that morn in June,
The judge's daughter's now my bride.

Some years ago the judge laid down
His ermine worn with truth and grace;
And now I go from town to town,
Presiding in the honored place.

The birds chirp gleeful in the trees,
Nest building in the greenery hide;
And down the stream sweep glorious glees,
Whose wavelets over white rocks slide.

Nashville, 1885.



MRS. LAURA LAVENDER BAXTER.

MRS. LAURA LAVENDER BAXTER.

Mrs. Baxter is a Daughter of the American Revolution by right of her descent from three great-great-grandfathers: Col. Benjamin Elliott, Col. Richard Richardson, and Capt. William J. Kennedy. Col. Richardson was a member of the council formed March 24, 1776, when South Carolina threw off British rule; Col. Elliott was a member of the Council of Safety organized May 8, 1775, in Charleston, S. C., for the protection of the State against all enemies; Capt. Kennedy enlisted in the Indian wars in 1761, and did gallant service in defense of his country. Mrs. Baxter is the wife of the Hon. Nathaniel Baxter, Jr., President of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. She is a lady of charming personality and much firmness of character; a social leader, a position which she holds with such gracious gentleness that she wins all hearts. She is a sweet-spirited Christian, a member of the Methodist Church, and her life abounds in unostentatious acts of charity and kindness.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

[To Mrs. Chas. M. Ewing, of Dresden, Tennessee.]

WITHIN the verdant realms of leafy trees .
The fresh young year smiled 'neath th' arch-
ing blue,
Like some fair boy inhaled the fragrant breeze
That o'er the scented meadows softly flew.

White, vine-wreathed cottages from farmyards green
Looked down on children playing in the vale,
Let loose to greet the vernal hours serene
And gather June's sweet trophies bright and pale.

Where erst old Winter held his icy reign
Lilies their petals waved in brooklets free,
Bending their stems as if to list the strain,
Rippling from sparkling wavelets full of glee,

As some sweet soul drawn gently by the tides
Of truth that roll through life's enchanting dream,
And lingers there until she softly glides
Upon the crystal, ever-living stream.

So, charmed with morning lay and serenade,
Low-sounding through the still and starry night,
The lilies drooped till velvet petals laid
And floated on the brooklet's bosom bright.

Where erst hoar Winter hung his pointed spears,
And wailed sad anthems through the cold day's
dun,
Now dewdrops hung, like childhood's smiling tears,
And flashed their radiance in the golden sun.

Beneath the coppice green the partridge blithe
Her cozy nest prepared with busy toil;
The plowman hastened, happy, strong, and lithe,
With willing hands to turn the fallow soil.

Full many a lordling proud looks down on thee;
E'en base contempt on thee presumes to lay.
What would he do, hard-handed Honesty,
If none should bow to noble Ceres' sway?

The noisy blackbird twittered on the spray;
The lambkins sporting on the meads were seen;
The meek-eyed cattle loitered on the way,
And slowly cropped the tender herbage green.

Like some gay schoolboy, fresh with healthful bloom,
Revels in happiness, while youth's fires burn,
Nor thinks of coming age's dreary gloom,
Nor human life, with bitter lessons stern,

So lay the year, clothed in his green attire,
Awaiting autumn's golden footsteps here,
Waiting her hand once more to sweep time's lyre,
And sing her glorious anthem ever dear.

Amid this scene of summer soft and fair
A watcher sat counting each dreary hour;
June blooms breathed sweetness on the opal air
That wreathed the lonely, rustic Southern bower.

Her country called; her best loved nobly sprung
To shield his love from thickly gathering woes,
Among the first he marched, when loudly rung
The trumpet blast heralding a nation's throes.

Oft had she waited in this rustic bower
 For his return; while from the hawthorn spray
 The whip-poor-will his wild, weird chant would
 shower,

While closed the weary hours of loitering day.

Joy long had been a stranger in her home,
 Erewhile his roseate robes had circled her;
 He took his flight when Civil War's black plume
 Swooped o'er the nation once so proud, so dear.

Alas! defeat had blasted dreams so bright;
 To Heaven's mandate low she bowed her will,
 And sat there in the setting sun's red light,
 And watched the gray top of the distant hill.


At length upon its misty height appeared
 The long-looked form. Peace crowned her brow
 serene;

Among the odorous blooms greetings were heard,
 While joy crowned the blissful summer scene.

Dresden, Tenn.. 1870.



VISIONS.


 HAPPY childhood, thy sweet, sunny morn,
 Unshadowed by sad thoughts of decay,
 Amid thy wreaths of hope entwines no thorn,
 No fear of change! So far, so far away
 The nether gulf of sin and sorrow lies
 Awaiting thine advancing footsteps; meads
 That swell in verdure which a thousand dies
 Bespangle intervene. Still onward leads
 Grim destiny; and thou must follow where
 Deceit and fraud have laid thee many a snare,

Unless perchance thou sink into the tomb
That hidden lies beneath life's radiant bloom.

O maidenhood, how happy are thy dreams,
Pure as the skies that arched fair Eden's bowers,
Bright as Eve's starry diadem that gleams
More bright as low she bends to kiss the flowers!
Deep in thy heart a sweet, unquiet flame
Burns still, lit up with love's own glowing hand.
Dream'st thou pale sorrow ne'er will come to claim
Thee, too—bid thee, too, join her mourning band?
The hour will come when friends thou deem'st
thine own
In utmost need will leave thee sad and lone;
Build not thy hopes on this world's sinking sands,
Build on that Rock that every storm withstands.

O motherhood, how tender and how true!
Though faded maiden visions, yet thy hopes
Now circle round thy boy with brightest hue.
Thou prayest for him life's greenest, sunniest
slopes;
And if—ah, oft 'tis so!—his wayward feet
Seem prone to stray in paths of wrong and strife,
Thou risest from thy midnight couch to meet
The living God and wrestle for his life.
Unto thy lone, dim closet slowly stealing,
And 'mid its clustering shadows lowly kneeling,
Methinks about sacred place of prayer
Angels, with snowy pinions, hover there.

O manhood, dreams bright as the orient sun
Haunt thee! The common path thou soarest high
Above; with tireless wing thou hop'st to win
The goal that gains for thee fame's clarion cry.

Thou goest out in the solemn night to roam,
 And watch the silent whirl of myriad stars;
 Thou questionest, with eager soul, her dome
 Of mysteries locked in her silver cars.
 Alas! too late oft comes the laurel wreath;
 A Tasso's brow was pale and cold in death
 Before the long-grudged bays trembled above
 The lips that sung of glory and of love.

Meek Christian, dream'st of spotless righteousness?
 Temptations compass thee, as shades the tomb.
 Hope thou in God; visions of endless bliss
 Will light a world shrouded in gathering gloom.
 Walk thou with fair humility's sweet band,
 Disturb not thee visions of fame's proud crest;
 Thou hearest the cry that sounds o'er time's dark
 strand:

“Come unto me, and I will give you rest.” [song:
 Floats down to thee sweet Heaven's own glorious
 “Be faithful, true, and with my blood-washed throng
 Thy brightest hopes thou'lt more than realize,
 When, as a scroll, are rolled time's arching skies.”



SEPTEMBER.

Gorgeous, lovely, and fair
 As Turkish poet's dream of paradise,
 With dark-eyed houris, charming, gracious, wise,
 Circling in splendor there

From August's fainting days
 Comes grandly forth September, golden shod,
 And scatters ripened fruit and golden-rod
 Through all the orchard ways.

The crimson flame of morn
Is heralded by trilling mocking bird,
And on the grassy slopes sweet sounds are heard
And in the yellowing corn.

The scarlet cypress' breath
Fills all the dreamy air, and in the dells
The wild convolvulus still swings her bells
And twines her emerald wreath.

The busy hum of bees
Comes floating from the tufted meadow lands;
The spacious fields, where snowy cotton stands,
Are girt with reddening trees.

Within the woodlands dim
The cattle stroll, where flow the dark'ning rills;
And o'er the uplands growing sere there thrills
The dove's pathetic hymn.

'Neath gold and red leaves vying
Hang clusters of blue grapes, and winding through
The gorgeous landscape gemmed with silver dew
A coronach is sighing.

Hist! how it falls and swells
And tells of broken hearts and midnight glooms
Unpierced with stars, and lonely, ghostly tombs,
And Sorrow's leaden spells!

Month with the golden crown,
We hail thee here; and yet we mourn, we mourn;
Alas! of beauty earth will soon be shorn
By Winter's icy frown.




MRS. JUDITH WINSTON PILCHER.

MRS. JUDITH WINSTON PILCHER.

