

Series VII: Poetry, 1827-1941

Series VII: Poetry, 1827-1941, is arranged chronologically and features a broad range of mid 19th century to mid 20th century works including poems, booklets, and correspondence of various themes covering the difficult nature of military battles, religious faith, and romance. A main portion of the series highlights poetry and ballads focusing on the natural beauty of the American landscape and contrasting this with the nation's violent past. Featured authors in this series include [Fitz-Greene Halleck](#), an American poet who worked as the personal secretary and advisor to John Jacob Aster, and [Henry Wadsworth Longfellow](#), one of the most proficient American poets of the 19th century. Halleck and Longfellow's poems cover religious themes that explore the role that faith plays in determination, its relationship to the land, and how it impacts younger generations. [William Henry Furness](#), American poet who was described by his peers as a theologian, transcendentalist, and an abolitionist, is another author in the collection that explores these religious themes without the nationalistic perspective. Finally, the largest outlier of this series is the romantic poem written by a [British Major John Andre](#) who was a major in the British Army and head of its Secret Service in America during the American Revolutionary War. Andre's poem, *The Frantick Lover*, is included in a larger booklet with an introduction by [Howard H. Peckham](#), historian and an authority on colonial and early American history, who provides background and historical context on the Major and the development of the poem. Central themes of this work include the destructive effect that feelings of jealousy and obsession can have especially when disguised as feelings of love. This work provides an interesting comparison to the other American poets within the collection.

Condition Note:

A majority of the works in this collection are in good quality, although all should still be handled with care. Some items in the collection such as 15.3, 15.4, and 15.6 are more delicate as the paper is worn and the handwritten text on them is slightly faded. The poetry booklet (15.5) has a cover placed over the collection, the paper inside is fragile but the handwriting is well preserved. This is a similar case with 15.8 as the paper of the letter is delicate but the handwriting on it is clear. The remaining items are in good condition and have printed text so they are very easy to read such as 15.1, 15.2, 15.7, 15.9.

Processed by: Juliana Lueders, Archives Work-Study, Fall 2022, supervised and edited by Suzanna Calev, Archivist, Fall 2022.

15.1 Item 1: Typescript Poem titled, “The Ballad of James Bird,” by Unknown, no date

Type of Material: Typescript Poem (photocopy)

Title: The Ballad of James Bird

Description: The ballad covers the story of James Bird. He left his family to fight, was injured in battle and refused to abandon his ship and continued to fight until they won. The ballad then shifts to a letter Bird sent to his parents to warn them of his execution because he “must suffer for deserting/From the brig Niagara” (ll.64-5). The public is upset about his execution and begging for his life to be spared but in the end Bird is shot and the ballad says farewell. Sometimes referred to as a song that was sung after his execution.

[The Ballad of James Bird](#) - Historical context and background

Dates: No given date- hypothesized dates around 1813-14 near the Battle of Lake Erie and James Bird’s execution.

Creator: N/A

Subjects: Historical ballad

Locations: N/A

People: James Bird, Captain Thomas, Mary, Perry

General Condition: Good.

Measurements: 11 in. x 8 ½ in.

Transcript Attempt:

[Page 1]

Sons of Freedom, listen to me,
And ye daughters, too give ear,
You a sad and mournful story
As was ever told, shall hear.

Hull, you know, his troops surrendered,
And defenseless left the west;
Then our forces quick assembled,
The invaders to resist.

Among the troops that marched to war,
Were the Kingston volunteers;
Captain Thomas them commanded,
To protect our west frontiers.

Tender were the scenes of parting,
Mothers wrung their hands and cried,
Maidens wept their swains in secret,
Fathers strove their tears to hide.

There is one among the number,
Tall and graceful is his men,
Firm his step, his look undaunted,
Scarce a nobler youth was seen.

(New side)

One sweet kiss he snatched from Mary,
Craved his mother's prayer, and more,
Pressed his fathers hand, and left them,
For Lake Erie's distant shore.

Mary tried to say "Farewell, James,"
Waved her hand, but nothing spoke,
"Good-bye, Bird, may Heaven preserve you,"
From the rest at parting broke.

Soon they came where noble Perry
Had assembled all his fleet;
Then the gallant Bird enlisted,
Hoping soon the foe to beat.

Where is Bird? The battle rages;
Is he in the strife or no?
Now the cannon roars tremendous;
Dare he meet the hostile foe?

Aye! behold him! see him, Perry!
In the selfsame ship they fight;
Though his messmates fall around him
Nothing can his soul affright.

[Page 2]

But behold! a ball has struck him;
See the crimson current flow;
"Leave the deck" exclaimed brave Perry;
"No! cried Bird, "I will not go."

"Here on deck I took my station

Here will Bird his cutlass ply;
I'll stand by you, gallant captain,
Till we conquer or we die."

Still he fought, though faint and bleeding,
Till our stars and stripes wave o'er us,
Victory having crowned our efforts,
All triumphant o'er our foes.

And did Bird receive a pension?
Was he to his friends restored?
No; nor never to his bosom,
Clasped the maid his heart adored.

But there came most dismal tidings
From Lake Erie's distant shores;
Better far if Bird had perished
Midst the battle's awful roar.

"Dearest parents," said the letter,
This will bring sad news to you;
Do not mourn your first beloved,
Though this brings his last adieu.

"I must suffer for deserting
From the brig Niagara;
Read this letter, brothers, sisters,
'Tis the last you'll hear from me."

