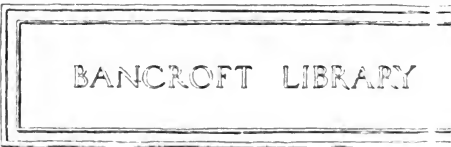
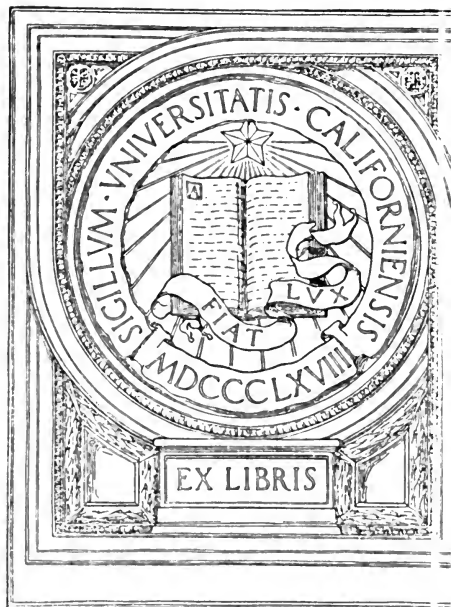
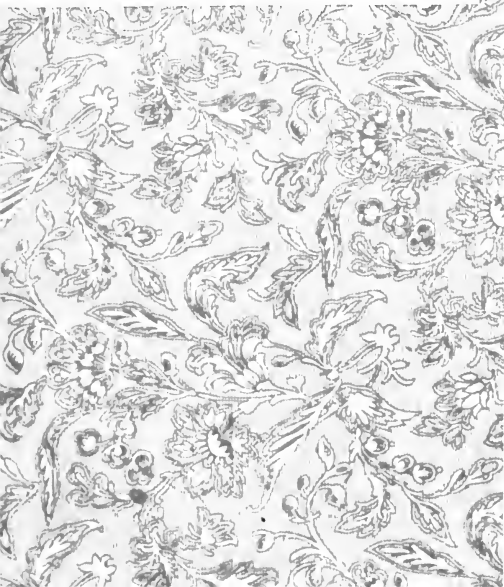


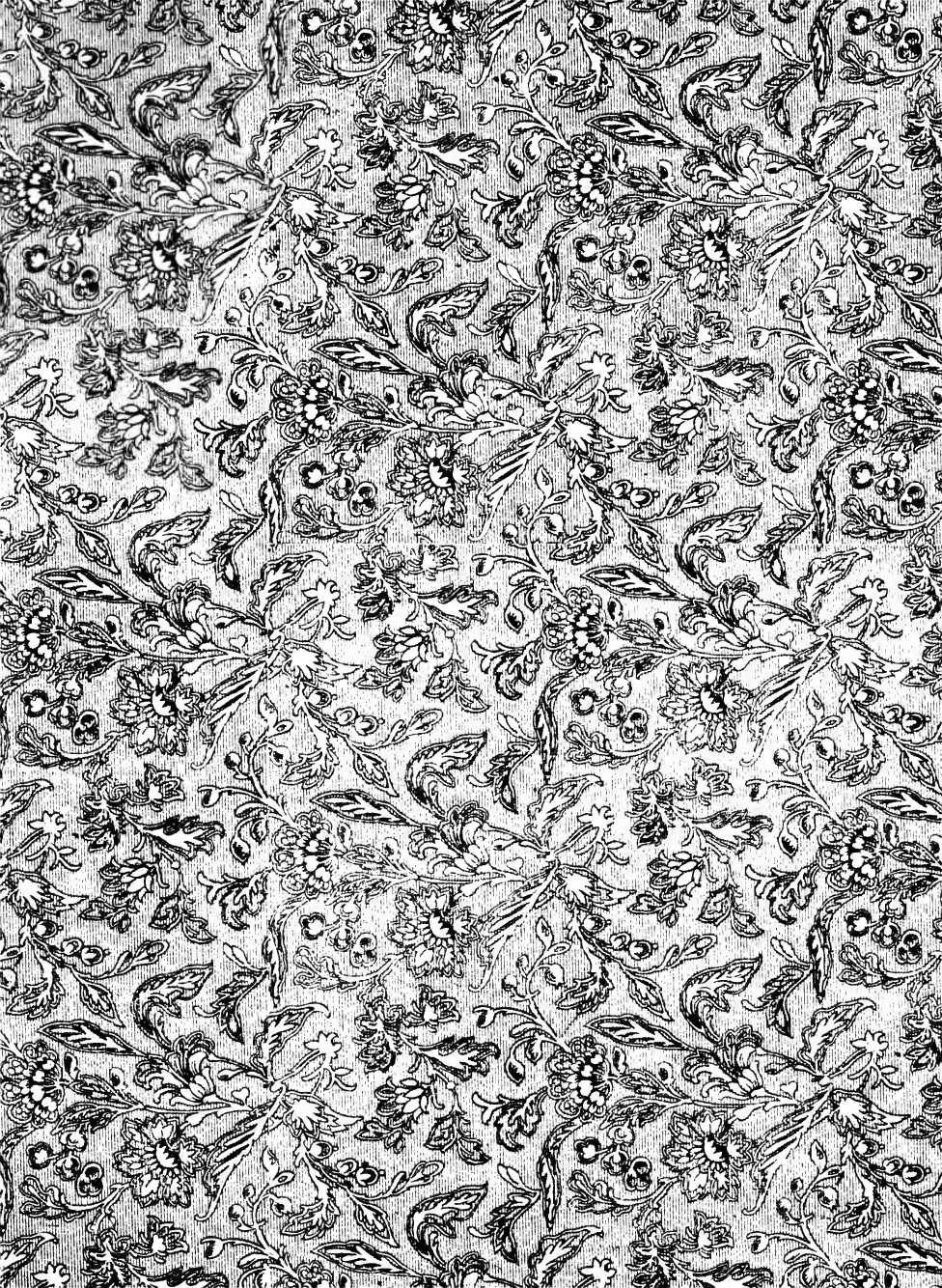
FROM: THE: HUDSON
TO THE
YOSEMITE



A HOLIDAY: SOUVENIR:

