

And wel-ye to your juicy youth again
 With a new ring, the whole your rited bark
 Thro' chorons tairs. Your knotty fibres yield
 To the light touch of her unfading pen,
 As freely as the lupin's violet cup.
 Ye keep, close locked, the memories of her stay,
 As in their shells the avelones keep
 Morn's rosy flush and moonlight's pearly glow
 The wild north-west that from Alaska sweeps
 To downy Point Barrow with the icy sand
 And white sea-beam, may rend your boughs and leave
 Their blasted mothers tossing in the gale;
 Your steadfast hearts are nailed against the shock,
 And on their moral tablets might inscribe
 Of such rude visitation. Ye are still
 The simple children of a guiltless soil,
 And in your natures show the sturdy grain
 That passion cannot jar, nor force relax,
 No night but sweet and kindly may compel
 To gentler mood. No disappointed heart
 Has sighed its bitterness beneath your shade,
 No angry spirit ever came to make
 Your silence its confessional; no voice
 Can harshen Crane's great market place, the world,
 Brought with blasphemy your evening hush,
 And countermand the her alone,
 The unshrinking heart that hangs down the door,
 The foster words of our community stout
 To wait a soldier's war cry to the shock,
 The shout, the sound of hoofs that chase and fly,
 When swift vapors, dashing through the hoods,
 Lure down the angry fuh, perchance, the song
 Some Indian leered of long forgotten sires,
 Or such your solemn choros.

Stephen Collins Foster (1826-64), author of many of the most popular American songs, was born in Pittsburgh, and was for some time a merchant's clerk or shop assistant in Cincinnati. He had a natural but untutored gift for writing ditty, and composed tunes; found time for systematic musical study, and in 1842 published "Open the letter, love," which was at once taken up by negro minstrels, and the popularity of his next year's "Swanee River" encouraged him to give up business, and devote himself to music and song. He lived mostly in New York and Pittsburgh, and in New York he died. He is credited with no less than a hundred and twenty-five pieces, words and music being a feature of his own composition; of these nearly a fourth are negro melodies. Among the best known are "The Old Folks at Home," "Nelly, Nelly," "Uncle Ned," "Old Dog Tray," "Gentle Annie," "Old Keweenaw Home," "Willie, we have no soul," "Cato's Song," "Katie," which Mr. Gladstone used to intone with a deep, powerful effect, "Massachusetts," "The Old Folks at Home," "Come where my Love lies dreaming." It may safely be said that no other eleven songs by any one poet or composer are equally familiar in all English speaking countries. How far the success of the song depends on the taking times it might be hard to say. "The Old Folks at Home," often known as "Swanee River," for it has frequently been adapted to come when performed on

street piano or barrel-organ as when sung. Some of the songs are mere doggerel; others are only sentimental jingles; the best of them hardly satisfy the usual poetic standards. But if to secure world-wide popularity and to touch the heart of the people in two continents be proof of poetic power, S. C. Foster has safely passed the test. "Misrahu," "Come where my Love lies dreaming" is his highest effort.

Theodore Winthrop (1828-61) was the representative of a family that had been very distinguished in New England since colonial days, having produced governors of Massachusetts and Connecticut, a Harvard professor of physics, and a senator, orator, and publicist. Born at New Haven, Theodore studied at Yale, travelled in Europe and the Far West, did surveying for the railway across the Isthmus of Panama, was admitted to the bar (1855), and had prepared a large mass of mostly unpublished literary material, when, having volunteered in the Civil War, he fell in battle at Great Bethel. His novels, for which he had failed to find a publisher, were issued posthumously, and include *Coal-Down* (1861), a somewhat crude romance of New York; *John Brent* (1861), instinct with the spirit of the Wild West; and *Edwin Brotherhood* (1862), a story of the Revolution. His tales were somewhat too spasmodic and unconventional in style. *Lucas and Saddle* and *Life in the Open* (1861) were sketches still later published; and in the eighteen his *Life and Poems* appeared under his sister's supervision.

Lewis Wallace, born in 1827 at Brookfield, Indiana, served in the Mexican War, gained distinction in the Civil War, and was governor of Utah (1878-81) and minister to Turkey (1881). General Lew Wallace became famous in popular literature by his remarkably successful religious novel *Ben Hur* (1880); and this was followed by *The Fair God*, *The Prince of India*, and *The Hero of Malak* on his next best-known stories, as well as by a book on *The Boyhood of Christ* and a life of Benjamin Harrison.

Richard Henry Stoddard (1825-1903) was born at Hingham in Massachusetts, the son of a ship's captain who was lost at sea; and the boy after an education at the public schools in New York, worked in an iron foundry for some years, meanwhile reading widely in English literature, but especially in poetry. In 1849 he produced a small volume of poems, only to suppress it afterwards; but 1852 saw the birth of a sturdier collection. From 1853 to 1859 he served in the New York custom house, in 1860-73 was clerk to the Metropolitan, and for a year city librarian; and he did much reviewing and writing for the book sellers. He wrote *Leaves of Washington Irving*, *Shelley*; produced *A Century After*, pictures of glimpses of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania in 1864; edited the *Blue Bird Series*, and the *Young*