

1908

[THE FAMOUS POETRY  
FOLDER]

J. H. Stewart  
135 Bely N.Y.  
USA

MILWAUKEE  
APR 17  
11-AM  
1908



Miss Fanny Wells Stuart

~~67 Central Park West~~

~~New York City~~

Regina Hotel ~~NY~~ Paris  
FRANCE

Love is at best a tragic joke -  
begun in flames, it ends in smoke.  
But he who shares its thrill and froth  
and when in doubt takes cigarettes  
has fewer joys - but no regrets.

This little note is to wish you  
good luck and goodby. The auth-  
orities could not agree with me on  
Panama; I could not agree with them  
on West Point; but we both agreed on  
my going back to the old Battalion.

NEW YORK, N.Y. STAMPS  
APR 19  
5  
1905



Jouglas  
Mac Arthur

at Fort Sewardworth for a twelve month and  
then off again for the Islands. This was  
for me the whirling swing of the old life  
unless some day out there in the jungle  
a Moro bolo or a sun-browned forty-five  
change it all - into still waters and silence.  
I realize I am stepping down and out  
of your life and do it with only the sweet-  
est, tenderest thoughts of you. All my love, both  
in this world and in any other world to  
come, I will hope the Gods are good to  
you and give you the peace of such  
a perfect happiness as will pass all  
understanding.



Miss Stark  
 409 Terrace Avenue  
 Milwaukee  
 Wisconsin

U. S. E. O. MILWAUKEE, WIS. FORM 20.

WAR DEPARTMENT.  
 UNITED STATES ENGINEER OFFICE,  
 MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

P. O. DRAWER 7.

Why Not?

Fair Gotham girl  
 With life a whirl  
 Of dance and fancy froe,  
 'Tis then I love  
 All things above  
 Why canst thou not love me?





Miss Fannette V. Stuart -

7 Central Park West -

New York City  
N.Y.

There is a fixed and motionless nature  
'Gainst which the tide of passion and desire  
Breaks useless as the water over the rock;  
And the warm glow of feeling burns alone  
On the soul's surface, leaving all beneath it  
Unmoved, and cold as subterranean springs:  
Love hath no power over spirits such as these.

UNITED STATES ENGINEER OFFICE,  
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.  
P. O. DRAWER 7.



*Miss Stuart -*

*409 Terrace Avenue -*

*Madison Wis.*

*Wisconsin*



WAR DEPARTMENT.  
 UNITED STATES ENGINEER OFFICE,  
 MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

P. O. DRAWER 7.



The House of Dreams

I live in a little house of dreams,  
 In the land that cannot be -  
 The country of the fair desire,  
 That I shall never see -  
 Save with the waking eyes of dreams,  
 The land that cannot be.

Why should I tell of my house of dreams?  
 You have been with me there  
 You know its walls of joy and pain  
 And you did not find them fair.

My little dusky house of dreams,  
 Dark with your hanging hair -

You have kissed our little children's lips  
 And held them on your face,  
 My little dream boy has your smile,  
 He is so dear to me -  
 His eyes are lit by the strange light  
 Not seen on land or sea -

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P. O. DRAWER 7.

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I close the door to my house of dreams  
lest the eyes of the world might see  
what is far too pure for an earthly eye,  
a dream lover's ecstasy-

So I close the door of my house of dreams  
in the land that cannot be.

---





WAR DEPARTMENT.  
UNITED STATES ENGINEER OFFICE,  
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

P. O. DRAWER 7.



Read this journal and you will know why my heart sinks at the thought of war bringing into reality the heart-break of the dream I have worn.

I have tried to picture a little of the life and of the fate of Army women - of what might be your lot if you should ever decide to don the Army Blue.

It is only after much hesitation that I have forced myself to do this, for I feel that it probably takes away your fighting chance. Too many women, though, join us without a realization of what it may all mean. So, in the spirit of fair play, I give you this peek at my probable destiny.