* BY WALLACE BRUCE



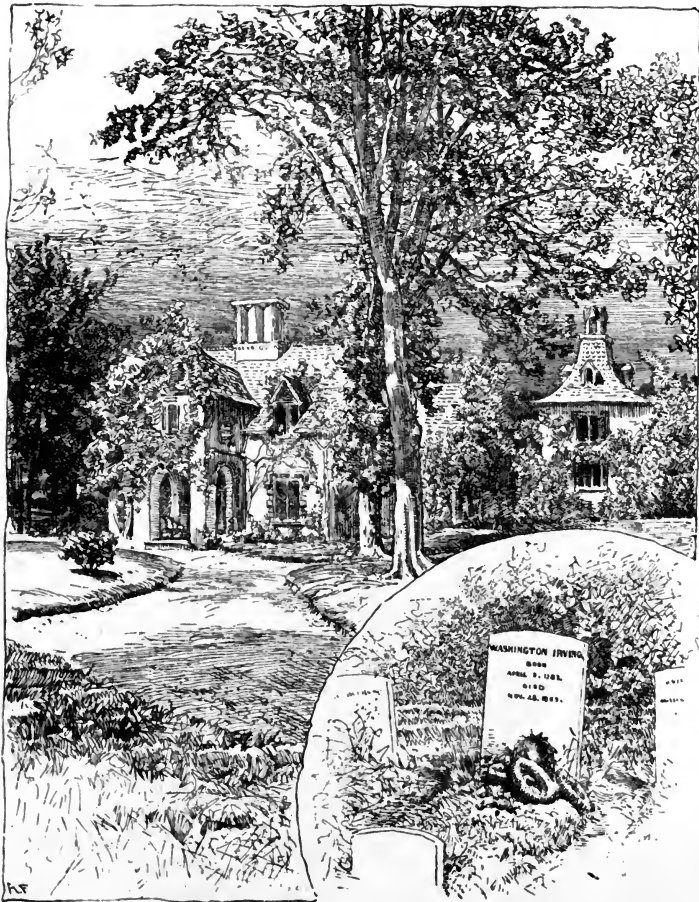


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FROM THE HUDSON

TO THE

YOSEMITE

BY

WALLACE BRUCE, 1844-1914
//

ILLUSTRATED BY

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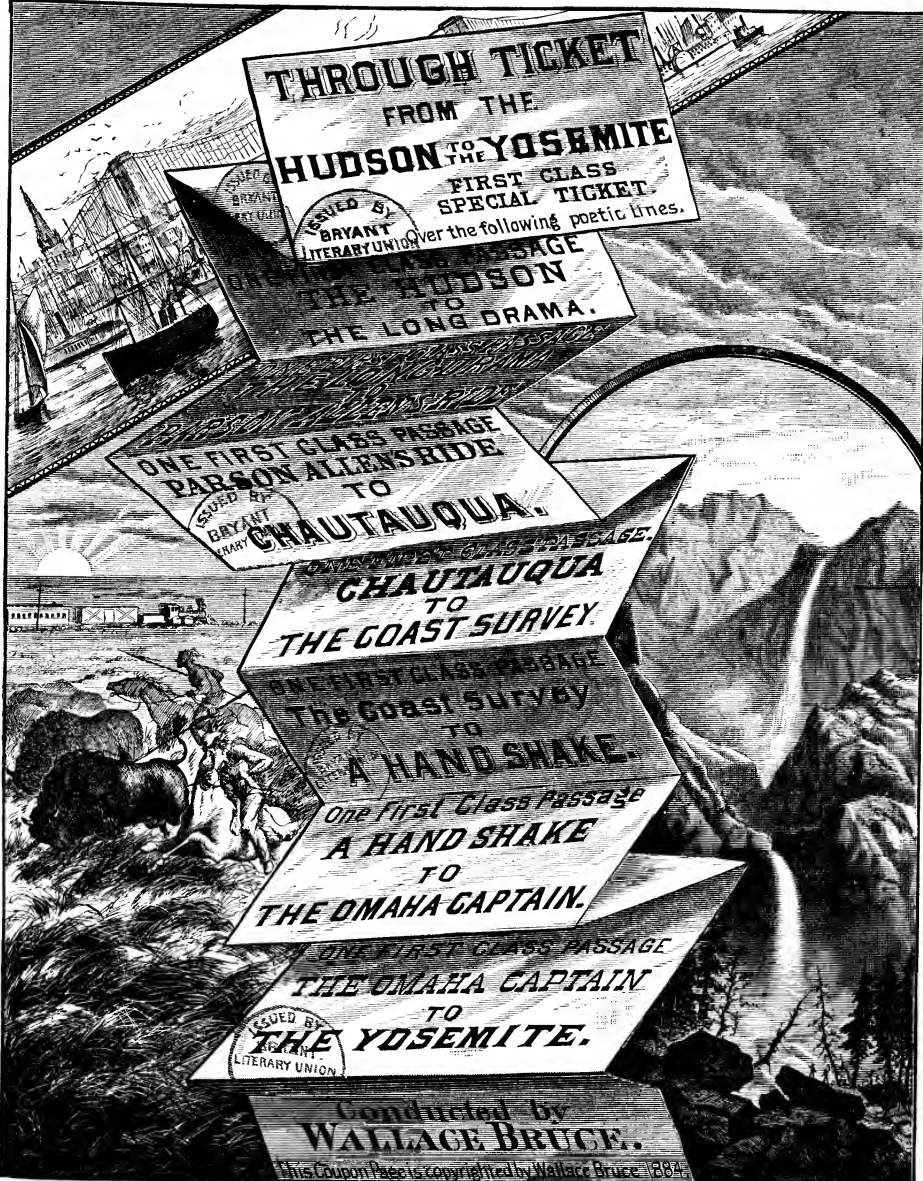
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Copyright, 1884,

BY

WALLACE BRUCE.



THROUGH TICKET
 FROM THE
HUDSON TO THE YOSEMITE
 FIRST CLASS
 SPECIAL TICKET.
 Over the following poetic times.



ONE FIRST CLASS PASSAGE
PARSON ALLEN'S RIDE
 TO
CHAUTAUQUA.



ONE FIRST CLASS PASSAGE
CHAUTAUQUA
 TO
THE COAST SURVEY.
 ONE FIRST CLASS PASSAGE
 The Coast survey
 TO
A HAND SHAKE.
 One First Class Passage
A HAND SHAKE
 TO
THE OMAHA CAPTAIN.



Conducted by
WALLACE BRUCE.

Cambridge Jan 10
1880.

Dear Sir,

Please accept my thanks
for the handsome volume
you have had the kindness
to send me.

I have read it with much
pleasure; and think you have
very successfully carried out
your idea of the baïkedval

With best wishes

Yours very truly
Henry W. Longfellow.

STATIONS EN ROUTE.

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*Flag Station (no stop).

TO THE TOURIST.

Special attention is directed to testimonials of popular conductors over other and well-established lines, to wit: Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, etc., who have kindly commended several of the above stations of our new route, as worthy the notice of visitors.

FAC-SIMILE OF LETTER FROM JOHN G. WHITTIER TO YOUR CONDUCTOR, AS TO THE
FOURTH STATION EN ROUTE—THE LONG DRAMA.

Dear Friend

Heartly thanks for
the excellent poem
printed in style worthy
of its fine and fitting
verse.

Yours truly

John G. Whittier

Amherst Mass

10 Mo 25 83

FROM THE HUDSON TO THE YOSEMITE.

Announcement—ALL ABOARD!

Ladies and Gentlemen:—It gives me pleasure as sole owner, President, Secretary, Treasurer and General Passenger Agent of this romantic route, "From the Hudson to the Yosemite," to announce that the train is made up and ready to start on schedule time. According to advertisement, the run of three thousand miles will be made in about sixty minutes. I have consented, *a la Cook*, to take charge of the train in person, to collect the tickets and announce the stations. It may not be professional in a Conductor to be over-talkative to his passengers; but I must be pardoned at the outset in saying, that, in addition to these valuable lines, over which Railroad Kings have never speculated, I have owned for years extensive "Castles in Spain," and have one or two first-class mortgages on several Italian sunsets. As this kind of property never varies perceptibly in the market, I feel perfectly easy to wander at will, and am happy to find myself in such interesting company. As I pass through the train I will tear off the first coupon—the Hudson—and start at once on an "Excursion" which has the advantage of being briefer than Wordsworth's.

It is a charming little
book and I thank you for
prompting the Publishers to send
me a copy of it.

I think such a volume gives
more pleasure than the author
knows, — for it borrows attraction
from the scenes described as well
as illuminates them with its own
agreeable light. I only wish you
would go on and illustrate all
the most lovely and most famous
rivers and valleys and mountains
our country has to be proud of

Believe me dear Sir
Very truly yours
O. W. Holmes.

THE HUDSON.

I.

Gray streaks of dawn are faintly seen ;
The stars of half their light are shorn ;
The Hudson, with its banks of green,
Lies tranquil in the early morn.

The earth and sky breathe sacred rest,
A holy peace too sweet to break,
A spell like that divine behest
Which stilled the Galilean lake.

The circling hills, with foreheads fair,
Await with joy the crowning rays ;
All nature bows in grateful prayer,
The templed groves respond with praise.

Ye trembling shafts of glorious light,
Dart from the east with golden gleam;
Cleave the dark shield of fleeing Night,
And slay her with your arrowy beam.

Cities and hamlets, up and down
This level highway to the sea,
Along the banks sit gray and brown,
Dim shadows musing dreamily.



Adown the river sloops and ships
Float slowly with the lazy tide;
And round the bluff a paddle dips,
Where once the storm-ship used to ride.

The vision widens as the morn
Sweeps through the portals of the day;
Purple and rosy mists adorn
Mountain and hill-top far away.

II.

The Catskills to the northward rise,
With massive swell and towering crest,—
The old-time “mountains of the skies,”
The threshold of eternal rest;

Where Manitou once lived and reigned,
Great Spirit of a race gone by;
And Ontiora lies enchained,
With face uplifted to the sky.

The dream-land, too, of later days,
Where Rip Van Winkle slept in peace,
Wrapt up in deep poetic haze,
A twenty years of sweet release.



Ay, burning years! a nation's forge!
To wake to freedom grown to more;
To find another painted "George"
Above the old familiar door.

Through summer heat and winter snow,
Beside that rushing mountain stream,
Just how he slept we cannot know;
Perhaps 't was all a pleasant dream.

Mayhap in many a wintry squall,
Or howling blast, or blinding storm,
He thought he heard Dame Gretchen's call,
And that sufficed to keep him warm;

Or else that flagon's wondrous draught,
Distilled in some weird elfin-land,
Drawn from the keg old Hendrick quaffed,
And shared by all his silent band.

O legends full of life and health,
That live when records fail and die,
Ye are the Hudson's richest wealth,
The frondage of her history!

III.

And musing here this quiet morn,
I call up pictures, far away,
Of fountains where thy wave is born,
Of rills that in deep shadows play;

Of forest, trail, and lake, and stream,
Rich poems bound in green and gold,
Whose leaves reflect the Autumn gleam,
Ere Summer months are growing old;

Of camp-fires bright with dancing flame,
Where dreams and visions floated free,
And Rosalind with Annie's name
Interpreted the dreams to me.

Lake Avalanche, with rocky wall,
And Henderson's dark-wooded shore,
Your echoes linger still and call
Unto my soul for evermore!

Tahawas, rising stern and grand,
"Cloud-Sunderer," lift thy forehead high,
Guard well thy sun-kissed mountain land,
Whose lakes seem borrowed from the sky.

O Hudson, mountain-born and free,
Thy youth a deep impression takes,
For, mountain-guarded to the sea,
Thy course is but a chain of lakes.

IV.

And not alone thy features fair,
And legend lore and matchless grace,
But noble deeds of courage rare
Illume, as with a soul, thy face.

The Highlands and the Palisades
Mirror their beauty in the tide,
The history of whose forest shades
A nation reads with conscious pride.

On either side these mountain glens
Lie open like a massive book,
Whose words were graved with iron pens,
And lead into the eternal rock :

Which evermore shall here retain
The annals time cannot erase,
And while these granite leaves remain
This crystal ribbon marks the place ;

The spot where Kosciusko dreamed,
Fort Putnam's gray and ruined wall,
West Point, where patriot bayonets gleamed,—
This open page reveals them all.

From Stony Point to Bemis Height,
From Saratoga to the sea,
We trace the lines, now dark, now bright,
From seventy-six to eighty-three.

We celebrate our hundredth year
With thankful hearts and words of praise,
And learn a lasting lesson here
Of trust and hope for coming days.

V.

