

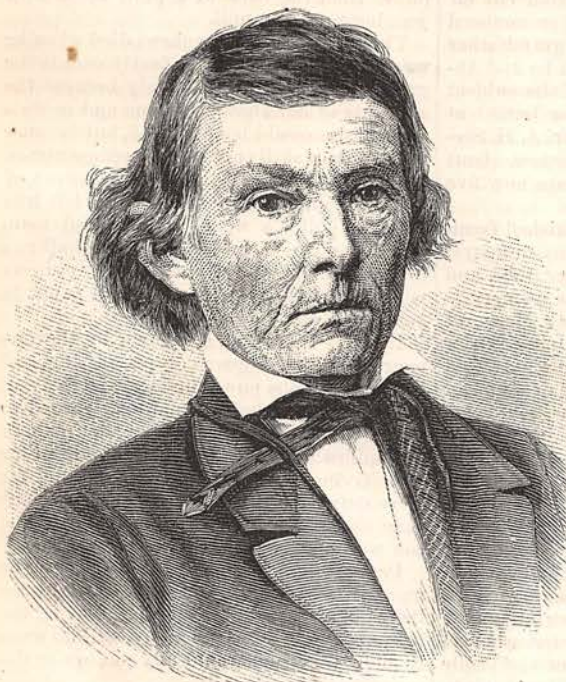
the forked tail brushes against the valve it causes it to open, and the force above alluded to carries the larva into the utricle. And this is the fact with all of the species of utricularia that I have experimented with, except in the case of *U. purpurea*. In this species the valve does not seem to be so sensitive as in the others. A slight brush of the tail of a mosquito larva does not cause the valve to open; it takes a more vigorous blow with the head; hence, in this species, the mosquito larva is almost always caught head first.

I have a number of alcoholic specimens of the mosquito larvæ, with only the head caught in the valve; the larva had grown too large to admit the first joint of the body through the orifice. Many of these specimens I put in alcohol while the larvæ were still living; others I observed until they were dead. With the head only caught in the valve, and the rest of the body sticking out, it was left free to thrash about, and it

seemed the more the victim struggled, the closer the valve fitted about the head. A half-grown mosquito larva thus caught could sway the utricle from side to side, and make considerable demonstration that could be seen with the unassisted eye, but I never saw one escape.

Even here Mr. Darwin's argument would hardly hold good, that the head serves as a wedge, for the valve opens just as quickly as in the other species when the blow is hard enough, and the mosquito larva never goes poking about using its head as a wedge. But the chironomid larva not only swims and wriggles, but it uses its brush-like feet, and crawls along the leaves and stems of the plants, and often feeds on the hairs or bristles about the entrance of the utricle, which I find in all of the species except in *U. purpurea*. So this larva looks more like using its head as a wedge, but, as we have seen, it is not at all necessary for it to use its head in this manner.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS.



ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS.

EARLY in his Congressional career Alexander H. Stephens wore a large and warm cloak, as a needed protection of his slight person against the cold fogs of Washington city. He kept and wore it for many years, his friends suspecting that an intense devotion to the classics, and the

something of *toga* effect which this garment had in common with the supposed sweeping robes of Cicero and other models of ancient eloquence, lent charms to it for him; those who were jealous of him or disliked him saying that he did it in order to cast the shadow which his own lath-like body was not always equal to, and so avoid that suspicion of a soul sold to the devil which is said to be proven by the refusal of the sunlight to outline the person on mother earth; he, undoubtedly aware that it did give to his long outline a fullness and grace which nature had denied, and over which tailors shook their heads. Perhaps that time of the *toga* was his real prime, for the awkward verdancy of country youth, shown in his first (uncopied) pictures, had passed away, intellect and the conscious power of the rising and the successful had come to his face, and artists who looked well to the "main chance" were

willing to go to the expense of a steel-plate engraving of one who was in reality the leader of the Whigs in the Lower House.