Mrs. Pilcher is a Daughter of the American Revolution and eligible as a Colonial Dame, being descended from Governor Spottswood, of Virginia, and James Caldwell, of Virginia. The latter was the soldier-preacher of the Presbyterian Church at Elizabethtown, a zealous patriot, and was so obnoxious to the Tories that they burned his house and church in 1780. Soon afterwards the British from Staten Island fell upon the village of Cumberland Farms, where his wife and children were temporarily resident, and the wife was killed by a shot while praying with her children. It is said of Capt. Caldwell that, being short of wadding at one time, he distributed hymn books to the soldiers, with the exhortation: "Now, boys, put Watts into them." Mrs. Pilcher is energetic in Centennial affairs, and is chairman of space in the Woman's Building. She is the wife of Capt. M. B. Pilcher, whose people were prominently connected with the early history of Tennessee, and who was himself distinguished for gallant conduct in the Confederate service. She has a brilliant and versatile mind, a most gracious and charming personality, and has long exercised a potent sway over the social world of Nashville. She has fine literary attainments, and wields a graceful, versatile pen. Her father, Dr. John Winston, was one of the most prominent physicians in Nashville.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

[On his death]


 HE night lamps dimly burn;
 The death moth's ghostly tap is on the floor;
 The gray owl silent flits around the tarn,
 And low winds creep along the wild old moor;
 The cold, pale stars cast through
 The cirrus clouds a solemn, ghastly glow;
 No dewdrops kiss the violet's cups of blue,
 And gray bats through the gloom dart to and fro.

Within the darksome dells
 The deadly nightshade spreads her poison leaves,
 And through the acacia boughs, with solemn swells
 And cadences, a mournful anthem grieves.
 Wherefore is all this sadness?
 Throughout the happy, flowery summer day
 The birds and breezes chanted notes of gladness.
 Why traileth Sorrow's sable robes this way?

Paler—yes, fainter—grow
 The mystic stars. The night is almost spent.
 The pallid morn looks in, and, bowing low,
 Her tears are with the wailing breezes blent.
 With drooping wing, each bird
 Forgets to greet the grayly dawning day;
 And weird, unearthly music now is heard,
 As o'er Æolian harps the sad winds play.

Afar the matin bell
 Rings out a dreary, sullen monotone.
 Wherefore is this? Yestere'en the fairy spell
 Of joyous beauty o'er the glad earth shone;

Now, in the wailing breeze,

The crimson-hearted fuchsia slowly swings,
And in the somber depths of shuddering trees
The caterpillar weaves her filmy rings.

Ah, ere the sun's gold ray

Did flood the Southern hills with ruby wines,
"Andrew Johnson's life has passed away!"

Came flashing o'er the telegraphic lines.
Grief spreads her tear-steeped zones

From broad Atlantic's silvery-sanded shore
Unto Pacific's Coast. The nation mourns;
A patriotic statesman is no more.

Out from the purple west

Bring flowers. O sorrowing South, thy rarest
bloom

Bring thou. Thy garlands bring, O North and East,
Wherewith to wreath a noble patriot's tomb.

Ah, still's the thrilling voice

That chained all hearts with glowing eloquence!
Th' unbidden guest his sable wing did poise

Above our brave, and now he has gone hence
To that bright country, where

No tears e'er fall, no darksome tempests rise
Beyond the track of old Night's dusky cars.

O Tennessee, one of thy brightest stars

Is crowned with bays beneath unfading skies!



MRS MARTHA JONES GENTRY

MRS. MARTHA JONES GENTRY.

Mrs. Gentry, wife of Watson Meredith Gentry, M.D., and formerly surgeon in the Confederate service, is a Daughter of the American Revolution, tracing her lineage from three great-grandfathers—Col. Joel Lane, Tignal Jones, and John Hinton—all of Wake County, North Carolina. They were delegates to the Provincial Congress which met at Hillsboro, August 21, 1775. The General Assembly met at the house of Col. Lane, June, 1781; and April 4, 1792, the latter conveyed a thousand acres of land to the State, upon which the city of Raleigh now stands. Joel Lane was a descendant of Sir Ralph Lane, of England; and his descendants have lived in North Carolina from 1720 to the present time. Mrs. Gentry is a "Daughter of the Confederacy" and commissioner from Williamson County for the Tennessee Centennial. She is a gracious woman of stately personality; and her suburban home, "Maplehurst," is the seat of elegant hospitality. Miss Susie Gentry, the only child of Dr. and Mrs. Gentry, is a D. A. R. and representative from her county to the Woman's Board of the Centennial. On her paternal side she is a descendant of Louis Stockell, an officer in Queen Elizabeth's household. She is a writer, musical composer, and painter; and her fascinating manner wins friends for her wherever she goes.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

[To my son, Oscar.]



WONDERFUL, O beautiful, dear earth!
 So fraught with mystery and sin and love,
 Dost linger with thee strains sung at thy birth
 By morning stars throned in the blue above?

Sure love's an echo of that holy song
 That still remains amid thy hidden things?
 For which to solve a toiling, weary throng
 Have soared and sunk with futile murmurings.

That singing bird on yonder waving tree
 Must die, and wherefore? Sure there's some great
 cause
 That it must live, exultant, busy, free,
 Then droop and die, fulfilling nature's laws.

The kingly tree must crumble into dust,
 E'en as the violet smiling at its base;
 O, sage philosophers, why is life thrust
 On man and bird and tree for a short space,

Till life is dear for ghastly death to claim?
 O, glorious stars, in silent circles wheeling,
 Ye hold grand mysteries! Know ye Death's name?
 The fiat comes o'er eighteen centuries stealing
 That heaven—yea, heaven and earth—shall pass
 away,
 E'en as the scented, beauteous flowers of May;

E'en as the cloudland castles, sunset's bowers,
Begirt with golden turret and blue moat,
Fade out and flee with ancient Night, where cowers
The monster whose dread arrows send afloat

On Styx some soul each hour. With sages wise,
Talk all of heat waves, light waves, demonstra-
tions;
They show no path that leads up to the skies,
Where is no death. Unto the starving nations

They break no bread of life; no healing streams
Point out to wayworn, bleeding feet that falter
Along earth's pathway. Lo! afar there gleams
For poor mortality Hope's glorious altar,

Whose base is earth, whose crown's beyond the stars;
And though we solved the mysteries here which
pass
Man's power and those of heaven's silver cars,
We are as cymbals or as sounding brass;
Without the heavenly robe of meek-eyed love,
Can gain no entrance to the courts above.





MRS. MARTHA JOHNS NICHOL.

MRS. MARTHA JOHNS NICHOL.

Mrs. Nichol is eligible as a Daughter of the American Revolution and Colonial Dame, having descended from Bishop Johns, of Virginia, who gave valuable assistance to the colonists. On her maternal side she comes from Stephen Hopkins, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Their descendants founded the Johns Hopkins University. In her early girlhood she married J. D. B. DeBow, who was known at home and abroad as the distinguished editor of DeBow's Review, the only purely literary periodical that ever succeeded in the South. In three years death cut short this happy union; and some years later Mrs. DeBow married Dr. W. L. Nichol, one of the most noted physicians in the State. She has a courtly presence, is a polished conversationalist, and adapts herself to circumstances everywhere. Mrs. Nichol is an invaluable member of the Woman's Board of the Centennial, being very energetic in the work even amid the press of social engagements in her select circle. She has four children—three of her first marriage, and one of the latter, Mr. W. L. Nichol, Jr., who hopes to have his father's professional mantle fall on his shoulders; Mr. J. D. B. DeBow, one of the most prominent young lawyers of the Nashville bar; Mr. B. L. DeBow, a leading lawyer, resident at Seattle, Wash.; and the lovely and accomplished Mrs. J. W. Thomas, wife of the president of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway.

FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.



HUSHED are the songs of the birds, and the
skies

Weep sad tears o'er each faded wreath!
Low dirges in dismantled forests arise
For the year that has gone to his death.

Ushered in with exultant rejoicing, Old Year,
You came to us glorious and young,
With fond visions glowing, no sorrowing fear
Intermixed with the gay songs you sung.

Many hopes have been born and decayed like the
leaves
That ride on the drear, wintry blast; [sheaves,
And many been crowned with fruition—bright
In the pathway of happiness cast.

How blithely you smiled on the sweet, blushing bride
And the groom at the altar of love, [glide
Hearts enchanted with beautiful strains that e'er
Down the ages from Eden's green grove!

And—alas!—with your breezes have mingled the
sighs
Of breaking hearts uttering no wails,
Hearts that longed for broad pinions to spread and
uprise
And float free on the strength of your gales;

And sweet notes of sympathy ever you sung
When darling ones sunk 'neath the sod;
You whispered of hope till the sad hearts upsprung
And seized on the promise of God,

That promise of a home that may cheer every soul
 That gropes through the valley of tears,
 A home in that country whose treasures unroll
 Far over the silvery spheres.

Then a fond, tender farewell we bid you, Old Year,
 And greet the New Year with a song;
 And though he may bring to us many a tear,
 Blight our frames, like your foliage, yellow and sere,
 May our hearts through all years remain young.



MIDWINTER.

