

[From the Galveston News.]

The splendid tribute published to-day to Mrs. OSTERMAN, we can bear testimony, bestows no undeserved eulogy. We have long known the subject of this well merited compliment, and can testify that her charities and acts of kindness to the suffering and needy, have always been unsolicited, and even more than commensurate with her means. We trust and believe that the noble example she has exhibited of pure benevolence, will have its influence on thousands of others, and it is for this reason, we find more pleasure in giving publicity to this lady's active and unceasing benevolence, which we well know she never intended for the public eye.

G. S. HOSPITAL, GALVESTON TEXAS, MARCH, 1863.

Mrs. ROSANNA OSTERMAN:—

Madam,—We cannot leave this Hospital without giving some expression to our gratitude for your numberless acts of kindness to us. The world, indeed, does not know the extent of your goodness; it is beyond all praise, every day but adds fresh proofs of your boundless liberality and unwearied benevolence. But the wealth you are thus pleased to expend for the benefit of the sick, and the personal labor you so cheerfully give to promote their comfort and health makes you happy here, and will make you more than happy in the better land. God will bless you with his unspeakable love, and the reward of the righteous will be yours amid the perfect songs of joy that roll down the banks of the river of life, when the stars shall forever fade in the ages of eternity.

Whatever may be our future, your kindness to us in sickness can never be forgotten, no: can we ever shut back the tide of memories that crowds to heart, and life at the mention of your name and the recollection of your deeds. Like the softest sunlight, it will lie upon our hearts, bright and hallowed as a dream of glory. What we have said is only the language of every Confederate soldier: to one and to all, your own, and the charities and benevolence of noble women, is alike extended. With our deepest thanks to you, and to the surgeons whose skill and kindness are the praise of all.

We are Madam, with sincere respect,

Your obedient servants,

M. McLAUGALIN,

R. WINN,

THOS. HENDERSON.

Committee on the part of sick of Col. Hobby's Regt.

## To Mrs. Rosanna Osterman.

"Her Price is above Rubies."—Bible.

BY COL. A. M. HOBBY.

Amidst the deep corruption of the age,  
Where Vice and Folly universal reign,  
Where lovely Virtue shrinks, as shrink she must,  
From all that's vile, polluted and unjust,  
How long neglected, Virtue, wilt thou stand,  
Almost a stranger in a Christian land?  
While bold unblushing Guilt, usurps thy place,  
And wins approving smiles from every face:  
'Tis not the worst alone who on her wait,  
Her courts are shining with the proud and great,  
All grades and ranks seem subject to her sway—  
Her mandates heed—and little else obey,  
While those who worship not at gilded shrines  
Perchance fall into Folly's length'ning lines,  
And those who would rebuke fear to offend,  
And Vice and Virtue claim an equal friend,  
View shameful deeds with kind, indulgent eyes,  
Deploping faults they tremble to chastise.  
The arrow meant to wound the guilty part,  
Thy shorn of strength, can never strike the heart;  
Shafts wing'd with flowers, will only aimless fly,  
It needs the naked steel drawn to the eye.  
Thus Vice and Folly's realm, each hour extends,  
And day by day their enemies grow friends,  
E'en as a stream—a child might drain its source—  
Broadens and deepens in its onward course.  
Till trembling banks its might can scarce withstand,  
And universal deluge threatens the land.  
Oh! is there no brave heart in age or youth  
Who sternly dares to speak for God—the truth?  
Oh! for some genius, with a mighty hand,  
To lash degrading vices from our land.

