

THE POEMS

Charles Fitchett

of  
Arlington Cemetery  
ARLINGTON.

By  
BY

M. A. C. FINCH.

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*"Dulce et Decorum est pro Patri Mori."*

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WASHINGTON, D. C.:

POWELL & GINCK, PRINTERS, 409 F ST.

1869.

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THE POEMS  
OF  
ARLINGTON.

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CONTAINING

The various Poetical Contributions written for the occasion of Decorating the Graves of our Fallen Heroes, May 29, 1869. Together with the

INSCRIPTIONS ON ENTABLATURES,

Erected at Arlington; with description of the touching ceremony at the National Cross, as part of the Memorial Exercises.

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PUBLISHED BY M. A. C. FINCH.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.:  
POWELL & GINCK, PRS., 409 F ST.  
1869.

When we say I do not know  
But oh, when can I see to be  
The consigned so well  
When Heaven has dew shaft shed  
In the martyred Patriots' bed  
And the rocks shall raise their  
head  
Of their deeds to tell.

40 Cannon & Co. Columbian

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year of our Lord  
eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, by

M. A. C. FINCH,

in the Clerk's Office, in the Supreme Court, of the District of  
Columbia.

Flower bed high, round for  
monument. 12 acres.

Where Lee was interred  
aft. Brunsidge. Fall Hill  
near Lee's Headq.

\$200,000 cost

# THE POEMS OF ARLINGTON.

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## The Arlington Estate.

The Arlington Estate is situated nearly due west from the Capitol, and is accessible from Long Bridge, at the foot of Fourteenth street and Maryland avenue, Washington, or by the Aqueduct Bridge from Georgetown. The Estate comprises a large tract of land lying between the Georgetown and Alexandria turnpike and the canal, of rich, and in times past, highly cultivated fields, but all fences having been destroyed during the war, this portion of late years has been abandoned to the freedmen. A spring near the canal, which gave its name to the Estate, where a comfortable house and extensive stables have been built on the plantation road leading from the south gate to the river bank, is worthy of mention from the fact, not well-known, that at this place the former owner of the Estate, GEORGE WASHINGTON PARK CUSTIS, in the early dawn of the nineteenth century, used to entertain all who came to what was then known as the annual sheep-shearing festival, on which occasion all interested in the improvement of sheep, competed for the prizes offered and bestowed by the liberal owner of Arlington. From this festival was derived the idea of annual agricultural fairs, so popular through all the Northern and some of the Southern States. This was the main part of the plantation under cultivation. The Estate embraces three swells in the range of hills here bordering the Potomac, upon the crest of which is an extensive plateau of level country extending for some distance. The heights, upon which is built the mansion, negro-quarters, and out-buildings, are covered with a

## THE POEMS OF ARLINGTON.

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luxuriant growth of natural forest trees, oak predominating, but cedar and other evergreens intermingling, forming one of the most lovely landscapes, with rich plains, bordering the broad blue Potomac, here over a mile in width, with shipping of all kinds, from the largest ocean steamer to the light sailing yacht, give an ever-changing panorama most pleasing to contemplate, and most beautiful to behold. The view from Arlington house is grand.

Arlington formed but a small portion of the regal estate belonging to the widow Custis, subsequently known to history as the wife of the father of his country. From Mrs. Washington the estate passed to her son, G. W. P. Custis, and upon his death in 1857, Arlington became the property of his daughter Mary, wife of Robert E. Lee.

Arlington Heights was occupied by Federal troops the night of May 23, 1861, and has been in possession by the Government ever since. At present, however, it is not held under any of the confiscation acts of Congress, but by virtue of a tax title, the estate having been sold for taxes, and bid in by the Government of the United States. Only the northwest corner, and the plateau southwest from the mansion, are occupied as a cemetery, the former for colored people, and the latter for Union and rebel soldiers. In all, there are over thirty thousand persons buried at this place; some have been removed, but to no great extent. Every grave has a plain white head-board, with the name, regiment, and date of death, when such was known; many are marked unknown.

The mansion is old style, with massive columns, and large portico. The rooms are good sized, and work nicely done. Marble mantles were in the two principal rooms on either side of the hall. Those in the room now used as an office still remain. The south wing is occupied as a green house, and is well cared for.

THE POEMS OF ARLINGTON.

