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THE DOVE.



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# THE DOVE.

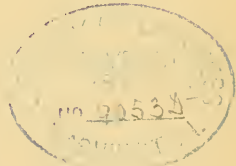
A Parody on "The Raven."

BY

J. W. SCOTT, D.D.



33



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J. FAGAN & SON,  
STEREOTYPERS, PHILAD'A.



**I** HAD the following parody in my desk, made out in a different form, when recently called home by telegram to find the wife of my youth lying cold in death. Those who have had a similar experience, it is believed, will appreciate the form which the parody here assumes. Perhaps no others can. Still, I give the little performance to the world, with the hope that some may be led by it to the obtaining of a like precious faith, a like decided and consistent Christian life, and a like calm, peaceful, and happy death, with those of the sainted wife, who is, not lost, but gone before.

J. W. SCOTT.

WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY,  
MORGANTOWN, WEST VA.  
January, 1873.

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I.



WHEN friends beloved are snatched away  
by death,  
How diff'rently men feel the dread  
event!

Some wilt, as blasted by the with'ring breath  
Of dark despair, from realm Plutonian sent,—  
No hope of following where the loved ones  
went:

While others gaze as on those gone before,  
And looking upward, lo! the heavens are rent  
To their firm faith, and from the shining shore,  
Sweet Hope descends to cheer their bruis'd  
hearts evermore.

## II.

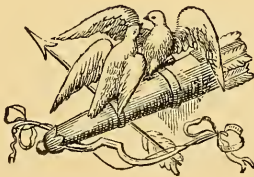
A gifted bard has of the Raven sung,  
Making him emblem meet of drear despair :  
Weird, mystic, in his aspect and his tongue,  
He makes us shiver as he settles there,  
And "nevermore" repeats with aptness rare.  
I, for the Raven, substitute the Dove,  
Emblem of innocence and heavenly care,  
Of faith and hope and Holy Spirit's love,—  
Here giving joy and peace, eternal life above.

## III.

Two pictures here : Reader, which shall be thine ?  
The one funereal with eternal gloom,  
Or that one radiant with light divine ?  
Admit the sweet bird of the snowy plume,—  
With hope and heaven he'll fill thy sadden'd  
room :  
Ne'er parley with the ill-omen'd bird of night,  
The Raven fell, whose flight stops at the tomb ;  
Naught wotteth he of the celestial light  
The Dove sheds over death, from plumage ever  
bright.

## IV.

From *hopeless* death I'd call your thoughts away;  
Around *its* shores the ravens hoarsely cry,  
And ghosts of earthly joys departed stray:  
To heavenly regions I would bid them fly —  
The realms which faith unfolds beyond the  
sky —  
Where gently fall upon the list'ning ear,  
Soothing the sorrows that on sad hearts lie,  
The cooings of the doves, which there you'll  
hear  
In the Rock of Ages' clefts, resounding sweet  
and clear.







# THE DOVE.

—o-o-o—  
A PARODY.

I.



NCE upon a storm-night dreary, sat I  
pond'ring, restless, weary,  
Over many a text of Scripture, helped  
by ancient sages' lore,  
Anxious, nervous, far from napping; — suddenly  
there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping — rapping at my  
chamber-door.  
Night like this 'tis scarce a visitor, tapping at  
my chamber-door?  
This, I thought, and nothing more.

## II.

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak  
December,  
And each separate dying ember, glimmer'd  
ghostly on the floor :  
Earnestly I wished the morrow ; vainly had I  
sought to borrow  
From my Bible case of sorrow — sorrow for the  
lost Annore,  
For a saintly, radiant matron, whom the angels  
name Annore —  
Lately wife, now wife no more.

## III.

She had passed the gloomy portals, which for-  
ever hide from mortals  
Spirit myst'ries, which the living eagerly long  
to explore.  
Poring o'er the sacred pages, guides to all the  
good for ages,  
Sat I, helped by lore of sages, when the rapping  
at my door,

Startled me as if a spirit had come to my chamber-door,  
 Tapping thus, and meaning more.

## IV.

And the plaintive, low, uncertain rustling of each window-curtain  
 Thrill'd me — filled my quaking heart with terrors never felt before :  
*Is there, then, a life of glory, as we're taught in sacred story ?*  
 Can this be some prophet hoary, standing at my chamber-door —  
 Prophet from the dead arisen, standing at my chamber-door —  
 Rapping thus, and meaning more ?

## V.

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
 " Truly, friend, I treat you badly, your forgiveness I implore ;  
 Surely I have not been napping, but so gently you came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping — tapping at  
my chamber-door,  
That I scarce knew what the sound meant” —  
here I opened wide the door :  
Darkness there, and nothing more.