And sweet to me this other thought,
And more than fancy to my mind,—
These grand divisions, plainly wrought,
In human life a semblance find:

The Adirondacks, childhood's glee;
The Catskills, youth with dreams o'ercast;
The Highlands, manhood bold and free;
The Tappan Zee, age come at last.

O Tappan Zee, with peaceful hills,
And slumbrous sky and drowsy air,
Thy calm and restful spirit stills
The heart weighed down with weary care!

Pocantico's hushed waters glide
Through Sleepy Hollow's haunted ground,
And whisper to the listening tide
The name carved o'er one lowly mound.

Fair mansions rise on every hill,
With turrets crowned and stately towers,
Which men can buy and sell at will,
But old Van Tassel's home is ours:

A quiet, cozy little nest,
Enshrined and loved forevermore;
Where Geoffrey Crayon came to rest,
When all his wanderings were o'er.

Thrice blest and happy Tappan Zee,
Whose banks along thy glistening tide
Have legend, truth, and poetry
Sweetly expressed in Sunnyside.



VI.

The Twilight falls, the picture fades ;
My soul has drifted down the stream :
And now beneath the Palisades
I wonder, "Is it all a dream?"

Below the cliffs Manhattan's spires
Glint back the sunset's latest beam ;
The bay is flecked with twinkling fires,
Or is it but "Van Kortlandt's dream" ?

Hark! Freedom's arms ring far and wide;
 Again these forts with beacons gleam;
Loud cannon roar on every side,—
 I start, I wake, I did but dream.

Deep silence 'mid these glorious hills;
 Dark shadows on the silver stream;
My very soul with rapture thrills,
 “Is't heaven or earth, or but a dream?”

Nay! true as life, and deep as love,
 And real amidst the things that seem;
For earth below and Heaven above
 Proclaim “truth stranger than a dream.”

EN ROUTE.

It is said that a distinguished General, after losing an important engagement, telegraphed to Lincoln: "I found it necessary either to advance or to retreat; I have done both." In our trip through the Hudson I have followed his example, by commencing in the middle and going both ways. From the Catskills I went straight to the Adirondacks; from the Adirondacks to the Highlands, the Palisades and the fair Island of Manhattan. As there is no dining car attached, and no boy allowed to disturb the passengers with "Beef tongue or ham sandwiches," it has been thought advisable to take a little lunch in Central Park in the society of Shakspeare, Scott and Burns. On the occasion of the unveiling of the Burns statue, October 2nd, 1880, it occurred to your Conductor that it would be eminently fitting for Walter Scott, who had met Burns in the flesh, to greet him, on his arrival in bronze, and introduce him to his friend, Shakspeare. The statues are within easy speaking distance of each other, and the idea took the following expression:

SCOTT'S GREETING TO BURNS.

Central Park, New York, 1880.

We greet you, Robie, here to-night,
Beneath these stars so pure and bright;
We greet you, poet, come at last
With Will and me your lot to cast.

We've talked about you many a day,
And wondered when you'd be this way;
Reach out your hand and gie's a shake,
Just ance, for auld acquaintance sake.

We welcome you from Scotia's land,
And reach to you a brither's hand;
A kindred soul to greet you turns—
Will Shakspeare, this is Robie Burns.

We've sung your songs here many a night
Till that dear star is lost in light,
And, Willie says, the lines you wrote
Will even do for him to quote.

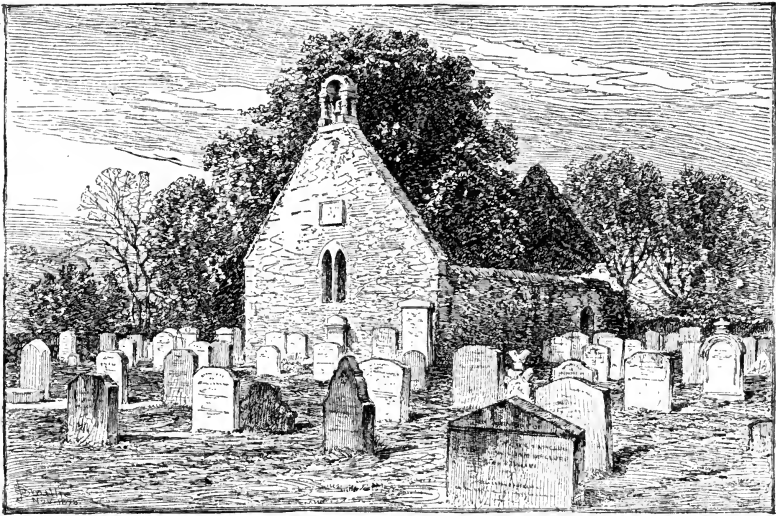
He likes your verses wondrous weel,
And says, you are a glorious chiel,—
In fact the only one that knows
The space 'twixt poetry and prose.

O, Robie, if we had a plaid
We'd quite convert yon Stratford lad ;
He said, in truth, but yester-morn,
“ I'm Scotch in wit 'though English born ;

“ And, Walter, it may yet appear
That Scotland takes in Warwickshire,—
Let Avon be the border line,
Blot out the Tweed, or draw it fine.”

So, Willie, brew your peck o' maut,
And set the board wi' attic saut,
For Rob has come at last, you see,—
We were a pair, but now we're three.

We need nae ither comrade now,
No modern bard o' classic brow ;
'Tis lang before anither man
Will be admitted to our clan.



In stormy nights 'twas lonesome here
When Will recited half o' "Lear";
But now he quotes O'Shanter's tale
In thunder, lightning, and in hail;
And says his witches can't compare
With those that chased O'Shanter's mare;
He's even learned your "Deil Address"
To quote some night for good Queen Bess.

For, Robie, this is haunted ground,
Where spirits keep their nightly round,
And when the witchin' hour is near
You'll see strange beings gather here.

I saw Queen Bess the other night
Beside him, clad in vesture bright,
While kings and queens, a noble throng,
In dim procession passed along ;

And walls seemed rising from the earth,
Like Leicester's tower at Kenilworth ;
And all the pageant that was there
Seemed floating in the moonlit air.

Ay, beauty, jealousy and pride,
In Dudley's halls walked side by side,
While Amy Robsart seemed to stand
With fair Ophelia, hand in hand.

And, Robie, what a vision came
As Willie whispered Ariel's name !
The towers dissolved, and round him drew
The stately, gentle, fair and true,—

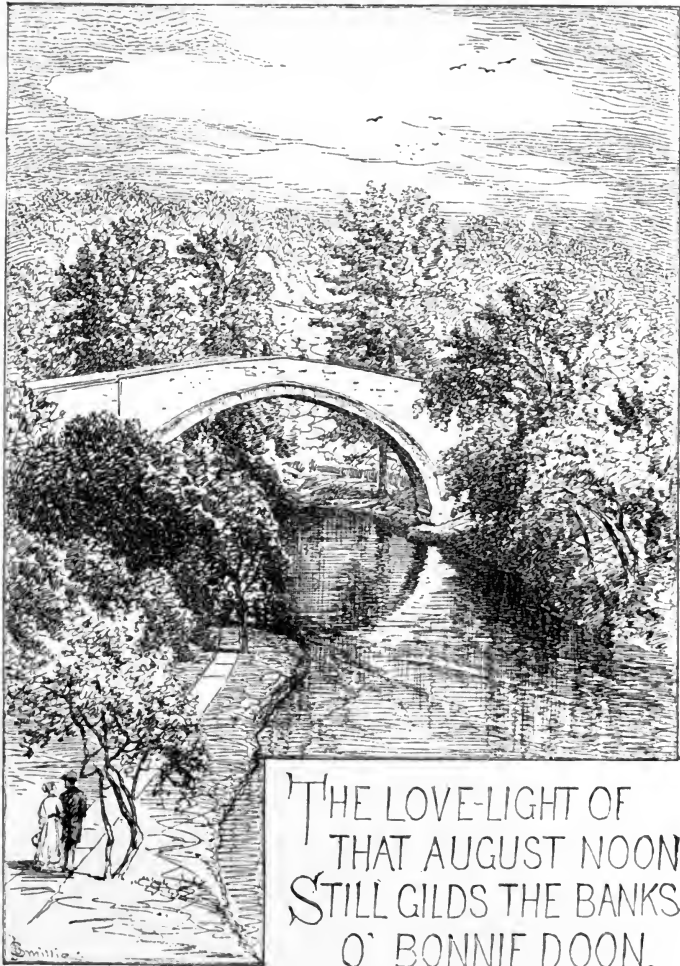
Miranda, Juliet, Imogene,
Hermione, and Katharine,
While Rosalind among them stood—
The sunlight of sweet Arden's wood.

'Twere long to pass them in review,
For still the circle wider grew,
Until the airy vision bright
Was lost at last in liquid light.

So let me whisper in your ear:
Never to tell what passes here;
There'll be a grand reception soon
To greet the lad from Bonnie Doon.

We'll gather up the jolliest crew,
Falstaff, Prince Hal, and Rhoderick Dhu;
And a' the rantin brither Scots
Frae Maiden Kirk tae John o' Groats.

So, Robie, make yoursel at home,
'Mang friends and brithers you have come,
And here's a land that's quite as fair
As that between the Doon and Ayr.



THE LOVE-LIGHT OF
THAT AUGUST NOON
STILL GILDS THE BANKS
O' BONNIE DOON.

