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# DIAMONDS



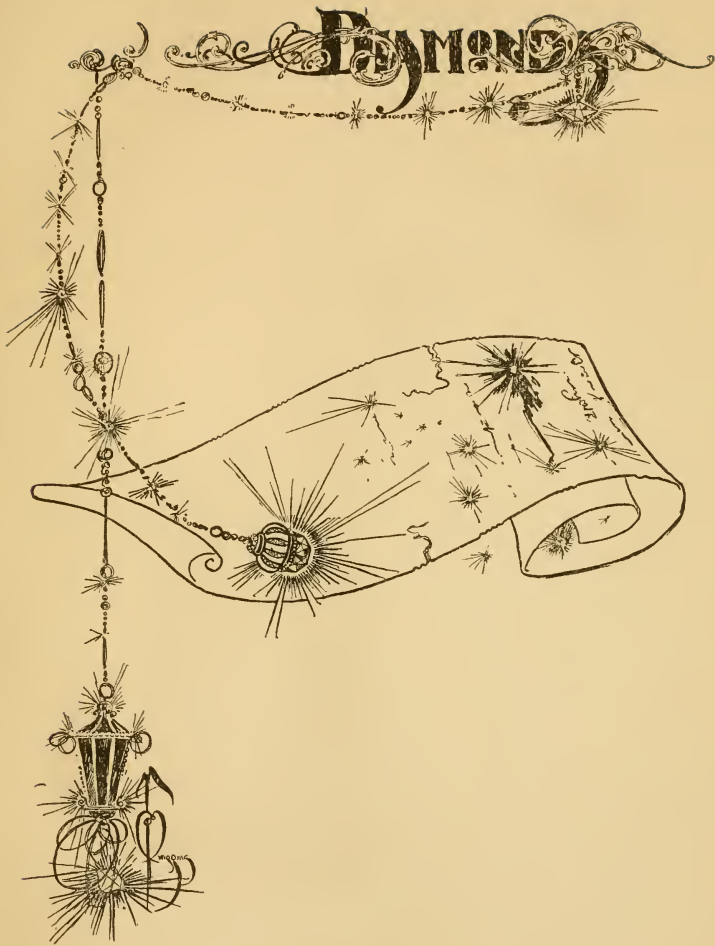
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THE AMERICAN WOMAN.

GEORGE C. EICHBAUM.

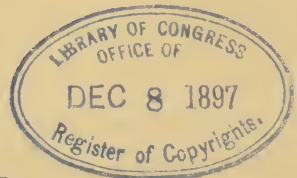


# Diamonds

In  
History  
and  
Romance

By Louise Ivory Moore

Chicago  
The Schulte Publishing Company  
323-325 Dearborn Street



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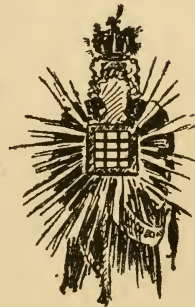
# Diamonds




**F**ar back on History's dim and faded pages,  
Traced by the quill upon the vellum leaf,  
Down through the countless era of the ages,  
The Diamond's record runs in clear relief.

In ancient chronicle and modern story,  
A radiant queen in every court and clime,  
Within its crystal walls a magic glory,  
The Diamond reigns in beauty all sublime.

The High Priest of the ancient Jewish host,  
Than whom no man could greater  
power wield,  
Bore, when his pleasure was to  
dazzle most,  
Twelve wondrous gems upon his  
sacred shield.







The American Woman:  
Happes in her own right,  
And, in every land she seeks  
The gem-crowned Queen

Love and Beauty







M. ANDRE BOWLES.

**“Far back on History’s dim and faded pages,  
Traced by the quill upon the vellum leaf.”**



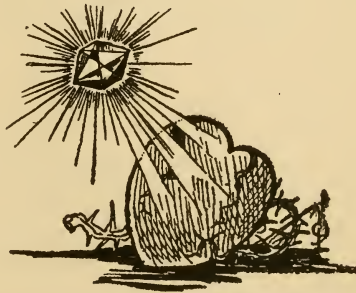
# DIAMONDS

Twelve wondrous gems: and which amongst  
them all

Dare vie in beauty or in sparkling light  
With Jahalom? For so did Hebrews call  
That which to-day we know as Diamond  
bright.

When centuries, alternate peace and strife,  
Had passed away, and Roman might and  
power  
Bowed 'neath its yoke the stream of human  
life  
As blustering north wind bends the swaying  
flower,

Imperial matrons, with their bright, dark eyes,  
Fashioned their classic robes of cloth-of-gold,  
And woven purple plunged in Tyrian dyes,  
And clasped a precious jewel in each fold.





# DIAMONDS

Those glittering gems were sometimes trophies rare,  
Snatched from their victims of a vanquished race,  
Their value often far beyond compare,  
Yet none too splendid for patrician grace.



Wife of Caligula, Rome's tyrant Lord,  
Lollia Paulina,—Pliny tells the story,—  
Presided at a gorgeous nuptial board,  
In pearls and diamonds, a blaze of glory.

