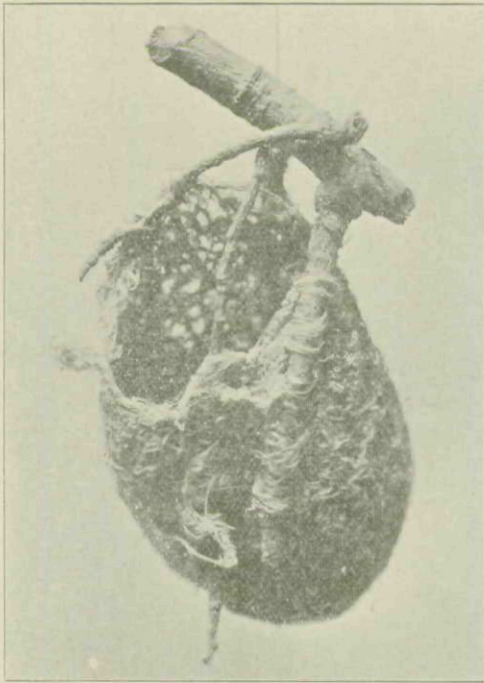


AN IOWA BIRD'S NEST.

In the balmy, sunny South, where Magnolias scent the breeze,
Where the ceaseless notes of song-birds echo in the orange trees,
Where Queen Nature's hand with moss festoons trees perennial leaved,
In the hearts of two young lovers was this dainty home conceived.



Then, on fluttering wings, when Spring, with her gentle, pleading face,
Asked Old Winter for releasings from his icy, cold embrace,
Came they, singing to the North; she in sober colors dressed;
He, in black, with scarlet trimmings, and an orange-tinted vest.

And, when the buds were bursting, and the violets were young,
Upon a branch of Cottonwood, this work of love was hung;
How builded they? We wist not, as they toiled from morn till night,
Except the song they warbled: "Love makes all labor light!"

Nor can we guess where they began this fabricated dream;
For, like the Savior's outer robe 'twas wrought without a seam.
Ah, loving hands may make a home which never comfort lacks;
Yet instinct, without hands, has made this miracle of flax!

Why boast we of accomplishments; of architectural skill,
With lifted heart and haughty brow, say: "We may do what we will;"
When with no art or genius, nor by any human plans,
Can we compete with instinct, in this home not made with hands?

Here Love is interwoven in the meshes of the twine,
And Faith is intermingled in every measured line;
And Hope, the well-selected branch, in that safe, anchored spot;
And in its fabrication there is neither flaw nor knot!

The Masterpiece of Solomon was built without the sound
Of axe, or tool of iron, on that sacred spot of ground;
So, in God's first great Temple, the wind-stirred, leafy grove,
Was builded there in silence, this nesting-place of Love.

There are temples, shrines and churches, whose beauties fill the eye,
With frescoed walls and costly spires, uplifted to the sky;
But they raise the heart not higher, nor more uplift the soul,
Than the God-instructed builder, the tuneful Oriole.

Jacitus Hussey

The most ingeniously constructed nest, on which this beautiful poem was written, was presented to Mr. Hussey by a friend, and by him to The Historical Department, where it is now on exhibition.

FLAGSHIP *Hartford*
Western Gulf Blockading Squadron.
Off Sandy Hook Bay 4th 1863.
at 4.30 P.M.

Dearest Wife We are off
as I hoped to be when
I left you I only send
this to the Astor House
for fear you may be
still at the Astor House
wanting to get a note from
me - I sent another to
"Hastings" -

God Bless you & my
dear Boy & my ever lasting
prayer & affection
at & devoted husband

D. G. Farragut

A LETTER BY ADMIRAL D. G. FARRAGUT.

A fac simile from the original in "The Aldrich Collection," Iowa Historical
Department.

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