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We had good fires; & free from harm,
Gave thanks that we were nice & warm
In our own home. - I tell thee sure
I never prized home comforts more.
Than while the wind whirled round & round,
And ice, & snow the side walks bound.

'Tis warmer now. Robin and Jay,
And red birds, show themselves each day.
Sately, a Tramp came to our door,
Asked for a Coat, & something more:
Complained that when he staid last night,
At Station House - O, hideous sight!!
He "gray backs" found, - wanted to dress
From head to foot - in cleanliness.
In paper wrap'd, said others gave
All but the Coat he came to crave.
I told him those who Coats do wear,
Shall not mix with us, - and pointed where
His present wants might be supplied.
And from our door he soon did glide.
Where do they come from, all those men
Whom we call Tramps? And Cousin, then
Where are the Women, who belong

To this same crowd, who thus do throng
Our thoroughfares? - A Woman Tramp
Would be considered a great Scamp, -
But men may wander through the nation,
As if they were Lords of Creation.
And those same Lords, oft help to light
Like Pittsburg fires the brow of night.

So long - and not a single line
From thee - no answer. I sent mine
Long time ago. After to day
I'll put my pen and ink away,
And wait until I hear from thee,
With all becoming dignity.

Rememberest thou the old time hours
Passed in those homestead homes of ours?
I do. And never can forget
The garden walks, with dew all wet, -
The birds songs in the whispering trees,
While swaying in the morning breeze;
Pear, peach, & apple blossoms vied
In opening fragrance, side by side.
'Twas beautiful. Our hearts were gay,
And we were young. - Shapes bright ray