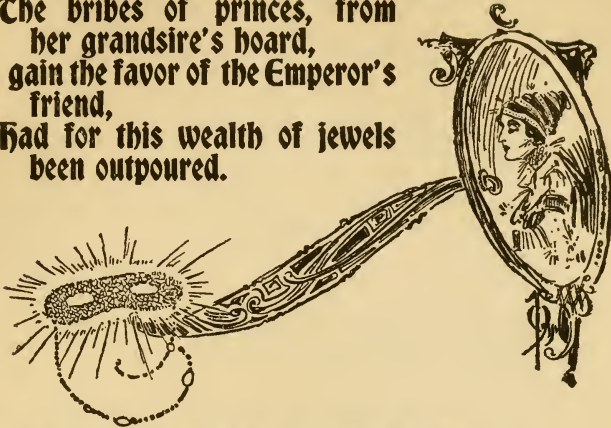
Twined in the meshes of her raven hair,  
On dimpled arms as alabaster white,  
'Round swan-like neck and slender fingers fair,  
Myriads of jewels shed their luster bright.





# DIAMONDS

Two million pieces all of shining gold,  
The bribes of princes, from  
her grandsire's hoard,  
To gain the favor of the Emperor's  
friend,  
Had for this wealth of jewels  
been outpoured.



But in those days of old imperial Rome  
Most rare and precious was the queen of  
gems,  
And seldom were its flashing colors shown  
Save in the royal rings or diadems.

For only on far India's distant  
shore  
The dusky natives, in the  
pebbled stream  
Or rocky mine, while seeking  
golden ore,  
Found guerdon rich the Dia-  
mond's longed-for gleam.





# DIAMONDS

Virtues most wondrous Plato it  
assigned.

Magnanimous in peace, in  
conflict bold,

Was he whose happy fortune  
't was to find

This ever precious "kernel in  
the gold."



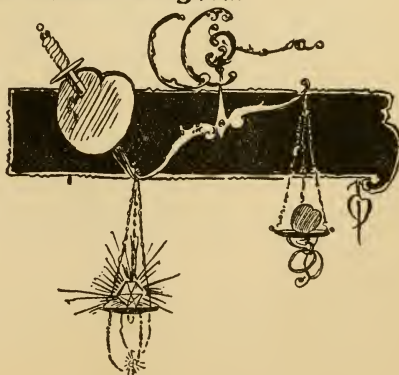
The powdered dust that from its crushing fell  
Was deemed endowed with magic power  
beside

To avert the deadly flash of lightning's spell,  
With supernatural gift that none denied.

In history's epochs Diamonds played a part  
Not second even to Damascus blade:

To gain the spoil quick steel would seek the  
heart,

And honor little in the balance weighed.







FREDERICK LINCOLN STODDARD.

**"To gain the spoil, quick steel would seek the heart."**



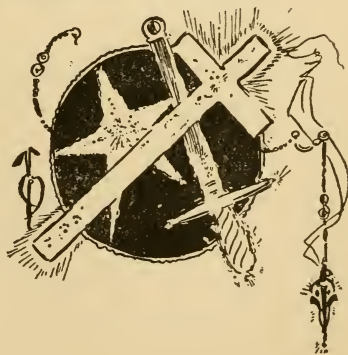


# DIAMONDS

They gemmed the Peacock Throne of Nadir  
Shah,  
Gleamed in the jeweled hilt of Charles the  
Bold,  
Purchased a crown for Ibrahim Pasha,  
And for their sake a king his subjects sold.

The snow-white plume of Henry of Navarre  
A diamond buckle held in its proud place.  
The "Virgin Queen" of England wore a star  
Of Diamonds in her stately ruff of lace.

The "Orloff," once a Brahmin idol's eye  
From Buddhist temple stolen by recreant  
priest,  
Where Russia's Czar wields his great scepter  
high,  
Resplendent gleams, at grand levee or feast.

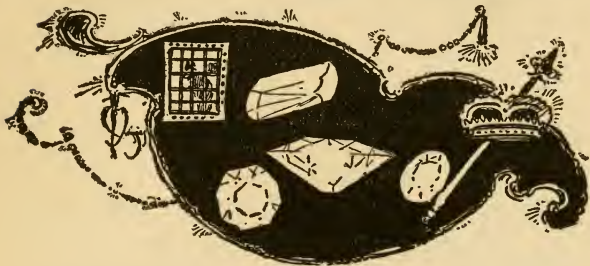






# DIAMONDS

The "Koh-i-noor," that back to Krishna  
dates,  
Whose cutting false, when Aurungzebe's  
gem,  
Cost sad Hortensio Borgia his estates,  
Now shines in England's royal diadem.



That noted jewel called the "Polar Star,"  
The "Regent," from the sword of Bona-  
parte,  
"Mattam," "Braganza," "Cumberland,"  
and "Shah,"  
Are names that lead the world's great  
diamond mart.

Nor always white. One Russian gem is red;  
The "Dresden Brilliant" of an emerald  
green;  
A yellow tint the Tiffany's instead,  
And in the "Hope" a sapphire blue is  
seen.