WAR DEPARTMENT.  
UNITED STATES ENGINEER OFFICE,  
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

P. O. DRAWER 7.



There is sorrow at home; brightly the day  
has beamed with the earliest glory of May;  
The blue of the sky is as tender & blue  
as ever the sunshine came shimmering through;  
The songs of the birds and the hum of the bees,  
As they merrily dart in and out of the trees,  
The blossoms of the orchard, as sifting its snow,  
It mingles its odors with hawthorn and rose -  
The voice of the brook, as it lapses unseen -  
The laughter of children at play on the green -  
Insist on a picture so cheerful, so fair,  
Who now would dream that a grief could be there?

The last yellow sunbeam slides down from the wall,  
The subtle of evening is ready to fall;  
The gladness of daylight is gone, and the gloom  
Of something like sadness is over the room.  
Right bravely all day, with a smile on her brow,  
Has Fan been true to her duty, - but now  
Her tasks are all ended, - naught inside or out  
For the thoughtfullest love to be busy about;  
The knapsack well furnished, the canteen all bright,  
The soldier's blue dress and his gaiters in sight,  
The blanket tight strapped, and the haversack stored,  
And lying beside them, the cap and the sword;  
No last, little officer, - no further commands,  
No service to steady the tremulous hands;  
All wife-work - the sweet work that busied her so,

Is finished: - the dear one is ready to go.

Not a sob has escaped her all day, - not a moan;  
But now the tide rushes, - for she is alone.  
On the fresh, shining Quapack she pillows her head,  
And weeps as a mourner might weep for the dead.  
Around the young body there suddenly press  
The arms of her husband with loving caress;  
And fast to his heart - love and duty at strife -  
He snatches, with fondest emotion, his wife.

"My own love! my precious! - I feel I am strong;  
I exult in the thought of opposing the wrong;  
I could stand where the battle was fiercest, nor  
One quiver of nerve at the flash of the steel;  
I could smile while you wrought for me - not  
at your fears,

But I quail at the sight of these passionate tears:  
My valour forsakes me, - my thoughts are a whirl,  
And my usual stout heart is as weak as a girl.  
I've been proud of your fortitude; never a trace  
Of yielding, all day could I read in your face,  
But a look that was resolute, earnest and high,  
As ever flashed forth from a patriot's eye.

I know how it hurts you, - know that to part  
Is tearing the tenderest cords of your heart:  
Through the length and the breadth of our Land  
Today,  
No hand will a costlier sacrifice lay  
On the altar of Country; and Fan, - sweet wife  
I never saw worshipped you so in my life.

Poor heart, that has held up so brave in the past, -  
 Poor heart! must it break with its burden at last?"

The arms thrown about him but tighten their hold,  
 The cheek that he kisses is ashy and cold,  
 And bowed with the grief she so long has suppressed,  
 She wipes herself quiet and calm on his breast.  
 At length, in a voice just as steady and clear  
 As if it had never been choked by a tear,  
 She raises her eyes with a softened control,  
 And through them her husband looks into her soul.

"I feel that we each for the other could die,  
 Your heart to my own makes the instant reply:  
 But dear as you are, Love, - my life and my light,  
 I would not consent to your stay, if I might;  
 No! - arm for the conflict, and on, with the rest,  
 Wisconsin has need of her bravest and best!  
 My heart - it must bleed, and my cheek will be wet,  
 Yet never, believe me, with selfish regret:  
 My ardor abates not one jot of its glow,  
 Though the tears of the wife and the woman will  
 flow."

She pauses a moment; the white rose on her breast  
 Is heard by the sob which the heart has repressed;  
 Love pleads, as a swimmer that's drowning, for life;  
 Yet vainly, - the heroism conquers the wife.

