

**ROGER
DEANE'S WORK**

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Roger Deane's Work by H. B. G.

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Copy of songs by Mrs. H. H. H. H.
Barnard & Talbot, 1840

Let of the ice cream as Mrs.
Hannah Talbot (1840) for
Talbot

See also Barnard & H. H. H. H.

16457

ROGER DEANE'S WORK.

BY

H. B. G.

AUTHOR OF "MADGE."

WRITTEN FOR THE SANITARY FAIR.

78/
BOSTON:
GRAVES AND YOUNG.

1863.

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ROGER DEANE'S WORK.

“ Oh thou, the earthly author of my blood,—
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigor lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armor with thy prayers ;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point.”

SHAKSPERE.

Two years ago last April,— I pause to count the seasons that have slid away since the first sounds of war roused the echoes of our New-England hills with a crash almost as deafening and surprising as if old ocean had forgotten the mandate, “ Thus far shalt thou come,” and his waves had swept inland, over meadow and forest, country and town, carrying desolation and

ruin in their path ; — I pause to count the seasons, for we have lived so much more in deeds than in years since the first gun was fired at Sumter, that one can hardly believe only two winters have sifted their snows upon the earth since that well-remembered day, — only three summers have vainly sought to cover with bloom and beauty the hideous stains of blood and devastation which war has left upon our fair land.

Two years ago last April, when the first swallows were twittering under the eaves of a thrifty-looking New-England farmhouse, and the old willows that skirted the lane were just putting on their softest tint of green, and the red buds of the maples hung out a promise of cooling shade for the coming summer, — the quiet inmates of the brown farmhouse forgot to look for the footsteps of spring. Roger was at

home, but his presence did not bring, as in former years, joy and gladness to the homestead hearth; — he had not come now for a few days of vacation, but for his mother's farewell blessing. She was a widow; so he choked back the impulse that bade him fly to rescue our flag from dishonor when the news from Sumter startled our land, and bowed his head over books which had suddenly lost their charm; but when New-England men had been shot in Baltimore, he could no longer check the hot blood that leaped in his veins, — blood inherited from Revolutionary heroes, — and, thrusting from his thoughts ambitious hopes and the memory of his mother's widowhood, he had enlisted.

“Oh, Roger, how could you do such a thing?” asked the mild-eyed, sad-voiced mother; and though there was reproof in her tones, there was loving admiration in