A land that glories in its youth,
That owns no creed but living truth,
Where pith o' sense and pride o' worth
A refuge find from rank and birth;

A land that's made your verses real,
Whose guinea-stamp is honor's seal;
Ay, Robie, here they've quite forgot
To write the "sir"—just Walter Scott.

And here your songs will ever ring
Through a' the years the centuries bring,
Till all are free, and every sea
Shall know nae shore but liberty.

EN ROUTE.

The celebrated wedding of New York and Brooklyn took place May 24, 1883. About four hundred years ago the citizens of Venice paid to Sonazaro six thousand golden crowns for six eulogistic lines on their city. It might be remarked in passing that your Conductor did not receive more than half that amount from the citizens of New York and Brooklyn.

THE NUPTIALS.

New York and Brooklyn, May 24, 1883.

The nuptial-knot at last is firmly tied ;
A hundred bells ring out a merry chime,
A hundred wires proclaim to every clime :—
Manhattan takes fair Brooklyn for his bride.
In strength and beauty growing side by side,
Cities betrothed, you waited vigorous prime,
Like steadfast lovers of the olden time,
Ere greed and gain our early faith defied.

We wish you joy! No longer twain, but one,
Forever bound in links of triple steel ;
You need no marriage ritual to rehearse,
Which Venice chanted to bright Adria won ;
No golden ring ; the service now is real :—
“ Each other take for better or for worse.”

EN ROUTE.

Our next stop, Ladies and Gentlemen, is the historic station, known as Washington's Headquarters. The Centennial Celebration of the "Disbanding of the American Army" was observed at this place October 18th, 1883. On that occasion your Conductor presented the following poem—"The Long Drama." Ample time will be afforded the passenger to visit the Revolutionary Museum while the Conductor recites his poem—*to the brakemen.*

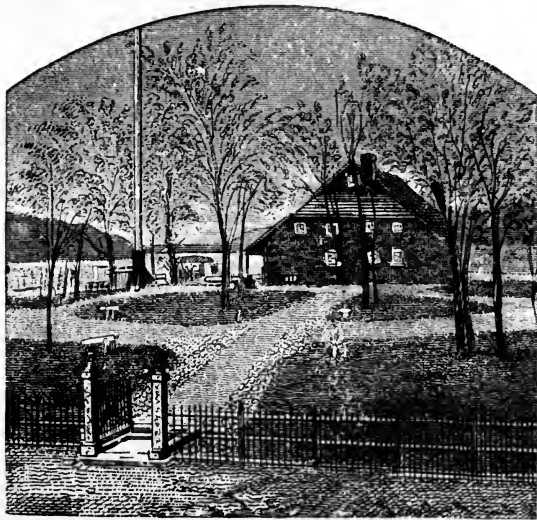
THE LONG DRAMA.

With banners bright, with roll of drums,
With pride and pomp and civic state,
A nation, born of courage, comes
The closing act to celebrate.

We've traced the drama page by page
From Lexington to Yorktown field;
The curtain drops upon the stage,
The century's book to-day is sealed.

A cycle grand,—with wonders fraught
That triumph over time and space,—
In woven steel its dreams are wrought,
The nations whisper face to face.

But in the proud and onward march
We halt an hour for dress parade,
Remembering that fair freedom's arch
Springs from the base our fathers laid.



With cheeks aglow with patriot fire
They pass in long review again,
We grasp the hand of noble sire
Who made *two words* of "Noblemen."

In silence now the tattered band,—
Heroes in homespun worn and gray,—
Around the old Headquarters stand
As in that dark uncertain day.

That low-roofed dwelling shelters still
The phantom tenants of the past ;
Each garret beam, each oaken sill
Treasures and holds their memories fast.

Ay, humble walls! the manger-birth
To emphasize this truth was given :
The noblest deeds are nearest earth,
The lowliest roofs are nearest Heaven.

We hear the anthem once again,—
“No king but God!”—to guide our way,
Like that of old—“Good will to men”—
Unto the shrine where freedom lay.

One window looking toward the east,
Seven doors wide-open every side ;
That room revered proclaims at least
An invitation free and wide.

Wayne, Putnam, Knox and Heath are there,
Steuben, proud Prussia's honored son,
Brave La Fayette from France the fair,
And, chief of all, our Washington.

Serene and calm in peril's hour,
An honest man without pretense,
He stands supreme to teach the power
And brilliancy of common sense.

Alike disdaining fraud and art,
He blended love with stern command;
He bore his country in his heart,
He held his army by the hand.

Hush! carping critic, read aright
The record of his fair renown:—
A leader by diviner right
Than he who wore the British crown.

With silvered locks and eyes grown dim,
As victory's sun proclaimed the morn,
He pushed aside the diadem
With stern rebuke and patriot scorn.

He quells the half-paid mutineers,
And binds them closer to the cause;
His presence turns their wrath to tears,
Their muttered threats to loud applause.

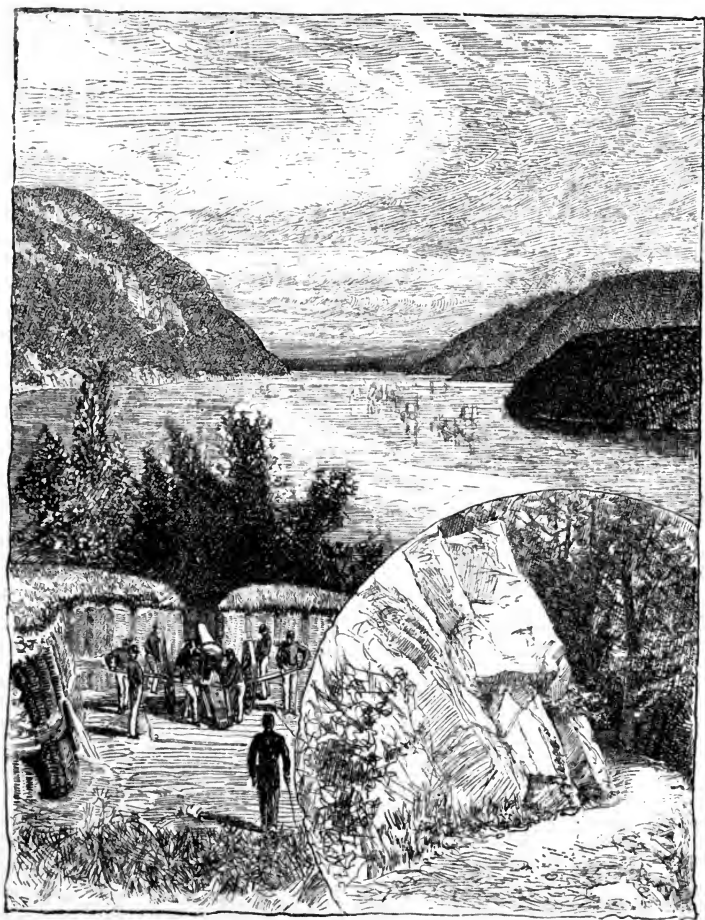
The great Republic had its birth
That hour beneath the army's wing,
Whose leader taught by native worth
The man is grander than the king.

The stars on that bright azure field,
Which proudly wave o'er land and sea,
Were fitly taken from his shield
To be our common heraldry.

We need no trappings worn and old,
No courtly lineage to invoke,
No tinsel'd plate, but solid gold,
No thin veneer, but heart of oak.

No aping after foreign ways
Becomes a son of noble sire;
Columbia wins the sweetest praise
When clad in simple, plain attire.

In science, poesy and art,
We ask the best the world can give;
We feel the throb of Britain's heart,
And will while Burns and Shakspeare live.



But, oh! the nation is too great
To borrow emptiness and pride:
The queenly Hudson wears in state
Her robes with native pigments dyed.

October lifts with colors bright
Its mountain canvas to the sky:
The crimson trees, aglow with light,
Unto our banners wave reply.

Like Horeb's bush the leaves repeat
From lips of flame with glory crowned:—
“Put off thy shoes from off thy feet,”
The place they trod is holy ground.”

O fairest stream beneath the sun!
Thy Highland portal was the key,
Which force and treason well-nigh won,
Like that of famed Thermopylæ.

That ridge along our eastern coast,
From Carolina to the Sound,
Opposed its front to England's host,
And heroes at each pass were found.



A vast primeval palisade,
With bastions bold and wooded crest,
A bulwark strong by nature made
To guard the valley of the west.

Along its height the beacons gleamed,
It formed the nation's battle-line,
Firm as the rocks and cliffs where dreamed
The soldier-seers of Palestine.

These hills shall keep their memory sure,
The blocks we rear shall fall away,
The mountain fastnesses endure,
And speak their glorious deeds for aye.

And oh! while morning's golden urn
Pours amber light o'er purple brim,
And rosy peaks like rubies burn
Around the emerald valley's rim;

So long preserve our hearthstone warm!
Our reverence, O God, increase!
And let the glad centennials form
One long Millenial of Peace.



EN ROUTE.

It has been regarded for more than a century that the word Poughkeepsie, derived from the Indian "Apo-keep-sing," signified "Safe Harbor"; but, after patient investigation, it is now generally understood that the original meaning was simply "Ten Minutes for Refreshments." This being the home of your Conductor, it was his purpose to greet the tourist with a brass band, a college procession, and a poem. The passengers being, however, for the most part, of an intellectual cast, only the literary part of the programme is preserved.

POUGHKEEPSIE.

There was a young man in Pokipsie
Who liked a certain girl's lipsie ;
 But her papa came in,
 And the young man did spin
Right down the front steps as if tipsy.