"Our cause is so holy, so just, and so true, -  
 Thank God! I can give a defender like you!  
 For home, and for children, - for freedom, - for  
 bread, -  
 For the honor of our God, - for the graves of  
 our dead, -  
 For leave to exist on the soil of our birth, -  
 For everything manhood holds dearest on earth:  
 When then are the things that we fight for - dare I  
 Hold back my dear treasure, with flinching or with  
 sigh?"

My cheek would blush crimson, - my spirit be galled  
 If you were not there when the muster is called!  
 I grudge you not, Douglas, - die, rather than yield,  
 And, like the old heroes, come home on your shield!"

The morning is breaking: - the flush of the dawn  
 Is waking the soldier, 'tis time to be gone;  
 The children around him expectantly wait;  
 His horse, all caparisoned, stands at the gate:  
 With face strangely pallid, - no sobbing, no sighs,  
 But only a luminous mist in his eyes,  
 His wife is subduing the heart throbs that surge,  
 And calming herself for a quiet farewell.  
 -The little ones each he has caught to his breast,  
 and clasped them and kissed them with fervent  
 caress:  
 Then wordless and tearless, with hearts running,

They part who have never been parted before;  
 He springs to his saddle, - the rein is drawn tight,  
 And Home is quickly lost to his sight.

## II.

There is quiet at Home: sweet Fane's brow  
 Is wearing a Sabbath tranquility now,  
 As softly she reads from the page on her knee, -  
 "How wilt thou keep him in peace who is stayed upon  
 Thee!"

When Belle bursts breathlessly into the room, -

"Oh! Mother! we hear it, - we hear it! - The boom  
 Of the fast and the fierce cannonading! - it shakes  
 The ground till it trembles, along by the brook."

One instant the listener sways in her seat, -  
 The paralyzed heart has forgotten to beat;  
 The next, with the spud and the frug of fear,  
 She gains the green hillock, and pauses to hear.

Again and again the reverberant sound  
 Is fearfully felt in the tremulous ground;  
 Again and again on their senses it thrills,  
 Like thunderous echoes astray in the hills.

For her, who all silent and motionless stands,  
 And over her heart locks her quivering hands,  
 With blanched lips apart, and with eyes that dilate

As if the low thunder were sounding her fate, -  
 What racking suspense, what agonies stir,  
 What spectres these echoes are rousing for her!  
 Brave-natured, yet quaking, - high-souled, yet so frail,  
 Is it thus that the wife of a soldier should quail,  
 And shudder and shrink at the boom of a gun,  
 As only a faint-hearted girl should have done?  
 Ah! wait until custom has blunted the keen,  
 Cutting edge of that sound, and no woman, I deem,  
 Will bear it with pulses more equal, more free  
 From feminine terrors and weakness, than she.

The sun sinks serenely; a lingering look  
 He flings at the mists that steal over the brook,  
 Like mews that come forth in the twilight to prey,  
 Till their plumes are seen through their mantles  
 of gray.

The gay-hearted children, but lightly oppressed,  
 Find perfect relief on their pillow of rest:  
 For then, no kindly forgetfulness comes; -  
 The wail of the bugles, - the roll of the drums, -  
 The musket's sharp crack, - the artillery's roar, -  
 The flashing of bayonets dripping with gore, -  
 The moans of the dying, - the horror, the dread,  
 The ghostliness gathering over the dead, -  
 Ah! these are the visions of anguish and pain,

Eve Fern, with Arthur pale at her side,  
Yet firm as his mother, is ready to ride.  
With sympathy, womanly, tender, divine,  
With lint and with bandage, with bread and  
with wine;

She hastes to the battle-field, eager to bear  
Relief to the wounded and perishing there:  
No breath, like an angel of mercy, the breath  
of peace over brows that are fainting in fear.

She dares not to stir with a question, per  
war;

One word - and the bitter triumph's heart  
would overflow:

But speechless, and motionless, and strong of eye,  
Scarcely conscious of night in the earth or the sky,  
In a swoon of the heart, all her sensation <sup>rising</sup>  
But she prays for endurance, for here is the <sup>field</sup>.