WHILE I sit here by my fireside
 Grieving over hopes just slain,
 Drearly the frozen raindrops
 Surge against my windowpane.

Through the great, snow-mantled city,
 How the people come and go!
 And I hear the banshee keening
 Just outside my studio—

Keening here at my sky parlor,
 Where I've worked and earned a fame,
 Earned a fame unsatisfying;
 Two broad continents know my name

Waves of gold have swept unto me
 Through the siren's trumpet tongue;
 And an hour ago Love's sweetest,
 Dearest visions round me clung.

Lying near this famous painting
 Are the dainty cards embossed—
 His and hers; they bid me go and
 Witness what my soul has lost.

Thrice o'er refined the cruelty
 To see her trail her robes of lace
 Along the aisle's rich carpeting
 Unto the holy altar place;

To see the tiara of diamonds
 Glitter in her dusky hair,
 Hear her breathe a vow that's perjured
 At that sacred altar there!

Months have passed since we together
 Walked beside the sunlit sea,
 Where she softly, shyly whispered
 Vows of constancy to me.

O, the white-capped waves were singing,
 Singing as they struck the shore!
 O, delicious breathed the roses
 When she said: "Yours evermore!"

Roses—ah, here lies a cluster
 Just like those! I'll fling them out,
 Out into the freezing tempest;
 There! my grief they shall not flout.

Gracious form and mouth of sweetness,
 Rows of pearls—O how she sang!
 Ah, into my very spirit
 Struck a viper's deadly fang.

Yes, I walked in a fool's heaven;
O, the stars, they seemed to sing,
As upon her taper finger
I did slip a solitaire ring!

Gorgeously September's banners
Floated on the mist-hung hills;
Love's divinest tunes were stealing
From the bosoms of the rills.

Madrigals were sung by grosbeaks
'Neath the scarlet coverts there,
Where I kissed the golden sunbeams
Tangled in her dusky hair.

O, the clear, dream-haunted river
That, with shallow, eddying flirts,
Laughing past its sedgy margins,
Tucking round the village skirts,

Where we floated and she looked so
Charming in her boating guise!
All the earth was bathed in glory,
Swinging in the starry skies.

O, she loved me! but it's over;
For the hour is now gone by
For the nuptials, and she's stained her
White soul with an awful lie—

Lied to God, and spurned a love she
Could not gauge, while centuries rolled;
A millionaire some twenty times has
Bought her beauty with his gold.

A portiere of painted velvet
 'Neath an arch was swept aside,
 And the artist's youthful brother
 Entered with impatient stride.

“Fred., what are you doing here this
 Day of days in study deep?
 Sure this is no time for painting;
 On my word, the man's asleep!”

“Three hours hence you are to marry;
 'Phonse is mad at your delay;
 Ho! old boy, your eyes are shining—
 Yes, you're happy; come, away!”



A REMINISCENCE.

WITH children grouped about his feet,
 I saw him stand that day;
 While in the church stole perfumes sweet
 Upon the breath of May.

A host had gathered there that hour—
 The aged, the fair, the youth—
 To hear this man of wondrous power*
 Proclaim the gospel truth.

His voice rose from the sacred place
 In humble, fervent prayer;
 And—O!—the light that from his face
 Beamed forth upon us there.

*The late Dr. Broadus, of Louisville, Ky.

It was the Holy Spirit's light
 Indwelling in his soul
From jasper walls reflected bright,
 His ransomed spirit's goal!
His eyes swept o'er the youthful group
 That clustered round his feet;
I think the angels well might stoop
 To hear such accents sweet:
"Live, boys, for the glory of our God;
 For the good of men—O!—live.
Then for life's race you'll be well shod;
 His peace to you he'll give."
Remember what the old man said;
 O, boys, remember true—
Yes, take the words when I am dead;
 Life, joy, they'll give to you.
Who could forget his words so mild,
 So humble, yet so grand?
In their simplicity a child
 Could surely understand.
Alas! my friends, upon his like
 We may not look again;
Death loves a shining mark to strike—
 One more grand hero's slain.
The church weeps sore this fallen man,
 But she lifts tearful praise;
To heaven's courts he's just outran
 Us, friends, by a few days.
A little while, and we shall be
 With him at Jesus' feet;
We'll stand beside the crystal sea,
 Our bliss will be complete.



MISS MARY BOYCE TEMPLE.

MISS MARY BOYCE TEMPLE.

Miss Temple is a Daughter of the American Revolution, being descended on her maternal side from Capt. Samuel Craig, who served under Washington in the Revolutionary War. Her great-great-grandfather, Maj. Temple, fought under Sevier at King's Mountain. She is Regent of the Bonny Kate Chapter of D. A. R., and Secretary of the Federation of Woman's Clubs, also Vice President of East Tennessee for the Woman's Department of the Centennial. She has always been foremost in every movement for the advancement of woman's work in her city. Her father, Judge O. P. Temple, was for years Chancellor in his district, and no one ever wore more spotless ermine than he. She is a woman of fine presence and rare attractions, and does the honors of her stately home with a grace peculiarly her own. Extensive travel abroad has given her fine advantages. She is one of the alumni of Vassar College.

A CELESTIAL MARRIAGE.

[Written in January, 1889, when Mars and Venus were in conjunction.]

HAVE you heard, have you heard of the wedding
 That has just taken place up above,
 Where a fair bride, her grand train outspreading
 In the empurpled dome,
 And a brave martial groom
 Have assumed the bonds precious of love?

'Twas the night of the second of January
 The right royal nuptials took place.
 Uranus sent looks cold and wary;
 But Aleyone up there
 Smiled on the fond pair,
 And Virginis the marriage did grace.

The long summer they've been coquetting
 In the sight of all earth. She did beam;
 And he, his great war plans forgetting,
 Left his bugle horn mute
 And caught up a lute
 And caroled of love's golden dream.

That gossip, young Mercury, first told it
 To Pallas and Ceres—the lout;
 The fond, loving tale, could they hold it?
 Then some light, chattering Poll
 Quick went and told Sol,
 And—lo!—the whole secret was out.

Perched on Hydra was old Nox, the sable,
 And Corvus, with blear, evil eyes;

To approve of such joy were unable.
They veiled their dark faces
Before such rare graces
As those that streamed out in the skies.

Old Saturn, the dreary-faced Satyr,
Blinked and frowned and made up such a face
That Neptune cried out: "What's the matter?"
Then the ringed, envious hack,
With green eyes, shouted back:
"The War-god is running a race."

Then benevolent Jupiter, beaming,
Cried: "Hush! let the brave have the fair!"
Then Earth smiled; and some grand comets,
streaming
Their glorious graces
In still remote spaces,
In all the bright talk took a share.

Why, even the proud Cynosura
Almost turned her eyes from the Bear
To see how fair Venus did lure her
Great Mars to her feet,
With love's garlands sweet;
Even Orion smiled on the pair.

Now she's floating eastward; he's lagging,
But still on the same way they move.
They're mutually drawn; love's not flagging.
Their fond vows they keep
As royally they sweep
Through the empurpled deep
In the strong, golden bonds of God's love.



MRS. ELIZABETH CARUTHERS EWING.

MRS. ELIZABETH CARUTHERS EWING.

Mrs. Ewing is eligible as a Daughter of the American Revolution, being descended from Ethan Allen, the illustrious colonial hero. She is the daughter of the late Hon. Abram Caruthers, founder of the law school in Cumberland University, and niece of the late Judge Robert L. Caruthers, of the Supreme Bench of the State. She married, in 1867, Capt. Charles M. Ewing, a leading lawyer in West Tennessee, who as a soldier did gallant service in the Civil War in the First Tennessee Regiment. Mrs. Ewing has a charming personality, fine literary tastes, and an inexhaustible fund of repartee. Her only daughter is the wife of Mr. Rhea Cary, a talented young lawyer of Memphis; and her son, Caruthers, who married Miss Winston, of Brownsville, is a rising young lawyer of that city. He was page of the Senate for several terms, and then assistant clerk. Mrs. Ewing is a social leader, sweet-spirited, and very popular with all classes. "Cedarhurst," her suburban home, at Dresden (aptly styled the Athens of West Tennessee), is a beautiful place, where she entertains distinguished guests with characteristic Southern hospitality.



MRS. MARY WOOLRIDGE LATHAM.

MRS. MARY WOOLRIDGE LATHAM.

Mrs. Latham is a Daughter of the American Revolution and eligible to the order of Colonial Dame, being the great-great-granddaughter of the Countess de Villiane, who gave up wealth, position, and friends in her devotion to the cause of American independence. Her great-grandfather did gallant service in the Revolutionary War, and was in the battle of Yorktown. Her grandfather, Col. J. B. White, was the intimate friend of President Monroe, and through him was invited by Congress to escort Lafayette through Kentucky during his visit to this country. Mrs. Latham is Director of the Children of the American Revolution, appointed to that office by Mrs. Lothrop (Margaret Sidney) some months ago. She is a member of the Hermitage Association, and is an enthusiastic worker on the Centennial Board for Shelby County. She is a woman of broad charities, wields a facile pen, and possesses that sweet graciousness and tact that fits her for a social leader. Her palatial home, "Roselawn," on Maple Avenue, in Memphis, is the scene of many elegant entertainments; and its doors are always open to the poor as well as the rich. She is the wife of Judge Thomas J. Latham, one of the most popular, successful, and public-spirited men of the Bluff City.