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[The following Poems were written for the occasion of Decorating the Graves at Arlington, but owing to prior arrangements it was found impossible to embrace them in the exercises of the day :]

Our Fallen Comrades.

---

BY A. J. FINCH.

---

Comrades in those days of dangers,  
Brothers by those ties most dear,  
We have lived too long as strangers,  
Come, unite our hearts more near.  
Mingle now our tears of sorrow  
For those brave ones gone before,  
We shall join them on the morrow,  
As we near that distant shore.

Some were stricken in the battle,  
Where the death-shot felled them low ;  
When the air was thick with metal,  
Left them in a ghastly row.  
When the cannon loudly rattled,  
Wildly swelled the tumult's din :  
Where the surging thousands battled,  
For the victory to win ;

Where the war-clouds thickly hovered,  
O'er that bloody doubtful plain ;  
And their mangled corpses covered,  
With its mantle for the slain.  
'Mid shrieking shot and bursting shell,  
And zipping of the rifle's ball ;  
'Mid dangers thick and fast they fell,  
Redeeming there their country's call.

THE POEMS OF ARLINGTON.

But some amidst the gloomynight,  
Along the lonely picket line ;  
Where dangers lurked with dreaded might,  
When God and man it seemed combine,  
To add with terrors to the land ;  
To yield them but their bated breath,  
Still held them to that fatal stand,  
Denied them yet a glorious death.

'Mid darkness, storm, and hail and harm,  
'Mid cold, and sleet, and dangers drear,  
Sturdy to bear with willing arm,  
The irksome duties so severe.  
But some upon the daring raid,  
When far from friends or comrades riven,  
Were smitten when the charge was made,  
As from their line the foes were driven.

And some were taken on the road,  
The bivouac some laid low ;  
Death sought them oft in varied mode,  
Wherever they might go.  
The wasting pains of dire disease,  
The sunken eye, the hollow cheek,  
Speak of death by slow degrees,  
But far from such as soldiers seek.

Oh ! ye who've mingled in the fray,  
And joined the deafening shout,  
When wavering lines of steel gave way,  
To one continuous route !  
When men on men, and steed on steed,  
Ne'er checked your fiery zeal ;  
When sabre strokes could ne'er impede,  
Nor make their victims feel.



THE POEMS OF ARLINGTON.

---

'Mid wreathing smoke and whistling grape,  
With cannister belched forth—  
Tho' wide and quick, the deadly gape  
Ne'er checked the undaunted North.  
As swell on swell the ocean's wave  
Breaks fierce upon the rock-bound coast,  
So surged the line of veterans brave  
Against the works of rebel's host.

Oh! ye who've felt the burning throb  
Which victory alone can bring,  
Doth not the sick'ning horror rob  
Your boasted glory by its sting?  
Ah, did you mark the honor then,  
When gazing on the ghastly plain,  
Surrounded by these gallant men—  
Was there no pity for the slain?

And is this glory, thus to die  
'Mid clouds of smoke and battle's din?  
Shame on the thought, 'tis but a lie,  
A most degrading type of sin.  
Give not the laurel wreath to him  
Who merely yields a noble life;  
The world before hath often seen  
Valor displayed in useless strife.

'Tis glory only when the cause  
Is worthy of a martyr's death;  
When justice, truth, and freedom's laws  
Are sullied by a traitor's breath.  
For liberty they fought and died;  
To save a nation's life they bled;  
"God and the right" was on their side,  
And nations honor them now dead.

THE POEMS OF ARLINGTON.

---

In after years, when we are gone—  
Who shared alike with them the gloom—  
A grateful people still will come  
With garlands to bedeck their tomb.  
When the earth is filled with gladness,  
In the youthful spring-time come ;  
With our hearts still filled with sadness,  
As we hear the muffled drum.

Then, as we near these hallowed grounds,  
Made sacred for their resting-place,  
We gather round these lowly mounds  
With sad and solemn funeral pace.  
Wreaths of flowers we will gently  
Lay upon their narrow bed ;  
And with tears of sorrow mingling  
For the brave and noble dead.

From the hill-side, from the valley,  
From the dark and steep ravine,  
They have come to that last rally,  
On this peaceful quiet green.  
From the deadly charge we've brought them,  
Gathered from the lonely shore ;  
From the dismal swamp we drew them,  
Ere they struggled bravely o'er.