The flight and pursuit, so harassing, so hot,  
Have drifted all combatants far from the spot.  
And through the sparse woodlands, and over the  
plain,

Lie gory scattered, the wounded and slain.  
Oh! the sickness, - the shudder, - the quivering  
of fear,



As it leaps to her lips, - "What if Douglas be here!"

Yet she frames not a question; her spirit can bear  
Oh! anything - all things, but hopeless despair:

Does her laddie lie stretched on the slope of yon  
hill?

Let her doubt - let her buy the suspense if she  
will.

She watches each ambulance burden with dread

She looks in the faces of dying and dead:

And hour after hour, with steady control,

She braves to her task all the strength of her  
soul;

She comforts the wounded with pity's sweet  
care,

And the spirits that pass by, she speaks with  
her prayer.

She starts as she hears, from her stout-hearted  
boy,

a wild exclamation, half doubt and half joy:

"Oh! Surgeon! - some brandy! his fainting! - Ah! now

The color comes back to his cheek and his brow:

He breathes again - speaks again - listen! - you - the

'An orderly' - is it? 'of Colonel Mac Ar?'

"His men fought like demons! The Colonel passed  
untouched through the battle, unhurt to the last!"

"My Father is safe, - Mother! - safe!  
 what a joy!"

"This is his orderly - this poor wounded boy."

VI

"My Douglas! my darling! - then once we sat down,  
 When we to each other confessed the sublime  
 and perfect sufficiency love could bestow  
 On the hearts that have learned its completeness to  
 know;

We felt that we two had a well-spring of joy,  
 That earthly convulsions could never destroy,  
 A mossy, sealed fountain, so cool and so bright,  
 It could solace the soul, let it thirst as it might.

'Tis easy, while happiness strows in our path  
 The richest and costliest blessings it hath;  
 'Tis easy to say that no sorrow, no pain,  
 Could utterly beggar our spirits again;  
 'Tis easy to sit in the sunshine, and speak  
 Of the hardness and storm, with a smile on the cheek,

"As hungry and cold, and with wariness spent,  
 You stoop in your saddle, or crouch in your tent,  
 Can you feel that the love so entire, so true,  
 The love that we dreamed of, - is all things to you?  
 That come what there may - desolation or loss,  
 The prick of the thorn, or the weight of the cross, -

You can see it, - nor feel you are wholly safe,  
 While the bosom that waits for you only, is left?  
 While the birdlings are spared that have made it so  
 best,  
 Can you look, undismayed, on the wreck of the nest?

"You guess what I fear would keep hidden: - you  
 show  
 Ere now, that the trail of the insatiate fox  
 Leaves ruin behind it, disastrous and dire,  
 And burns through our Valley, a pathway of fire.  
 Our beautiful home, - as I write it, I weep, -  
 Our beautiful home is a smouldering heap!  
 And blackened, and blasted, and grim, and forlorn,  
 Its chimneys stand stark in the mists of the morn!"

"I stood in my womanly helplessness, wept, -  
 Though I felt a brave color was reddening my cheek,  
 And I plead by the sacred things of their lives  
 By the love that they bore to their children - their wives,  
 By the homes left behind them, whose joys they had  
 shared,  
 By the God that should judge them, - that mine should be  
 spared.

"As well might I plead with the whirlwind to stay,  
 As it crashingly cuts through the forest its way!  
 I know that my eye flashed a passionate fire,  
 As they scornfully flung me their answer of fire!

"Why harrow your heart with the grief and the pain?"

Why paint you the picture that's scorching my brain?  
 Why speak of the night when I stood on the lawn,  
 And watched the last flame die away in the dawn?

'Tis over - that vision of terror - of woe!  
 Its horrors I would not recall; - let them go!  
 I am calm when I think what I suffered them for;  
 I grudge not the quota I pay to the war!