Mr. Stephens's paternal ancestors were English. His grandfather was a gentleman by birth, who adhered to the fortunes of the Chevalier Edward (called the Pretender),

and was therefore opposed to the House of Hanover, of which his Majesty George III. was the representative at the time of our war of the Revolution. This ancestor of his came to America during some of the many Indian troubles and the contests with the French that preceded the separation of the colonies from Great Britain, and served under General Braddock while marching on Fort Duquesne. He shared in the memorable defeat and retreat. In another expedition he served under Colonel (afterward General and President) Washington.

During the war for independence this first of American Stephens took an active part on the side of the revolted colonies with more enthusiasm than that with which his grandson espoused the rebellion of 1861, and arose to the rank of captain on the patriot side. His home was then in Pennsylvania. In the year 1795 he settled lands in Georgia, first in what is now Elbert County, then in Wilkes County, on Kettle Creek, where he dwelt until 1805. Then he removed to and improved lands in another part of the then vast county of Wilkes, and that part was by later legislation cut off into the county of Taliaferro (pronounced Toliver). The name of this grandfather was Alexander Stephens. Both he and Andrew B. Stephens, the father of the subject of this sketch, died and are now buried at this old homestead place. Mr. A. H. Stephens still owns it, and it embraces about one thousand acres, worth perhaps now five thousand dollars in all.

The father was an undistinguished farmer of good sense, moderate means, industry, and honesty. He died 7th May, 1826, and the devotion of his son to his memory is his best monument. The mother, Margaret Grier, was a distant relative of Justice Grier of the United States Supreme Court, and sister of a humbler man, who, as calculator of the *Grier Southern Almanac*, for years famed for its wonderfully accurate predictions of weather for the year to come, had a far higher local reputation than ever did the judge.

Of one of Mr. A. H. Stephens's cousins, son of the old almanac maker, the following story is told, showing that quickness and readiness of speech was not confined to a single member of this then obscure family:

One day the corn meal of the Grier household ran short, and the son put the bridle on the old mare, a blanket on her back to keep the horse-hairs out of the meal, and, with no saddle, started for mill. A stranger overtook him on the way, and a little conversation made them acquainted. The following dialogue then took place:

STRANGER. "Then you are a son of Mr. Grier, the great almanac calculator?"

YOUNG GRIER (*modestly*). "Yes, Sir."

STRANGER. "And do you ever attempt to

make calculations of the weather as your father does?"

YOUNG GRIER. "Sometimes I do, Sir."

STRANGER. "Really! And may I ask how do your calculations and your father's agree?"

YOUNG GRIER. "We are never more than two days different, I think."

STRANGER. "That is astonishing. And can you account for such remarkable agreement?"

YOUNG GRIER. "Perhaps so. You see, father always knows the day *before* it will rain."

STRANGER. "Precisely—I see."

YOUNG GRIER. "And I always know the day after it has rained."

The stranger cast an inquiring look at the calm face of the youth on the meal bag, and then remembered the importance of hastening on his way.

That was a day when young men of means were only ashamed of cowardice and dishonesty; and doubtless the Vice-President and Congressman to be has, like Henry Clay, "the mill-boy of the Slashes," "spoken his piece" from the back of a plow horse slow jogging toward a mill.

The mother of Mr. Stephens died when he was an infant, and this he justly counts the great loss of his life, not only because the accounts of her show how true and noble a mother she would have proved, but because some lack of skill (not of willingness nor of kindness) and total lack of the instinct of maternity in those who reared him left him a sickly child, a weak, undeveloped man, save in brain—if, indeed, he did not all run to brain—and an invalid who scarcely knows what health is, save as a lull and pause in pain, even until now.

In early manhood, as shown by the one poor and faded daguerreotype existing, and before conscious power had learned to dwell in his eyes, and before men had learned to forget the appearance in the man, this lank and sallow unloveliness must have been far more trying to the sensitive youth and far more detrimental to the struggling student than those who first saw him in his prime can well understand.