THEY'LL LOVE THEE THERE.

[To Mrs. Fannie D. Nelson, Nashville, Tennessee.]



LADY, could I woo some strain
 From heavenly harps to sing of thee,
 Some sweet, seraphic, glad refrain
 That swells the anthems of the free!

For—O!—an angel's pen 'twould take
 To paint the beams that light thy face.
 Up from thy heart they ever break,
 Serenely filled with heaven's own grace.

Even as in olden times in Wales
 Sweet waters flowed from "Holy Well,"
 Whence came thy father's name,* soft gales
 From heaven sung round its mount-crowned dell.

O lady, many, many hearts
 Just lower than the angels are,
 All feel the love thy soul imparts
 As light leaps forth from star to star;

For if they walk in storm or fair,
 Thy sympathies they have a share.
 In peaceful, lovely pastures green,
 And by still waters' silvery sheen,

He leadeth thee, his loved, his own;
 And there, up there before his throne,
 'Mid jasper walls and lilies fair,
 They'll love thee there, they'll love thee there!

*The name Howell, it is said, from which descended the eminent divine, R. B. C. Howell, D.D., was originally derived from a spring in Wales called "Holy Well."

PYGMALION.

THE Pleiades faded; Orion's bright belt
In th' deep, purple heavens was paling;
A sculptor all night at a gray fane had knelt;
The faint breath of morning his cold cheek now
felt,
For white mists the far east were scaling.

He saw birds of prey on still pinions flit home,
And the sun his red lances upflinging
On grim, lonely tower and great marble dome,
Inhaled the soft breeze from a garden's rich bloom,
And heard the gay lark's happy singing.

A moment he paused in the dew-laden air,
Then threaded the valley of roses,
With impatient gesture tossed back the brown hair
From a brow on which lay the grim seal of despair
Dark as night that without a star closes.

His great artist soul was consumed with a love,
A yearning intense, more heart-crushing
Than Crete's daughter felt in fair Naxos' green
grove,
Where she, in mad anguish, deserted, did rove,
When Theseus to Athens was rushing.

His deep, piercing eye heeded not the bright morn,
Nor the blossoms his footsteps were spurning;
His deadly white features were weary and worn;
Of joy and beauty his young life was shorn
By the flame in his sad bosom burning.

He bowed his proud head on his broad, heaving
breast,

And slowly his studio entered—

The studio where he had won fame's brilliant crest,
Where now stood a statue by sunbeams caressed,
The statue on which his soul centered.

'Twas wondrously beautiful, limbs full and round
As were Venus's from the foam risen,
Her air chaste as Dian's, her rich hair unbound
Majestic as Juno; the proud head was crowned:
"If this marble a warm soul could prison."

'Twas the cry of the sculptor, as prostrate he
bowed

At the feet of the statue, cold, senseless:

"O Jove, whose pavilion is fire and cloud,
Hear my prayer, or in death this worn form en-
shroud;
Bow thine ear to a mortal defenseless.

"Right into Olympian glories I'd wing
My petition. Thou knowest my dreaming.
Jove, into this marble insensate O bring
A warm soul! Bliss eternal away I would fling
To see those cold eyes with soul beaming."

His eyes sought the statue; he slowly uprose.

Lo! the pure face with blushes is burning;
A rich, rosy tide through the azure veins flows;
The fair bosom heaves; life's wild rapture glows
In the soft, violet eyes upward turning.

A beautiful rose hue dawned over the frame,
And golden grew the rich tresses.
Her eye sought the sculptor, and love's burning
flame
Filled her breast; she leaned toward him, and o'er
her face came
Smiles as tender as Cupid's caresses.

He sprung to her side with a cry of delight;
Realized was his glorious vision;
The marble he'd chiseled through many a night
Was a warm, breathing form, glowing womanhood
bright;
He was steeped in joys elysian.





MRS. NOVELLA DAVIS MARKS.

MRS. NOVELLA DAVIS MARKS.

Mrs. Marks is eligible to the orders of Daughters of the American Revolution and Colonial Dame, being descended from John Williamson, who fought at the age of fifteen under Gen. Greene. On her maternal side she comes from the Clydes and Scotts, of Scotland. The latter gave Sir Walter to literature. Her great-grandfather, Evan Davis, fought at King's Mountain. Her grandfather, Thomas Davis, was a wealthy, leading citizen of Wilson County. Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, was a grand-nephew of Evan Davis. Her father was John Davis, who served in the Legislatures of 1859, 1860, and 1861, and was a cavalry officer in the Civil War, his battalion opening the battle of Perryville. She comes also from the Hunters, of Virginia, and the Drakes and Bridges, of North Carolina. Francis Drake came to Southampton, Va., 250 years ago. He was a son of Bamfield Drake and nephew to Sir Francis Drake, the navigator. Mrs. Marks is First Vice Regent of the Hermitage Association, and she has helped largely to place it on the firm basis that it to-day occupies. She is the widow of the late exgovernor, A. S. Marks, honored for his upright public career and private virtues. She entered heartily into her husband's aspirations, keeping herself acquainted with the political questions of the day. She is graceful and attractive, and beloved by the circle of friends of which she is the center.




MRS. KATHERINE CANTRELL EASTMAN.

MRS. KATHERINE CANTRELL EASTMAN.

Mrs. Eastman is a Daughter of the American Revolution and eligible as a Colonial Dame, being descended from Gen. William White, a Revolutionary hero, and William Cantrell, who came from England with John Smith in the bark Phœnix to Virginia in 1608. In June of that year he, in company with other gentlemen, made important explorations along the Chesapeake Bay. He was a writer, and furnished important notes to the history of those times. There is in the Nashville Historical Society a muster roll of Capt. Stephen Cantrell's company, who fought in the Revolutionary War, written in his own handwriting. The roll is highly prized by the society, as it is the only original one that was preserved. Mrs. Eastman has traveled extensively in Europe and the East. She is a strikingly beautiful woman, of fine literary acumen; and her high culture, together with her engaging, gracious manner, eminently fits her for leadership in her select circle.

LINES

TO MRS. EDWARD H. EAST.


 LADY, we had climbed life's upward slope,
 Were drifting toward the rosy sunset tides,
 Ere we did meet; and now, with happy hope,
 We're anchored to that home where joy abides.

Memories trooping come of bygone years;
 O, I sung care free in the bowers of youth,
 But later wept most bitter tears,
 So many loved ones left for heavenly spheres
 Who'd faithful pointed me to paths of truth.

At that time Doubt rose with her fearsome "No"
 (With you, my friend, I trust 'twas never so),
 And flung her sable wrapping o'er my soul;
 And while I gazed in that abyss of woe,
 A black pall clothed the world from pole to pole.

I may not tell the bitterness I felt—
 Ah, no; for words would fail to paint it right—
 As, tossed with fears, at that dark fane I knelt,
 Unmindful of the heaven's stars of light,
 Unmindful that they ever sing on as they shine:
 "The glorious hand that made us is divine."

Dark groped the days. At last the summers rose,
 And sung of hope; and roses bloomed again,
 Sweet as the spicy breeze that plaintive blows
 Amid the bowers of your own native plain.

And then Faith strung again her golden lyre,
 And swept the strings and sung her sweet, sweet
 song;
 And black Doubt crouched upon her funeral pyre,
 And Peace around my soul her garlands flung;

And when I saw you in the Senate hall—
 Your lustrous eye and classic brow of Greece—
 And heard you plead for girlhood's rights in all,
 I recognized a white soul crowned with peace.

And so, dear lady, when your footsteps come
 Beside the river of life, so pure and clear,
 You'll have your sure reward in that bright home
 For taking up the cause of girlhood here.

Nashville, January 30, 1892.



THE SILVER MEDAL.

[Written on John Somers, Jr. (aged ten), receiving a silver medal for scholarship and deportment at the High School at Dresden, Tenn.]

D*EAR boy, fair childhood's deep, cerulean skies
 Are bending softly o'er thy pathway now;
 And a fond father's speaking, adoring eyes
 Dwell proudly on thy frank, ingenious brow.

Filled with fair childhood's simple trust and truth,
 Thy bosom heaves with true and honest pride;
 While just beyond lie Enna meads of youth,
 And fond, bright dreams before thy vision glide.

O, John, life holds not many hours like these,
 And Enna meads of youth soon glide away!
 Thou, too, must bow to nature's stern decrees:
 O, boy, choose for thy guiding star, I pray,

That one which shone o'er Bethlehem's still height;
 And when hoar age shall steal upon thy way,
 And earth's cares dim thy spirit's joyous light,
 'Twill guide thy footsteps to eternal day.



