

**FRAGRANT
FLOWERS: AND
OTHER POEMS**

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Fragrant flowers: and other poems by Daniel A. Drown

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DANIEL A. DROWN

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TESTIMONIAL.

WE the subscribers, for the benefit of strangers, most cheerfully testify to the worthiness of this intention of the author to relieve himself from pecuniary indebtedness, to which he is continually subjected as an invalid; and we would assure the benevolent and charitable, that any aid he may receive from the sale of this volume, or otherwise, will afford immediate relief to one who has experienced long years of unusual and constant suffering in darkness.

(Signed,) CHARLES BURROUGHS, *Portsmouth, N. H.*
A. P. PEABODY, " "
WILLIAM LAMSON, " "
HENRY D. MOORE, *Portland, Me.*
J. W. BONHAM, *Lowell, Mass.*
MOSES GRANT, *Boston, Mass.*
T. STARR KING, " "
ALVAH HOVEY, *Newton Centre, Mass.*

FRAGRANT FLOWERS,

AND

OTHER POËMS.

BY

DANIEL A. DROWN,

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

"Dark, dark is my pathway, if bright the sun shine,
And the pale moon ride in her chariot above,
Yet the flowers, the birds with their music are mine,
And none is the converse of friends that I love.
Why then should I weep, when they speak unto me
Of the beauty and grandeur I never may see?"

"That I never may see! O, no! I have hope
In ONE who will yet turn my steps to the light;
Not always in darkness my spirit shall grope,
For the glory of heaven shall burst on my sight,
When that morning shall dawn, oh! then shall I see
The beauty, the brightness, now hidden from me."

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PORTSMOUTH:
JAMES F. SHORES, JR. AND JOSEPH H. FOSTER.

1860.

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TO THE
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

DEDICATION.

THOUGH these Flowers have silently bloomed in the valley of sorrow, encompassed with the shadows of a painful adversity, and therefore may not exhale fragrance like those which are gathered along the sunny paths of health and prosperity, yet

THE AUTHOR

would humbly venture to present this little offering

TO THOSE THOUGHTFUL FRIENDS,

who have so generously extended to him their Christian sympathies and their disinterested benevolence, as a willing token of his grateful appreciation of all their kindnesses.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE author of the following unpretending volume has a more than usual claim upon the public, which extends to its sympathy as well as to its taste. The poems composing the book have been produced from the depths of physical suffering, as deep as ever man has known. While shut from the light of day by worse than blindness, the muse has come to him in his darkness, and borne him out among the green and fair things of earth; and through the transmuting power of his poetic fancy, the beautiful has become installed where to one less gifted all would have been barren despair. At the moment when the world was brightest to him, and hope most buoyant, in anticipation of usefulness for which his education had fitted him, a painful disease of his optic nerves seized him, and blotted out his hopes forever. He has for nearly fifteen years sought relief in vain; but his heart has never hardened with the burden that fell upon it, nor his mind lost its elasticity though his eyes were sealed

as avenues to its nutriment. Like a bird in a dungeon he has sung his songs, and their echoes have reached the outer world, and the sympathetic have paused by the way to listen to them, touched by their strange melody. This long and drear confinement has involved expenses that he is ill able to bear, that his singing and his faith and his great patience have not been able to lift him over, and this volume it is hoped will prove, through the kindness of friends, a help in need that shall relieve him from the embarrassments of present necessity, and keep the wolf from the door in the years to ensue, before he shall sink to what will prove to him a welcome rest.

B. P. SHILLABER.

BOSTON, December, 1859.