Sad and gloomy was the morning
Bird was ordered out to die;
Where's the breast not dead to pity
But for him would heave a sigh?

Lo! He fought so brave at Erie,
Freely bled and nobly dared;
Let his courage plead for mercy,
Let his precious life be spared.

See him march and bear his fetters;

Hark! they clank upon the ear;
But his step is firm and manly,
For his heart ne'er harbored fear.

See him kneel upon his coffin,
Sure his death can do no good;
Spare him! spare! O God, they shoot him!
Oh! his bosom streams with blood.

Farewell, Bird; farewell forever;
Friends and home he'll see no more;
But his mangled corpse lies buried
On Lake Erie's distant shore.

- Translation End -

-----END-----

15.2. Item 2: Photocopy of Poem, titled, "From the Carrier of the Visitor to his Patrons," no date

Type of Material: Poem.

Title: "From the Carrier of the Visitor to his Patrons"

Description: The poem, with no known author or date, tells the experience of an American soldier fighting against the elements and the loss of comrades around him to preserve the natural resources and beauty of the land.

Dates: N/A.

Creator: N/A.

Subjects: Poetry.

Locations: N/A.

People: N/A.

General Condition: Fair.

Measurements: 7 x 9.25 in.

Transcript Attempt:

[Page 1]

From the Carrier of the Visitor to His
Patrons.

How shall the newsboy strike a jocund
lay

To cheer his patrons on the New Year's
Day's?
'Tis true, no wishes can be more sincere
Than his, that all should spread a happy
year.
But vain are wishes, when with dire
alarms
The warring world is clad in hostile arms.
Such were the wishes when the year be-
-gun.
But few are happy, now the year is done.
When revolutions shake the trembling
world
And mighty nation to the tomb are
hurl'd.
When the whole globe from pole to pole
shall rock.
We too, must feel our portion of the
shock.
But what if we beside the cheerful fire,
Enjoy those comforts which our wants
require.
And when the storm, with the fury howls
around.
Feel not the blast, nor heel the dismal
sound.
Yet the poor soldier, in the northern
snows,
Hungry and cold, and freezing as he goes,
Feel the chill tempests which around him
roar.
Sighs for that home, he'll never visit
more.
A heart of sympathy for other's words
Feels for the sufferer in Canadian snows,
And though, perhaps, he disapproved the
cause
Which sends our armies forth to foreign
wars;
Yet when our standard on the embattled

need
Waves o'er the foe whose hostile banners
yield
He feels rejoiced to hear our arms suc-
ceed,
Yet sighs for those whom fate has doom'd
to bleed.
For those whose blood has stain'd the
sanguine plain,
How many mourn a friend, or brother
slain.
On William's plains all clad in wintry
snows,
Of Queenston hills where Niagara flows;
Or Beaver-dam begirt in gloomy woods,
Or Brownstown banks, which bound De-
troit's floods,
Or where the Thames his crystal current
Winds
'Mid hills of beech and swamps of wav-
ing pines.

It matters little, if the virtuous brave
Find naught but honor in a distant grave.
When fifty years have roll'd their course
away
Who knows who fell upon the battle day?
A Pike's or Covington's regretted name
May be inscribed upon the rolls of Fame,
A Lawrence -Burrow's- or an Allen's
deeds,
May dress their funeral hearse in splendid
weeds.
But he who smil'd around our social
board
Who for his country drew his trusty
sword.
Who sought no honors, - ask'd for no
command.

Now lies forgotten in a foreign land.
And those, whom once his social virtues
 bless'd
Know not the place where now his ashes
 rest.
His age mother heard the dismal tale.
Then sunk beneath the willows of the
 vale:
And she to whom he gave his plighted
 vows,
Now laughs a maniac, 'mid the drifting
 snows.
Such are the pleasures which on war
 awaits
The mournful fortunes of ambitious
 States.

We hop'd when first the fruitless mock
 campaign
Has clos'd the scenes on Niagara's plain,
And Smyth returned, envied whence he
 came
In wither'd laurels of bombastic fame;
That learning wisdom from our errors
 past
Success might crown our varying hopes
 at last;
And when the next campaign its toils
 should cease
The object gain'd, might bid us hope for
 peace.
But disappointment drives these hopes
 afar

And bids us look for long continuing war.
Again our generals quarrel, and again
Our tented army waits the next
 campaign.
But though the war has spread its evils
 wide
Our manufactures rise on every side,
And soon will furnish as our commerce
 dies
Sufficient sources for our own supplies
That wealth which once lay floating on
 the seas,
A prey to foreign Orders and Decrees,
Shall find new sources in our native soil,
To bless our country and reward our toil,
Our native mountains, unexplor'd before,
Shall yield a rich supply of useful ore.
And thousand hills, where now the forest
 grows.
Shall furnish fleece, white as Russian
 snows.
And then again when peace our land shall
 bless,
Our native sons in native garb shall dress,
And distant nations, where we used to
 buy,
Shall seek our shores to find their own
 supply.
Then prosperous times shall bless our
 lands again
And the pleas'd newsboy find a happier
 strain.