Tho' many comrades here have met,  
As their mingling corpses lay,  
Missing lost ones linger yet,  
Unknown, beneath the unmarked clay.  
But distant friends who knew their worth  
Will ne'er forget the bitter day,  
When treason drew them from the hearth  
Of dear beloved ones far away.

THE POEMS OF ARLINGTON.

---

Here they've met at their last roll-call,  
On the calm Potomac's shore—  
Oh! that fatal zipping ball!  
They shall never dread it more.  
They have heard the last assembly ;  
Ne'er again the bugle note  
Shall awaken in their memory  
Thoughts of battle, tho' remote.

Tattoo has sounded, taps are blown ;  
Lights are out, and they are sleeping,  
All undisturbed, tho' years have flown ;  
Angels o'er their camp are weeping.  
Calmly now the river glides,  
In its dark unruffled flow,  
As it mingles with the tides,  
Murmuring peace to us below.

Who can tell what joys and sorrows  
Mingle in our hearts to-day,  
As we think of distant morrows,  
Ere we pass that vaulted way,  
To join the comrades gone before us,  
Where no bugle sounds are heard ;  
Where no general e'er will chide us ;  
Ne'er again the armor guard.

Guard their honor and their glory,  
Keep their memory ever near ;  
Teach our children when we're hoary,  
How to drop the silent tear.  
Teach *their* children how to love them,  
While the heart is young and clear,  
That in age they may revere them,  
With a memory ever dear.

THE POEMS OF ARLINGTON.

---

Flowers for the Soldiers' Graves.

—  
BY MRS. MARY E. NEALY.  
—

Flowers for each hero's bed !  
Bring Roses as red as the blood they shed,  
And Geraniums rich with their glowing red ;  
Verbenas and Pinks like the sunset skies,  
And brave Sweet Williams, with scarlet eyes ;  
Bring the Flos Adonis, with drops of blood—  
Peonies and Poppies—a crimson flood !  
Bring flowers of the rich warm red.

Flowers for their crowns so bright !  
Bring guelder roses and snow-drops white,  
And lilies with cups like the morning light ;  
Bring sweet Mayflowers, with their waxen lips,  
Syringas and spireas, which eclipse  
The winter flakes with each pure white gem,  
Each delicate star of Bethlehem.  
Bring flowers of the purest white.

Flowers for the hearts so true !  
Bring violets blue as the summer skies,  
And innocence blossoms, like babies' eyes ;  
Forget-me-nots and the sweet-blue bell,  
Which grew by the streams they loved so well ;  
Bring morning glories, and lilacs, too,  
And each dear home-flower that so well they knew.  
Bring flowers of the azure blue.

Flowers for the soldiers' graves !  
Flowers of the red, the white, the blue ;

THE POEMS OF ARLINGTON.

---

Flowers for the brave, the pure, the true ;  
For the hero souls who offered up  
Life, love, and hope in the bloody-cup  
Which was held to their country's pallid lips—  
O, fateful war! O, dark eclipse!  
Bring flowers for our fallen braves !

Flowers of the fair young spring !  
We bring with their beauty and perfume  
To these hallowed graves one day of bloom—  
A single day in each rolling year  
For the blossoming flower and the falling tear  
To drop from woman's eye and hand !  
For the heroes and saviors of our land—  
Our gifts of love we bring !

Then home to our daily care !  
With deeper feeling and holier thought ;  
With a love and hope which the day hath wrought.  
With a grander faith in humanity,  
And a glimpse of the life that is to be ;  
With a wider vision of earth-born love,  
And a higher grasp of its home above,  
We shall bend the knee in prayer—

In prayer and praise to Thee.  
Prayers for the millions that mourn to-day  
For these far-off martyred forms of clay ;  
And praise to the Father that rules above  
For a land so girded around with love—  
For the hundreds of thousand precious graves,  
That broke the bonds of a million slaves,  
And made our land ALL FREE !

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE POEMS OF ARLINGTON.

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Hymns.

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[Written by request for the Floral Memorial, New York, May 31, 1869, by the editor of *The Soldier's Friend*.]

OPENING HYMN.

---

TUNE—*Pleyel's Hymn*.

Love unchanging for the dead,  
Lying here in gloried sleep,  
Where the angels softly tread,  
While their holy watch they keep.