But, lo! amidst these scenes appears a form—  
Bright as a star that shines thro' cloud and storm—  
'Tis Mercy's self, in woman's form appears,  
Whose untold kindness every heart endears.  
Behold! in hospitals, where dread disease  
Lurks in each silent room and taints the breeze,  
Where wasting fevers quench the vital spark,  
And slowly pain consumes, as hopes grow dark;  
'Tis there this noble woman, 'midst the gloom,  
Dispenses sunlight thro' each darken'd room.  
Amidst the suffering sick, this angel stands,  
With sympathizing soul and busy hands;  
Bends o'er the soldier's couch with mother's care,  
And smooths the pallid brow, so deadly fair,  
Cheers the sad heart, and hopes reviving spring,  
And health returning, waves her joyous wing.  
Or, if the sands of life are told at last,  
The soldier's hardship and his danger's past,  
As sink the senses in life's parting breath,  
Ere yet comes on the dreamless sleep of death,  
He sees thy form, last seen of earthly things,  
And bears thine image to the King of kings.  
E'en as the mariner beneath the cloud  
That black'ning hangs above, and seems his shroud,  
Still gazes on the storm, not distant far,  
To catch one gleam of hope from some bright star  
Whose struggling ray breaks thro' the gloom at last,  
And tells its silver beam, "the storm is past"—  
As hails the mariner that sign above,  
With heart of gratitude and prayer of love—  
So greets thy coming does the soldier here,  
Whose thankful heart speaks thro' the grateful tear;  
He feels that thou art sent for man to see  
How near an angel can a woman be.  
Thy mem'ry 'll gild his days of future strife—  
The peaceful rainbow of his stormy life.

Almost unknown, thy path of love is trod,  
But seen by the all-seeing eye of God,  
Who bends His kind, approving smile on thee,  
Embodiment of Christian charity!  
The gay world thou shunnest, and the breath of fame,  
Thy object duty, self-applause thy aim;  
But sure thy high reward as proud thy part,  
Deep thanks swell from a nation's grateful heart—  
Not wealth of words could purchase such a name,  
Virtuous Ambition asks no higher claim.  
But yet, there is a crown for thee, where Time  
Treads not,—a holy and a blessed clime  
Beyond the reign of Death,—where golden skies  
Bend o'er the sapphire floors of Paradise,  
Where amaranthine blooms their splendors shed,  
And more than morning glory'll crown thy head.  
The Better Land's reward that's won in this,  
Celestial pleasures, and eternal bliss,  
At God's right hand to dwell when suns decay,  
Worlds melt in chaos, planets fade away,  
And Time's decreed form is darkly laid  
Within the grave Eternity hath made.

But cease my song, for loftier harps than mine  
Shall hymn thy praise, and tell thy deeds divine,  
And purer lips than these, in midnight prayer,  
Will ask thy Maker long thy life to spare,  
'Tis due, and with this gratitude of man's  
Accept this tribute at a stranger's hands.

Dedicated to Col. A. M. Hobby.

Thy rich harp, with its thrilling tone,  
Like the morning stars when they sang alone,  
Ere the voice of man, or woman's song,  
Had aroused the echoes' musical throng;  
When the blush of the dawn first spread o'er the earth,  
Giving to Beauty a glorious birth;  
As their psalms of praise rising up to the throne  
Of the Almighty Jehovah, who reigneth alone,  
Would have thrilled and bewildered my heart and my soul,  
Bending both in their sweet, irresistible control,  
So thy harp of the West, with its quivering strings,  
Has come to my home with the song that it strains,  
While my spirit enchanted has listened its strain,  
And fair would have given an echo again.  
But alas! at my touch the music is hushed,  
The chords that so lately with melody gushed  
Lie scattered and broke 'neath my tremulous hand,  
That fails to unite the harmonious band.  
Oh! teach me thine art, the noble, divine,  
If thou canst impart the gift that is thine,  
Tell me the charm thou has learned so well,  
The power that dwelt in Namouna's soft spell,  
Inspiring the tones of the fair Nourmahal,  
And binding young Selim in love's mystic thrall,  
Oh! if the waves of sweet music that roll,  
Filling with brightness and glory my soul,  
Could be coiled into words by my faltering tongue  
Its richest strains for thee would be sung.  
It would not be of love that my spirits would tell,  
For nothing I know of its mystical spell.  
Love a passion for beauty in its varied form,  
From the blush of a rose to the pomp of a storm,  
Of Posey's voice that fair angels inspire  
When they touch mortal lips with hallowing fire,  
As I'd sing to the stars in their fair azure home,  
Or talk to the waves with their mounting of foam,  
Or commune with the Alps in their garments of blue,  
So my spirit would gladly hold converse with you;  
At the feet of the Muse I bow lowly the knee,  
And bending to her I would bend unto thee—  
While my trembling heart would pant with delight,  
As stars that throb on the bosom of night,  
Not mine is thy power, not mine is thy gift,  
From my lyre the shadows, ah! never will lift,  
When and where I am gone no mortal will weep  
For the tones that are silenced forever in sleep,  
But I with the "voiceless" will rest in a grave  
Where no flowers will bloom, only willows will wave.  
And alas! I will live unloved and unsung,  
With fire on my heart, but not on my tongue,  
Whose cold faltering tones have no power to give  
Life to the thought's that unceasingly strive  
To mount up to the throne of the God they adore,  
In the halls of His beauty their melody pour—  
Not on earth, not on earth will this joy be mine,  
But when in the halls of the City divine,  
Where myrtle and roses immortal entwine,  
My glorified spirit in beauty will shine.  
My tongue will be loosed, my hand will be free  
And then will I waft my tribute to thee,  
But stranger my thanks, for the kindness you gave  
Will live in my heart till it ceases to leave.  
If a single wild note of my tutored lyre  
Has gone to thy heart with poetical fire,  
It is joy exquisite, to know that the bard  
Admired by thousands, its music has heard.