MISS SUSIE GENTRY.

JOLIE JANIE RAY.

① JOLIE Janie Ray!
② Come, listen, I say,
To this fond little lay.

From what lovely clime
Have you flown, Janie Ray,
To the realms of old time,
O'er our hearts to hold sway?

You've caught from the skies
Some blue for your eyes;
You've caught from the rose
For your cheeks lovely glows.

O, Jolie Janie Ray,
We are happy and gay
At sight of your smiles,
Your dimples, and wiles!

You're dainty, you're fair,
Jolie Janie sweet,
From your soft, silken hair
To your wee rosy feet.

O, Jolie Janie Ray,
I love you! I pray
God may bless you always.



MRS. MARTHA MOORE ALLEN.

Mrs. Allen is eligible as a Daughter of the American Revolution and Colonial Dame, being a lineal descendant of Moses Porter, Ensign Sixth Massachusetts, 1777; Lieutenant Third Continental Artillery,

April, 1779; Lieutenant United States Artillery Battalion, October, 1786; Captain First Artillery, May, 1794; Major of the Twenty-sixth Artillery, May, 1800; Colonel Light Artillery, March 12, 1812; Brevetted Brigadier General, Sept. 10, 1812. Mrs. Allen comes of the Moores of Revolutionary fame. Her great-grandfather, Andrew Moore, came from Wales, and was a kinsman of Sir Thomas Moore, the poet. She is also a lineal descendant of the DeVeres, of England, and has as much stamina in her make-up as Aubrey DeVere, twentieth Earl, who refused to aid King James II. in packing a Parliament, and was dismissed from the court thereupon. Mrs. Allen is an enthusiastic temperance worker, having taught a night school in this city for more than a year, under the auspices of the Central W. C. T. U., being the treasurer when that union was first organized, and was afterwards president of a local union in North Nashville. The State Convention elected her alternate to the National Convention, which met in Nashville; and she acted as delegate, the elected member failing to come. When the National Convention met in Denver some years afterwards, she was the only delegate elected from this State, and journeyed across the plains to the foot of Pike's Peak in that official capacity. She is a good writer, and a frequent contributor to the daily press; has finished several Chautauquan courses, and holds certificates for the same. Her husband, Mr. J. D. Allen, is a lumber dealer, and has large lumber interests, in connection with their son, Junius Allen, in Memphis and Arkansas. Mrs. Allen has a handsome, attractive presence; and her fine conversational powers and cordial manner make for her hosts of friends.



MISS EAST.

A TENNESSEE HEROINE.

WIDENING slowly the Cumberland crept
Out of its banks; from the frozen North
swept
Cold winds; and swift from the mountain came
down

Swollen streams,
Where the eagle screams,
Defying nature's frown.

Sheeted with ice were the dim, lonely tarns,
Shelter the lowing kine sought in the barns;
In mansion and cot the inmates stayed
From bleak, bitter winds that, like sleuthhounds,
bayed,
And blighted each crocus's golden star
That would fain hint of summer days yet afar.

Not every one stayed in their homes that day;
For a youth of fifteen, who delights in the play
Of the sweeping wind and the dashing wave,
Comes forth their grim, wild freaks to brave..
His canoe lightly shoots o'er the backwaters wide,
And soon gains the river's white, frothing tide;
A moment longer the boat flies swift,
And is then capsized in some floating drift.

Young Comer Hall,
Athletic and tall,
Chilled to the bone,
Makes no moan,
But beats his way, like a hero brave,
To a submerged isle, where some treetops wave.

Clinging to these,
Where the waters freeze,
Young Comer sees
His mother and sister flying down,
Wringing their hands in fear that he'll drown.

A while they stand and moan and weep,
Where the cold backwaters, widening, creep;
Then up the hill the sister flies;
Into the old gray barn she hies;
Forth she comes with a strong-limbed steed,
To the river pulls him with all her speed.

Only haltered he,
Never faltered she,
As on the bank,
Freezing and dank,
Off her warm outer clothing she tore,
And a holy purpose her sweet eyes wore;
While her fresh, young voice keyed soft and high:
"Mother, I'll save my brother or die."

Out through the bitter flood she sweeps,
Past where the old dead driftwood leaps,
She urges the horse. She gains the isle.
No grander form down the ages file
Than this maid, I ween,
This girl of thirteen.


She grasps her brother with a strong hand there;
He bestrides the horse with a worn, spent air;
The neighbors gathered; glad shouts ring o'er
The surging stream as they turn to the shore.
Doubly burdened, the hoof strokes slack;

But landward brother and sister float;
 Her hair, sweeping heavily down her back,
 Touches the gallant steed's sodden coat.
 Close clasped in thanksgiving is many a hand,
 As brother and sister come safe to land.

In the long, long ago, in Coventry Street,
 Went Godiva's fleet whirl,
 Nude and pure as a pearl;
 But 'twas not such a grand, such a glorious feat
 As was Mica's, the Tennessee girl;
 Above her let Fame's golden banner unfurl.



LITTLE JOHN'S REQUEST.*

 NEH! here is your Easter egg,
 All tied with ribbon blue;
 We'll hang it on this little peg,
 An emblem of "the true."

We'll teep it until Tismas tomes,
 With all its difts and joys,
 That makes so b'ight the happy homes,
 And div' it to Santa Taus.

*A boy of four summers found in November his cousin's Easter egg, which had been carefully kept, and thereupon he made the request to save it to give to Santa Claus.



MRS. SARAH EWING GAUT.

MRS. SARAH EWING GAUT.

Mrs. Gaut is a Daughter of the American Revolution, being the granddaughter of Capt. Alexander Ewing, who fought in the Revolutionary War. She is also a lineal descendant of Lord Russell, of England, whose grandson was in the battle of King's Mountain. Mrs. Gaut is a member of the Hermitage Association, an active worker on the Centennial Board, State Treasurer of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and Vice President of the Nashville chapter of that society. She did as much as any other woman in the State to assist and nurse the wounded during the Civil War. Formerly a social leader, a beauty, and a belle, she has given place to Miss Sadie McFadden, her granddaughter, one of the most attractive young ladies in the city. Mrs. Gaut has two children living—Mrs. Judge R. N. Richardson, of Franklin, Tenn., and Mr. William Carter, a son by a former marriage, who is connected with the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, at South Pittsburg, Tenn. His wife was the charming Miss Narcissa Cotnam, of Marion County. Another highly respected son, the late Mr. Joseph Carter, who was connected with the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, left three interesting children. His wife was Miss French, of this city. This young man's death and that of Mrs. McFadden has but served to intensify the lovely qualities of this woman of the old, aristocratic regime of the South. She is the widow of the late Judge Gaut, noted alike for his unswerving integrity on the bench as well as in his private life.




MRS. ANN ELIZA GARDNER STEPHENS.

MRS. ANN ELIZA GARDNER STEPHENS.

Mrs. Stephens is eligible as a Daughter of the Revolution and a Colonial Dame by right of her descent from John Hampton, of South Carolina, who was captain of a company of South Carolina Dragoons in 1779. Her paternal great-grandfather was Capt. James Gardner, of North Carolina, who entered the army in May, 1776, and served till the close of hostilities. Mrs. Stephens is the wife of Dr. James B. Stephens, one of Nashville's most prominent and successful physicians. Possessing fine conversational powers and a fund of rare good humor, as well as a heart filled with sweet charity, she is the charming center of a large circle of admiring friends that reaches the length and breadth of the State. She is a member of the Primitive Baptist Church and a Kentuckian by birth.

THE SPRINGTIME OF YOUTH.


 A beautiful spot in the journey of life
 Is the gay, golden springtime of youth!
 Its fair, sunny days free from sorrow and strife,
 Its valley with perfumes of roses is rife,
 Overwatched by the spirit of truth;

For Love trails his garlands along the bright ways,
 And there breathes his fond, faithful vows;
 O, sweetly they mingle with the nightingale's lays!
 And the sun of pure happiness sheds his soft rays
 On the altar before which he bows;

For the fell ghoul, Mistrust, there uplifts not his
 head,
 And the mountains of sin are unknown;
 Upon its green groves dews of silver are shed,
 And o'er it the wings of Content are outspread,
 And 'tis girdled with Faith's precious zone.

In this beautiful springtime a maiden once walked
 More lovely than Houri's dream,
 When there came to her side a brave, fond youth,
 who talked
 Of a glorious future. Hearts and hands interlocked
 And they launched on Love's murmuring stream—
 That murmuring stream that more beautiful grows
 As it reaches the gray hills of age,
 Where Heaven's own breath o'er its pure bosom
 blows,
 And the garlands that wreath it assume brighter
 glows,
 As it sweeps through its last earthly stage,

Where its bright waters mirror the fair gates of
pearl,
On their hinges of gold ever swinging;
There the perfumes of censers forever upcurl,
And lilies beside walls of jasper unfurl,
And anthems of praises are ringing.