Wreaths we bring that ne'er shall fade,  
Greener with the passing years,  
Brighter for our sorrow's shade,  
Jeweled with our falling tears.

Dying that the Truth might live,  
Here they rest in Freedom's name,  
Giving all that man can give—  
Life for Glory's deathless fame.

Bend in love, O azure sky!  
Shine, O stars, at evening-time!  
Watch where heroes calmly lie,  
Clothed with faith and hope sublime.

God of nations, bless the land  
Thou hast saved to make us free!  
Guide us with Thy mighty hand  
Till all lands shall come to Thee.

WM. OLAND BOURNE.

CLOSING HYMN.

---

TUNE—*Old hundred.*

---

Blest are the martyr'd dead who lie  
In holy graves for Freedom won,  
Whose storied deeds shall never die  
While coming years their circles run.

Blest be the ground where heroes sleep,  
And blest the flag that o'er them waves,  
Its radiant stars their watch shall keep,  
And brightly beam on hallowed graves.

While Freedom lives their fame shall live,  
In glory on her blazing scroll,  
And love her sacrifice shall give,  
While anthems round the altar roll.

- Year after year our hands shall bear  
Immortal flowers in vernal bloom,  
Till God shall call us home to share  
Immortal life beyond the tomb.

OUR FATHER, all the praise be Thine !  
Thy grace and goodness we adore ;  
Bless our dear land with love divine,  
And shed Thy peace from shore to shore.

WM. OLAND BOURNE.

Ode to the Dead.

---

[The following beautiful lines, composed for the occasion by Dr. H. Risler, and set to music by Krentzer, were sung in an effective and harmonious manner by the Washington Saengerbund and Arion Club—in all sixty voices, Messrs. Charles Richter and C. W. Bergmann leading:]

Sweet be your sleep, who here, though silent,  
Proclaim our country's holy rise,  
That she should live, your lives were rendered,  
Her life was your devotion's prize.

With flowers sweet your graves we cover,  
And here renew our sacred vow,  
That to our country we will render  
What we to your devotion owe.

---

Our Native Land.

---

[Then followed "Our Native Land," by the Beethoven Club, which was sung with fine taste:]

With hearts now touched by tend'rest feelings,  
Oh! let us praise our native land;  
For her we'll sing our noblest songs,  
And lavish gifts with open hand.  
Oh, land! with all thy noble forests,  
Thy plains, where rugged mountains stand,  
With God's pure sky, blue mantling o'er them,



THE POEMS OF ARLINGTON.

---

Heaven bless thee, our native land—  
God bless thee, our native land, our native land.

Let every blessing shed its fragrance,  
And peace and plenty o'er us shower;  
Let health and happiness attend us,  
Till all have felt its magic power.  
Oh! may the bond of faith and kindness  
Forever hold us hand to hand;  
While all thy sons shall sing rejoicing,  
Heaven bless our native land—  
God bless thee, our native land, our native land.

---

— 0 —

Our Martyrs.

---

A POEM

Dedicated to the memory of the Union Soldiers who  
fell during the war of the rebellion, and are buried at  
Arlington, Virginia.

BY FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.

---

Bring the fairest flowers that bloom,  
Full of beauty and perfume;—  
Lay a garland on each tomb.

Every sepulchre you see,  
Is a shrine,—henceforth to be  
Consecrate to liberty.

Here, beneath the earth's green breast,  
Loved, lamented, honored, blest—  
Twice ten thousand martyrs rest?

THE POEMS OF ARLINGTON.

Twice ten thousand martyrs,—slain  
Truth and justice to maintain :—  
Theirs the loss, but ours the gain !

When rebellion's fiery flood  
Swept the land, these heroes stood,—  
Met, and quenched it with their blood !

Can such service be repaid ?  
Can the record they have made,—  
Can their glory ever fade ?

Bring the fairest flowers that bloom,  
Full of beauty and perfume ;—  
Lay a garland on each tomb.

Pausing on your silent way,  
While affection's vows you pay,  
Bathe with tears each budding spray.

Grateful tears, with blessings fraught,  
For the deeds these heroes wrought,  
For the lesson they have taught.

Be your blooming garlands strown,  
Doubly, on the altar stone,  
Reared to those who rest—" Unknown."