"But, Douglas! - deep down in the core of my heart,  
 There's a throbbing, an aching, that will not depart;  
 For memory murmurs, with a wail of despair,  
 The loss of her treasures, - the subtle, the rare,  
 Precious things over which she delighted to pore,  
 Which nothing - ah! nothing, can ever restore!

"The rose covered porch, where I sat as your bride  
 The hearth, where at twilight I leaned at your side,  
 The low cushioned window seat, where I would lie,  
 With my head on your knee, and look out on the sky;  
 The chamber all holy with love and with prayer;  
 The motherhood memories clustering there;  
 The vines that your hand has delighted to train,  
 The trees that you planted; - Ah! never again  
 Can love build us up such a tower of bliss;  
 Ah! never can home be as hallowed as this!

"The children - dear hearts! - it is touching to see  
 My Arthur's beautiful tenderness to me;  
 Not a childish complaint or regret have I heard -

Not even from Malcolm a petulant word.  
 A stranger I wander 'midst strangers; and yet  
 I never - no, not for a moment, forget  
 That my heart has a home - just as real, as true,  
 And as warm as if home sheltered me too.  
 God grant that this refuge from sorrow and pain  
 This blessed haven of peace, may remain!  
 And then, though disaster, still sharper, befall,  
 I think I can patiently bear with it all:  
 For the rarest, most exquisite bliss of my life  
 Is wrapped in a word, Douglas - "I am your wife!"

VII.

'Tis noon - but the night has brought Fen no rest:  
 The ray seems to press like a weight on her breast;  
 And she wanders forth, wearily lifting her eye,  
 To seek for relief 'neath the calm of the sky.  
 The air of the forest is spicy and sweet,  
 And dreamily bubbles a brook at her feet;  
 Her children are 'round her, and cushions and  
 flowers  
 Try vainly to banish the gloom of the hours.  
 With a volume she fain her wild thoughts would  
 assuage  
 But her vision can trace not a line on the page,

And the poet's dear strains, once so soft to her ear,  
 Have lost all their mystical power to cheer.

The evening approaches; the pressure - the word  
 Grows heavier - weighs heavier, - yet she must go,  
 And stifle between the dead walls, as she may,  
 The heart that scarce breathed in the free, open day.

She reaches the dwelling that serves as her home,  
 A horseman awaits at the entrance; - the foam  
 Is fleeting the sides of his fast-ridden steed,  
 Who pants, over-worn with exhaustion and speed.  
 And Pan for support to Arthur clings,  
 As the soldier delivers the letter he brings.

Her ashy lips move, but the words do not come,  
 And she stands in her whiteness, bewildered and dumb.

She turns to the letter with hopeless appeal,  
 But her fingers are helpless to loosen the seal:

She lifts her dim eyes with a look of despair,  
 Her hands for a moment are folded in prayer;

The strength she has sought is roused in her need,

- "I think I can bear it now, Arthur - - - read."

The boy, with the resolute nerve of a man,  
 And a voice which he holds as precious as he can,  
 Takes quietly from her the letter, and reads: -

"Dear Abraham, - my heart in its sympathy heeds  
For the pain that my tidings must bring you: may God  
Most tenderly comfort you, under His rod!

"This morning, at daybreak, a terrible charge  
Was made on the enemy's center: such large  
And fresh reinforcements were held at his back,  
He stoutly and stubbornly met the attack.

"Our cavalry bore themselves splendidly: - far  
In front of his line galloped Colonel Meade;  
Erect in his stirrups, - his sword flashing high,  
And the look of a patriot kindling his eye,  
His hoarse voice rang aloft through the roar  
Of the musketry poured from the opposite shore:  
- "Remember Wisconsin! - Remember your wives!  
And on to your duty, boys! - on - with your lives!"

"He turned, and he paused, as he uttered the call  
Then reeled in his seat, and fell - pierced by a ball.