## VI.

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood  
there, wondering, fearing,  
Awe-struck, thinking thoughts few mortals ever  
happ'd to think before ;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness  
gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken, was the whis-  
per'd word, “ Annore ! ”  
This *I* whisper'd, and an echo murmur'd back  
the word, “ Annore ! ”  
Merely this, and nothing more.

## VII.

Back into my chamber hasting, anguish deeper  
still now tasting,

Soon again I heard a rapping — something louder  
than before.

Surely, thought I, surely that is something at my  
window-lattice ;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mys-  
tery explore ; —

Oh! my heart, be still a moment, till this mys-  
tery I explore ; —

Is't the wind, and nothing more ?

### VIII

Open here I flung the shutter, when with gentle  
nod and flutter,

In there came a gracious white dove of the  
saintly days of yore.

Then, as if obeisance made he, and no longer  
stopp'd or stay'd he,

But, in innocence array'd, he perch'd above my  
chamber-door, —

Perch'd upon a bust of Paulus, just above my  
chamber-door —

Perch'd and sat, and nothing more.

## IX.

Then this snowy bird surprising my sad heart  
into surmising,  
Whether this was done at random, or some  
mystic meaning bore, —  
“Surely,” said I, “thou art fairer than of ill to  
be the bearer,  
Of such saintly guise the wearer, thou art from  
some heav’nly shore ;  
Wilt thou help me on my journey toward that  
bright celestial shore ?”  
Quoth the white dove, “Evermore !”

## X.

Startl'd now as one from dreaming, suddenly  
awak'd and seeming  
To have heard a voice mysterious thrilling to  
his heart's deep core, —  
Ev'ry thought and feeling reaching after light and  
further teaching,  
In attitude of one beseeching, gazed I at my  
chamber-door, —

At the bird, which had so aptly — perch'd upon  
 my chamber-door —  
 Spoken out that “ Evermore ! ”

## XI.

But the white dove's aspect childly, and his soft  
 eyes beaming mildly,  
 Loving looks, as if a full heart speedily he would  
 outpour,  
 Led me to expect revealing, unto which my soul  
 appealing, —  
 With a strange hope o'er me stealing, such as  
 never came before, —  
 “ May I look for peace and comfort such as I've  
 ne'er felt before ? ”  
 And the bird said, “ Evermore ! ”

## XII.

So the bright bird thus beguiling all my sad soul  
 into smiling,  
 Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd chair in front of  
 bird and bust and door ;  
 Then upon the soft seat sinking, I betook myself  
 to linking

Fancy unto fancy; thinking what this holy bird  
of yore —

What this lovely, sweet, angelic, quaint, prophetic  
bird of yore —

Meant by saying, “ Evermore ! ”

### XIII.

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable  
expressing,

Till the calm light from those mild eyes seem'd  
to illumine my bosom's core ;

Banishing all fear and sadness, bringing thither  
peace and gladness,

Driving out surmise of madness, — lately coming  
o'er and o'er, —

Madness casting dreadful shadow, — lately com-  
ing o'er and o'er —

Shadow deep'ning evermore !

### XIV.

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed  
from an unseen censer,

Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on  
the tufted floor.



“Oh! my soul, thy God hath heard thee, by these  
angels and this bird He  
Hath to sweetest hopes now stirr'd thee — hopes  
of finding thy Annore  
In the far-off land of spirits — of reunion with  
Annore!”

Quoth the dove, “For evermore!”

## XV.

“Prophet,” said I, “thing of glory! prophet, as  
in ancient story,  
Whether sent from heaven directly, or by chance  
cast here ashore,  
Blessings many on thee rest now! yea, thou  
surely shalt be blest now!  
Come into my open'd breast now, — tell me truly,  
I implore,  
Is there a heav'n of rest and rapture? tell me,  
tell me, I implore!”

Quoth the white bird, “Evermore!”

## XVI.

“Prophet,” said I, “thing of glory! prophet, as  
in ancient story,

By that Heav'n which bends above us — by the  
 God the good adore,  
 Tell this soul with hope upspringing — faith un-  
 dying to it bringing —  
 If that radiant matron singing midst the angels,  
 named Annore,  
 Shall be mine again to love — the sainted matron,  
 named Annore ? ”  
 And the dove said, “ Evermore ! ”

## XVII.

“ Be that word thy sign of dwelling in my heart,—  
 of to it telling  
 Messages of love and mercy from the far-off  
 shining shore ;  
 Let thy white plumes be a token of the truth thy  
 soul hath spoken ;  
 Keep my faith and hope unbroken ; always perch  
 above my door ;  
 Keep thy eyes' light in my heart ; and keep thy  
 form above my door ; ”  
 Quoth the sweet bird, “ Evermore ! ”

## XVIII.

And the white dove, never flitting, still is sitting,  
still is sitting  
On the polish'd bust of Paulus, just above my  
chamber-door ;  
And his eyes with kindness beaming — holy  
spirit's kindness seeming, —  
And a soft light from him streaming, sheds its  
radiance on the floor ;  
And my glad soul in that radiance, that lies  
floating on the floor,  
Shall be basking — EVERMORE !





