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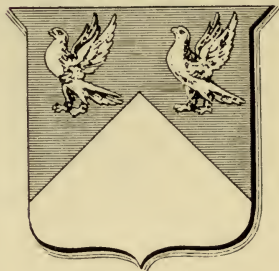
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*"Sundry Jottings,
Stray Leaves, Fragments"*

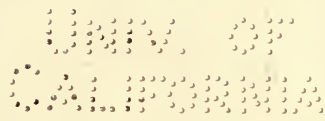
UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

To Prof. Henry Morse Stephens
with sincerest esteem

Chas. Carver

HENRY MORSE STEPHENS

70 VNU
ANN ARBOR MI





C. W. Parmenter

TO THE
ASSOCIATION

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ON MY FIFTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY



*HERE'S a brief word or two of myself :
I'm not ready just yet for the shelf ;
Though I've reached fifty-three,
I'm as fresh as can be,
And still hungr̄y for labor and pelf.*

*I still can enjoy a good book ;
No quarrel have I with the cook ;
In my love of a jest
I can rival the best ;
For appearance—well, how do I look ?*

*You will note that I'm togged for the road—
In dress I care not for the mode ;—
When astride of my "bike,"
Or abroad for a "hike,"
Of cares I cut loose the whole load.*

*I've much more to say, but, oh see !
Cap "I's" are exhausted—ah me !
To go on i can't ;
i've depleted the font ;—
Au revoir, then.—*

C. W. C.

May 10, 1908.

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THE ROSE GARDEN



I N my charmed hill rose garden my fragrant favorites stand,—

Tea, Hybrid, Noisette and Bourbon,—roses on every hand.

All, all, are my dearest darlings, and if I but name a few,

Be sure that to most of the others an equal honor is due ;

But my skill in words is nothing, and none must heed if in this

Rhymed rhapsody on roses some favorite's name they miss.

Here the Bride and slight Niphetos in their robes of purest snow,

While beside them clad in crimson flames old General Jacqueminot.

Von Houtte, the sweet Dutch beauty, and the charming Reine Marie,

With La France and the Duchess of Brabant, form a charming coterie.

Guarding this gentle circle, like a sentry behind a throne,

Looms the stately giant of roses, the grenadier Paul
Neyron.

If the sages have taught us truly that Death loves a
shining mark,

He should launch his Lethean shaftlets at the Comtesse
Riza du Parc.

Should jousts be held in the garden there might meet in
combat's shock

Black Prince and the Desert Sovran—l'Empereur du
Maroc.

One for whom all rose lovers a deep devotion feel
Is the glorious gold-robed soldier, the Southron, Mare-
chal Niel.

The Lilliputian couplet have partisans by the score,—
The dainty Cecile Bruner and still daintier Perle d'Or.
Besides these are many others of greater or less degree,
Some with the rare rose fragrance, some with the scent
of tea,—

Countesses, princesses, ladies, duchesses, generals, kings,
All climes and countries ransacked for these beauties
the poet sings.

Old Omar's Persian garden held but a tithe of these,
As he sat 'neath the shade of a rose-tree with a book
of verse on his knees.

But the Persian embalmed those beauties in his amber
Rubaiyat,

And their fame forever is deathless, they can never be
forgot.

These roses, alas, have no Omar, they shall perish and
pass away,

Evanish and pass, and be truly but "roses of yesterday."

COSMIC GLIMPSES



LIGHT gold sunbeams, filtered through locust leaves ;

A cypress hedge, tall, set with dew-bediamonded cobwebs ;

On the garden wall ivy, ivy—old green and new green intermingled ;

By the gate nasturtium masses, gorgeously scarlet and yellow ;

Chatter of sparrows beneath the eaves, insistent, resourceful ;

A humming - bird, ruby - throated, hanging poised in mid-air ;

Babbling of infants, laughter of light-hearted children ;

In the distance melodious half-inarticulate voices of church bells.

Clashing of waves of the air, starting as faintest zephyrs,

Growing in mood and power, impatient of opposition,
Till meeting in giant wrestle, with bellows of strenuous onset,

They engage and strive in their might, earth-desolating and awful.

The mountains, hoary of poll, cloud-hung, beloved of
the poets,
Splendid and vast to our gaze, but in verity merest
earth-pimples,
Fever-rash of a world full of humors, quakings, erup-
tions,
Vomiting lava and ashes, desolating leagues of fertility.

The multitudinous sea, many-sided and shifty,
Breeder of storms, mother of myriad progenies,
Placid, smiling and peaceful, or in sudden fierce mur-
derous mood
Crushing staunch ships as egg-shells, tossing as surf-
spume despairing human flotsam.

