MADALINE: A POEM

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Madaline: A Poem by A. Mabel & B. Fitch

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A. MABEL & B. FITCH

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A. MABEL B. FITCH.

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HENRY A. SUMNER & COMPANY.

1881.

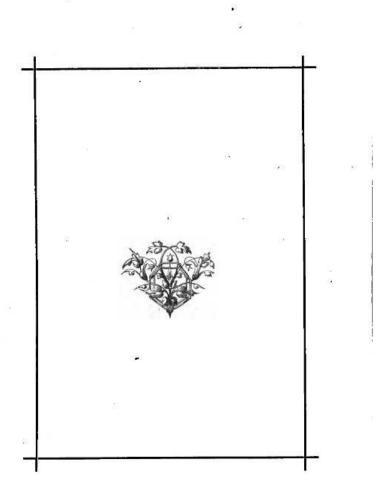
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A. MABEL B. FITCH.
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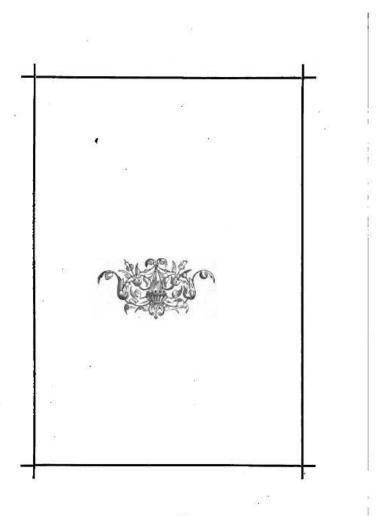
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MR. AND MRS. A. J. BLACKMAN. TO YOU. MY DEAR PATRIES AND MOTHER, WOULD I DEDICATE MY PIRST LITERARY LABOR. I SINCERELY WISE IT WEER MORE WORTHY YOUR ACCEPTANCE; BUT SCOR AS IT IS, I TENDER IT WITH MY WARMEST APPECTION. 98.23333 30M



PREFACE.

My Madaline: I've drawn, as best I might,
A portrait of thy character; its faults and all;
With truth's own pencil; making it more true,
Perhaps, than beautiful: few may admire,
And very many, doubtless, will condemn;
Yet, I will trust one here and there may see,
Looking beneath the faulty surface lines,
A spirit they can understand, and love,



MADALINE.

CANTO I.

In trav'ling o'er some western prairie, where
The sameness stretches far as eye can reach,
One now and then comes suddenly in sight
Of lovely, winding valley of a stream;
Whose silver waters, here and there, he sees
Gleaming among the trees which skirt its banks.
A tiny village nestles closely by;
With single store, and church;—or, if no church,
The simple building where the people go
To "meeting," and the children go to school;—
And dotting the space beyond the village, are
Farm houses on the thrifty farms, from small
Log cabin, to the more pretentious frame;

And then the hills, and prairie land, again.