Perhaps one anecdote, selected from the many in the very interesting biography published by J. R. Jones, Esq., president of the National Publishing Company, will do more to show this than would any picture or description of his then life.

At the time of his beginning the practice of law in Crawfordsville—his present home—there was a shoe factory in that pleasant village, and one day as Mr. Stephens was walking past it very fast, as was his wont, three negroes were at the door drinking water or coffee. One of them, suspending his cup at his lips, said, loud enough to be heard by the young man, "Who is that little fel-

low that walks by here so fast of mornings?" A second replied, "Why, man, that's a lawyer." The third thought he saw the point of a capital joke, and exclaimed, "A lawyer!—a lawyer, you say? Ha! ha! ha! that's too good!"

To one like the writer of this, who knows the capacity of negro lungs as shown in a laugh at a "corn shucking," the effect of this on the nerves of the youth can be surmised in other lights than in Mr. Stephens's after matchless telling of it. He admits that it then alarmed him as a hint of how the public might receive him. But he was not vindictive, and in after-practice defended more negroes, without fee in many cases, and saved the lives of more, than any attorney in Georgia. It was not six months before he saved this same laughing and incredulous negro from a severe punishment for a petty crime.

A kind uncle, Aaron W. Grier, who bore the militia title of general, which then often belonged to actual Indian fighting, took the orphan home, and faithfully performed the duties of a guardian. The interest of Stephens's little patrimony, at eight per cent., paid for the cheap country tuition and clothing. He was as good a plowboy as so small a one could be, and did regular farm-work in summer. His professed piety and real morality drew the attention of a Mr. Charles C. Mills, his Sabbath-school teacher, and he undertook to loan the young Master Stephens the money for a better education. This put him at the higher school of Rev. Alexander Hamilton Webster, a Presbyterian, whose church he joined, and of that church he still professes to be a member. This will seem a little queer to those Northern readers who remember the somewhat murderous intent of his challenges to Governor Herschel V. Johnson and Senator Benjamin H. Hill, themselves church members, who declined to shoot with him. Mr. Webster, whose second name, Hamilton, young Alexander Stephens afterward took from love and gratitude, intended his young *protégé* for the ministry, and a board, said to have consisted in part of ladies, but organized as the Geor-



HOME OF ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, CRAWFORDSVILLE, GEORGIA.

gia Education Society, agreed to furnish the means for college. He accepted, with a proviso of liberty to return the money and act entirely upon a maturer judgment. Mr. Webster soon died, but other friends kept him at school; and in August, 1828, he entered Franklin College, or the Georgia University, classical and general department, as a Freshman.

His nephew, John A. Stephens, Esq., once showed to the present writer a letter describing an incident of this journey to Athens to college, which I will attempt, no doubt imperfectly, to give from memory. He was poor, and walked the forty or fifty miles, carrying his spare clothes upon a stick over his shoulder. A family owned a fine country-house and plantation in Greene County, just on his way, and he paused at their door on one afternoon of his hot and dusty journey to ask a cup of cold water. This was freely given, and the tired youth was asked to spend the night, and was not treated as a mere tramp, but as a young guest. The plantation wagon gave him a lift on his way the next day, after good food, enjoyed rest, and, best of all to his hunger of heart and sensitiveness of poverty, a hospitality as genial as if he had come in the highest Georgia gentlemanly state of that period—upon a fine horse.

Years after, when he was a great lawyer and a member of the Congress of the United States, a widow—Mrs. Parkes, I think—sought him as her attorney to save her imperiled estate for herself and for her three

young girls. He took the case, and he won it, as was then his habit in all of his legal battles for the right, and the widow offered the large fee which she had promised if he could win her the wherewith to pay. Not till then did he introduce himself to her as the poor lad who had asked only a "cup of cold water" on that burning August day, and which he now repaid. His gratitude he did not attempt to cancel by the gold pushed aside, but kept the old memory as precious as before.

