

**HARP OF THE WEST;
A
POEM, IN FIVE PARS**

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Harp of the West; a poem, in five parts by Hiram A. Reid

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HIRAM A. REID

**HARP OF THE WEST;
A
POEM, IN FIVE PARS**

HARP OF THE WEST ;

A POEM,

IN FIVE PARTS:

BY HIRAM A. REID.

DAVENPORT:
PUBLISHING HOUSE OF LUSE, LANE & CO., 55 PERRY ST.

1858

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year of our Lord 1858,
By HIRAM A. REID,
In the Clerk's office of the United States District Court of Iowa.

DEDICATION.

REV. M. M. TOOKE,

President of "Mount Ida Female College," Davenport, Iowa.

RESPECTED SIR: I recognize in the Institution over which yourself and lady jointly preside, a representative foreshadowing of that intellectual development and elevation of Woman, which is the hope of our country, and, through us, of the world.

In compliment, then, to the eminently practical character of female scholarship under your Presidency, and as evincing the hearty interest which I feel in the success of all such Institutions, allow me, sir, respectfully to inscribe this Poem

TO THE GENIUS OF MOUNT IDA.

Yours, truly,

H. A. REID.

5-17-45 - Calder

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

My published volumes of verse hitherto are four in number, as follows:

THE BIRDS' NEST, and Other Poems. (Miniature.) New-Lisbon, Ohio: 1853.
pp. 84.

WILD-FIRE, a few Eccentric Poems. (Miniature.) Cleveland, Ohio: 1854.
pp. 88.

LOFTUS, OR AMBITION'S FEEL; A Poem, in Five Parts. (8vo. super-royal.)—
Boston: 1854. pp. 24.

THE HEART-LACK, and Other Poems. (Miniature.) Davenport, Iowa: 1858.
pp. 96.

The above were each special individualisms, printed by myself, for my own reasons, and asking no man's counsel or favor therein.

This volume, the "HARP OF THE WEST," is my first that aspires to the dignity of a literary effort. Furthermore, it must speak for itself.

H. A. R.

Davenport, Iowa, May 20, 1858.

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HARP OF THE WEST.

He that hath new knowledge and fresh thoughts, owes them to the world.
He that hath none, owes it to the world that he do not oppose the new.

PART I

THE WESTERN MAN.

Most fit a Western Muse should lead the van
In song expressive of the Western Man ;
And thus, O land of thrifty Pioneers,
A native harp from out your rugged years
Attunes its raptures for a theme unsung—
To vindicate our ways, while yet our land is young.

In action bold as forcible in thought,
We spurn the spoils of battles others fought ;
We honor toil, or shaping thoughts or stones,—
Condemning rogues—yet more despising drones.

With all our heat in spurr'd pursuit of gain,
Our childhood's gentlest lessons still remain ;—
Indeed, there be who pay their votive nods
To day-book bibles, and commercial gods—
The land hath yet ne'er opened to the sun
Where such, and worse idolaters, were none ;
But such had been so, whether East or West—
The Western Man with larger mind is blest :

His boast that is, and boast that is to be,
The West than Eastern rule of thought more free.

Our hearts are not so hardened as they seem;
They flow with goodness, like our own proud stream—
First, self necessity to serve, and then
The softer graces of fraternal men;
Though urgent thrift hath airy dreams forbade,
Our wheels of thought not burdened all with trade;
Half Poets, half Philosophers, and more
Than half Executors of all our lore:
Whence, this the humble virtue that we reach—
Our pride to practice what our praise to preach.

Presumptuous pride in our own parent East
Holds us in kindred but of man the beast:
'Tis false! the West's o'erteeming tilth of mind
Already leaves the worn-out East behind:
We number men of learning most profound—
Science and letters all brain-volumed, bound;
We number men devotional, and brave
To search out sin, its victim souls to save;
We number Artists, in each various line,
Worthy the laurels of the classic Nine;
We number minds that star out from their slough,
And hosts of genius in the native rough:
Some years ago—chance half a score, or less—
The Western Man swelled in his linsey dress
To feel this boast, nor feel much need of more—
Our Benton, born to plan! our Fremont, to explore.

Action is our life, and pale ruin's brink
The instant moment we should cease to think;
So whetted keen our appetite for stir,
Rather than rust, we acting choose to err,—
Find food for thought in Oak Dale's meanest grave,