## CONCLUSION.



Thus,  
From the shores of the sullen, waveless sea of  
despair,  
Which resound with refrain of the ravens' harsh  
croakings,  
And are haunted by ghosts of delights now de-  
parted,  
I would fain call your thoughts to the heav'nly  
hills upward,  
Where of Ages the Rock rises high and majestic,  
And with cooing of doves midst its shelt'ring  
clefts echoes.



## MRS. PHEBE ANNA SCOTT.

From the *North Carolina Presbyterian* of January 1st, 1873, written by the Rev. J. W. Primrose, who was present at her death.

DIED:—On the 10th of December, 1872, at Ridgeway, Warren County, N. C., Mrs. Phebe Anna Scott, wife of the Rev. Jno. W. Scott, D. D., LL. D., Professor in the West Virginia University, and formerly President of Washington College, Pa.

Mrs. Scott made North Carolina her home about four years ago. During her short residence among us she made many friends, who give her up with great reluctance. But her family and friends mourn not as they who have no hope. Though her last and fatal illness was sudden, and though the nature of her malady—congestion of the brain—suffered no gleam of consciousness, yet she was one who waited for the coming of her Lord. She died in her 66th year, and for nearly half a century had been a member of the Presbyterian Church, and an earnest worker in the service of the Master. Her ardor was unabated in the decline of life. Deprived of the religious privileges in which she had been reared, and remote from regular ministrations of the Presbyterian Church, she was a constant attendant upon the monthly services of an Evangelist, and a faithful and judicious teacher in the Methodist Sunday-school. What her hands found to do, she did with her might; and for every labor which she undertook she was well qualified both intellectually, socially and spiritually. We would be glad to have many such co-workers settle within the boundaries of our Southern Church, and we can ill afford to lose this one whom God in his providence has removed. Mrs. Scott came of a long line of Presbyterian ancestry. The house of her parents—the Hon. Robert and Catharine Jenkins—was the resort of the ministry. Windsor Place is not unknown to some of our older preachers. Mrs. Jenkins was well known for her Christian zeal in every godly enterprise. Mrs. Scott's maternal grandfather was the Rev. Jno. Carmichael, who came when a boy from Scotland with his parents in 1737. He declared that for generations back he could claim the covenant blessings, and these he handed down to children and grandchildren. Christ willed that this heir of the promises should be with Him where He is, that she

24 ]

might behold His glory. Our heartiest sympathies are with the bereaved husband and family, and our prayer is that they all may meet by-and-by in that land where there is no parting, neither any more death, nor sorrow.

The following is from the *Presbyterian Weekly*, Philadelphia, December 26th, 1872, written by the editor, the Rev. Alfred Nevin, D. D.

DIED:— In Ridgeway, North Carolina, on the 10th inst., of congestion of the brain, Mrs. Phebe Anna, wife of the Rev. J. W. Scott, D. D., and third daughter of the late Hon. Robert Jenkins, of Windsor Place, Lancaster County, Pa.

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Early in life Mrs. Scott consecrated herself to the service of the Saviour, and made a profession of her faith in the Cedar Grove Presbyterian Church, then enjoying the ministrations of the Rev. Amri Babbitt. Her first history as a Christian was reached by earnest zeal in the Sabbath-school cause. She established several schools in destitute regions, near to her residence, and labored with much ardor and self-sacrifice for the salvation of the young.\* Her piety, education, and social culture eminently qualified her to adorn and make useful the new and important sphere and relations to which her marriage introduced her. Her cheerful and hospitable spirit ever made her home attractive. Strong affection for her kindred and friends was a ruling element in her character. Her last illness was brief, and its sad termination unexpected by her immediate family and numerous friends, from whom, for the last few years, she had by so great distance been separated; but it cannot be doubted that death found her ready for the exchange of earth for Heaven. It is a consolation beyond estimate to those who weep on her departure, that her consistent Christian life gives assurance of her eternal salvation.

\* When her remains reached the family burying-ground at Churchtown, Pa., "Miss Betsy Kibler," a faithful assistant of Mrs. Scott in every good cause, "long, long ago, when they two both were young," recalled the following little but suggestive incident; "Fifty years ago she stopped at our house and mended her gaiters, which had been torn in her vigorous walking from house to house through the fields, in prosecuting her Sabbath-school work."

A very suggestive fact this, in the case of a young lady in her 16th year, surrounded by the comforts and appliances of wealth. She was animated by the same spirit during the remaining half century of her life.

J. W. S.



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