During his second year at college the dawn of young ambition lured him more strongly than did any pulpit honors of that day, and his guardian gave up to him his patrimony (\$444), upon which he lived for two years more, and graduated with the highest honors of that *alma mater* of such as Toombs, Lumpkin, Cobb, and Hill. He borrowed from A. G. Stephens, his elder brother, the means to pay his debts, and went to teaching school.

On the 26th of May, 1834, he began the study of law, and made the entry of date in a pocket book or case which he still has in use. So unknown and obscure was he that the dealer asked a by-stander if he should trust him for the amount if a credit was asked for. It was not asked for, as he made no debts that he could possibly avoid. A desk in the sheriff's office (which cost him only a little writing for that county officer), *Starkie on Evidence*, *Maddox's Chancery*, *Cornyn's Digest*, *Chitty's Pleadings*, and a few such elementary books, bad health, and no influential friends—these were his means of success; and in 1843 he vacated his place in the sheriff's office for a seat in the American Congress.

When Mr. Stephens was admitted to the bar he was only twenty-two years old. He had an offer of partnership, at \$1500 a year guaranteed; but the passion for home and boyhood scenes anchored him in the small but delightfully healthy town of Crawfordsville. He lived on six dollars a month, made his own fires, blacked his own boots, and made \$400 in the first year.

He tells of himself, with great glee and enjoyment, a story of the beginning of his profession, on the circuit to the county sittings of the Superior Court. The next place of session was Washington, Wilkes County, the place of his better school-boy days. There was no public conveyance between the two villages. The young "squire" had no horse, and would not try to borrow one in Crawfordsville. He walked ten miles to his uncle's—half of the distance to Washington village, and a little out of the way—carrying his saddle-bags, containing a change of clothes, upon his shoulders. It was the July weather of the South, which means to be hot and succeeds; and he walked at night, resting on way-side stumps, and fully aware that

his prospects were as dim as the starshine upon him. The uncle loaned the horse indispensable to even the humblest entry as a lawyer; and now the saddle-wallets, containing thin white cotton pantaloons, which were both cheap and looked like the linen of Southern summer wear, and clean skirt, were carried in the proper way. That his first appearance at the town inn as a member of the bar on his circuit might be as imposing as possible, he dismounted in a pine thicket a short distance from the first houses and put on his clean white garments. How much impressed the court and people were by this he does not say, but he does say that when he left the town he took off the still fresh garments and put on the others for his dusty ride and weary tramp home. Lord Lytton in his *Rienzi*, the *Last of the Tribunes*, records of that successful orator a similar regard for appearances—with more means.

These things, now the inspiration of wit in that polished circle at Liberty Hall—so called by its owner because all respectable guests are made free to its bachelor comforts—and of which many have heard the recital in his own happy way in the much-frequented reception-room in Washington city of late, were *then* no jest, but sad facts, that might prove cruel should health fail or public opinion frown, and that would have been fatal had not warm hearts, like Robert Toombs, at times given him time for rest of mind and body.

Crawfordsville in 1866, just out of the utter business prostration of war, could not probably have been a better advertisement of "Wanted, carpenters and white paint," than if no repairs had been made from its civic birth in 1826. Its repulsive and gullied square; its broken-windowed court-house—memorial of the Northern troops quartered inside, who broke them; its school-house gaping at space from glassless holes, and resting on far less than its original stone legs; its general look of out-of-pocketiveness, were no doubt all existing. But now that iron artery of Georgia trade, the Georgia Railroad, has fed it and been fed from it, and he who this summer shall pause half-way in his ride down the ridge from Atlanta to Augusta, and rest under its green spreading oaks and China-trees, and eat of the best water-melons in the world, grown in sandy nests of the red clay, and who shall quench his thirst with that ice-cold water, or put his legs under hospitable tables laden with such fried chicken, ham and eggs, fresh figs and grapes, as city waiters don't handle, will vote Crawfordsville a nice town, and its neat white homes just the places in which to pass a sultry day. In that wonderful Middle Georgia it is never so hot as in New York, and never so cold; and even when the clay *does* stick in winter, never so nasty!