- Translation End -

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15.3. Item 3: Poem titled, “Wyoming” by [Fitz-Greene Halleck](#), no date

Type of Material: Poem

Title: Wyoming

Description: [Fitz-Greene Halleck](#), 1790-1867, was an American poet. Born in Connecticut, Halleck moved to New York at the age of twenty to pursue writing. When he was 42, he worked as the personal secretary and advisor to John Jacob Aster who later appointed Halleck as one of the original trustees of his library. Halleck’s poem, titled, “Wyoming,” describes the conflicting nature of American soil from the view of its citizens. The poem references a poem by Scottish poet Thomas Campbell, titled, “Gertrude of Wyoming” which explores the beauty of America’s landscape, particularly Susquehanna’s shore in Pennsylvania. Halleck directly quotes Campbell’s poem in line two: “On Susquehanna’s side, fair Wyoming!” (1.2) The poem’s beginning describes the beauty of nature and the natural wonders of the Wyoming Valley. Slowly, other historical figures are introduced along with the idea of war and loss. Halleck writes, “But where are they, the beings of the mud” (5.1) in reference to the people who have become part of the land in death. After the description of ‘Judge Hollenback,’ a patriarchal figure who maintained records, there is a description of a younger woman (16) and an older woman. The younger is described in a “jacket of light green” (8.3) with “thoughts of beauty born” (8.2) as she wanders through a field, this figure “knows no more than Cobbett or Voltaire” (8.9). The older woman is “widowed, pray and old” (9.1) and knows the loss that the land carries due to her age she remembers all of it; her role in the poem is to act as a figure “who tells you where the fools of Battle steps/Upon this day of massacre” (9.2-3). She represents the older generation who knows the trauma of the land and the people who died in establishing it: “When all the land a funeral mourning kept” (9.7). Contrasting with the youthful innocence of the other woman who doesn’t know these hardships, she is not weighed down by them and can, instead, enjoy the beauty of the land for what it is. The final line summarizes the sentiment of the poem; “Has death no triumph-hours, save, on the battle day?” (10.9) death is not something meant to be idolized except given in the name of a cause and with bravery that only battle can facilitate. What’s left, after the battle day is over, is the memories of loss and memories that might best be forgotten so the people can move on.

The [Modern Translation](#) is missing three stanzas (6, 7, 8).

Translation of [Jean-Jacques Rousseau](#) quote;

“Say if nature has not made this beautiful country for a Julie, for a Claire, and for a St. Oreux; But don't look for them.”

Dates: Circa 1806~ after (Campbell’s “Gertude” publishing date)

Creator: [Fitz-Greene Halleck](#)

Subjects: [Historical poem](#)

Locations: Susquehannah, Wyoming

People: N/A

General Condition: Fair, fragile

Measurements: 6 1/16 in. x 9 in.

Transcript Attempt:

[Page 1]

Wyoming
By Halleck

“Dites si la nature n’a pas fait ce beau pays pour une Julie, pour une Claire, et pour un St. Orest; mais ne les cherchez pas.

Rousseau.

Thou com’st in beauty on my gaze at last,
“On Susquehannah’s side, fair Wyoming,”
Image of many a dream in hours long past,
When life was in its bud and blossoming,
And waters, pushing from the fountain spring
Of poor enthusiast thought, dimmed my young eyes,
As by the poet borne, on unseen wing,
I breathed, in fancy ‘neath thy cloudless skies,
The summer’s air, and heard her echoed harmonies.

I then but dreamed, - then art before me now
In life a vision of the brain no more:
I’ve stood upon the wooded mountain’s brow,
That battles high the lovely valley o’er,
And now, where winds thy river’s greenest shore,
Within a bower of sycamores are laid,
And winds, as soft, and sweet as ever bore
The fragrance of wild showers through sun and shade,
And singing in the trees, whose low boughs press my head.

Nature hath made thee lovelier than the power
Even of Campbell’s pen hath pictured; he
Had woven, had he gazed one sunny hour
Upon its smiling vale, its scenery
With more of truth, and made each rock and tree
Known like old friends, and greeted from afar;

And there are tales of sad reality,

[Page 2]

In the dark legends of thy border war,
With woes of deeper tint than his own Gertude's are.

But where are they, the beings of the mud,
The bard's creations, moulded not of clay,
Hearts to strange bliss and suffering assigned,
Young Gertrude, Albert, Waldergrave, where are they?
We need not ask. The people of to-day
Appear good, honest quick men enough,
And hospitable too - for ready pay--
With manners like their roads, a little rough,
And hands whose past is warm and welcoming, tho' tough.

Judge Hollenback, who keeps the toll-bridge gate
And the town-records, is the Albert now
Of Wyoming, like him, in church and state,
Her Doric column--and upon his brow
The thin hairs, white with seventy winters' snow,
Look patriarchal. Waldergrave't were in vain
To point out here, unless in you scare-crow
That stands, full-uninformed, upon the plains,
To pieghter flocks of crows and blackbirds from the grain.

For he would look particularly droll
In his "Iberian boot" and "Spanish plume",
And be the wonder of each Christian soul,
As of the birds that scare-crow and his broom.
But Gertrude, in her loveliness and bloom,
Hath many a model here, for Woman's eye
In court, or cottage, wheresoe'er her home,
Hath a heart-spell too holy and too high
To be o'erpraised even by her worshipper, Poesy.

[Page 3]

There's one in the next field - of sweet sixteen -
Singing and summoning thoughts of beauty born
hi heaven, with her jacket of light green,
"Love darling eyes, and tressers like the morn,"
Without a shoe or stocking, hoeing corn.
Whither, like Gertrude, she oft wanders there
With Shakespeare's volume in her bosom borne
I think is doubtful. Of the poet-player
The maiden knows no more than Cobbett or Voltaire.

