

**IDA RANDOLPH OF VIRGINIA: A  
HISTORICAL NOVEL IN  
VERSE; ELFLORA OF THE  
SUSQUEHANNA, AND OTHER  
POEMS**

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Ida Randolph of Virginia: A Historical Novel in Verse; Elflora of the Susquehanna, and Other Poems by Caleb Harlan

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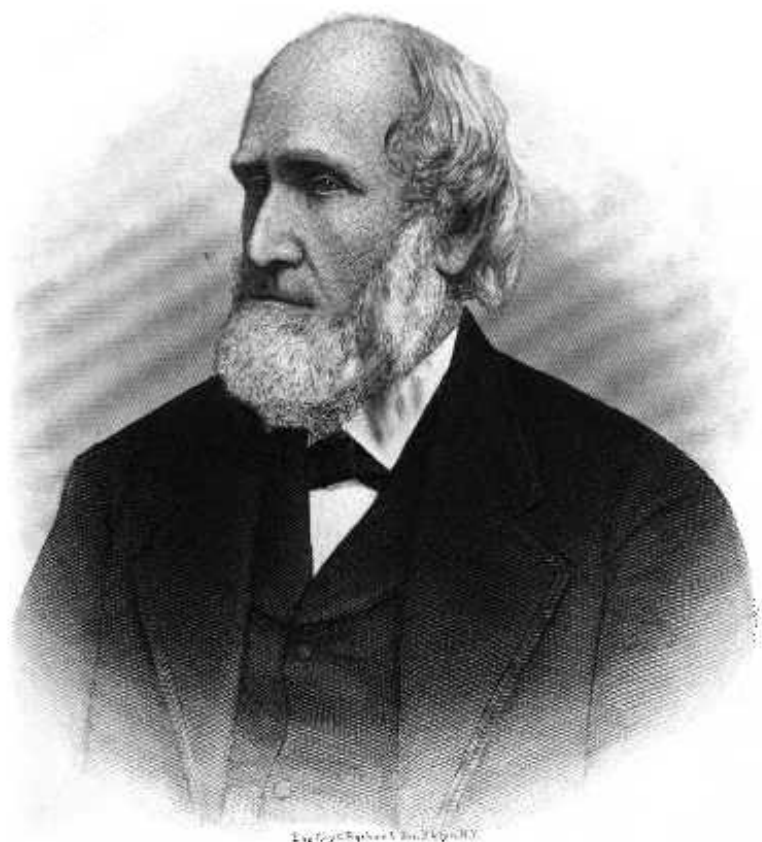
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C. Hartland D.

IDA RANDOLPH  
OF VIRGINIA.

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A HISTORICAL NOVEL  
IN VERSE.

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BY CALEB HARLAN, M. D.

AUTHOR OF "ELFLORA OF THE SIOUX," "THE FATE OF MARCEL,"  
"FARMING WITH GREEN MANURES," "MENTAL POWERS,  
SOUND HEALTH, AND LONG LIFE,—HOW  
OBTAINED BY DIET."

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THIRD EDITION CAREFULLY REVISED.

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THIRD EDITION.

# IDA RANDOLPH OF VIRGINIA.

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## CANTO I.

### I.

**T**HREE lofty pines, alone and far away  
From grove and woodland, cast the livelong day  
A grateful shade on yon exhausted plain,  
Where naught but sedge the soil can now sustain.  
Beneath their boughs a one-roomed house is seen,  
So marred by time and rain, that logs and beam  
So open stand, that every driving storm  
Goes whistling through, and shakes its fragile form.  
Within the cabin broken chairs are set  
Around a table where perchance have met



Some men to rest, or pass their time in play —  
A fitting place to while their hours away.  
The gaping walls are crumbling to the floor,  
And at the entrance now there swings no door,  
And hence, by turning, and by glancing through  
The circling plains are always in thy view,  
And far and near thou canst, from either chair  
See every one who tries to trace thee there!

## II.

Though in the cottage cooling zephyrs come,  
'Tis hot and breezeless in the burning sun;  
That orb, so cloudless, makes the summer day  
Too warm for man on such broad fields to stray;  
And not a bird, nor living thing is there,  
No verdant lawn, no plant that claims thy care,  
No arch of vines, nor spring nor streamlet near,

No garden blooms, no opening buds appear;  
But all the barren's clothed with yellow grass,  
A worthless kind scarce noticed as you pass!

## III.

What distant object now attracts the eye?  
A coach appears! — approaching swiftly nigh!  
And dashing fast another comes in view,  
At such an hour what have they here to do?  
And now already they have reached the pine,  
The steeds are check'd, — each driver slacks his line,  
And, springing nimbly, clears the carriage way,  
And tips his cap, the same as if to say:  
"Your will, my master, let me, please, obey."  
And now alight within the cabin's shade,  
With graceful ease, with coachman's proffer'd aid,  
Four handsome men, of middle age, and drest

With taste and care, in coat, cravat and vest,  
In jeweled rings, gold studs, and massive chain,  
While each right hand supports an ebon cane.  
No color'd servant now must here remain,  
He hath an ear, — perhaps he hath some brain ;  
“ Awake there, boys ! — no longer needed now,  
Be quickly gone — no matter where or how,  
But come when evening spans the golden west,  
And yonder sun bids man prepare for rest,  
And bring each coach without a failure here,  
Precisely at the hour of six appear.”  
Such were the orders issued to each man,  
Not in the words we use, but shouldst thou scan  
The hidden meaning, thou couldst plainly see  
The import of our lines in sense agree.  
The serfs are gone, the cottage sands are bare ;  
The men are entering — each resumes his chair