"He lives and he breathes yet: - the surgeons declare  
That the balance is trembling 'twixt hope and despair.  
In his blanket he lies, on the hospital floor, -  
So calm, you might deem all his agony o'er;

And here, as I write, on his face I can see  
An expression whose radiance is startling to me.  
His faith is sublime: - he relinquishes life,  
And craves but one blessing - to look on his wife!

The Chaplain's recital is ended: - no word  
From Fran's haunched, breathless lips has been heard,  
Till rousing herself from her passion's woes,  
She simply and quietly says - "I will go."

There are moments of anguish so deadly, so deep,  
That numbness seems over the senses to creep,  
With interposition, whose timely relief  
Is an anodyne-brought to the madness of grief.  
Such mercy is meted to Fran; - her eye  
That sees as it saw not, is vacant and dry:  
The billows' wild fury sweeps over her soul,  
And she buds to the rush with a passive control.

Through the dusk of the night - through the glare of  
the day,  
She wags, unconscious, her desolate way:  
One image is now her vision before;  
- That blanched form on the hospital floor!

Her journey is ended; and yonder she sees  
The spot where he lies, looming white through the trees



Her Torpor dissolves with a shuddering start,  
And a Terrible agony clutches her heart.

The Chaplain advances to meet her: - he draws  
Her silently onward; - no question - no pause;  
Her fingers she lays on her lips: - if she speak,  
She knows that the spell that upholds her, would  
break.

She has strength to go forward; they enter the door,  
And there, on the crowded and blood-tainted floor,  
Close wrapped in his blanket, lies Douglas: - his brow  
More near a look so peaceful as now!

She stretches her arms the dear form to unfold,  
God help her! - she shrieks - - - - it is silent  
and cold!



The phantoms of terror that troop through her brain  
 She pines again and again on the floor  
 Which the moonlight has brightened so mockingly -  
 She wrings her cold hands with a groan of despair  
 - "Oh God! have compassion - my love's gone is there!  
 all placidly, dewily, freshly the dawn  
 Comes stealing in pulseless tranquillity on:  
 More freely she breathes, in its balminess, though  
 The forehead it kisses is pallid with woe.

Through the long summer sun when the cottage is  
 By passers, who brokenly fling them a word:  
 Such tidings of slaughter! "The enemy covers!" -  
 "He breaks!" "He is flying!" - "The victory is ours!"

'T is evening: and Arthur, alone on the grass,  
 Sits watching the fire-flies gleam as they pass,  
 When sudden he rushes, too eager to wait,  
 "Mamma! there's an ambulance stops at the gate!"

Surely then is fast: he is home from the field,  
 "God help me! --- God grant it be not on his child!"  
 And Fan, her passionate soul in her eyes,  
 and hope and fear wringing each quiver'd lip,  
 Embraces, with frantic wildness, the form  
 Of her husband, and finds - it is living and warm!

## III.

Ye, who by the couches of languishing ones,  
 Have watched through the rising and setting of suns,  
 Who, silent, behind the close curtain, withdrawn,  
 Seem to know that the current of being sweeps on,  
 To whom outer life is unreal, untrue,  
 A world with whose moils ye have nothing to do,  
 Who feel that the day, with its multifarious sounds,  
 Is full of discordant, impertinent sounds,  
 Who speak in low whispers, and stealthily tread,  
 As if a faint footfall were something to dread,  
 Who find all existence - its gladness, its gloom,  
 Enclosed by the walls of that limited room,  
 Ye only can measure the sleepless unrest  
 That lies like a nightmare on Fen's sweet breast.  
 Days come and days go, and she watches the strife  
 So evenly balanced, 'twixt death and 'twixt life;  
 Thanks God he still breathes, so each evening  
 Takes wing,  
 And dares not to think what the morrow may bring.  
 In the lone, ghostly midnight, he raves as he lies,  
 With death's ashen pallidness burning his eyes:  
 He shouts the sharp war-cry, - he rallies his men,  
 He is on the red field of battle again.  
 "Now courage, my lads! Keep steady! lie low!"