There is a woman, widowed, pray and old,
Who tells you where the fools of Battle steps
Upon this day of massacre. She told
Its tale, and pointed to the spot, and wept,
Whereon her father and five brothers slept,
Shroudless, the bright-dreamed slumbers of the brave
When all the land a funeral mourning kept.
And there wild laurels, planted on the grave
By Native's hand, in air pale red blossoms wave.

And on the margin of you orchard hill
Are marks where time-worn battlements have been,
And in the tall grass traces briger sties,
Of "armory fieze and wedged ravelin"
Five Hundred of her brave that valley preen
Trode on the mour, in soldier-spirit pay.
But twenty lived to till the noon-day scene;
And where are now the twenty? Passed away.
Has death no triumph-hours, save, on the battle day?

[Page 4]

Wyoming
By [Fitz-Greene] Halleck

Wyoming
By [Fitz-Greene] Halleck

- Translation End -

-----END-----

15.4a-c Item 4a-c: "The Arrow and the Song," by

Henry W. Longfellow, Three Signatures and Envelope, no date.

Type of Material: Poem

Title: The Arrow and the Song

Description: [Henry Wadsworth Longfellow](#), 1807-1882, one of the most proficient American poets of the 19th century. The poem "The Arrow and the Song" is one Longfellow's most popular works. The meaning of the arrow and song above are generally thought to be the comparison between hatred and kindness. The arrow is meant to be seen as mean words put out into the world with the intention to hurt while the song is kind words that are put out to better and enrich the one's around us. Longfellow describes both of them as being 'unable to follow' in some way as people are unable to truly understand how one's words can impact an individual in the moment and can't control what happens to the words once they are out. But later in the work the speaker does find both objects highlighting the fact that words and their intentions never really go away. The work itself describes the hypothetical journey of an arrow and song in flight and the speaker in the poem searching for it and finding the arrow in a tree and the song in the "heart of a friend" at the end of the poem.

Dates: 1845 (not given, online research)

Creator: [Henry W. Longfellow](#)

Subjects: An arrow's flight.

Locations: N/A

People: N/A

General Condition: Excellent.

Measurements: 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. x 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.; 2 x 4 $\frac{1}{8}$ in (3); 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 3 in.

Transcript Attempt:

[Page 1]

The Arrow and the Song

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth I know not where;
For so swiftly it flew the sight
Could not follow it in its flights.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth I know not where;
For who hath sight so keen and strong
That it can follow flight of song.

Long, long afterward, in an oak,

I found the arrow still unbroke
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend

Henry W. Longfellow

{Back}

With W. Longfellow's compliments

[Envelope]

Letters from H. W. Longfellow

Mr Harrison Wright

Wilkes Barre
Pen

[Three Signatures]

Yours timely
Henry W Longfellow

Yours timely
Henry W Longfellow

With W. Longfellow's
compliments.

-----END-----

15.5. Item 5: Poetry booklet by unknown, 1827.

Type of Material: Poetry Booklet

Title: Multiple

Description: Poem 1: "The Grave" Poem 2: Unnamed Poem 3: "It shall be will with the righteous John iii. 10." Poem 4: "Prayer for the salvation of Youth" Poem 5: Unnamed Poem 6: Unnamed

Poem 7: "Solitude" Poem 8: "In Answer" by Josiah Louder Poem 9: "Need Not For The Children Dead" Poem 10: "VIRTUE"

A booklet containing various religious poetry and prayers of various lengths, structures, and styles. Josiah Louder is the only mentioned author of poem eight it is unclear if the rest of the works belong to him as well. The date given places the collection around the Great Awakening, a religious revival in the American colonies; these poems could be a potential product of this period. Spanning themes throughout the booklet include the youth's relationship with religion,

the idea of overcoming hardships through virtue, and typical religious motifs of divinity and suffering.

Dates: 1827

Creator: N/A

Subjects: Religious poetry

Locations: N/A

People: Josiah Louder

General Condition: Fair. Strong vinegar smell

Measurements: 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. x 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. (Closed); 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. x 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Transcript Attempt:

[Page 1]

{Poem 1}

The Grave

1st

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie & sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

2nd

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more distributes their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

3rd

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

4th

For Misery stole me at my birth,
Any cast me helpless on the wild
I perish; O my Mother Earth!
Take home thy child

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me

Hark! a strange sound affrights mine ear,
My pulse -my brain runs wild- I rave
Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
I am the Grave!

The Grave that never spoke before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide:
O listen! I will speak no more;
Be silent Pride!

Art thou a wretch of hope forlorn
The victim of consuming care?
To thy distracted bosom torn
By fell despair?

Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengeance wouldst thou 'flee?
Ah! think not, hope not, Fool to find
A friend in me

[Page 3]

11th

By all the terrors of the tomb
Beyond the powers of tongue to tell
By the dread secrets of my womb!
By Death & Hell!

12th

I charge the Live! repent & pray
In dust thy infamy deplore
The yet is mercy; go thy way,
And sin no more.

13th

Art thou a Mourner?- Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights?
Endearing days forever 'flown,
And tranquil nights.

14th

O Live!- and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past:
Rely on Heavens unchanging will
For peace at last.

15th

Art thou a Wanderer! Hast thou seen
Oerwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
A shipwrecked mariner hast thou been
Misfortunes mark?

16th

Though long of winds & waves the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam,
Live! thou shalt find a sheltering port
A quiet home.

17th

To Friendship didst thou trust thy fame
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast, to aim

A surer blow?