The fond, youthful pair gently rocked with the tide,
Fanned by zephyrs that strayed through the vale,
Oft moored their light bark to the waters' green side
To pluck the sweet blossoms, the fragrant vale's
pride;
But those that she gathered grew pale;

For a specter peered there from each flowering
wreath,
And fastened his gaze on the bride.
O God, at his coming cold grows mortal breath!
She shuddered; the grim, fleshless finger of Death
Did beckon her there to his side.

O dread, silent battle, so sad when 'tis fought
In youth's own sweet, roseate vale,
When each circling hour some new bliss hath
brought,
When life, with a foretaste of heaven, is fraught,
And joy bells ring out on each gale!

Then the young husband rose in the might of his
love,
His bride from the specter to wrest;
With devotion akin to the powers above,
He bore her away to the far, classic grove,
To the fountains and palms of the East.

Italia's soft breezes swept o'er her frail frame,
And the specter was hid from her eyes;
And a still fairer loveliness o'er her face came,
As she gazed at the setting sun's banners of flame
In those wondrously beautiful skies.

And down the broad Corso full often they strayed,
Or paused at some obelisk or fount,
Lingered by some old wall on which lay the deep
shade
Of centuries, or looked on the dim haze that played
Around some far, classic mount.

They stopped 'neath triumphal arches, and paused
In some old ruin's soft, somber shade
For long hours together. Their faithful hearts
roused
To new fervor; they felt their souls closer espoused,
As, kneeling, they fervently prayed;

And when the Campagna her red wreaths uphung,
And purple and gold grew each glen,
Their faces turned southward, where Dante first
strung
His magical harp and such numbers outflung,
As made all the nations akin.

She the specter forgot in the vintage-hung vales,
Where they strolled in the eve's holy hush
Or swept o'er the Arno, when odorous gales
Sung of joy and hope, as they filled the white sails
And fanned her fair face to a blush.

And, singing some gay barcarolle as they sped
Along o'er the translucent tide,
She gathered the drifting leaves, golden and red,
That o'erhanging trees on the bright waters shed,
More happy than when first a bride.

What of him? O, his heart swelled with pæans of
praise
To Him who had brought back the bloom
To his fond darling's face, the sweet light of his days,
Who cheerily joined in the bulbul's glad lays
In fair Vallombrosa's rich gloom.

The royal years sped, full of life's richest wines;
And their home was a grand palace old,
Where, through mullioned windows, the golden sun
shines;
And, towering high, were the great Apennines,
Like a shepherd o'erwatching his fold.

Came a time when the specter stood there at the
door,
And, with ghostly tread, crossed to her side;
The moonlight fell white on the cold, marble floor;
Her soul floated out to the heavenly shore,
And the husband wept o'er his dead bride.

'Neath the Apennines' shadow they made her a tomb,
Where roses smile all the long year;
And the husband there waits for the specter to come
And call him away from the deep, lonely glooms
Up, up, where the springtime of youth ever blooms,
Where Christ wipes away ev'ry tear.



MRS. ANN HILL SNYDER.

MRS. ANN HILL SNYDER.

Mrs Snyder is eligible as a Daughter of the Revolution by right of her descent from the Robertsons of Revolutionary fame. Her grandmother was the daughter of General James Robertson, the founder of Nashville. She is Chairman of the Library Committee in the Woman's Department of the Centennial, a place for which she is well fitted, as much of her time has been devoted to literature. "My Scrap Book," a compilation by her of prose and poetry, is a fine volume; "The Civil War," from a Southern standpoint, and "On the Watauga and the Cumberland" are valuable works from her pen. Her husband served in the commissary department of the Confederate Army, while she for three years was President of the Tennessee Relief Association, which worked in Atlanta and Macon, Ga., the Federals having possession of Nashville. She is in the right place, for she is an indefatigable worker in the interests of the library; and unqualified success is crowning her efforts, which will be fully realized when the library is thrown open.



MRS MARY CURREY DORRIS.

MRS. MARY CURREY DORRIS.

Mrs. Dorris is a Daughter of the American Revolution, being descended from John Donelson, member of the House of Burgesses and colonel in the Revolutionary War. He rendered important services in the survey of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. Col. Donelson brought the first families down the Tennessee and up the Cumberland and settled Nashville. Mrs. Dorris organized the Hermitage Association, and has for years been an indefatigable worker, with the Regent, Mrs. Baxter, in furthering its interests, holding the position of secretary since its inception. She is also Secretary of the Cumberland Chapter of the D. A. R. She is an enthusiastic member of the Woman's Board, and a fine writer, newspaper correspondent, a Presbyterian, and very active in church work.

OUR BOB.

[Recited by little Annie Gilchrist at Governor Taylor's third inauguration, January 14, 1897.]



GOVERNOR of Tennessee,
 Again the people hail you here
 To rule our State so grand and free
 Beginning this Centennial year!

In lowly cot and lordly hall
 Fond, loyal hearts beat strong for you;
 And grave and gay and great and small
 Hail our grand chief so brave and true.

I think that flag more gladly flings
 Its stars and stripes out on the air,
 For hope in many a sad heart sings
 That erstwhile groped in dark despair.

Your clemency to captive cells
 Goes in and lifts the shadows drear;
 It breaks up Sorrow's leaden spells
 And hangs Hope's rosy chaplet there.

O, many a sorrowing heart you cheer
 With humor rare and happy flow,
 Of eloquence fond memories stir
 At strains of "Fiddle and the Bow."

Your silver notes the people sway,
 Laughter and tears the hour rules;
 Old care is whistled swift away
 Amid your "Paradise of Fools."

Now to our knightly chief, all hail!
May wisdom guide our Ship of State!
May truth and honor fill her sail,
And victory on her pennants wait!

Now once again to these grand halls
We welcome you—O happy State,
That you were mindful of her calls,
And always kind to small and great.

Because to you her honors dear
As in your own life's rich, red blood,
We pray for you this glad New Year
The choicest blessings of our God.





MISS HARRIET MARSHALL.

MISS HARRIET MARSHALL.*

Miss Marshall was eligible as a Colonial Dame and Daughter of the American Revolution, tracing her lineage directly back on her maternal side for nine generations to Samuel Richardson, who was born in England, in 1610, and came, with Governor Winthrop, to America in 1630. He was one of the founders of Woburn, Massachusetts. John Richardson, his son, was lieutenant in the Colonial Army from 1690 to 1697, and was in the siege of Quebec. Lieutenant Richardson married Miss Mary Pierson, of which union Jabez Richardson was born. The latter was united to Mehetabel Winthrop; and Rowland, their son, when he came of age, removed to Connecticut, where he married Miss Elizabeth Pierpoint. The daughter of this union, Mehetabel, married James Stow. Their daughter, Harriet, married Samuel Peck Hough, of which union was born Miss Harriet Stow Hough, who is Mrs. Andrew Marshall, of Nashville, and the mother of the subject of this sketch. Rowland Richardson, of Connecticut, served in the Revolutionary War, and entertained General Washington at the Richardson homestead. Mehetabel Stow, at that time quite a little girl, was wont afterwards to tell of his visit to her grandfather's, and of her having sat on the knee of the great general. Miss Marshall was a graduate of Vassar College; and after leaving school she continued her studies, although she was a social leader and much sought after. Her kindness of disposition and consideration

*Deceased.

for others made her a favorite wherever she went. She spent much time in Europe, the Holy Land, and Africa, traveling on horseback from Jaffa to Damascus, a distance of four hundred miles, and voyaging up the Nile. She made a pilgrimage to Oberammergau to see the "Passion Play" which the peasants there give every ten years. Miss Marshall was a fine musician, wielded a facile pen, and her letters from abroad were seized with avidity by the daily press. She was the only child of worshiping parents; the light, the genius, the joy of the palatial home on Capitol Square, so often the scene of generous hospitality. She was the affianced bride of the son of a leading statesman at Washington, and life's vista opened brilliantly for her. The interesting and beautiful curios gathered by her in the old world will be shown in a special cabinet at the Centennial Exposition. Though this lovely, gifted daughter of Tennessee will not be there, the influence of her genius will be felt; and her memory, like a precious aroma, will ever be cherished by all who had the privilege of her acquaintance. Many will pause at the Harriet Marshall cabinet and breathe a sigh that this one who scattered sunshine wherever she went is so soon departed.




ETHEL SOMERS,

At the age of thirteen, daughter of James Somers, M.D., and now the wife of Mr. Early Miller, of Gallatin, Tenn. She is eligible as a Colonial Dame and Daughter of the American Revolution, being a lineal descendant of Capt. John Somers, of the North Carolina Volunteers.

MY LOVE.

[Inscribed to Mrs. Ethel Somers Miller, of Gallatin, Tennessee.]

