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POETS OF AMERICA

WITH INTERESTING

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*THE ONLY COMPLETE BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF LOCAL AND NATIONAL
POETS OF AMERICA, CONTAINING NUMEROUS SELECTIONS*

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED WITH OVER FIVE HUNDRED
LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS.

EDITED AND COMPILED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF

THOS. W. HERRINGSHAW,

AUTHOR OF

"HOME OCCUPATIONS," "PROMINENT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE DAY," "AIDS TO
LITERARY SUCCESS," "MULIEROLOGY," ETC.

"GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW."

CHICAGO, ILL.:
AMERICAN PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION.

1888.

By Mrs. H. H. H.

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GIFT

MRS. LINDA W. SLAUGHTER

BORN: HARRISON CO., O., FEB. 1, 1850.

AFTER completing her education this lady was employed by the American Missionary Association, and later by the Presbyterian Board of Missions. In 1868 she resigned and



MRS. LINDA W. SLAUGHTER.

was married to Dr. B. F. Slaughter, surgeon U. S. A. Mrs. Slaughter has published several prose books, and a poetical work entitled, *Early Efforts*. For a while this lady was vice-president of the Woman's National Press Association at Washington, D. C., besides being honored with other positions of trust.

JEWELS FOR A BRIDE.

Pearls — glittering pearls —
Binding the gold of glittering curls,
Clasping the wealth of a woman's hair,
In tangled meshes of sunlight fair;
Beautiful pearls,
Under the curls
Bright thoughts are gleaming, in beauty rare
Fairer than curls,
Brighter than pearls,
The fair dreams flashing in splendor there.
Curls — glittering curls —
Lulu, our darling, the sweetest of girls,
With her stainless forehead and sinless soul,
Bearing the weight of your aureole
In the gleaming light
Of her marriage night;

Purer than cloud-gems, seen from afar,
In her robes of white,
On the dazzled sight,
Is shining and trembling a radiant star.

Pearls — brighter than pearls —
The gleaming light of her golden curls;
Yet, purer than light, and brighter, by far,
The loveliest ray of her soul's new star.

The Star of Love,
Like a white-winged dove
Arisen, and pure as our darling's life,
Shines in her soul
A glad aureole
To the one lover who claims her "wife."

Bride — beautiful bride —
Stainless and pure in your stately pride.
The pearls are born in the cold, dark sea;
From its gloomy caves were they wrung for
thee,

By aching hands,
From the dull sea sands —
With a panting heart and a weary arm,
Culled from the graves,
'Neath the ocean caves —
To strengthen the spell of your beauty's
charm.

Pearls — costlier pearls
Than bright gems looping the hair of girls,
Born in the heart from this life's dull needs,
Fashioned and shaped into thoughts and
deeds —

Jewels of light,
Born in the night,
Are gathered in sorrow and polished in pain
From the soul's deep caves,
And the hidden graves
Of buried hopes that each year has slain.

Bride — beautiful bride —
Gather life's pearls from its ocean wide;
Seek for the jewels that gem the sands,
Awaiting the touch of your willing hands —
Fadeless their light
When your beauty bright
Has paled, and paled in the years and years.
The earth has graves,
And the ocean caves,
And each is showered with crystal tears.

Tears — crystalline tears —
Strewing the sands of the ebbing years;
Marking the course of their onward flight,
Fostered in sorrow and nourished by night,
Staining young eyes
With a sad disguise —
Chilling young hearts with their freezing cold
Till the Star of Love
Has faded above,
And sunlight streams on the streets of gold.

Pearls—lowlier pearls—
 Fairest of women and sweetest of girls,
 Bind on your forehead and clasp in your soul
 A fadeless wreath for your aureole—
 Ornaments meek
 For your stainless cheek,
 Lulu, our darling, our beautiful bride,
 On your marriage night
 In the soft lovelight,
 Stately and pure in your robes of pride!

Pearls—holier pearls—
 Caught from the eddies in life's swift whirls,
 Radiant gems, from the sands above,
 Gather on earth for your crown of love;
 Jewels of light,
 Fadeless and bright,
 Purer than cloud-gems, seen from afar
 On the brow of night,
 Through the waning light,
 Lulu, our darling, our pale, sweet star!

JAMES JACKSON M. SMITH.

BORN: OXFORD, GA., NOV. 4, 1839.

THIS gentleman is an architect and builder, doing business at Burnet, Texas. His poems have appeared quite extensively in the peri-



JAMES JACKSON M. SMITH.

odical press, and have received favorable mention. Mr. Smith was married in 1861 to Miss Catherine O. Browne, and now has quite a large family.

HOW SISTER TELLS THE STORY TO BROTHER WHEN PAPPA IS GONE.

Believe me dear brother, I tell you a truth,
 It was long ago when our papa in youth,
 Inherited a jewel: more precious than gold,
 Bought by our ancestors in the days of old;
 That jewel, so I have been told,
 Was a precious right ever to hold,
 Bought by our ancestors in blood and goal,
 In the days that tried men to the soul.

The right to think, to enjoy that freedom,
 Granted to us by our Father in heaven,
 If only his laws we would properly obey,—
 Not degrade His laws.
 The purity of blood was his first decree,
 When he commanded man to live and be.
 Proud Caucasians! the noblest of all the races
 Teachers of the arts, virtue and sciences.

The founders of civilization, christian conquest,
 Keep square, — obey his holy behest,
 I'll make you ruler of all the races
 If you'll obey my law and christian graces.
 Heed it not your fall is sure! —
 When the vandal hords envied us,
 They came as a whirlwind tempest tossed,
 Stood our fathers on Manassa's plain,

Hurling back with might and main
 The minions that dare invade
 Long years of strife in gory laid,
 When the gory weapon in glory laid.
 The pen, mightier than the sword
 Tells of the truth fearless and bold,
 And now the truth reveals to us;
 Our fathers were right in that mighty fuss.

The dearest rights left to man,
 They lingered to old age to defend,
 Decades after the combat ceased
 Striving to eradicate The Cunning Tale,
 The relentless victorious foe did weave,
 Presumed to tell as truth (?) you know.
 His hoary hairs, to the portals of the grave,
 Proclaimed the truth they dare would brave,

And peacefully folded himself in the silent
 grave,
 A calm assurance if our country's saved.
 It was the arm of him who wore the gray,
 And looked to God and did humbly pray
 That His omnipotent hand would ever stay.
 The hand of him who would wantonly
 Ignore his laws — degrade our race,
 By yoking his brother to the negro race.