[Page 4]

{Poem 2}

Live! & repine not o'er his loss
A loss unworthy to be told!
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For Friendships gold.

Go seek that treasure seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosoms deepest wound
With heavenly balm

In woman hast thou placed thy bliss
And did the fair one faithless prove?
Hath she betrayed the with a kiss,
And sold thy love?

Live!- twas a false bewildering fire:
Too often loves insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with sweet desire,
But kills the heart.

A nobler flame shall warm thy breast
A brighter Maidens virtuous charms!
Blest shalt thou be supremely blest
In Beauty's arms

Whate'er thy lot-Whoever thou be-
Confess thy folly, kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

[Page 5]

"A bruised reed he will not break;
Afflictions all his children feel:
He wounds them for his mercy's sake

He wounds to heal.

A

Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Postrate his Providence adore
'Tis done! Arise! He bids the stand,
To fall no more.

Now, traveller in the vale of tears
To realms of everlasting light
Through Times dark wilderness of years
Persue thy flight.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest you weary Pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground

The soul of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day.

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The Soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never Die.

[Page 6]

{Poem 3}

It shall be will with the righteous John iii. 10.

(What cheering words are these!
There sweetness who can tell?
In time and to eternity,
'Tis with the righteous well.

(In every state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye,

‘Tis well with them while life endures;
And well when call’d to die)

‘Tis well when joys arise,
Tis well when sorrows flow;
‘Tis well when darkness veils the sky;
And strong temptations blow.

(Tis well when on the mount
They feast on dying love;
And ‘tis as well in Gods account,
When they the furnace prove)

‘Tis well when at his throne,
They wrestle, weep, and pray;
‘Tis well when at his feet they groan,
Yet bring their want’s away.

[Page 7]

‘Tis well(?) when Jesus calls:_
From earth and sin arise;
Join with the host of virgin souls,
Made to salvation wise.”

{Poem 4}

Prayer for the salvation of Youth

Bestow, dear Lord, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace;
And let the sacred word of truth,
Enrich the rising race.

Ye careless ones, O hear betimes!
The voice of sovereign love;
Your youth is stained with many crimes;
But mercy reigns above.

For you, the public pray'r is made,
 Oh! join the public pray'r!
For you, the secret tear is shed,
 O shed yourself a tear.

“We pray that you may early prove,
 The Spirits power to teach;
You cannot be too young to love,
 That Jesus whom we preach.

[Page 8-9 Blank]

[Page 10]

{Poem 5}

 Tainted maid,
 My thoughts of rest with thee in thy cold grave,
 Though the long wintry night, when wind & wave
Rock the dark house where thy poor head is laid.
Yet hush: my fond heart, hush! there is a shore
 Of better promise; and I know at last,
 When the long sabbath of the tomb is past,
We two shall meet in Christ to part no more.

{Poem 6}

In Heaven we shall be purified, so as to be able to endure the spendors of the Deity
 AMARE, sweet harp of Judah wake,
 Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake;
 We sing the Savior of our race,
 The Lamb, our shield, & hiding place.

When God's right arm is bar'd for war,
And thunders clothe his cloudy oar,
Where, where, oh where shall man retire,
To escape the horrors of his ire?

‘Tis he, the Lamb, to him we fly,

While the dread tempest passes by;

[Page 11]

God sees his Well-beloved's face,
And spares us in our hiding place.

Thus while we dwell in this low scene,
The Lamb is our unfailing screen;
To him, though guilty, still we run,
And God still spares us for his Son.

While yet we sojourn here below,
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow;
Fallen, abject mean, a sentenced race,
We deeply need a hiding place.

Yet courage - days & years will glide,
And we shall lay these clods aside,
Shall be baptiz'd in Jordan's flood,
And wash'd in Jesus' cleaning blood.

Then pure, immortal, sinless freed,
We through the lamb shall be decreed;
Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a hiding place.

[Page 12]

{Poem 7}

Solitude

It is not that my lot is low,
That bids this silent tear to flow:
It is not grief that bids me moan,
It is that I am all alone.

In woods & glens I love to roam,

When the tired hedgers hies him home;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs,
With hallow'd airs & symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear & dead,
It floats upon the water's bed;
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods & winds, with sudden wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale:
I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me & loves me too:
I start & when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

[Page 13]

{Poem 8}

In Answer

But art thou thus indeed "alone?"
Quite unbefriended - all unknown?
And hast thou then his name forgot
Who forme'd thy frame, I fix'd thy lot?

Is not his voice in evening's gale?
Beams not with him the "star" so pale?
Is there a leaf can fade & die,
Unnotic'd by his watchful eye?

Each flutt'ring hope - each anxious fear-
Each lonely sigh - each silent tear-
To thine Almighty Friend are known;
And say'st thou, thou art "all alone?"

Josiah Louder

[Page 14]

{Poem 9}

Need Not For The Children Dead

Weep not for the youthful dead,
Resting in their peaceful bed!
They are happier than we,
Howsoever blest we be.

They have left a doubtful scene,
While their hearts were young & green,
Ere the stain of guilt was deep; -
Therefore, wherefore do ye weep?

They have never known the stings,
Which dissever friendship brings;
Envy, Hatred, Passion, Pride,
All lie buried at their side.

Far across the shipwreck foam,
They have found a peaceful home,
Where the blessed spirits keep;
Therefore, wherefore should ye weep?