HEY left us in the summer weather,
 Here in the hot and dusty town;
 They roam amid the bloomy heather,
 And drive the green lanes up and down.

When morning dawns, to six and eighty
 The mercury goes. We use our fans,
 Forgetting business schemes so weighty,
 Forgetting all our pleasure plans.

Our breakfast o'er, my love goes skipping,
 To reach his business place he's bent;
 While into my cool room I'm slipping,
 Where roses fragrant odors vent.

I read some portions of God's letter,
 Sure souls are of uncounted worth,
 And breathe a prayer that every fetter
 Be broke that binds men's souls to earth.

Old Sol mounts higher in the heaven;
 And—O!—the mercury climbs, too,
 Until it reaches ninety-seven;
 Not one rack skims the heated blue.

I eat my lunch an hour past nooning,
 My love eats his up in the town;
 The day upon hot paves is swooning;
 At last the fiery sun goes down.

An airy dress of white at even,
 All decked with snowy lace, I don;
 Sometimes the earth seems like a heaven—
 I hear the footsteps of my John.


We have our tea and evening papers,
 And gaze out on the low, blue river,
 Where slowly drift the soft, white vapors;
 With joy our fond hearts are a-quiver.

Upon the doorstep we are sitting;
 The night is gemmed with stars serene;
 And there, amid the shadows flitting,
 I kiss my grandson of thirteen.



WELCOME.

[Written for the Reunion of the Confederate Veterans, June 23, 1897.]

 O welcome you, the Southland's pride,
 O veterans, who wore the gray,
 Our city flings her portals wide
 Upon this proud and happy day.

'Tis some more than three decades gone
 She sat amid her blasted hopes,
 Her broken homes, and made no moan,
 As one who in some nightmare gropes.

Not long she sat. To her trust true,
 She dried her tears with haughty hand;
 She sits a queen, mid hills of blue,
 Beside the winding Cumberland.

And in this proud Centennial time,
Boys of the gray, her thoughts go back
To deeds of valor, grand, sublime,
You wrought when on war's leaden track.

With Spartan courage the women stood—
Wives, mothers, sweethearts—grandest band
Of fair, heroic womanhood
That ever nerved a hero's hand.

What wonder, besides the Northern foe
You fought the world? It stood aghast
To see the legions you laid low
Where'er our Southern banner passed.

For sacred rights of home you fought.
Americans revolt, but know
When peace they faithfully have sought,
And see but wrong's impending blow.

It is the freeman's heritage;
For this we threw off England's yoke;
The eagle roused the lion's rage,
And then his vaunted power broke.

Brave veterans, you're with your kind;
We pulled out from the Old North State
When we so minded, and we find
Right of revolt has made us great.

Fighters are men of Tennessee;
For when at home there was no war
They shouldered arms and helped to free
From Mexic's rule the great Lone Star.

Leonidas at Thermopylæ

Has ceased to be a wonder now,
For to our Southern chivalry
The world has made its deepest bow.

Such heroism ne'er was seen

As yours; and now we'll drop a tear
For those who fell; their memories green,
Brave boys in gray, we'll keep fore'er.

Sweet be their last, long, dreamless rest,

Their spirits to Valhalla flown;
For deeds of valor, bravest, best,
Their graves by glory's wreaths are strewn.

Fair Nashville's proud to welcome you

Upon this great, auspicious day;
She prays for you, so tried and true:
God bless the boys who wore the gray!





JOHN GILCHRIST,
ANNIE GILCHRIST, ETHEL GILCHRIST,
Children of the American Revolution by right of descent from Lieutenant James Gilchrist, of the Fifth Pennsylvania Regiment, who enlisted July 1, 1779, and retired Jan. 1, 1783.

TO ANNIE.

[On Mr. Moody's giving her a flower and a kiss.]

MY girl of ten, with gray-blue eyes,
The man of God gave thee
A spray of snowy, waxen bloom
That shed its fragrance free.

My song bird, with the silver voice,
He gave to thee a kiss,
And breathed a prayer that thou may'st share
In heaven's eternal bliss.

Forget him not; but O, the word
He preached, remember more;
Heed what he said about our Lord,
How that he's gone before

To make a place for thee and me,
And send his Spirit here
To lead his children to the light,
To comfort and to cheer.

My little girl, O may'st thou yield
Unto that Spirit's power!
Then in life's darkest, bitterest hour
He'll keep thee safe from every foe,
And lead thee even here below
To heights where flowers supernal blow
In amaranthine bower.

Nashville, February 7, 1896.

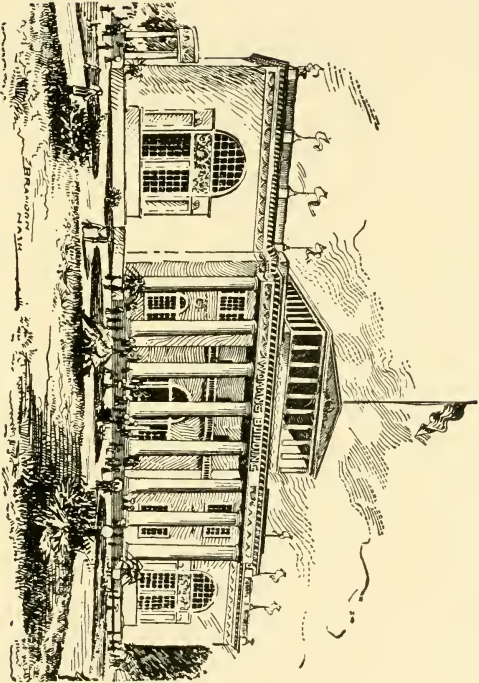
ETHEL.

A knock on my door, low down, low down;
I open to see a golden crown
 In the young day fair and sweet,
The loveliest vision in all the town:
A dear little girl, with eyes of brown,
 And'naked, lily-white feet.

Into my arms, my sweet, my sweet,
She nestles—O, but two fond hearts meet
 In the flitting shades of my room!
“May she ever as now be pure and fair,”
I whisper, while kissing her bright, brown hair
 And cheeks of delicate bloom.

Round my neck her arms are wreathed, are
 wreathed;
Into my ear a fond wish is breathed,
 As I kiss the waxen brow.
A small, fair hand caresses my face
With all a four-year-old's tender grace:
“Ma, give me a nickel now!”

WOMAN'S BUILDING, TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL.



ESTELLE.

[Eldest daughter of Hon. Chas. M. Ewing, Dresden, Tenn.]

THE pallid moon had slowly sunk behind
 The dark horizon's leafy, western rim;
 And brighter glowed the lost and lovely Pleiad
 In unconceived immensity—now lost
 And darkling on the outer realms of space,
 Now twinkling faint as loath to leave great Al-
 eyone,
 Which some do say 's the seat of God's white
 throne,
 Where our own sun, with his attending worlds,
 Is speeding with untold velocity.
 The night distilled her gentle, pearly dews,
 Which lightly lay upon the verdant wood,
 Where, in the summer dusk, blue violets slept;
 Where, rapt in peace, the choral songsters
 dreamed—
 Distilled her dews on honeysuckle blooms,
 Whose waxen chalices, with every breath
 Of soft South wind, sent waves of fragrance in
 A dim-lit chamber, where, on snowy couch,
 A maiden lay prostrate with fever's touch.
 Her long, fair hair streamed on the pillow's lace;
 And on the sweet, pure face sat patience throned.
 The perfumed lamp hung pendant o'er the couch,
 'Neath which in health she'd read the classic lay,
 Or conned some tale of Eld with text-books piled
 On console near for easy reference.
 Oft thus she'd read till stars did hint of morn;
 Now, like a broken lily fair, she lay,
 Watched by the fondest love that heaven gives.