Just out of the town lies Stephens's home. There is so great and luxuriant a grove of oaks that the white house and red chimneys—these last, of course, put outdoors in true Southern style—can scarcely be made out; and as the Northern tourist whirls past, not so swiftly as the term "on the cars" leads one to suppose, the pointed finger and the eager "There is the home of our Vice-President, Sir," are apt to indicate to him just no place at all. Most apt of all are tourists to stare at the old *Monk House*, at the other end of the town, and put down the biggest house as *the* house. But to him who stops between trains there is a road of red clay, and a white board fence, and a gate opening on to a green, with ornamental trees not at all in the landscape-garden or villa manner planted, and a porch hidden under green leaves, and a white house of two stories, enlarged since 1866 by a kitchen on its left front as you go to it; and the yard ornaments are apt to bark, if they are dogs, or sweetly and courteously to show you the way, if they happen to be the pretty mulatto girls who were once his slaves and still his loving servants.

Once in, you are sure to be asked to stay all night, if you find Mr. Stephens at home, and are not *too manifestly* a reporter; and if he is in Washington, some one will kindly show you all you will care to see. This is not much. The house is the one in which he once boarded when the six dollars were a great sum to him; and as it was the pride and glory of his young manhood to at last own and complete it, and slowly to own adjacent properties, and to gather his kindred about him, so it has always been his glory to keep its little rooms, that are boarded and papered, and its steep stairs, that he has not often climbed since a great gate fell upon him in 1869 and crushed him into life-long lameness, and its breezy passages, where the water bucket waits for often-thirsty lips; its twin back porches, in which questions of Southern empire have had debate of life and death; its library, from which thieving borrowers constantly skim the cream; its little back bedroom, where he wrote the *War between the States*, and where he suffers like a martyr and endures like an Indian.

He was twice chosen Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, but had little to do with the war, save to make a few speeches for the cotton loan in 1861, to propose unheeded plans for success so long as he had hope, to try to negotiate a peace in the interview with Mr. Lincoln at Hampton Roads in the winter of 1864-65, to mitigate the sufferings of the Southern soldiers in hospitals, and of the soldiers of the Union in Andersonville and elsewhere all the time, and to avoid harming the measures of Mr. Davis where he did not fully agree with them.

He had his usual luck to be taken for a country youth, for once on his way to Richmond a petty official at Danville station, detailed from the troops to see that all travelers were duly vouched for, took his little certificate from his County Court clerk that he was Vice-President for a very poor trick, refused to pass him on his way, and would doubtless have tried to conscript him for the line if he had looked to be worth his rations as a private or a wagon driver. He always had this consequence of slender form to bear. Once on a car he saved a drunken soldier from being put off at the road-side as disorderly. The fellow was grateful, and wanted to know the name of his benefactor. But when told, with all the dignity which should have impressed him into sobriety, he was evidently so far from any association of the Stephens name and presence with any heard of greatness that the informant could only turn to the Confederate Secretary of State then riding at his side, and say, with a sigh, "Such is fame!"

Once, when invited to the city of Charleston to a great commercial convention, where he was expected to, and did, "do the lion" in the speech of the convention, he put up at a hotel kept by a lady of the city, and threw himself on a lounge to rest from the fatigue of the journey. The kind woman was keeping things nice for his expected arrival, and wished to bring the supposed country youth to order in the mildest way; so she said, "My son, let the gentlemen have this seat." His companions were two merchants.

If Mr. Stephens should be at home, and his mind not be absorbed by public affairs, the visitor will find in him the best and most prolific anecdotist of the day.

