

**SAINT ABE AND HIS
SEVEN WIVES: A TALE
OF SALT LAKE CITY**

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Saint Abe and His Seven Wives: A Tale of Salt Lake City by Robert Williams Buchanan

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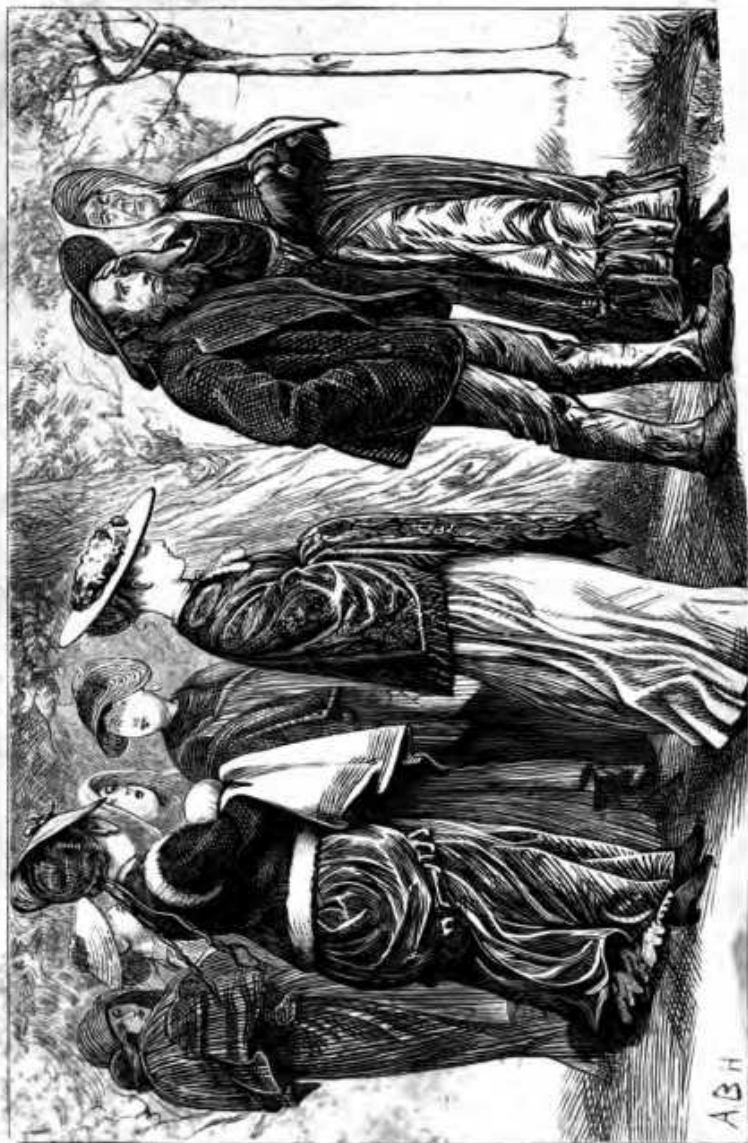
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ROBERT WILLIAMS BUCHANAN