There was a young lady at Vassar
As learned as any profassor ;
 She wore her dress plain,
 To show she had brain,
And she would not let any one "sass" her.

There was at the big Eastman College
A youth so crammed full of knowledge,
 When he opened his jaw
 He filled you with awe,
And you left without any apólege.

EN ROUTE.

Some years ago your Conductor was present at a Decoration Day service in Hudson. In the long procession he noted the frayed flags of Antietam, Gettysburg, Malvern Hill, and the long roll of battle-fields which we know by heart. The stripes were all worn away, but the stars remained, as if to symbolize the long struggle and the grand result.

DECORATION DAY.

We deck to-day each soldier's grave,
We come with garlands pure and white
To bind the brows of those who gave
Their all to keep our honor bright.

We cannot pay the debt we owe,
They gave their lives that we might live;
Our warmest words fall far below
The worship that we fain would give.

O country, fairest of the free!
Columbia! name forever blest;
O lost "Atlantis" of the sea,
Securely anchored in the West;

Unfold the flag their hands have borne!
The shreds of many a well fought field;
The stripes alone are rent and torn,
The stars are there, our sacred shield.

18th Apr 79

Dear friend

Yes the true
vind^g - It see you
justice, that's great
praise -

Excuse & say
reubenill -
y^r cordially
Wendell Phillips

Those stars are ours because they died,
The blue is dearer for their sake,
Who sleep on many a green hillside,
In ranks that never more will break.

For well they wore the color true
That holds our constellation fair,
And evermore the "Boys in Blue"
Shall have a day of rest and prayer.

Yes, martyred heroes of the free!
We kneel beside your mounds and pray:—
That God our nation's guard may be,
And comrades hope from day to day.

O day baptized in blood and tears!
The blood was theirs; the tears are ours;
And children's children through the years
Shall strew their graves with sweetest flowers.

And May-day garlands all in bloom
Will quicken other verse than mine,
And decorate the soldiers' tomb
From Southern palm to Northern pine.

EN ROUTE.

As there is no Peripatetic Boy on the train, with "ten cent packages of caramels," your Conductor is reluctantly compelled to relate "a dream" of his Claverack school-days, in the far-off confectionery days of his youth.

MY DREAM.

“Ten-Twenty-Bell” was pealing
From out the Claverack tower,
And chum said “Good night, Virgil,
“It rings retiring hour.

“Good night—‘Arma virumque,’
“Good night ye ‘walls of Rome’,
“Good night, fair loving Juno,
“And Dido—left at home.”

But just before we slumbered,
Unto our great surprise,
Two maidens, clad in muslin,
Seemed to materialize.

And while we were discussing,
Which one possessed more charms,
My tongue forgot its duty,
I fell in Morpheus’ arms.

But, though my tongue was silent,
One maiden lingered there,
And through the fields I wandered,
With fairest of the fair.

And, as I stooped to kiss her,
In quiet woodland dell,
She—promise, gentle reader,
That you will never tell—

She looked so sweet and tender,
With eyes of beaming love,
Her voice of thrilling sweetness
Seemed borrowed from above.

Her lips and mine were waiting
To feel the mutual press;
My arms! where were they, readers?
Think you that you could guess?

Ah! fame and praise are pleasant,
But can't compare with this,
Mark Antony made a bargain,—
A kingdom for a kiss.

The moon rode through the azure,
A queen in beauty drest,
The sky with big brass buttons
Drew close its dark blue vest.

A world of joy was floating
In love's own atmosphere,
But, like a painted bubble,
It vanished in a tear.

For as I stooped to kiss her,
In rapt and dear embrace,
She—think you, patient reader,
She slapped me in the face?

O, no! Pulchra puella!
Hopes vanish as they come,
For I was sweetly dreaming,
And simply kissing—chum.

EN ROUTE.

The next "dream" is not accurately laid down on our route. In fact, your Conductor *kneaded* it one day on the cars between New York and Albany. It was therefore born, like the Cape Cod boy, all along the shore. The printer-boy is usually known in newspaper offices by a less euphonious appellation, and is generally considered as ubiquitous as his namesake.

THE PRINTER-BOY'S DREAM.

On a rickety stool, by a rickety door
Of the editor's room on the upper floor,
In the inner sanctum of pen and shears,
Sat a printer's boy of uncertain years,
Waiting for copy ; and all was still
Save the rasping scratch of a rapid quill.
The Carrier's Address was being born
In the old-time verse for the New Year's morn ;
And the editor wrote like a man inspired,
But the hour was late and the boy was tired.
Congressional Records, in binding grim,
And Patent Reports looked down on him—
Plump volumes revealing the nation's health,
And of books the editor's only wealth.
Large files of papers, dusty and old,
In unswept corners quietly told

That his paper was somehow a thing of dates,
While the plums were reserved for happier fates.
But the books, and the files, and the editor gray,
To the drowsy boy were fading away.

And the narrow room seemed a gallery grand,
With rich wrought carvings on every hand ;
Beautiful volumes quaint and old,
Yellow vellums with clasps of gold,
Arranged in ebony cases rare,
Greeted his vision everywhere ;

And he noted—the books in tens were placed,
And a hundred volumes each alcove graced ;
Eighteen were closed with a brazen bar,
But the Nineteenth alcove was still ajar ;
No parchment here ; the books were new,
And the last was registered Eighty-two ;
While a boy in feature resembling him,
Not ragged and soiled, but neat and trim,
Near the lower shelf, he seemed to see
Placing another marked Eighty-three ;

And an angel sat in a golden chair
Writing in characters bright and fair
With a noiseless pen ; and the volume bore
On the clear white margin Eighty-four.
But the vision vanished with—" Johnny, come !
This to the foreman and then go home.
Wait, one line more—a merry cheer !
To each and all a blithe New Year !"
Gone were the alcoves with carving old,
And volumes rich with clasps of gold ;
The Patent Reports came back again,
The whitewashed wall and the dingy den ;
And the angel that sat in glory there
Was the editor gray in his old arm-chair. •

EN ROUTE.

We make, at this point, a short detour in order to take in the Battle-field of Bennington. The Bennington Centennial was celebrated August 16, 1875. Your Conductor delivered at that time the following poem in commemoration of Parson Allen, who came with a portion of his "flock" from Pittsfield. As stated in the History of Berkshire, the boys marched on foot and the Parson rode in his primitive chaise.

PARSON ALLEN'S RIDE.

The "Catamount Tavern" is lively to-night,
The boys of Vermont and New Hampshire are here,
Assembled and grouped in the lingering light,
To greet Parson Allen with shout and with cheer.

Over mountain and valley, from Pittsfield green,
Through the driving rain of that August day,
The "Flock" marched on with martial mein,
And the Parson rode in his "one horse shay."

"Three cheers for old Berkshire!" the General said,
As the boys of New England drew up face to face,
"Baum bids us a breakfast to-morrow to spread,
"And the Parson is here to say us the 'grace.'"

"The lads who are with me have come here to fight,
"And we know of no grace," was the Parson's reply,
"Save the name of Jehovah, our country and right,
"Which your own Ethan Allen pronounced at Fort Ti."

“To-morrow,” said Stark, “there’ll be fighting to do,
“If you think you can wait for the morning light,
“And Parson, I’ll conquer the British with you,
“Or Molly Stark sleeps a widow at night.”

What the Parson dreamed in that Bennington camp,
Neither Yankee nor Prophet would dare to guess;
A vision, perhaps, of the King David stamp,
With a mixture of Cromwell and good Queen Bess.

But we know the result of that glorious day,
And the victory won ere the night came down:
How Warner charged in the bitter fray,
With Rossiter, Hobart, and old John Brown:

And how in a lull of the three hours’ fight,
The Parson harangued the tory line,
As he stood on a stump, with his musket bright,
And sprinkled his texts with the powder fine:—

The sword of the Lord is our battle cry,
A refuge sure in the hour of need,
And freedom and faith can never die,
Is article first of the Puritan creed.

“Perhaps the ‘occasion’ was rather rash,”

He remarked to his comrades after the rout,

“For behind a bush I saw a flash,

“But I fired that way and put it out.”

And many the sayings, eccentric and queer,

Repeated and sung through the whole country side,

And quoted in Berkshire for many a year,

Of the Pittsfield march and the Parson’s ride.

All honor to Stark and his resolute men,

To the Green Mountain Boys all honor and praise,

While with shout and with cheer we welcome again,

The Parson who came in his one horse chaise.

EN ROUTE.

Our next station is a celebrated Ladies' Art Club. The train stops one minute to take on a special car.

TO THE LADIES' ART CLUB OF SYRACUSE.

Accepting Invitation to Lecture on "Womanhood in Shakspeare."

Some pleasant day
In blooming May,
 Though rather late,
 Will suit for date.

The classic song,
That "art is long",
 Applies to this
 Protracted bliss.

But Time, alas!
Just turns his glass,
 And months go by,
 As swallows fly.

The sands run swift,
And gently sift
 Our locks with gray
 Ere close of day.

'Tis surely right,
And fitting quite,
That Art should wait
At Nature's gate.

When summer showers
Bring out the flowers,
She then will greet
Her sister sweet.

But "Womanhood,"
As woman should,
In dear Shakspeare
Blooms all the year.

Each flower that grows
His garden knows,
Immortal there
In summer air.

In every zone
Their names are known ;
Their love and worth
Enrich the earth.