Wait, you young devils, to spring for your foe.  
Come on, when I call, to the cannon's grim  
mouth,

And my brave Yankee laddies, will put 'em to  
route.

Follow me close - With a cheer and a yell,  
And we'll drive those brown beggars clean into  
hell!

Be ready, my fellows. We'll take 'em, and then  
We'll ride 'em down madly! - Ah! onward!  
My men!"

The feverish frenzy overpowers him soon,  
And back on his pillows he sinks in a swoon.

But Nature, kind healer! brings sov'reignest  
balm,

And stops the wild pulses with coolness  
and calm;

The conflict so equal, so stubborn is past,  
And life gains the hardly-won battle at last.

How swift through the long convalescence to lie,  
And from the low window, gaze out at the sky,

While thought, floating aimless as summer winds,  
Is lost in the depths of ineffable bliss: -

In painless, delicious half-consciousness brood,  
No duties to cumber, no claims to intrude,

Reception as child had, from trouble as free,  
 And feel it is bliss enough, simply to be!

For Fan, - what pencil can picture her joy -  
 So perfect, so thankful, so free from annoy,  
 As her lips press the lotus-boud chalice and  
 bowl

That exquisite blessedness born out of pain!

Not in her maidenhood, blushing and sweet,  
 When Douglas first poured out his love at her feet;  
 And not when a shrouding and beautiful veil,  
 With tenderest fondness she clung to his side,  
 And not in those holiest moments of life,  
 When first she was held to his heart, as his wife,  
 And never in motherhood's earliest bliss,  
 Had she tasted a happiness rounded like this!

And Douglas, safe sheltered from war's rude  
 alarms,

Finds Eden's lost precincts again in her arms:

He hears afar off, in the distance, the roar  
 And the lash of the billows that break on the  
 shore

Of his isle of enchantment, - his haven of rest,  
 And rapturous languor steals over his breast.  
 He bathes in the sunlight of Faussett's smiles;  
 He wraps himself round with love's magical  
 spells.

11.  
his sweet iterations fall not on her ear, -  
"I love you - I love you!" - she never ceases  
That cadence too often; its musical roll  
Wakes now an echoed reply in her soul.

- Do visions of trial, of warning, of woe,  
Loom dark in the future of doubt? Do they know  
They are living, of honeyed remembrance, a store  
To live on, when summer and sunshine are  
Over?

Do they feel that their island of beauty at last  
Must be rent by the tempest, - be swept by the blast?  
Do they dream that afar, on the wild, wintry main,  
Their love-frighted bark must be driven again?

Bless God for the wisdom that curtains so tight  
Tomorrow's enjoyments or griefs from our sight!  
Bless God for the ignorance, darkness and doubt  
That girdle so kindly our future about!

The crutches are brought, and the invalid's  
Strength

Is able to measure the lawn's gravel'd length;  
And under the birches once more he reclines,  
And hears the wind plaintively moan through the  
Pines;

His children around him, with frolic and play  
Cheat autumn's dull listlessness out of the day;

And Fan, the sunshine all flecking her look,  
 Reads low to the chime of the murmuring brook.

But the world's rushing tide washes up to his feet,  
 And leaps the soft barriers that bound his retreat.  
 The tumult of camps surges out on the breeze,  
 And ever seems mocking his Capuan ease.  
 He dare not be happy, or tranquil, or blest,  
 While his soil by the feet of invaders is prest.  
 What looks it though still he be pale as a ghost,  
 - If he languish or fail, let him fail at his post.

The gums by the brookside are crimson  
 and brown;

The leaves of the ash flicker goldenly down;  
 The roses that tell us the foarches, have lost  
 Their brightness and bloom at the touch of the  
 frost;

The oxier-turmed seat by the beeches, no more  
 Looks tempting, and cheerful, and sweet,  
 as of yore;

The water glides softly and mournfully on,  
 As Fan sits watching it: - Douglas has gone.