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A Tale of Salt Lake City

THIRD EDITION

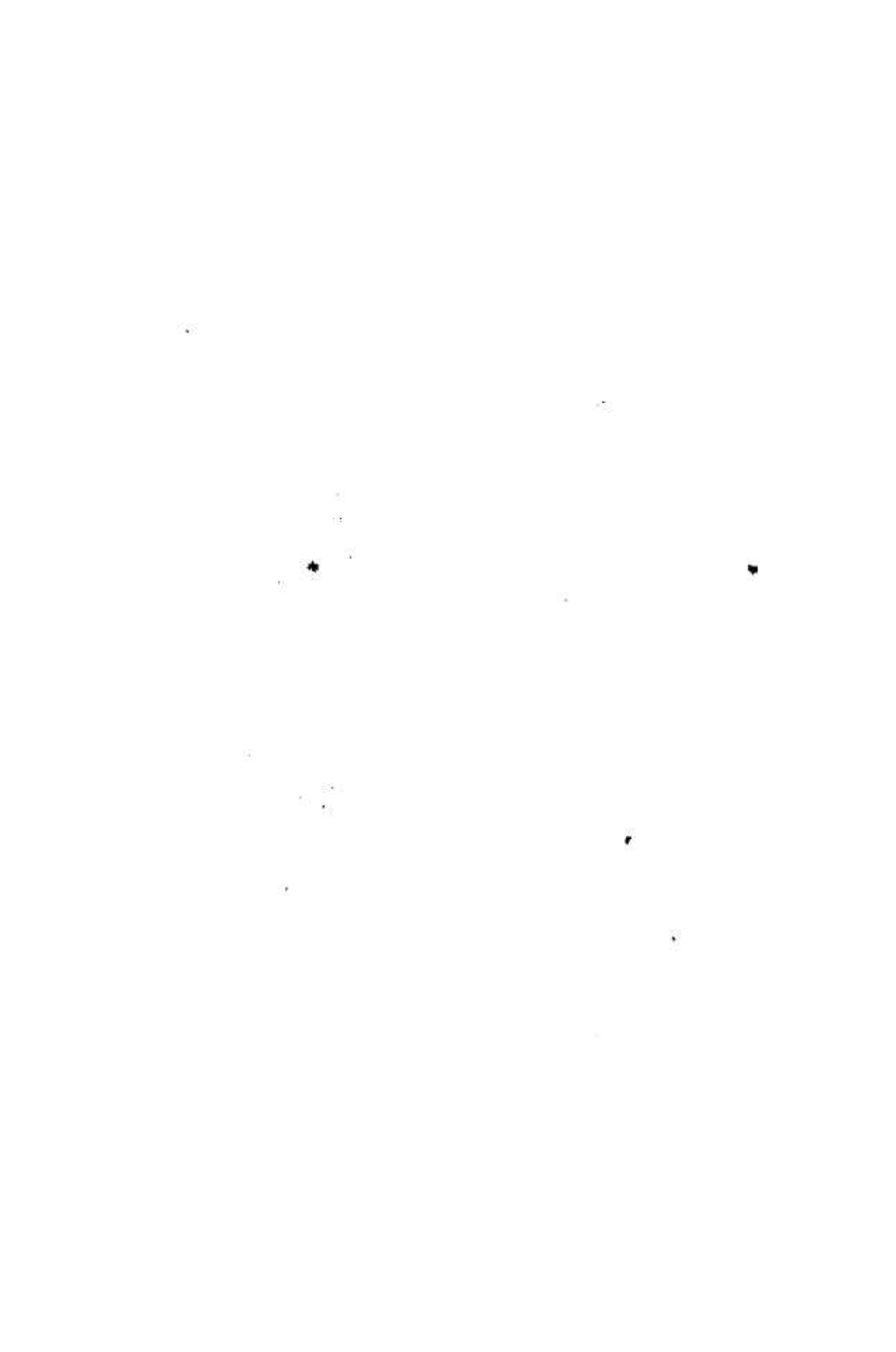


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TO OLD DAN CHAUCER.

*Maypole dance and Whitsun ale,
Sports of peasants in the dale,
Harvest mirth and junketting,
Fireside play and kiss-in-ring,
Ancient fun and wit and ease,—
Gone are one and all of these ;
All the pleasant pastime planned
In the green old Mother-land :
Gone are these and gone the time
Of the breezy English rhyme,
Sung to make men glad and wise
By great Bards with twinkling eyes :
Gone the tale and gone the song
Sound as nut-brown ale and strong,
Freshening the sultry sense
Out of idle impotence,*

DEDICATION.

*Sowing features dull or bright
With deep dimples of delight!*

*Thro' the Mother-land I went,
Seeking these, half indolent :
Up and down, I saw them not ;
Only found them, half-forgot,
Burial in long-darken'd nooks
With thy barrels of old books,
Where the light and love and mirth
Of the morning days of earth
Sleeps, like light of sunken suns
Brooding deep in cob-webb'd tuns !
Everywhere I found instead,
Hanging her dejected head,
Barbing shafts of bitter wit,
The pale Modern Spirit sit—
While her shadow, great as Gog's,
Cast upon the island fogs,
In the midst of all things dim
Loom'd, gigantically grim.*