The Arden grove
Breathes Ros'lind's love ;
 The pansy lives
 Ophelia gives.

Miranda's isle
Will ever smile,
 And roses bloom
 On Juliet's tomb.

The woman-queen,
Fair Imogene,
 Preserves his dream
 By Avon's stream.

The sweetest flower
In Belmont's bower
 Still speaks of thee,
 Dear Jessica,

And Portia fair ;
Whose caskets rare
 Still tell the truth
 To heedless youth.

TULIPS.*

Where grows the flower and what's its name,
That blooms in winter and summer the same,
The language of which some say is true ;
Some say is false ; now what say you ?

I sing not of flowerets that wither and fade
When crimson and gold on the woodlands are laid ;
When Autumn unfurls on the deep mountain side
His banners rich-woven and brilliantly dyed :
I sing of the flowers that earth's frost never nips,
On hillside and valley—the sweet *two-lips*.

In fairest of gardens, in nooks growing wild,
In cold arctic climes where the rose never smiled,
Where bright waters flow, where soft breezes blow,
In lands that are wrapped in perpetual snow,
We find them in beauty, for sunlight or shade
Despoils not their sweetness, or makes them to fade :—
And furthermore, reader, this also is true,
Whenever *they're pressed* they blossom anew.

* Flag station (no stop).

Cordelia, too,
So fond and true,
 Thy gentle word,
 Through centuries heard,

Still stirs each heart
To do its part,
 And bravely lead
 In word and deed.

But song of ours
Don't match the flowers,
 Ah, that the words
 Were humming birds.

The lines are short
To write this sort,
 So I will say
 "Good bye" till May.

But, when you read
This Shakspeare screed,
 Include, I pray,
 Ann Hathaway.

EN ROUTE.

All hail Chautauqua ! worthy of a thousand adjectives ! Fair, lovely, attractive, winning, winsome, inviting, captivating, delightful Chautauqua ! Turn again, Reader, the pages of thy eloquent Thesaurus and write in italics the words—*gladsome, refreshing, fascinating, Elysian*. Happy, thrice happy, illumined with a diviner philosophy than that which lit the Academic Gardens of Plato, fairer than the woodlands of Arcadia, more musical than the oaks which rustled above the oracles of Dodona ! The leaves of thy trees are floating throughout the land, thy rosy sunsets seem like evening hearthstones of devotion, and from thy shrine of love goes up the glad chorus :

One land with a history glorious,
One God and one faith all victorious.

OUR NATION FOREVER.

*Music by Prof. C. C. Case ; Published by Church & Co., Cincinnati, O.
Sung by six thousand voices at the close of a Union Concert of
Northern and Southern songs, in the Chautauqua Amphitheatre.*

Ring out to the stars the glad chorus !

Let bells in sweet melody chime ;

Ring out to the sky bending o'er us

The chant of a nation sublime :—

One land with a history glorious !

One God and one faith all victorious !

The songs of the camp-fires are blended ;

The North and the South are no more :

The conflict forever is ended

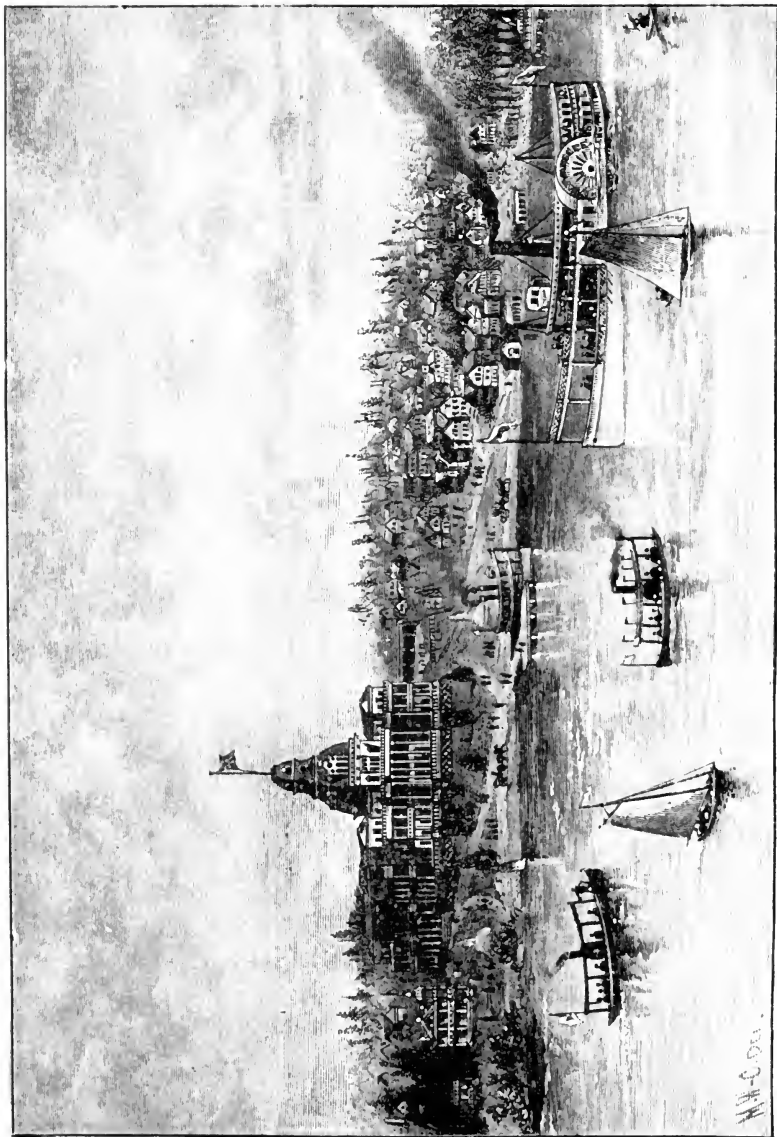
From the Lakes to the Palm-girded shore.

One people united forever

In hope greets the promising years ;

No discord again can dissever

A Union cemented by tears.



CHAUTAQUA, ON CHAUTAQUA LAKE.

The past shall retain but one story:—
A record of courage and love;
The future shall cherish one glory,
While the stars shine responsive above.

With emotions of pride and of sorrow
Bring roses and lilies to-day;
In the dawn of the nation's to-morrow
We garland the blue and the gray.
One land with a history glorious!
One God and one faith all victorious!



GOD'S HEARTHSTONE.

The evening fires are burning dim
Along Chautauqua's western rim;
The embers of a dying day
Are sinking in the ashes gray.

We lay aside our toil and care,
We bow to Thee in thankful prayer,
That round Thy hearthstone wide and free
The world is all one family.

It is sweet to sit at evening when the weak is very real,
And to think of friends since with us, of the living and the dead;
It is sweet to hear at midnight music stealing through the air,
As we feel our spirits rising, hark! hark! hark! on wings of prayer;
It is sweet to sit by moonlight when the waters laugh and play,
While the sunny days of childhood pass again in bright array;
Even fonder, even clearer, seems our youth that hastened by,
And we love to live in memory when our fond hopes fade and die;
Yes, like forests that seem fairer when the leaves their freshness lose,
So the past, though leaves now fading, tinged with memory, lovelier grows.

Walter Bruce

'Tis not in temples built by hands,
Or written scrolls from far-off lands,
But at the altars reared by Thee
We learn the truest liturgy.

Thy voice was heard on Sinai's height,
On Horeb's mountain veiled in night;
Thy voice is heard in every rill,
Thy glory glows on every hill.

Night speaks to' night, day speaks to day,
Their world-wide language lives for ayé,
Their lines have gone through all the earth,
The heavens declare Thy matchless worth.

So may Thy Word of Love more dear
To every age and race appear,
Until time's narrow restless sea
Is hushed in Thy eternity.

And oh, may faith still deeper grow!
Till peace from heart to heart shall flow,
Till all the world, each eventide,
Shall gather round Thy hearthstone wide.

EN ROUTE.

During the lecture campaign of 1883, your Conductor was greeted at Hiram College, Ohio, with a floral token as a birthday remembrance. His lecture (speaking modestly in the third person) being well received, he was invited to return. To show himself grateful for this cordial appreciation he visited Mr. Apollo's conservatory on his way; but the gardener, being exceedingly busy waiting on Tennyson and Arnold, turned him away with a single pansy, which he said was a rare species called "Kindness."

KINDNESS.

Dedicated to Mrs. James A. Garfield.

The fountain gives birth to the stream,
The stream glides on to the sea ;
The sun looks down and its beam
Lifts moisture to gladden the lea ;
The hills and the mountains rejoice,
The valleys with deep verdure lined ;
One chorus the elements voice :—
With love every law is entwined.

The rose leans over the brook,
And blushes its beauty to trace ;
The waters, entranced in a nook,
Delight in the glow of its face.
Then onward through grasses and ferns
The rill laughs at stones in its way ;
New charm to the woodland returns,
The mosses are jeweled with spray.

There is nothing that lives to itself,
Be it ever so near or so far,
From the weed on the sea's coral shelf
To the fleck of the furthest star ;
No atom removed or estranged,
No minute divorced from the hours,
Blind force is to sympathy changed,
And each link is inwoven with flowers.