# DIAMONDS

The legend runs that once a faithful  
slave,  
A jeweled ring whilst carrying for  
his lord,  
Beset by thieves, determined thus to save,  
Swallowed the gem before he met the  
sword.



Skilled surgeon's knife was needed to regain  
The diamond worth the ransom of a king.  
The faithful servant had not died in vain:  
Back to his master's coffers went the ring.

One story stands, a blot that clouds the time:  
When diamonds were first found in Brazil,  
The rulers of the sunny southern clime  
Measures enforced that worked the peo-  
ple's ill.







J. WILTON CUNNINGHAM.

"The stately damsels trod the minuet's maze."





# DIAMONDS

Forth from their homes they drove the humble poor

And seized their land, to delve for diamonds deep.

Razed to the ground, nor hearthstone they nor door,

Were forced in woodland or in caves to sleep.

But Mother Nature's heart seemed touched at last.

Brazil's supply decreased thro' fifty years,

And in their homes restored, their wanderings past,

The poor in simple peace forgot their tears.



In our American Colonial days,

With silken skirts, and powdered hair dressed high,

The stately damsels trod the minuet's maze,

Their diamonds flashing as they glided by.

But when the Revolution's dread alarms

Woke startled millions from their dream of peace,



# DIAMONDS

The jewels were exchanged for warlike  
arms,  
To free our country and bid serfdom cease.

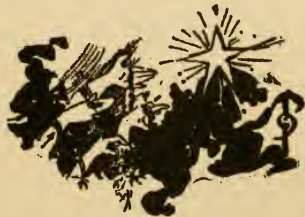
No gems were theirs, but  
sheen of golden hair,  
And teeth of pearl, thro'  
lips as rubies red.  
Eyes diamond-bright lacked  
naught to make them  
fair:



The greatest jewel, Freedom, theirs instead.

Those patriotic times have fled fore'er.  
The merchant princes' daughters of to-day  
The value of a petty kingdom wear,  
In baubles, at the opera or the play.

Crown diamonds, tokens of an empire's fall,  
Change hands, and cross the broad Atlan-  
tic's sweep,  
To shine at plutocratic Gotham's ball  
While countless thousands cold and starv-  
ing weep.





# DIAMONDS

Three decades since, where Afric' breasts the  
sea,

A vast supply of diamonds was revealed;  
Now 'neath the burning sky of Kimberly  
A myriad exiles eager seek the field.



Long days of toil go dragging hour by hour,  
Dread fevers lurk beneath the torrid sun,  
The reptile's sting to fright has lost its power,  
While fortunes vast are daily sought and  
won.

In Borneo have also gems  
been found,  
And where the Ural Moun-  
tains raise their peaks;







PAUL CORNOYER.

“And Yuletide log, that warms the hearth and heart.”







# DIAMONDS

And for our own Virginia's fertile ground  
The "Oninoor," a monster brilliant, speaks.



Some have been mined where shines the Golden Gate;  
In Georgia's soil a few have come to light;  
A wondrous stone came from the "Blue Grass State;"  
But Africa still leads the world in might.

The Diamond is Nature's miracle  
The carbon that is its component part  
In bread we eat, in common coal does dwell,  
In Yuletide log that warms the hearth and heart.





# DIAMONDS

But science proves volcanic fires, that boil  
With giant power, once did fiercely rage,  
Forcing their way through rich magnesium  
soil,  
And wrought the Diamond in the Granite  
Age,



And crystallized its hues' prismatic glow,  
Like rainbow's arch, yet adamantine hard,  
And pure as limpid streams that rippling flow  
Between the flowering banks of emerald  
sward.

Still, in the rough it only crystal seems;  
Pretty, and pleasing for a childish toy:  
Beneath translucent surface hide the gleams  
That thrill the connoisseur with rapturous  
joy.



# DIAMONDS

Not until lapidary's skill alone  
Has cut with labored toil the crust away  
That veils with jealous walls of pebbled stone,  
The 'prisoned rainbow meets the light of  
day.

And oft unskillful workman will deface  
A priceless gem, for subtle is the art  
Which shrewd Van Burghem early taught  
his race,  
And clear-cut facets play a valued part.



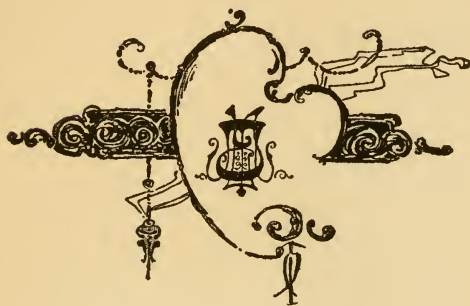
So is the mind of man. Itself a prize,  
A gem far greater than earth else can  
yield;  
But 't is on Education he relies  
To fit him for the senate or the field.





# DIAMONDS

For, girl with opaque wall like Diamond stone,  
The untrained mind is like the pebbled  
sphere.  
'T is learning's power can cut the crust alone,  
And Man stands forth in truth without a  
peer.













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