

There was little connected with this calamity which could be written in else than the sternest prose. The subject seemed unsuited to poetic measures. Two bits of verse, however, appeared at the time, in such well-chosen words that we reproduce them as a fitting close to this article. The first has reference to the fact that as soon as the disaster was known, the church and school bells of Grinnell were rung to notify the people that something of importance had happened.

#### THE BELLS OF GRINNELL.

BY EDWARD BARSTOW.

Hanging heavy in their towers,  
 Saw they not the monster whirling  
 Over prairie, over village,  
 (Fiend of air, and bent on pillage!)  
 Heard they not the hideous hurling  
 Of the storm's mysterious powers?  
  
 Oh, the misery and moaning;  
 Ah, the dreadful dawn tomorrow—  
 Here a babe—and dead the mother—  
 There a father or a brother  
 Paralyzed with shock of sorrow,  
 And the black night full of groaning.  
  
 Who will tell the strange disaster?  
 Who has heart to breathe the story?  
 Hasten now, to every steeple,  
 Ring the bells and rouse the people;  
 Start the young, and stir the hoary!  
 And the bells went clanging faster.  
  
 East and west the news went crying;  
 North and south the lightning fed it;  
 Filled the hearts of men with pity  
 For the tempest-stricken city;  
 And wherever rumor sped it  
 Help sprang up for maimed and dying.  
  
 Every human heart an angel  
 Holds, 'tis said; and true we know it,—  
 Times like these forever show it.  
 And humanity's evangel,  
 Sympathy, with arms upraised,  
 Cries "Humanity be praised."

## NOTHING LEFT.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

"Nothing left!" the message read,  
 O'er the wires that swiftly sped.  
 "Nothing left." The empty walls  
 Tottering stand. A shadow falls  
 On the home that yesterday  
 Seemed a sure unchanging stay;  
 But today can nevermore  
 Welcome give from hall or door.

"Nothing left." Long years of toil,  
 Lingering days of care and moil,  
 Bravely met, each one a token  
 Of a hope now crushed and broken.  
 For the days to come can never  
 Give back youth and youth's endeavor;  
 And the soul, of all bereft,  
 Sits in darkness, "Nothing left."

Nothing left? O heart of mine!  
 Out of darkness, stars still shine.  
 Walls may fall, but strong and sure  
 The foundations still endure.  
 Build again, with truer skill,  
 Fairer walls and roof and sill;  
 From the ruins let there rise  
 Temples nearer to the skies.  
 And each soul, how'er bereft  
 Knows that always *something's* left.

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IMPORTANT CAPTURE.—Three days ago George Bell of this place, captured a beaver a mile and a half below town on the Des Moines river. The animal was four feet long, and weighed 75 pounds. He looked as though he might have been the original grandfather of all the beaver tribe west of the Mississippi river. He was an industrious fellow during his pilgrimage through life, and in death he was much lamented.—*Iowa State Register*, October 5, 1864.

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