Here, unrecognized, they lie,  
But, above the starry sky,  
Martyrs' names can never die.

Kneeling on this sacred sod,  
Swear !—to follow Freedom's God,  
In the path these patriots trod !

Swear !—their little ones to bless ;  
Cherish, shield them from distress ;  
Unprotected, fatherless !

THE POEMS OF ARLINGTON.

---

Swear!—that this fair land shall be  
Evermore a legacy,—  
Precious,—undivided,—free!

— 0 —  
Prayer.

---

Sung by Arion Club. This closed the exercises at  
the stage :

In peaceful calming breezes,  
Through blooming earthly fields,  
Spread God's creation blessings,  
And trusting pleasure yield.

Who tearful seeks 'neath heaven,  
This golden calm of rest ;  
Finds balm for all his longings,  
And peace within his breast.

— 0 —  
The Hymn of Peace.

---

BY OLIVER WENDALL HOLMES.

---

Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long !  
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love !  
Come while our voices are blended in song,  
Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove.  
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove ;  
Speed o'er the far sounding billows of song.

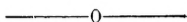
THE POEMS OF ARLINGTON.

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Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love,  
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long.

Brothers, we meet on this alter of thine,  
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,  
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,  
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea,  
Meadow and mountain and forest and sea,  
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine;  
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,  
Brothers, once more round this alter of thine.

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!  
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky,  
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main.  
Bid the full breath of the organ reply;  
Let the loud tempest of voices reply;  
Roll its long surge like the earth shaking main;  
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky.  
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!



### The Tomb of the Unknown

Is of plain granite, about five feet in height, surmounted by four three-inch Rodman rifled guns, worn out during the war, nicely mounted on each corner, with a pyramid of round shot in the centre. A frame work in shape of a Greek cross was built around the tomb, and a canopy of battle flags and silken colors, all of which had been borne by regiments represented among the dead, was erected over the tomb; wreaths of flowers were looped from opposite corners, and garlands suspended from the centre. The most refined taste was displayed in this beautiful decoration. The tomb bears the following inscription :

THE POEMS OF ARLINGTON.

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"Beneath this stone repose the bones of two thousand one hundred and eleven unknown soldiers, gathered after the war from the fields of Bull Run and the route to the Rappahannock; their remains could not be identified, but their names and deeds are recorded in the archives of their country; and its grateful citizens honor them as of their noble army of martyrs. May they rest in peace.

"September, A. D. 1866."

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— 0 —

Requiem,

---

Sung by Beethoven Club at the tombs of the unknown:

Sigh not, ye winds, as passing o'er  
The chambers of the dead ye fly;  
Weep not, ye dews,  
For these no more shall ever weep—shall ever sigh.

Why mourn the throbbing heart at rest?  
How still it lies within the breast!  
Why mourn when death presents its peace,  
And o'er the grave our sorrows cease?

---

— 0 —

Shall We Know Each Other There?

---

The orphans then sung, while gathered around the tomb of their fathers—

When we hear the music ringing

THE POEMS OF ARLINGTON.

---

Through the bright celestial dome,  
Where sweet angel voices, singing,  
Gladly bid us welcome home,  
To the land of ancient story,  
Where the spirit knows no care,  
In the land of light and glory,  
Shall we know each other there ?

CHORUS.—Shall we know each other,  
Shall we know each other,  
Shall we know each other,  
Shall we know each other there ?

When the holy angels meet us,  
As we go to join their band,  
Shall we know the friends that greet us,  
In the glorious spirit land ?  
Shall we see the same eyes shining  
On us, as in days of yore ?  
Shall we feel their dear arms twining  
Fondly around us, as before ?  
(Chorus.)

Yes ! my earth-worn soul rejoices,  
And my weary heart grows light ;  
For the thrilling angel voices,  
And the angel faces bright,  
That shall welcome us in heaven,  
Are the loved of long ago.  
And to them 'tis kindly given,  
Thus their mortal friends to know.  
(Chorus.)

Oh, ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,  
Droop not, faint not by the way,  
Ye shall join the loved and just ones,  
In the land of perfect day !

THE POEMS OF ARLINGTON.

---

Harp strings touched by angel fingers,  
Murmured in my raptured ear ;  
Evermore their sweet song lingers ;  
“ We shall know each other there.”  
(Chorus.)