'Tis ye say, a heavy pain,
Preying on the heart in vain,
Thus to see the green bud froze,
When just opening to a rose.

Yet shall Consolation come,
Stooping from a starry home,
Bringing dew upon her wings,

From the deep, eternal springs.

[Page 15]

Ode hath just begun to climb
Up the very mount of Time;
Weep not his untimely end,
If he sunk, 'twas to ascend.

She was young, & soft, & fair;
To her sister seraphs are!
Wherefore, then, should Sorrow bow?
She is with the seraphs now.

Happy they who die in youth,
Ere the fountain springs of youth
Have been sullied by the rains,
Leaving dark & deadly stains.

Their renown is with the brave,
All their faults are in the grave,
And the flowers, that round them bloom,
Chase the darkness, - hide the gloom.

[Page 16-17 Blank]

[Page 18]

{Poem 10}

VIRTUE.

1827

I saw the virtuous man contend,
 With life's unnumberd woes,
And he was poor without a friend,
 Prest by a thousand foes.

I saw the passion's pliant slave,
 In gallant trim and gay:
His course was pleasure's placid wave,
 His life a summer's day

And I was caught in folly's snare,
And joined the giddy train;
But found her soon the nurse of Care,
And punishment and pain.

There surely is some guiding power,
Which rightly suffers wrong;
Gives vice to bloom her little hour,
But virtue late and long.

- Translation End -

-----END-----

15.6. Item 6: Poem by [Fitz-Greene Halleck](#), 1844 October 11.

Type of Material: Poem.

Title: N/A

Description: [Fitz-Greene Halleck](#), 1790-1867, was an American poet and editor. The untitled poem (9 lines, 1 stanza) describes the Wyoming Valley in Northeastern Pennsylvania. Halleck comments on the beauty of the natural environment of the area comparing it to a dream. Line two is a direct quote from a poem written by Scottish poet Thomas Campbell, titled, "Gertrude of Wyoming" whose beginning line is "On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming." Campbell's work is also heavily based in the natural beauty of the American landscape. Transcription above includes a description of the poem below it in a type of advertisement including the date, price, physical, and thematic descriptions of the poem. The beginning introduction also includes background information citing violence between Native Americans and settlers described as a "bloody massacre" in the summer of 1778, also known as The Battle of Wyoming.

Dates: October 11, 1844.

Creator: [Fitz-Greene Halleck](#)

Subjects: Poem about the Wyoming Valley.

Locations: Pennsylvania, Susquahanna, Wyoming Valley

People: N/A

General Condition: Poor.

Measurements: 7 in. x 4 ½ in. (poem); 5 ⅝ in. x 2 ⅛ in. (transcription)

Transcript Attempt:

50 HALLECK, Fitz-Greene. Noted American Poet. Auto. MS. Poem SGD.

Ip., oblong 8vo. Oct. 11, 1844.

\$15.00

Fine Original Autograph Manuscript, consisting of nine lines, one stanza, from Halleck's poem on the beautiful Wyoming Valley in northern Pennsylvania. This valley, a veritable Indian Paradise before the coming of the white settlers, was the scene of a bloody massacre committed by the savages at the instigation of the Tories in the summer of 1778.

“Thou com'st in beauty on my gaze at last,
‘On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming,’
Image of many a dream, in hours long past,
When life was in its bud and blossoming,
And waters, gushing from the fountain spring
Of pure enthusiast thought, dimm'd my young eyes,
As by the poet borne, on unseen wing,
I breathed, in fancy, ‘neath thy cloudless skies,
The summer's air, and heard her echoed harmonies.”

- Translation End -

-----END-----

15.7. Item 7: “Good and Evil” Poem written by [W\[illiam\].H\[enry\]. F\[urness\].](#), 1892 March 3

Type of Material: Printed Poem.

Title: Good and Evil.

Description: [William Henry Furness](#), 1802-1896, an American poet who was described by his peers as a theologian, transcendentalist, abolitionist, and devout member of the Clergy. Furness published numerous works including a *Manual of Domestic Worship*, 1840, and a translation of Schiller's *Song of the Bell*. He wrote a large number of hymns as well and several of them still possess great merit; it is hypothesized that this work “Good and Evil” is one of these. Furness, despite being a devout member, rejected the more traditional beliefs of Christ's birth that were attributed to magic and instead preferred to view them as natural events. This might have played a role in the descriptions he used in the poem within the collection. There is no mention of mystical properties given to God or the Devil, both are described as “workers” in a sense. The Devil is described as a workman in a world he did not make trying to “blind[s] our eyes” (ll. 5) while God is described frequently as doing “good work” and “His mighty voice” (ll. 17) meant

to scatter evil is described and explained through thunder. The poem describes the internal battle of good and evil in terms of the Devil and God. The poem describes both individuals as “workman” of some kind with the Devil trying to lead people astray or “blinds our eyes,” while God’s work is described as “more sure” than the other’s as he builds a world for the “Best alone”.

Dates: March 1892

Creator: [William Henry Furness](#)

Subject: Poetry

Locations: N/A.

People: William Furness, [Charles E. Dana](#)

General Condition: Good.

Measurements: 5.5 x 8.5 in.

Transcript Attempt:

[Page 1]

xo

Good and Evil

The Devil is a workman bold,
He works with might and main,
But, in a world he did not make,
He works against the grain

The dust he raises blinds our eyes
And, cunning though he be,
The noise he makes so stuns our ears
We neither hear nor see

How, in a world Himself has made
And for the Best alone,
More surely than the Evil One’s
The good God’s work is done.

