

THE LONE HOUSE.

A POEM.

PARTLY FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY CASSIE FAIRBANKS.

'Twas a lonely hut, on a lonely road,
So far removed from neighbor abode,
You needs must journey for many a mile,
On either side, would you seek the smile
Of friendly welcome or social cheer—
Did the clouds forbode that a storm drew near—
Little incited the wayfarer's zest
To take at that dwelling the noontide rest;
And fain was the trav'ler, whate'er his need,
To urge to a quickened pace his steed:
For few were the footsteps that linger'd near
A place so lovely, and yet so drear.
Brownly outstretching—the untill'd ground
Was upheav'd by many a moss-grown mound,
And the charr'd and bleaching stumps on the plain
Were as tombstones marking the fallen slain;
While the darkling river that muttered by,
Seemed telling some sorrow angrily—