---

THE NATIONAL CROSS,

At the top bore the inscription :

IN MEMORY OF THE HEROES OF

On the upright :

ANTIETAM, GETTYSBURG, WILDERNESS, SHILOH,  
FAIR OAKS, CORINTH, BULL RUN, STONE RIVER,  
VICKSBURG, CEDAR CREEK, CHATTANOOGA, ATLANTA,  
COLD HARBOR, PETERSBURG.

Then, upon the arms of the Cross were painted a  
stock of muskets on the right, a field-gun in the centre,  
and crossed cavalry sabers on the left, emblematic of  
the three arms of the service.

And on the foot-board

FORT FISHER, FIVE FORKS.

At this Cross the following impressive and touching  
ceremony took place :

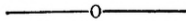
The soldiers' orphans marched to the cross, each  
bearing a floral offering, and there presented it to a  
widow in deep mourning, she passed it to a soldier in  
full uniform but unarmed, he passed it to two men in  
citizens' dress, one of whom had lost both, and the  
other one arm in the army ; the one-armed man laid

Your own  
shall be a  
the  
grave

THE POEMS OF ARLINGTON.

the tribute at the foot of the cross. This was the most touching and affecting ceremony during the day, and so simple, plain, and marked in its signification as to require no explanation: the orphan, the widow, the army, the maimed soldier, all stood in our presence, and the dread realities of war were but too fully felt by all as the sharp report of the cannon announced the close of the exercises.

No person who witnessed the scene will ever forget it while memory remains. It is meet that we should never forget the lessons that this terrible struggle have taught us.



The following beautiful tablets adorn the walls of the office :

“ Here sleep the brave,  
Who sink to rest,  
By all their country’s  
Wishes blest.”

“ Soldier rest, thy warfare’s o’er  
Sleep the sleep that knows no waking,  
Dream of battle-fields no more,  
Days of toil and nights of watching.”

“ Whether in the tented field,  
Or in the battle’s van,  
The greatest place for man to die,  
Is where he dies for man.”

The grave should be surrounded by everything that might inspire the tenderness and veneration for the dead, or that might aim the erring to virtue. It is not



THE POEMS OF ARLINGTON.

---

the place of disgust and dismay, but of sorrow and meditation.

—o—

Erected along the main drive :

“The muffled drum’s sad roll has beat  
The soldier’s last tattoo,  
No more on life’s parade shall meet  
These brave and fallen few.

“On fame’s eternal camping ground,  
There silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards, with solemn round,  
The bivouac of the dead.”

“Through all rebellion’s horrors,  
Bright shine our nation’s fame,  
Our gallant soldiers, perishing,  
Have won a deathless name.”

Erected on each side of the centre walk :

“These faithful herald tablets,  
With mournful pride shall tell,  
(When many a vanished age hath flown,)  
The story how ye fell.

“Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter’s blight,  
Nor time’s remorseless doom,  
Shall mar one ray of glory’s light,  
That guilds your deathless tomb.”

“The neighing troop, the flashing blade,  
The bugle’s stirring blast,  
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,  
The din and shout are passed.

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B...

THE POEMS OF ARLINGTON

"Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,  
Shall thrill with fierce delight,  
Those breasts that never more may feel,  
The raptures of the fight."

"A thousand battle fields have drunk  
The blood of warriors brave,  
And countless homes are dark and drear,  
Thro' the land they died to save."

"Now 'neath their parent turf they rest,  
Far from the gory field;  
Born to a Spartan mother's breast,  
On many a bloody shield.

"The sunshine of their native sky,  
Smiles sadly on them here;  
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by  
The soldier's sepulchre."

"Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,  
Dear as the blood ye gave!  
No impious footsteps here shall tread  
The herbage of your grave;  
Nor shall your glory be forgot,  
While Fame her record keeps,  
Or honor points the hallowed spot,  
Where valor proudly sleeps."

"The hopes, the fears, the blood, the tears  
That marked the bitter strife,  
Are now all crowned by victory,  
That saved the nation's life."

From the dust their banners bloom  
High they show their glorious pride  
Glorious temples in the land  
With

By the way of a valley

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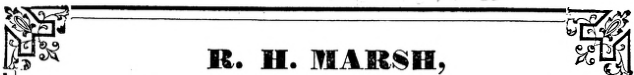
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*7-20-18*