

## THE HOME CIRCLE

## Moonrise in the Pines.\*

The sultry day in ending,  
The clouds are fading away,  
Orange with purple is blending  
And purple is turning to gray;  
The gray grows darker and denser,  
Till it and the earth are one;  
A star swings out like a censer,  
And the brief warm night is begun.

The brown moth floats and poises  
Life a leaf in the windless air;  
Aroused by insect noises  
The gray toad leaves his lair;  
Sounding the dusk depth quickly  
The bull-bats fall and rise,  
And out of the grasses thickly  
Swarm glistening fire-flies.

Now darkness, heavy oppression,  
And silent, completes the gloom.  
The breathless night is excessive  
With fragrance of perfume,  
For the land enmeshed and ablaze  
With vines that blossom and trail,  
Embanking the traveled ways  
And festooning the fences of rail.

Afar in the Southern sky  
Heat-lightning flares and glows,  
Vividly tinting the clouds that lie  
At rest with a shimmer of rose—  
Tremulous, fitting, uncertain,  
As a mystical light might shine  
From under an ebon curtain  
Before a terrible shrine.

And the slumbrous night grows late.  
The midnight hush is deep,  
Under the pines I wait  
For the moon; and the pine trees  
weep  
Great drops of dew, that fall  
Like footsteps here and there,  
And they sadly whisper and call  
To each other high in the air.

They rustle and whisper like ghosts,  
They sigh like souls in pain,  
Like the movement of stealthy hosts  
They surge and are silent again.  
The midnight hush is deep,  
But the pines—the spirits dis-  
trest—  
They move in somnambulant sleep—  
They whisper and are not at rest.

Lo! a light in the east opalescent  
Softly suffuses the sky  
Where flocculent clouds are quies-  
cent,  
Where like froth of the ocean they  
lie—  
Like foam on the beach they crumple  
Where the wave has spent its  
swirl—  
Like the curve of a shell they dimple  
Into iridescent pearl.

And the light grows brighter and  
higher  
Till far through the trees I see  
The rim of a globe of fire  
That rolls through the darkness to  
me,  
And the aisles of the forest gleam  
With a splendor unearthly that  
shines  
Like the light of a lurid dream  
Through the colonnaded pines.  
—John Henry Boner.

The foundation of content must  
spring up in a man's own mind; and  
he who has so little knowledge of  
human nature as to seek happiness  
by changing anything but his own  
disposition, will waste his life in  
fruitless efforts and multiply the  
griefs which he purposes to remove.  
—Samuel Johnson.

\* This is No. 4 of a series of Twenty-five  
North Carolina Poems selected especially for  
The Progressive Farmer by the Editor.

SIX GENUINE NORTH CAROLINA  
POETS.

Rev. Hight C. Moore Gives an Interest-  
ing Glimpse of the Lives and Labors  
of Boner, Clarke, Fuller, Hill, Sledd  
and Stockard.

Inasmuch as The Progressive  
Farmer has just begun the publica-  
tion of a series of twenty-five of the  
best known North Carolina poems,  
we are very glad to be able to lay be-  
fore our readers the following ex-  
tract from Rev. Hight C. Moore's  
unusually interesting address, "The  
Poetic Literature of the Old North  
State," delivered at the fourth an-  
nual meeting of the State Literary  
and Historical Association, Raleigh,  
November 19th. After a general re-  
view of our work in verse, Mr. Moore  
said:

Not to swing further around the  
circle we may stop for brief biog-  
raphical and literary mention (in al-  
phabetical order) of the half dozen  
poets who have thus far written most  
and best within our borders—our  
greater poets upon whom our pres-  
ent poetic reputation stands.

## JOHN HENRY BONER.

John Henry Boner was born in  
Salem, January 31, 1845. He received  
a good academic education, learned  
the printer's trade, and later became  
editor in his home town and in Ashe-  
ville. He was reading clerk of the  
State Constitutional Convention in  
1868 and chief clerk in the House of  
Representatives the following year.  
At thirty-five he married Miss Lot-  
tie Smith of Raleigh. In 1871, he  
moved to Washington City where he  
spent sixteen years in the Govern-  
ment Printing Office. In 1887, he  
moved to New York where he did  
literary work as member of the edi-  
torial staffs of the Century Diction-  
ary, Appleton's Cyclopaedia, Library  
of American Literature, and Stand-  
ard Dictionary; he was also literary  
editor of the New York World, and  
later editor of the Literary Digest.  
Owing to failing health, he abandon-  
ed his New York career, returned  
for a time to his native State, and  
again drifted to his former post in  
the national capital where he died  
March 6, 1903. Mr. Boner was a  
genuine poet, and was recognized as  
such at home and abroad. His first  
work, "Whispering Pines," published  
in 1883, was cordially received by the  
critics and the public. "The Song of  
the Old Mill Wheel," "Bells of Christ-  
mas," and "We Walked Among the  
Whispering Pines," are some of the  
poems in the volume which one will  
cherish many a day after reading  
them. In 1901, Mr. Boner published  
a pamphlet of his verse under the  
title of "Some New Poems;" this  
embodied, I understand, most of his  
work in the Century and a few pieces  
from other magazines. And just be-  
fore his death he completed a collec-  
tion of verse which has since appear-  
ed under the title of "Boner's Ly-  
rics;" it embodies, in the author's  
view, the best of all the work he did  
and certainly entitles him to an abid-  
ing place in the State literature.

## MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

Mary Bayard Clarke, daughter of  
Thomas P. Devereux, was born in  
Raleigh, May 12, 1829. She took at  
home under a governess the same  
course pursued by her brother at  
Princeton, and was therefore highly  
educated. In 1818 she was married  
by her uncle, Bishop Leonidas Polk at  
his home near New Orleans, to Capt.  
William J. Clarke, graduate of our  
State University, Confederate offi-  
cer, later judge and literatus in  
North Carolina. She and her hus-  
band were close friends of General  
and Mrs. Robert E. Lee. Her culture  
was enriched by travel, particularly  
wintering in Cuba and six or seven  
years in Texas. Her later life was  
spent in New Bern, where she died  
March 31, 1886, just two months after  
the death of her husband. At six-  
teen she wrote her first poem—  
"Nemo Semper Felix Est," which her  
son (who left a type-written sketch  
of her life) considered rarely equal-  
ed by later and more studied compo-  
sition. She herself considered "Un-  
der the Lava" her best poem; it is  
truly a fine piece of work, but cer-  
tainly "The Triumph of Spring" is  
its equal, many would say superior.  
In 1845, Mrs. Clarke made the first  
compilation of State verse—"Wood  
Notes; or Carolina Carols: A Col-  
lection of North Carolina Poetry."  
It appeared in two volumes and con-  
tained one hundred and eighty-two  
poems by sixty writers, "Tenella"  
herself in eight poems furnishing the  
best work in the volumes. Her sec-  
ond work appeared in 1866, contained  
sixty poems, and was entitled "Moss-  
es From a Rolling Stone; or Idle  
Moments of a Busy Woman." The  
last of her works was a long poem  
of sixty-five pages entitled "Clytie  
and Zenobia, or, The Lily and the  
Palm." It was published in 1871.  
Though other women have written,  
some of them well, yet no other has  
yet approached Mrs. Clarke in either  
quality or volume or work; beyond  
question "Tenella" still remains the  
queen poetess among Carolina bards.

## EDWIN WILEY FULLER.

Edwin Wiley Fuller was a native  
of Louisburg, where he was born  
November 30, 1847. "The Village on  
the Tar" was his first published poem  
and it evinces the talent later shown.  
He entered our State University in  
1864 and spent two years. In 1867  
he went to the University of Vir-  
ginia to spend a year. While there  
he contributed to the University  
Magazine, "The Angel in the Cloud,"  
then covering only a few pages. It  
is said to have won high praise from  
such men as Dr. Schele De Vere, Dr.  
Gildersleeve, Prof. Holmes and oth-  
ers. It is interesting to note that he  
once contemplated entering the min-  
istry, but his father's failing health  
bound him to business, and thus he  
continued merchandising the remain-  
der of his days. In 1871 he revised  
and published "Angel in the Cloud,"  
a poetic and philosophic statement  
and refutation of various heart-  
questionings. His preface requests  
a complete reading if any at all, and

then "in the bulrush ark of self-con-  
fidence, he pitched with faith," he  
commits his "first born to the Nile  
of public opinion; whether to perish  
by crocodile critics or bask in the  
palace of favor, the future alone  
must determine. May Pharaoh's  
daughter find it!" And so it came  
to pass; his work is regarded as the  
most original long poem ever pro-  
duced in the State, and he is esteem-  
ed our poet-philosopher. No other  
work has passed through four edi-  
tions in ten years as was the case  
with "Angel in the Cloud." The  
third and fourth editions contain a  
sketch of the author and additional  
poems of which "The Last Look" and  
"Out in the Rain" are rare gems—  
the crystalized tears of a deeply  
bereft parent. With only the plan  
of a new poem worked out which  
gave promise of surpassing that up-  
on which his fame rests and with a  
memorial ode upon his lips his poet's  
soul passed hence, April 22, 1876.

## THEO. H. HILL.

Theophilus Hunter Hill, native of  
Wake County, was born October 31,  
1836. Though admitted to the bar  
in 1858, he never practiced, his mind  
inclining him more to literary work  
than to law. He did some editorial  
work and was at one time State Li-  
brarian, but his fame was won  
through his poetical writings. His  
first volume, "Hesper and Other  
Poems," was published in Raleigh in  
1861 under copyright of the Confed-  
erate States of America. In 1869 a  
second volume appeared; it was sim-  
ply entitled "Poems," and was pub-  
lished by Hurd and Houghton, New  
York. His third volume—"Passion  
Flower and Other Poems"—and the  
only one of his works not out of  
print, I believe—was published in  
1883 by P. W. Wiley, of Raleigh.  
The closing days of his life were  
spent, I have heard, in final revision  
of such of his poetical writings as he  
esteemed worthy of preservation. It  
is much to be regretted that he was  
unable to complete his work as did  
his dear friend Mr. Boner. Perhaps  
a fitting collection may yet be made,  
for generous as has been the recep-  
tion of his verse, it is entitled to yet  
wider recognition. It is marked by  
stateliness and reverence, and every  
piece is manifestly the product not  
only of the poet's soul, but of his  
intellect as well. His lines on "Sun-  
set" reveal him as a sympathetic ob-  
server and painter of nature. The  
memorial verses entitled "Willie" are  
remarkably sweet and tender. "The  
Star Above the Manger" has be-  
come a recitation classic in almost  
every school-room in the State. His  
work throughout bears the stamp of  
a pious nature. Shortly before his  
death, June 29, 1901, he wrote his last  
poem, "At Eventide," the closing  
stanza of which fittingly and repre-  
sentatively crowns a worthy poetic  
career:

As of old, ever new the sweet story  
Of Christ the Redeemer of men;  
When grace is transfigured to glory  
May we sing it together again!