In hidden ways, as noiselessly
The Temple rose of yore,
So His good work is going on
And on forevermore

Sometimes indeed His mighty Voice

Thunders from shore to shore,
And scatters all the Devil's work :
Ecce ! our Civil War.

W. H. F.

[Page 2]

Charles E. Dana
From his friend
W H Furness

March 3/'92

- Translation End -

-----END-----

15.8. Item 8: Letter from [Alfred Noyes](#) to Mr. Young, 1907 June 1

Type of Material: Letter/Correspondence

Title: Letter from Alfred Noyes

Description: [Alfred Noyes](#), 1880-1958, was an American poet who moved back and forth between England and America during his lifetime to lecture and teach at Princeton. This letter was addressed to an unknown 'Mr. Young' from Alfred Noyes that is listing and describing various poems that he intends to "inscribe" hinting at Noyes' occupation. The ending of the letter mentions working on another book by [William Morris](#) that he hopes to complete for another series.

Dates: June 1st, 1907

Creator: [Alfred Noyes](#)

Subjects: Books, Poetry, Poems, Letters

Locations: London

People: [Alfred Noyes](#), [William Morris](#)

General Condition: Good, slight discoloration.

Measurements: 6 1/16 in. x 4 7/16 in.

Transcription Attempt:

Page 1:

85 Casewick Road

West Norwood
London S.E.
June 1st 1907

Dear Mr Young

I want to thank you very much for your kind letter. It will give me much pleasure & inscribe the books as you suggest. The

Page 2:

list is as follows:-

1. "The Loom of Years" (poems 5/-) published originally by Grant Richards, 1902; but now out of print & rather difficult to secure. (Some of this is included in the American vol.)
2. Poems, 1904 published by Messrs William Blackwood & Sons (London) seven shillings original.
3. "The Forest of Wild Thyme" 1905 (Blackwoods, London.) five shillings.
4. "Drake" an English Epic (Blackwoods,) six shillings 1906

Page 3:

5. In America Messrs Macmillan have published a volume entitled "Poems", with an introduction by Hamilton Madre 1906. (price 1 dollar 26 cents.) A good deal of that volume is new.
-
6. Messrs Macmillan are buying out this month in America, a volume entitled "The Flower of Old Japan" & other poems, which contains some work now going out of himself in this country & also some additions to The

Page 4:

Forest of Wild Thyme.

I hope to bring out another volume in the Autumn, I am also engaged on a book on William Morris for the "English Masters of Letters" series, which I hope to complete by then.

With kind regards & very many thanks once more

I am

sincerely yours

Alfred Noyes

15.9. Item 9: The Frantick Lover by [Major John Andre](#), ca.1770s, reprinted in 1941

Type of Material: Poem

Title: The Frantick Lover by Major John Andre

Description: This item is a 1941 reprint of the poem, titled, “The Frantick Lover,” by Major John Andre with a forward by Howard H. Peckham. [Major John Andre](#), 1750-1780, was a major in the British army who was eventually hanged by the Continental Army for assisting U.S. Major General Benedict Arnold’s attempted surrender of the fort at West Point, New York. [Henry Clinton](#), 1730-1795, was a British army officer who fought in the Revolutionary war from 1778 to 1782. He was the British Commander-in-Chief in North America. [Howard H. Peckham](#), 1910-1995, was a professor and historian specializing in colonial and early American history. He was a founding member of the Society of American Archivists. The forward section by Peckham provides background and historical context on the poem and its author, Andre. The poem describes the jealous descent of a man as he laments over the pain that his love for a woman is causing him. There is also an unnamed “Rival” character that seems to be in a position above him from the quote “Those Charms which at once I admired and obey’d” (ll. 8). The speaker wishes that this rival is also afflicted with the pain that he is experiencing. The poem includes descriptions of the woman’s beauty often paired with descriptions of agony that such beauty causes him. The end of the poem encapsulates the speaker's condition of being trapped by the beauty and pain both inescapable in their own right; “A Thousand soft thoughts in thy fancy combine,/A Thousand wild Horrors assemble in mine” (ll. 47-48).

The translation of Latin quote from the beginning of the poem is as follows:

“The heat is enormous

Yes, shame in the heart - and mixed madness with grief

And love driven by furies.”

-No cited author

Dates: ca. 1770s, reprinted November 1941

Creator: [Major John Andre](#), [Howard H. Peckham](#)

Subjects: Poetry

Locations: N/A

People: Major John Andre, Howard H. Peckham, [Henry Clinton](#)

General Condition: Fair, no issues except for string binding is loose.

Measurements: 6 1/16 in. x 9 in.

Transcription Attempt:

[Title page]

The
FRANTICK LOVER

by Major JOHN ANDRÉ

[Illustration of a man pulling back a curtain to
see a man and a woman reclined back on a couch]

An Effusion
Now for the First Time
Printed from the Original Manuscript
Preserved among the Papers of
SIR HENRY CLINTON

[Page 1 Blank]

[Page 2]

THIS POEM was found among the military papers of Sir Henry Clinton, commander-in-chief of the British forces in north America from 1778 to 17782. As it relates the defeat of a British officer by a provincial, it bears some military character, but it stands forth distinctly unlike the rest of Sir Henry's archives. The verse is not signed or dated, but it is unmistakably in the handwriting of Major John André, Clinton's aide and later adjutant general in America.