13.  
IV

"I am weary and worn, - I am hungry and  
chill,  
and cuttingly strikes the keen blast over  
the hill;  
all day have I ridden through snow  
and through sleet,  
with nothing, - not even a cracker to eat;  
But now, as I rest by the birch fire,  
whose blaze leaps up merrily, higher and higher,  
Impatient as Roland, who neighs to be fed,  
For Calib to bring me my bacon and bread, -  
I'll warm my cold heart, that is aching  
and lone,  
By thinking of you, love, - my Fran, - my own!"

"I turn a deaf ear to the scream of the wind,  
I leave the rude camp and the forest behind,  
And Home, wrapped in its mantle of  
white,  
So tamely filling my vision tonight.  
I catch my sweet little ones innocent mirth,  
I watch your dear face, as you sit at the hearth,  
And I know, by the tender expression I see,  
I know that my darling is missing of me"



"What brave, buoyant letters you write - sweet!"  
 they ring

"Tho' my soul like the blast of a trumpet,  
 and bring  
 Such a flame to my eye, such a light to my chest,  
 That often my hand will unconsciously send  
 The hilt of my sword as I read - and I feel  
 As the warrior does, when he flashes the steel  
 In fiery circles, and shouts in his might,  
 For the heroes behind him, to follow its light!  
 True wife of a soldier! - if doubt or dismay  
 Had ever within me, one weak link held away,  
 Your words would a spell that would bid them  
 be gone,

Like bodiless ghosts at the touch of the dawn.

"Could the veriest craven that crawls and quails  
 Before the vast hosts that march and assail  
 Our land and our liberties, could he tonight  
 Sit here on the ice girdled bay where I write,  
 And look on the hopeful, bright brows of the  
 men,

Who have toiled all the day over mountain, through  
 snow -  
 Half clothed and unshod - would he doubt?  
 In the face of such proof, yet I again to despair!

"The fire burns dimly, and scattered around,  
 The men lie asleep on the snow covered ground,  
 But ere in my blanket I wrap me to rest,  
 I hold you, my darling, close - close to my breast.  
 God love you! God grant you his comforting light!  
 I kiss you a thousand times over! - Good night!"

## V.

"The chill of the Winter is over; and Spring  
 Comes back, as delicious and buoyant a thing,  
 As any, and fairy, and light some, and bland,  
 As if not a sorrow was dark'ning the land;  
 So little has Nature of passion or pain  
 In the woes and its throes of humanity's brain."

"The wild tide of battle runs red, - dashing high,  
 And blots out the splendor of earth and of sky;  
 The blue air is heavy, and sulph'rous, and dense,  
 And the breeze on its wings bears the boom of the gun.  
 In faster and fiercer and deadlier shock,  
 The thunderous billows are hurled on the rocks;  
 And our Valley becomes, amid Spring's  
 softest breath,  
 The Valley, alas! of the shadow of death."

The spirit of Fion no longer is bowed  
By the troubles, and tumults, and terrors,  
That crowd

So closely around her; - the willows' little form  
Bends meekly to meet the wild rush of the stream,  
Yet pale as Cassandra, unconscious of joy,

With visions of Greeks at the gates of her Troy,  
all day she has waited and watched on  
the lawn,

Till the purple and gold of the sunset appear,  
For the battlements near her; - few leagues  
intervene

Her home and that Valley of slaughter, between.

The tidings and rumours come thick and  
come fast,  
as riders fly hotly and breathlessly past;  
They tell of the onslaught, - the headlong attack  
Of the foe with a quadruple force at his back.

At length, with the gradual fading of day, -  
The tokens of battle are floated away:  
The booming no longer makes sullen the air,  
And the silence of night seems as holy as  
prayer.

Gray shadows still linger the beeches among,  
and scarce has the calliest water been sung,

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