May the laurel for you with its emerald sheen  
Twine its most beautiful garlands of green,  
May the angelic guard of the noble and brave  
Be with you in peril, to shield and to save,  
And soon in your beautiful home of the West,  
May you greet the beloved your affection has blest;  
When the olive of peace to your home shall be borne,  
When the warrior's gear shall no longer be worn—  
May your genius, so rich and so rare in its song,  
The lives of our heroes forever prolong,  
And your garlands of verse bloom bright o'er their grave.  
Their honor to keep, and their memory to save.  
Marshall, Texas, Oct. 4th, 1864. MAGGIE.

## MY VALENTINES.

BY COL. A. M. HOBBY.

Come fill to the brim, let us drink to the day,  
Old memories back it will bring,  
One bumper, to banish life's winter away,  
Then back to its glorious spring.  
Old age shall be cheered at the banquet of mirth,  
As love lighted vision arise,  
Like blooms that are hidden, will spring from the earth,  
When wooed by the smile of the skies.

I am standing again at the portal of youth,  
'Mid memories many and tender,  
And the future grows bright as the rainbow of truth,  
Unrolls in its magical splendor.  
In the school-house again, where in solitude waived  
The sorrow-toned shadowless pine,  
At the old oaken desk, where her name is engraved,  
I am writing my first Valentine.

A poor wounded heart is suspended above,  
Cupid's arrows are piercing it through,  
And I swore by each note in the gamut of love,  
That my love should forever be true.  
Its edges were gilt, and its sides were embossed,  
Without an erasure or blot,  
The t's with a rule were all carefully cross'd,  
And the t's had their heavy round dot.

Her face was all beauty, and faultless her form,  
Her cheeks wore the roses of May,  
Her ringlets were tinged with the blushes of morn,  
And her eyes they were azure as day.  
We parted, and others were soon in her place,  
I fervently sighed as they passed,  
I hailed them in turn, queen of beauty and grace,  
And the dearest was always the last.

And whence do you ask, are those Valentines now?  
One has gone to the Kingdom of peace  
I smoothed down her tresses, and kissed her cold brow  
It was write as the young lamb's fleece,  
And long hath she slept where the jessamine arch,  
Bends lovingly over her tomb;  
And spring seems to pause, in her glorious march,  
To shed there her fragrance and bloom.

Another whose days have been cheerless and cold—  
Her brow keeps the record of care,  
She bartered affection for acres and gold—  
For a life that she never could share;  
And others are treading life's silent decline—  
Some invite me perhaps to a dance,  
And a bumper or two of the mellow old wine,  
Rekindles the early romance.

In the smile of the daughter the mother appears,  
And the idol I worshipped is seen,  
I gaze and forget, that a river of years  
Is silently flowing between.  
Oh! well is it thus, that my fancy takes wing,  
My bachelor cares to assuage,  
Thus rose buds are pluck'd from the gardens of spring,  
To bloom in the winter of age.

1863.