No life is so strong and complete
But it yearns for the smile of a friend ;
A remembrance is always more sweet
When love and kind wishes attend ;
Your red-lipped roses still speak,
Your blossoms, carnation and white,
But alas ! my tribute is weak,
I bring but a pansy to-night :

To fade ; but your garlands remain,
Unwithered your chaplet survives,
No deed can be idle or vain
That strengthens or sweetens our lives ;
And richer the token to me,
From the dear *alma mater* of one
Revered from the lakes to the sea,
Your lover and brother and son.

His life has flowed down to the deep,
His record enriches the earth,
And memory's roses shall keep
Their bloom where the stream had its birth.
The voice of our Garfield is still,
But the word of the man cannot die,
His courage our pulses enthrill,
Our dreams to his manhood reply.

EN ROUTE.

The following station does not belong anywhere in particular. If our route did not take us so far north, it might with greater propriety be located at Mammoth Cave. But it chanced, one sunny day in the summer of '83, that your Conductor sat by the beautiful Bay at Lakeside, Ohio, watching the bright waves breaking upon the shore. He had just finished reading an exhaustive treatise of six hundred pages on "The Mouth of the River Amazon." He slumbered, and when he awoke he found himself possessed of the following "Coast Survey."

A COAST SURVEY.

Oh yes, I've seen your Boston girls,
And anchored close to Cambridge curls;
But from Ches'peake 'way down to Maine
There is no girl like Sarah Jane.

What love-lit eyes! What wavy hair!
What cheeks suffused with blushes rare!
Her mouth—a sort of inland sea,
Her smile—a whole Geography.

She is the bonniest, best rigged lass
From Sandy Hook to Hatteras;
And when she laughs, her open face
Looks like a sea-side watering place.

What joy to launch a gallant kiss
Upon that tideless sea of bliss!
To start it off, and let it float
To realms of sweetness far remote:

To navigate a whaling smack,
Without a thought of getting back ;
To drift, unheeding day or night,
Or drop like Jonah—out of sight.

And yet one seems to need a chart
To find a port from which to start ;
Her mouth is like Long Island Sound,
It takes a week to go 'way round.

And very few survive the trip,
Especially round the upper lip ;
A treacherous coast, where, all forlorn,
Her nose protrudes—just like Cape Horn.

Columbus thought, by sailing west,
To find the Islands of the Blest ;
But, had he ploughed this pathless sea,
He might have sailed eternally.

The voyage may be safe and plain,
But please excuse me, Sarah Jane,
On second thought I'm in no haste
To launch upon that boundless waste.

So tempt me not, the sweetest kiss
No sounding finds in that abyss;
I'd rather float in Lakeside bay,
While others make your coast survey.

My Annie Dear, you lift your eyes
To ask me where the moral lies?
Ah, rose-bud mouth, well—if you please,
There have been wrecks on smaller seas.

EN ROUTE.

Some time ago your Conductor met three gentlemen *en route* to Lake Bluff, Ill. In the course of the conversation one asked his commercial acquaintance what kind of goods he travelled with. He answered: "Pumps." Another said: "That's my line; I sell shoes." "I travel with pumps myself," said the other gentleman; "I am a pedestrian." Your conductor being on a lecture tour, said, "I am somewhat in the pump line myself; I spout." The next station might properly be classified under the same shoeology.

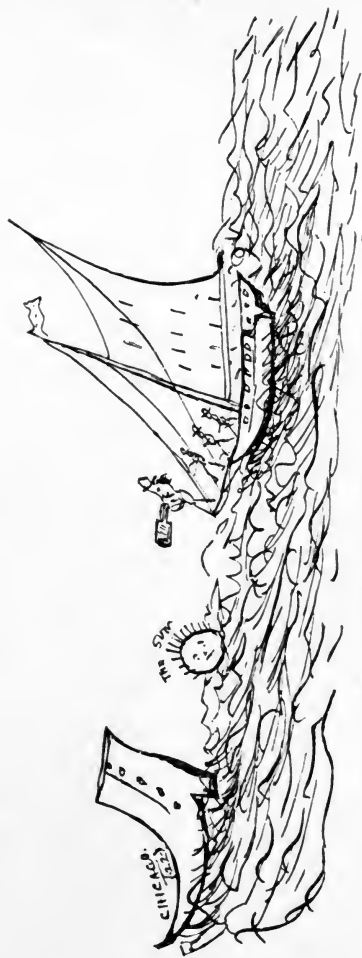
A MICHIGAN WRECK.

Stir up the fire and make it bright,
 You want, my lads, a story true:—
I took a cruise one summer night
 On Michigan's wide waters blue.

The wind was fair upon the lake,
 The moon lit up the cheery deck,
When up the Captain sprang and spake:—
 “Bring to the ship! a wreck! a wreck!”

“Let down the life-boats, hearties all!
 “Work with a will!” the Captain said;
“Ho, ship ahoy!” rang out his call—
 The wreck was silent as the dead.

All eyes were strained across the wave,
 The mastless hulk was drawing near,
No voice from out that floating grave,
 The Captain's cheek was pale with fear.



Original sketch by The Conductor - (4 1/2 a.m.)

It rose between us and the sky,
Its gunwale blotted out the stars,
Across our bow it floated by,
It barely grazed the boom and spars.

“Keep her in sight!” the Captain said,
“And follow close upon her wake!”
With jib and mainsail freely spread
We bounded o’er the heaving lake.

Ah, then we prayed for morning light,
Each heart was filled with fear and dread
As through the silence and the night
That shapeless craft before us sped.

The dawn lit up the eastern sky,
And blacker yet the dark hulk seemed,
Its strange form riveted each eye,
From stem to stern the sunlight gleamed.

And then! ah then, the mystery past;
The wreck was a Chicago shoe;
The crew and Captain looked aghast,
A girl’s size—medium twenty-two.

EN ROUTE.

We stop for a moment at Dubuque, Iowa, to "take on" a classmate whom you will be delighted to know. In 1882 he gave your Conductor the freedom of his church-platform to discuss the characteristics of Shakspeare's Heroines. We reciprocate by extending the courtesies of our car-platform *en route* to the Yosemite.

A HAND-SHAKE.

TO A CLASSMATE AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS.

(Recited before a Lecture at Dubuque, Iowa.)

What! fifteen years? No, not that long!
The record, David, must be wrong;
Dear mother Yale, correct your sight,
It's only 'sixty-seven, to-night.

There's some mistake—no jesting here—
We're hardly out of senior year;
Dear mother, look again, I pray!
Last June was our commencement day.

The elms on old New Haven green
Have scarcely dropped their leaves, I ween;
It only seems an evening since
We sat upon the college fence.

But tell me now, whose *bairns* are these?
Bright boys and girls about your knees;
Somehow they seem to look like you;
Old Yale is right,—tis 'eighty-two.

Ay, facts are chiels which winna ding,
And bairns are facts the decades bring;
Come home with me, I'll introduce
Another flock that looks like Bruce.

I think we'll have another pair
To take our seats in college there;
Ah, David, how old Yale will shine
When she receives your boys and mine!

They'll never sleep in Chapel—no!—
Like bricks tipped sideways in a row;
They'll never help each other through
Old Euclid, like some lads we knew.

It's our good luck and dearest joy,
To find more gold in each alloy;
For in each bright and childish face
We both can read their mother's grace.

Let others boast their gear and wealth,
These are our treasures, rich with health;
The living gold that's coined above,
Fresh from the mint and stamped with love.

Upon this truth we boldly stand,
Two brothers of a scattered band;
Give us your hand, for words are lame,
I find you, David, just the same;

With cheery voice, with generous heart,
With will to do the manly part;
A noble leader, now as then,—
'Twas then of boys, but now of men.

EN ROUTE.

Omaha! and only one minute late! It was probably observed by the tourist that the stations during the first part of our "run" were much closer together than they have been on the western division. We halted at a few minor places on the Hudson, for your Conductor knew that he could "make up" time through the great valley of the Mississippi and down the slopes of the Rockies and the Sierras. It is generally customary, at this point, to take up a collection for the Captain who took the Omaha school; but as most of the passengers are asleep, the collection on this trip will be omitted.

YE CAPTAIN WHO TOOK YE DISTRICT SCHOOL.

An Antique Tale of Omaha.

Clothes-bars do not a prison make,
Nor district schools a cage ;
Knights, like our hero, merely take
These for a hermitage.

There was a Captain free and bold,—
As ancient chroniclers have told,—
Who, fighting in his country's cause
For freedom's right and freedom's laws,
Found time upon his trusty sword
To write a name his soul adored ;
And build huge castles in the air
Well furnished for his Julia fair.

Would that such castles were more real !
How soon at beauty's shrine we'd kneel,
With sweet and eloquent appeal
To tender hearts though clad in steel.
Ah, gentle maidens, snugly bound
In woven bands encircling 'round
Like prison-grates, your captives are
Outside the cruel latticed bar.

But to return unto our story:—
Our soldier, from the fields of glory,
With battle-scars—upon his clothes—
On horseback through the drifting snows
Was struggling toward a far-off light
Just glimmering through that dismal night.
And fainter now the pale light gleamed
Through blinding rack with darkness seamed,
And now the guiding ray is gone,
And with it—hope forever flown.

Alas! fair maid with anxious heart,
Your tears no aid can now impart;
For tempest-tossed in treacherous bank
The exhausted steed and rider sank.
The whirling snow and blinding sleet
Were weaving fast his winding sheet;
When, joy! Behold a school-house near!
And buoyant courage stirred his breast,
For there at least was sheltered rest
From such a storm so wild and drear.