One story—alas, that he can not sit in the types to tell it!—is the Peter Bennet speech. A Dr. Royston, doubtless a most excellent man, had sued Mr. Bennet, a farmer, for his bill. "Little Aleck," as Alexander is minified by his friends, told his client, Peter B., that the case of service and its value were proved against him in legal form, and there was no real defense. But the old farmer insisted that his lawyer should "speak to the case." Mr. Stephens told him that he ought to speak himself if he thought a speech could be made, and was surprised by the retort, "I *will*, if Bobby Toombs won't be too hard on me." Mr. Toombs promised, and Peter Bennet began:

"Gentlemen of the jury, I ain't no lawyer and no doctor, and you ain't, nuther. And if we farmers don't stick together, these here lawyers and doctors will get the advantage of us. I ain't no objections to lawyers and doctors in their place, and some is clever men, but they ain't *farmers*, gentlemen of the jury. Now this Dr. Royston was a new doctor, and I sent for him to come to doctor my wife's sore leg. And



FAMILY SERVANTS OF ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

he did, and put some salve truck on it and some rags, but never done it a bit of good, gentlemen of the jury. I don't believe he's no doctor, no way. There's doctors as I know *is* doctors, sure enough, but this ain't no doctor at all."

This was evidently telling, and Dr. Royston put in with, "Look at my diploma, and see if I am not a doctor."

"His diploma!" said the new-fledged orator, with great contempt. "That ain't nothin', for no piece of paper ever made a doctor yet."

"Ask my patients," shouted the now furious physician.

This was the conventional straw that seemed to break the back of the orator's patience. "*Ask your patients!*" he said, in slow and mournful deliberation. "*Ask your patients! WHY, THEY'RE ALL DEAD.*" Then, in rapid declamation, he named case after case, well known, but mostly among the negro servants of his neighbors, where his opponent had treated them and their owners buried them, and continued: "*Ask your patients! Why, I would have to seek them in the lonesome church-yard, and rap on the silent tomb to get answers from the dead. You know they can't say nothin' to this case, for you've killed them all!*" The applause closed the speech, and the defendant had his case.

The family servants of Mr. Stephens all remained with him after the war, and protected his property while he was a prisoner in Fort Warren, at Boston. A group consisting of Harry, his chief man; Eliza, the wife, with an infant named Quin (now half grown) in her lap; Ellen, a fine girl (now

married); Fanny, a beautiful brown child; Dora, a lighter-colored child of more decided features; Tim, the house boy (now dead)—were once photographed all together in 1866; and another grown man, the gardener, who held the Stars and Stripes over the group as they sat in the sunny yard of the second officer of the great rebellion, could not get into the focus, from some yet "unreconstructed" matter with the focus or the sun. Mr. G. Gable came from Augusta to do it. There were many other negroes who remained on the plantation, and others had been, and at least one had been sold. He was named Pierce, and his chronic stealing was not even curable by the happy but costly habit of Mr. Stephens of leaving every thing unlocked, for he put the guests, too, under contribution. He was hard to get rid of or to keep, and on one attempt proved that eloquence, like measles, is catching. After exhausting common pleas, he said,

"Oh, Mars Aleck, just hear me one word before you send me away."

"Say it," said the listener, with the last-plundered guest still in his memory.

"Mars Aleck, suppose you had a dog, and you *loved* the dog, and the dog did something mighty bad once or twice, or a heap of times even; and if you *loved* the dog, would you kill him?"

The famed reply of the Syrophenician woman to the Saviour was not more touching than this, and Pierce went his way to sin *some more*, and a great many times, before it was obliterated and he had to go—even then to a chosen and forewarned kind man.