For several reasons the poem appears to be an original composition by André. It has not been identified as the product of any known eighteenth century writer, and it is clearly amateurish. Moreover, no one else on Clinton's staff indulge himself in writing poetry (or in fighting, either). Finally, it is the type of poem André would write and could write.

To enlarge on this last consideration, be it remembered that tradition pictures John André as something of a gallant with the ladies. He is supposed to have cut a dashing figure with the Tory belles of Philadelphia while the British troops occupied the city during the winter of 1777-1778. He was then twenty-seven years old, handsome and talented. He appeared in plays which the officers produced that winter, he sang and sketched, and he organized the farewell pageant and ball- called *Mischianza*- in honor of Sir William Howe. He also drank and gambled and was otherwise a typical "officer and gentleman" of his period.

When the British army returned to New York, André joined the staff of Sir Henry Clinton and quickly became his favorite. In 1779 and 1780 he handled the delicate correspondence with

Benedict Arnold. He also found time to turn out three or four poems in ballad style, the most famous of which is an amusing parody about an unsuccessful expedition led by General Anthony Wayne, entitled *The Crow Chace*. André was devoted to his military career, however, and doubt-

[Page 3]

less regarded his talent for verse-making as only the mark of a cultivated mind.

André's fate is well known. He was captured after he penetrated the American lines to arrange with Arnold the details for the mock attack on and surrender of West Point. Because he was in disguise and carried papers of military intelligence, he was rightly judged by a board of officers to be a spy. Although Arnold escaped down the Hudson to the British lines, André was executed by hanging on October 2, 1780. This dramatic termination of his career and the circumstances of his capture promoted the British to the honor as having suffered a martyr's death. He is buried in Westminster Abbey- but not in the poet's corner.

That André was seriously frantic when he wrote *The Frantick* seems improbable. The poem appears rather to be in the vein of mock despair. Much as we should like to know the girl to whom he addresses his jealous lament, she defies identification. The name Sally, as he called her, is circumstantial but unrevealing. Presumably she was a hospitable damsel of New York, belonging to the Tory U.S.O. Similarly, André's successor in arms (hers) is obscure. All we know is that André considers him clumsy; which leaves us wondering how *he* knew. Doubtless André's poem was passed around headquarters for the enjoyment of the staff, and eventually Clinton kept it. The manuscript is now in the William L. Clements Library, Anna Arbor, with the Clinton papers. It is here printed for the first time, preserving André's capitalization, but improving his punctuation and spelling.

Oh yes, the Latin quotation at the beginning is an excerpt from Virgil's *Aeneid*, implying that the author's heart is filled with shame and madness mixed with frenzied love.

Howard H. Peckham

[Page 4]

The FRANTICK LOVER

*Aestuat ingens
Imo in Corde pudor - mixtoque Insania Luctu
Et Furiis agiatus Amor.*

And shall then another embrace thee, my Fair!
Must Envy still add to the pangs of Despair!
Shall I live to behold the reciprocal Bliss?
Death, Death is a Refuge, Elysium to this!

The Star of the Evening now bids thee retire;
Accurs'd be its Orb and extinguish'd its Fire!
For it shews me my Rival, prepared to invade
Those Charms which at once I admired and obey'd

Far off each forbidding Incumbrance is thrown,
And Sally, thy Beauties no more thy are own.
Thy Coyness, too, flies as love brings to thy View
A frame more ecstatic than Saint ever knew!

And yet I behold thee, 'tho longing to die,
Approach the new Heav'n with a Tear and a Sigh!
For oh! the fond Sigh amidst Enjoyment will stray,
And a Tear is the Tribute which Rapture must pay.

[Page 5]

Still, still dost thou tremble, that pleasures to seek
Which pants in thy Bosom and glows in thy cheek;
Confusion and shame thy soft Wishes destroy,
And Terror cuts off the weak blossom of Joy.

Oh! Had I been blest with thy Beauty, my fair,
With fondest attention, with delicate Care,
My heart would have tried all thy fears to remove
And pluck'd every Thorn from the Roses of love

My Insolent Rival, more proud of his right,
Contemns the sweet office, that Soul of delight;
Less tender he seizes thy lips as his prey,
And all thy dear limbs the rough Summons obey.

E'en now more licentious - Rash Mortal, forbear!
Restrain him, O Venus! Let him, too, despair!
Freeze, freeze the swift Streams which now hurry to join
And curse him with the passions unsated like mine.

How weak is my Rage his fierce Joy to controul.
A Kiss from thy Body shoots Life to his Soul;
Thy frost, too, dissolv'd in one Current is run

And all thy keen feelings are blended in one.

Thy limbs from his limbs a new Warmth shall acquire,
His passions from thine shall redouble their Fire,
'Till wreck'd and o'erwhelmed in the Storm of delight,
Thine Ears lose their hearing, thine Eyes lose their Sight.

[Page 6]

Here Conquest must pause, tho' it ne'er can be cloy'd,
To view the rich plunder of beauty enjoy'd:
The Tresses dishevelled, the Bosom display'd,
And the Wishes of years in a moment repaid.

A Thousand soft thoughts in thy fancy combine,
A Thousand wild Horrors assemble in mine;
Relieve me, kind death, Shut the Scene from my View,
And Save me, oh save me, ere madness ensue!

[Page 7]

Of this chapbook 1000 copies have been printed for Paul Mcpharlin,
Birmingham, Michigan, but The Blue Ox Press in New York,
November MCMXLI.

- Translation End -

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