

INDIANA.

[This poem is probably by Sarah T. Bolton, though not included in her collected works. It was first published in 1835 in the *Indiana Democrat*, which paper was then edited by Nathaniel Bolton, husband of the poetess. This copy is from the *Republican and Banner*, of Madison, November 12, 1835.]

Home of my heart! thy shining sand,
Thy forests and thy streams,
Are beautiful as fairyland
Displayed in fancy's dreams.

Thy sons are brave and proud of thee,
Thy daughters fair and bright
As nature's flowers that carpet thee,
Or stars that gild thy night.

Hearts are thine, the kindest, best,
That heaven has given to earth,
And brilliant gems are on thy breast,
Of intellectual worth.

Free as thy sparkling waters
Is each heart that throbs in thee;
Save to heaven and thy fair daughters
None ever bow the knee.

Greatness of soul, true dignity,
And favored sons of fame
Are thine, but pride of ancestry
In thee is but a name.

Home of a thousand happy hearts,
Gem of the far wild west,
Ere long thy sciences and arts
Will gild the Union's crest.

Thy skies are bright, thy airs are bland,
Thy bosom broad and free;
We need not wave a magic wand
To know thy destiny.

Great spirits bled and, dying, gave
The stars and stripes to thee;
Thy sons would die that trust to save
In pristine purity.

S. T. B.