In 1836 Stephens's maiden speech in the

Georgia Legislature passed the bill for the State railroad that opens the mountain gate between the Middle States and the Southern sea-board. He made his great speech on the Mexican war, in Congress, on June 16, 1846. He opposed great frauds while clearing Mr. Corwin, January 13, 1853. He had the pluck to compare Georgia with Ohio, January 15, 1855, and the skill to win. He won the admission of Oregon, February 12, 1859. He told the South, in Augusta, September 1, 1860, that the cry for more slave territory was useless without the slaves with which to people the wilds; but he did not, like Judge Goulding, think that the laws of nations might be repealed or defied to do it. He opposed secession while claiming the *right*, November 14, 1860. He asserted his belief that slavery was right, March 21, 1861. He opposed the policy of Mr. Davis in the conduct of the war, March 16, 1864. He made a reconstruction speech before the Georgia Legislature, February 22, 1866. He has written and had published two large volumes of *The War between the States*, arguing upon the law of the Constitution, defending the South, and criticising the conduct of the war on both sides. He is a link binding these times to those of Clay, Webster, Calhoun. He has seen the proof that "those who begin revolutions seldom end them," in the absence from power of all the great agitators of both sections, and the present eminence of then obscure men. He remembers when such fossils as the Compromise of 1850, the Missouri Compromise, Mason and Dixon's line, Kansas and Nebraska bills, squatter sovereignty, the Fugitive Slave Law, the Dred Scott case, were live issues.

Those who seek the most esteemed man in the South, whether they seek him from curiosity to see a lawyer who began at twenty-two weighing eighty-four pounds, a statesman whose average weight is ninety-two pounds, or from a respect for the man who in 1836 dared oppose the most popular man in his county for the State Legislature, and one who could bring against him the then serious offense of having defeated the first vigilance committee attempted to be organized there, and of having before its proposed members pleaded for and sustained "the supremacy of the law" over the passions that are bred from the pocket; or if it is to see the man who stood for the Union before the proposed secession Legislature assembled on that night of November 14, 1860, when men who feared his calm power tried, under the leadership of the fiery Toombs, to roar him down; or if it is to see the wonder of history, of a nation in this end of the ages that is great enough to keep her conquered foes outside of granite walls and prison bars and fleet-guarded felon islands, and to admit the second of them to the second and stron-

gest council-chamber of her government, while the chief walks where he will and says what he wishes—all such seekers are more likely to find Alexander H. Stephens in an invalid chamber of a Washington hotel than at home. This because his heart has two loves, wifeless and childless: the one to rest his ashes with those of his fathers by the heap of stones that is the ruin of the chimney of his boyhood's first fireside; the other to die in harness, always seeking the good of all men, not of a part, and loving the republic and liberty as men have loved their families.

NORTHERN SNOW.

By WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

AN exile to the pine and palm,
I see the fur-winged summer brood,
Through azure depths of endless calm,
Above a nursling solitude;

And ample breadths of bloom unfurled,
As sweet as that voluptuous South
Where Antony gave the Roman world
For Egypt's Cleopatra mouth.

All things of sight and sound appear
To breathe of nothing but content,
As if unheeded, through the year,
The vagrant seasons came and went.

Yet often, when I hear the rain,
In fleece of vapor, whisper low,
Like ghosts about the window-pane,
My heart would leap to see the snow;

To see beyond the frozen meres,
In chalk and crayon's black and white,
The river hills, through atmospheres,
Wind-blown, in dazzle points of light;

The smothered roofs that lie below
The little wreaths of thin blue smoke,
Where dodder holds handfuls of snow
Above them on its mother oak.

In smooth, white levels lies the croft;
A mound of snow the box-wood shines;
Still sweep the trowels, white and soft,
In sloping curves and sweeping lines.

Soft flurries! as a shadow blurs
The page in passing, light and fleet;
Like soft, warm faces wrapped in furs;
Like faces passing on the street.

I see them in the falling rain,
Through all the years that lie between,
Like ghosts about the window-pane,
Among the musk and evergreen:

The boyhood's friends, the fair young wife,
Who watched with me so long ago,
As if across another life,
Among the softly falling snow;

While, grieving through the pine and palm,
The winds do chide uncounted hours,
Whose unspent summers fill the calm
With soft, sweet utterances of flowers.