Hist! clear from lonely depths of leafy wood
 A quick, sweet note broke forth. It was the lark!
 Joined by a thousand other choristers,
 Their silver song salutes the purpl'ing dawn.
 Red bars shot from the East and caught the mists
 That drifted on the low hills' wooded crest
 In waves of amber light. The maiden stirred.
 With love ineffable the watcher rose,
 And pressed a kiss upon that brow of pearl.
 Another entered, and she glided out
 To breathe the freshness of the awakening morn.
 The fair one's heavy-lidded eyes unclosed
 And met the father's loving, anxious gaze.
 "Dear papa, since our talk of yesterday
 I've anchored all my hopes on Him, thorn-crowned
 And pierced and broken on the cross for us,
 That we, through His dread woe, might be re-
 deemed.
 Ah me! the instability of earthly hopes,
 They're swallowed up in this grand, glorious hope!
 And I, even I, will walk with him in white."
 The blue eyes closed again, and soon she slept.
 With velvet tread, he stole out in the morn,
 And joined his wife upon the flowery lawn.
 No word spoke they, their thoughts one anxious
 prayer:
 The restoration of their worshiped one.
 Some moments passed, when from the chamber
 there,
 Sweet as low zephyrs kiss Æolian lyres,
 A strain came which the angels bent to catch:
 "O will you meet me at the fountain,
 Where the surges cease to roll?"
 With swift and noiseless step, they then returned

To that white couch, and broke the holy spell
 Which held entranced the meek and guileless soui.
 "O mamma, why did you arouse me? I
 Was happy." Ah! she saw the brows of woe
 Above her bent. Then, clasping her pale hands,
 Her eyes the lattice sought, where roses white
 Breathed odors sweet upon the radiant day;
 Then an Arabian proverb murmured low:
 "There's a black camel named Death
 Kneeleth once at each door,
 And a mortal must mount
 To return nevermore."
 Then to her parents each she gave a hand:
 "We know, dear ones, exempt we cannot be
 From this sad, common lot." Again she slept.
 They came and went, the languishing July days,
 While watchers hung around the snowy couch,
 With that hope which, deferred, makes sick the
 heart.
 O God! those leaden nights, those anguished days,
 While still they watched the weary, wasting hours
 Of this their cherished one! Then came a day
 When low she sank, and round about the couch
 Came many loved ones, whom she asked to pray.
 With low and broken accents, they besought
 High Heaven to spare the pure and peerless one.
 "No, no, my friends," the sweet voice murmured,
 "no,"
 The voice so soon to join angelic choirs,
 To chant redeeming love in heavenly courts:
 "Pray, 'Not my will, but thine, O God, be done;'
 Go, wing your flight from star to star,
 From world to luminous world, as far
 As the universe spreads its flaming wall;

Take all the joys of all the spheres,
 And multiply each through endless years;
 One minute of heaven is worth them all."
 The golden moon had grandly risen above
 The dark horizon's leafy, eastern rim;
 And softer shone the last and lovely Pleiad
 In unconceived immensity—now lost
 And darkling on the outer realms of space, [cyone,
 Now twinkling faint as loath to leave great Al-
 When the pure spirit, humbly trusting in
 A Savior's pardoning love, did bid adieu
 To earthborn ties to walk with Him in white.



GOING HOME.

SEE yon proud eagle perched on mountain height,
 At whose broad base old Ocean's surges sweep
 In molten gold beneath young Phœbus' light,
 Still chariot wheels that glide up Heaven's blue
 deep;
 Yet beaming with Aurora's fresh'ning smile,
 He kisses off her tiara of gems,
 While liquid notes from happy birds beguile
 The sorrowing soul to beatific calms;
 But all these radiant glories may not lead
 Astray the king of birds. His broad wings spread
 On cold, thin air, for home and love afar
 He speeds to dwell near Phœbus' golden car.
 See yonder white-winged vessel as she glides
 Upon the bosom of the billowy sea;
 The white-capped waves kiss soft her heaving sides,
 And round her breathes the wildest minstrelsy.
 On deck a fair and pensive maiden stands,
 Caressed by breezes bland. She patient waits

The good ship's time to reach her native lands
That lie far out to sunset's golden gates—
Fair, verdant vales, sheltered by snow-crowned
mount,
Fragrant with blooms, where sweetly murmuring
fount
In sunshine gleams—naught 'neath Italia's dome
Can charm her soul from that far, Western home.


Far out on yon lone moor a traveler guides
His weary steed along the toilsome way;
Upon the night's black wings the storm king rides,
Illumed by naught save lightning's lurid ray.
Anon upon his vision broadly beams
A stately mansion lit from dome to cell—
Good cheer, women as fair as poet's dreams,
And men enslaved with beauty's witching spell.
Alluring strains float out upon the storm,
Amid the scene whirls many a fairy form;
But on he rides, and stems the bitter blast;
Imagination spreads a fairer feast.

He knew that he would meet glad welcome there
Amid that festive throng; but in a cot
Was one he worshiped, beautiful and fair,
Awaiting his return. That quiet spot
Held charms far dearer than the gauds of earth.
His wife—sweet goddess of his court of love—
Could he exchange for empty, soulless mirth,
She with whom dwelt content the meek-eyed dove?
He sees the bright-swept hearth, the table spread,
And o'er it all the rosy lamplight's shed;
While from the lattice bends a bright young head.
Listening, with low, hushed breath, his coming tread.

REUNION.

 IN MEMORIAM JUDGE JOHN SOMERS.

[Contributed.]

 HE winter solstice drear was drawing near,
 And leafless branches swayed 'neath frowning
 skies.

The dark-green cedar on the sloping lawn
 Now waved, 'mid sighing, wild December winds,
 A sad farewell, as forth there sped a youth
 Along the paved walk, fringed with rose trees bare.
 A youth he was of rarest promise bright,
 The idol of an aged father's heart.
 His name stood proud among the alumni of
 The grandest university in the land.
 Sweet hope and faith and courage sprung afresh
 In that young, loyal soul as he received
 A mother's kiss, a father's last embrace—
 Passed through the gate to seek fame, fortune in
 The golden, vast, illimitable West.
 O precious hours, how fast ye drop away,
 While purblind, thoughtless mortals sit and dream!
 Months sped apace. In that far Western land,
 As in his native State, the gracious boy
 Drew to his side hearts loyal, strong, and true;
 And though his homesick heart oft fondly nursed
 The precious memories of other days,
 He gave his sweet, strong soul unto his work,
 A worthy son of his brave, noble sire.
 Some eves, when stars shone out and gibbous moon
 Rode high, he'd quit the town's close, thronging
 streets,

And seek the low, far-stretching plains to dream
Of home and wonder if the winds that soughed
Across the dreary waste had come from thence.
At an altitude he was not wont to see
Lay Hydra in the chambers of the South,
With Nox and Corvus on her sinuous folds;
At lower altitude the Great Bear marched
Clear and majestic round the polar star;
While Bootes' half a hundred worlds the deep
Blue concave climbed, even as in æons ago.
In these lone hours the youth would humbly pray,
And give his loved ones unto Heaven's trust;
While tears (an honor to him) stained his cheek.
Months sped apace. Fleet, white-winged messen-
gers
Sent by his hand oft reached the dear home band,
And gave sweet joy to longing, anxious souls.

The winter solstice drear was drawing near.
Sad tidings came. Contagion fell had seized
The youth. Their broken hearts were filled with
woe.

Each day for weeks came flashing o'er the wires
A bulletin telling how the sufferer fared.
Ah, iron-browed suspense bowed down the sire!
Though dipped ten thousand times in Marah's
wave,
No pen could tell the anguish of his soul.
O God, the tears that fell without avail,
The prayers that scaled the heavens to spare that
youth!
No mother's hand to smooth his weary couch,
No father's presence to soothe the homesick boy!
And yet he lacked not friends; and, best of all,

That One who closer than a brother stays,
 To whom he'd given allegiance years before,
 Stood by him then. One morn he woke and said:
 "Weep not, my friends. For me death has no fears.
 My father's here in Silver City. Bring
 A wider couch, that he may rest with me."
 The father's yearning spirit was there indeed.
 Methinks some occult, inner consciousness—
 Some strong, sixth-sense, annihilating space—
 Revealed his presence to his dying boy.
 The couch was brought. He smiled, well pleased,
 and died.

More direful tidings wires never bore
 Than these. They broke the aged father's heart.
 O how he fought his grief from court to court,
 The brave, grand judge! But whether he drove
 between
 Green, flower-scented lanes or steamed across
 The counties, stopped in hostelry or home,
 Or sat upon the bench, decisions wise
 E'er rend'ring with keen sense of equity,
 Bereavement, dark-browed, ever haunted him,
 And drew him nearer that "Sweet By and By"
 His strong man's soul in silence longed to reach.
 The lawyers loved him like a father, and
 With saddened hearts would say:
 "He's grieving for
 His boy; the spring's gone from the judge's life."

Again a winter solstice drear drew near,
 The third since his son woke to life in heaven;
 Then he laid down his burden here,
 And gates of pearl swung wide to let him in

To join his son beside the crystal stream,
 Where grief and prayer are changed to notes of
 praise
 To Him who gives our loved ones back to us
 In that fair clime where death can never come.



BROKEN RANKS.

[In memory of Mrs. Mary Lewis, State Superintendent of Sabbath Observance, of the Central Woman's Christian Temperance Union.]

BROKEN ranks! Ah, yes, my friends,
 She's broken ranks and sailed afar
 To better lands. God always sends
 His choicest ones first o'er the bar.

How choice she was the poor can say,
 The little ones she did so love,
 The friends for whom she made each day
 So fair, akin to heaven above.

At home, at church, in council hall
 Will work no more her busy hands;
 She ever heeded duty's call
 Before she sailed to better lands.

Weep not, my sisters; yes, I know
 No plummet our loss can sound.
 Our hearts will ache, we loved her so;
 But think not of that new-made mound

At Olivet; think of her now,
 So safe from any earthly frown,
 Supernal light upon her brow,
 Wearing a starry crown.







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