

LOCAL AND NATIONAL
POETS OF AMERICA

WITH INTERESTING

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND CHOICE SELECTIONS FROM
OVER ONE THOUSAND LIVING AMERICAN POETS.

*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."

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GIFT

GARDINER S. PLUMLEY, D. D.

BORN: WASHINGTON, D. C., AUG. 11, 1827.

This gentleman is a clergyman, well-known in the religious world. He has composed many poems and also composed music for many of his hymns. Besides being pastor at



GARDINER SPRING PLUMLEY, D. D.

Greenfield Hill, Conn., Dr. Plumley writes constantly for the press, and is editor of the *Learner and Teacher*, an educational magazine published in New York City. The poems and hymns of G. S. Plumley, D. D., F. S. S., have received extensive publication in the religious and secular press of America. Mr. Plumley was married in 1850 to Miss Emily Augusta Fisher, daughter of the celebrated artist Alvin Fisher.

DOLLY.

LADDIE'S LETTER.

Dear Aunt Emma:— Papa and Mama
Came back from their journey in May,
And they brought in their carriage so far
A dear little lamb all the way.

Such a beautiful lamb you ne'er saw,
Her fleece is as white as can be;
When she wants to come in she will paw,
And stamp on the door-step for me.

On her neck a red collar she wears
With a bright silver plate for her name:
It is Dolly, and quickly she hears
When we call her to join in our game.

She fears not to eat from my hand
Oats, lettuce, grass, clover and hay,
And I think you would say it is grand
If you could but see us at play.

She plays "tag" with us down by the creek,
But the funniest caper of all
Is that as we play "hide and seek"
She hunts all around when we call.

But this morning we've all been so sad,
And crying to think we must part;
I never knew lambs could be bad,
And I'm sure it will quite break my heart.

For Dolly begins to grow wild,
And to knock down poor Rollo and me;
And acts like a real naughty child,
So Papa says we'll have to agree —

To send her away to be sold,
And to-morrow the farmer will come
To take her away to his fold;
With his sheep must be Dolly's new home.

AUNT EMMA'S REPLY.

Dear Laddie:— I'm sorry to hear
That Dolly is going away,
For from what your note tells me, I fear
You will all miss her much in your play.

Besides, when one leaves a nice place
Where his home has been pleasant and bright
To see him sent off in disgrace
Is surely a pitiful sight.

But how would you like it, my child,
If Papa to dear Laddie should say:
You are growing so naughty and wild
That I'm going to send you away.

I am sure you are far more to blame
Than Dolly so active and strong, [name,
Though she comes when you call out her
She knows not, like you, right from wrong.

Were you thus sent away, you would roam
Thirsty, tired and hungry for food;
And if only once more safe at home,
You would promise, I'm sure, to be good.

And the reason you're not punished so
Is because your dear parents are kind;
They hope that as older you grow
You'll learn to do right and to mind.

You ought then to love them each day
More and more for their kindness to you,
And to Jesus sincerely to pray
That He all your sins will subdue.

Lamb of God! He will prove to the end,
Ever gentle, and loving, and mild,
The Refuge, the Guide and the Friend,
And Savior for each little child.