The deed was suited to the thought,
The captain struggled through the snow;
The door was forced with sturdy blow,
And in the gallant steed was brought.

His tinder box a fire supplied,
Which, roaring up the chimney wide,
Lit up the wide and vacant room,
Which else had seemed a living tomb
Wrapped in the midnight and the gloom.

The horse, thawed out, began to paw,
Asking for oats and bedded straw,
Unmindful that he had the quarters
Where farmers sent their sons and daughters.
The Captain drowsily looked around
On well-worn books and well-cut seats
Adorned with various "Bills" and "Petes,"
And sank at last in slumber sound;
To dream—of whom, we must not tell;
You guess! It will be just as well.

Suffice to say—in about a day—
For the simple fee of an "X" or a "V"
He answered "yes" to questions three,
To wit: Love, Honor, and Obey;—
The form is changed some now-a-day,—
Then hired a sleigh, and felt "O. K."
But he never forgot, or his darling "Jule,"
The night that he took the District School.

EN ROUTE.

Lake Tahoe! six thousand feet above the sea! Wonderful in a land of wonders! Grand amid the grandeur of magnificent mountains! Thomas Starr King, in his poetic lecture, describes it as a vast granite bowl, twenty miles in diameter, fifteen hundred feet in depth, and likens it to "an immense floor of lapis lazuli set within a ring of flaming emeralds;" but as we look down upon it from our airy journey, it gleams like a matchless turquoise uplifted on the great mountain chain which "links two Polar seas."

A WANDERER.

I have wandered the wide world o'er,
I have sailed over many a sea,
But the land that I love more and more
Is Columbia, the land of the free;
From the east to the western shore,
From the north to the southern sea,
Columbia for me!

I have lingered in ivy-grown bowers,
In minsters and palaces vast,
Amid castles and crumbling towers
Whose shadows backward are cast;
But the longed-for Atlantis is ours,
And freedom interprets at last
The dream of the past.

The rivers of story and song,
The Danube, the Elbe, and the Rhine,
Entrance for a day, but I long
For the dear old Hudson of mine;
The Hudson, where memories throng,
Where love's fondest tendrils entwine,
Of beauty the shrine.

Like music entranced in a dream
Glide the Afton, the Doon and the Ayr;
But the Jansen, the clear Jansen stream,
In one heart shall their melody share;
And my soul still reflects its bright gleam,
For I played in my childhood there,
When visions were fair.

I have heard the sweet chiming of bells,
From the Seine to the Avon and Dee;
But sweeter the anthem that swells,
From the pine-clad Sierras to me;
And the Sabbath-like stillness that dwells
In these mountains far up from the sea,
Lake Tahoe with thee.

I have gathered sweet flowers in the west,
Where the streams are embroidered with gold;
But the blossoms that I love the best
Are those which I gathered of old ;
The same that my mother's lips pressed,
Their petals the sweetness still hold,
Her heart they enfold.

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I have wandered the wide world o'er,
I have sailed over many a sea,
But the land that I love more and more
Is Columbia, the land of the free ;
From the east to the western shore,
From the north to the southern sea,
Columbia for me !

TERMINUS.

Our "Sixty Minutes' Trip" across the Continent is finished. The beauty of the Hudson finds a fitting climax of grandeur in the Yosemite. As the difference of standard time is three hours, the tourist alights at Inspiration Point just two hours before he started from Manhattan. It therefore logically follows that every person, whose time is worth one dollar an hour, saves exactly one dollar and a half by joining our excursion to the Yosemite. To wit:

$$3\text{h.} - 1\text{h.} = 2\text{h.}$$

$$2 \times \$1.00 = \$2.00 - 50\text{c.} = \$1.50. \text{—(Q. E. D.)}$$

THE YOSEMITE.

Waiting to-night for the moon to rise
O'er the cliffs that narrow Yosemite's skies;
Waiting for darkness to melt away
In the silver light of a midnight day;
Waiting, like one in a waking dream,
I stand alone by the rushing stream.

Alone in a Temple vast and grand,
With spire and turret on every hand;
A world's Cathedral, with walls sublime,
Chiseled and carved by the hand of time;
And over all Heaven's crowning dome,
Whence gleam the beacon lights of home.

The spectral shadows dissolve, and now
The moonlight halos El Capitan's brow,
And the lesser stars grow pale and dim
Along the sheer-cut mountain rim;
And, touched with magic, the gray walls stand
Like phantom mountains on either hand.

Yet I know they are real, for I see the spray
Of Yosemite Fall in the moonlight play,
Swaying and trembling, a radiant glow
From the sky above to the vale below ;
Like the ladder of old to Jacob given,
A line of light from earth to Heaven.

And there comes to my soul a vision dear,
As of shining spirits hovering near ;
And I feel the sweet and wondrous power
Of a presence that fills the midnight hour ;
And I know that Bethel is everywhere,
For prayer is the foot of the angel stair.

A light divine, a holy rest,
Floods all the valley and fills my breast ;
The very mountains are hushed in sleep
From Eagle Point to Sentinel Keep ;
And a life-long lesson is taught me to-night,
When shrouded in shadow, to wait for the light.

Waiting at dawn for the morn to break,
By the crystal waters of Mirror Lake ;
Waiting to see the mountains gray
Clearly defined in the light of day,
Reflected and throned in glory here,
A lakelet that seems but the valley's tear.

Waiting, but look! The South Dome bright
Is floating now in a sea of light;
And Cloud's Rest, glistening with caps of snow,
Inverted stands in the vale below,
With tow'ring peaks and cliffs on high
Hanging to meet another sky.

O crystal gem in setting rare!
O soul-like mirror in middle air!
O forest heart of eternal love,
Earth-born, but pure as Heaven above!
This Sabbath morn we find in thee
The poet's dream of purity.

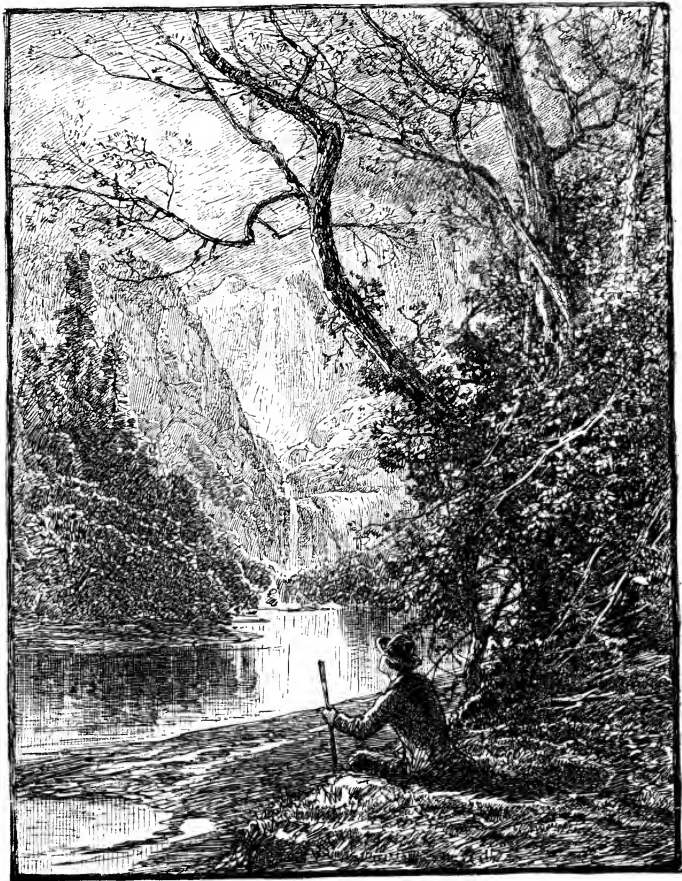
The hours pass by; I am waiting now
On Glacier Point's o'erhanging brow;
Waiting to see the picture pass,
Like the fleeting show of a wizard-glass;
Waiting,—and still the vision seems
Woven of light and colored with dreams.

But the cloud-capped towers, and pillars gray,
Securely stand in the light of day;
The Temple wall is firm and sure,
The Worshipers pass, but It shall endure,
And will while loud Yosemite calls
To bright Nevada and Vernal Falls.

O grand and majestic organ-choir
With deep-toned voices that never tire!
O anthem written in notes that glow
On the rainbow bars of Po-ho-no!
O sweet "*Te Deum*" forever sung,
With spray, like incense, heavenward swung!

Thy music my soul with rapture thrills,
And there comes to my lips "The templed hills,
Thy rocks and rills,"—a Nation's song,
From valley to mountain borne along;
My country's Temple, built for thee!
Crowned with the Cap of Liberty!

O country reaching from shore to shore!
O fairest land the wide world o'er!
Columbia dear, whose mountains rise
From fertile valleys to sunny skies,
Stand firm and sure, and bold and free,
As thy granite-walled Yosemite.



Press Echoes from the Newburgh Centennial.

WALLACE BRUCE

Captivated the People and Won the Laurels of the Day.

The honors of the day were borne off by Wallace Bruce, the poet. He was thoroughly in earnest. The audience was perfectly captivated, and when the author finished there was a storm of applause. Upon the platform Mr. Bruce received an ovation, all the prominent men in front seats rising and congratulating him. He certainly made the hit of the occasion.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

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Mr. Bruce was in excellent voice, and his fine poem was vociferously applauded.—*Poughkeepsie Eagle*.

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Delivered in a spirited manner, which won enthusiastic plaudits.—*Albany Argus*.

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