In the etheric void constellations of suns with their at-
tendant planets,
Teeming with life or lifeless, moving in age-long orbits;
Mad dash of comets, showers of star-dust and meteors
full of dire portent.

What is it all? What signifies it? Life, life!
Organic, inorganic, voiceful, inarticulate;
Birth, growth, death (arrangement, rearrangement, dis-
arrangement of atoms):

Change upon change, cataclysmic and sudden or age-
long and peaceful ;
Seemingly riotous, wasteful, but planned, meted and
measured
To the millionth, ay, the trillionth part of a hairs-
breadth.

What signifying, whence from, whitherward tending ?
Moods, phases, emanations of the Unknown, the Un-
knowable,
Whether Jove or Jehovah, Brahma or Allah, or name-
less—the One-in-All, the All-in-One.
Tending still onward and upward to great and still
greater perfection,—
For as growth is the index of life, must a god e'en not
grow and he die not ?—
Not by us to be meted or bounded or named, and his
poles as but guessed at :
Protoplasm in the visible Here, Infinity in the vast and
Invisible Yonder.

ECCE HOMO



OUT of the dusk of the past, his hostile environment conquered,—

The cave bear and sabre-tooth tiger extinct in their caverns,—

Leaving content in the jungle his putative forbears,

The not-to-be-hurried sloth and the all-too-loquacious simian,

Man the autochthon emerges, persistent, resourceful.

Consumed in those days was the man with insatiate hunger for knowledge,

Not dilettante nor abstract, but concrete and practical working :—

Smelting and fluxing of ores and shaping and tempering metals,

Taming the ruminant beasts and mastering steeds in the desert,—

Taming as well with rude prow the white-maned fleet coursers of Neptune,—

Tickling the virginal soil till it laughed with a bounteous harvest,

Crude though the plowshare and careless the methods of culture.

Touched with a feeling of kin he acquired the gregarious habit,
Noting mayhap that in communes was safety of purse
and of person ;—
Perchance from the crow or the magpie he borrowed
the hoarding of baubles,
Corn-colored ores from the gulches and rainbow-hued
shells from the sea-beach,—
So families grew into clans, clans to tribes, and tribes
became nations.

Curbing his once restless spirit, incessantly urging to
travel,
He abandoned his wigwams and lodges and built cities
of brick and of marble,
With docks and great markets for trading and temple
spires piercing the heavens,
Index of aspirant hopes, ever leading him upward and
godward.

Still, while the man has been shaping with travail of
body and spirit
Destiny like to a god's, full of infinite longings and
strivings,
Runs through it all, atavistic, the red lust for slaughter,

Harking far back to the time when with flint-headed
arrows and axes

He battled for life and for food with his neighbors
four-footed and savage ;

Warfare at wholesale and large, of nation arrayed
against nation,

Slaughter when not of his kind of his neighbors the
wild smaller peoples.

Thus as ever still onward and upward the pathway of
progress will lead him,

Though with manifold stumblings and haltings and half-
hearted breaks for the back-track,

Man in the aeons before us will reach such clear hights
and broad levels

As we in the haze of the present may dream of at best
but obscurely,

LIEGE LORD AND LOVER OF LILIES

Mr. Carl Purdy, of Ukiah, Collector, Grower and Distributor of
Pacific Coast Liliaceous Plants



CONSIDER the lilies, how they grow"—

This was to him as a command ;
O'er hill and valley, to and fro,
He sought the lilies through the land.

Tints that would shame the Tyrian looms,
Perfumes of Araby the Blest,
Bient in most rare bewildering blooms ;
Dream-bells to lull to sweetest rest.

Charmed by such loveliness and grace,
Transfiguring their wildwood home,
He lured them from their native place,
And taught the lily bands to roam,

Countries and climes that knew them not,
In farthest corners of the earth,
May vie now with the favored spot
That gave the lily legions birth.

THE MISTLETOE



DRUID oaks in Britain's ancient forests,
Draped and hung with the sacred mistletoe,
Gathered at the full moon of the Yuletide
By the high-priest with mystic ceremonies.
Vast forests of pine on Norland fiords,
Crowned and festooned with sacred mistletoe,
(Weapon wherewith the blind god Hoeder
Slew the bright sun-god, Balder the beautiful.

Under star-shine portentous and natural,
'Mid palms and olive groves of the East,
At Yuletide, in humble Judean manger,
A babe born, Harbinger of Peace, King of the Inner Life.

By process of the ages,—physical, mental, spiritual,—
Came blending of pagan forms and Christian virtues,
The palm and olive overcoming the oak and pine,
The West and North bowing to the East and South.

At Yuletide we, the product of these blendings,
Deck our habitations with mistletoe and holly,
Signifying thereby our pagan oneness with Nature,
But keeping within our hearts the peace and good-will
of the Christ-child.

BEFORE THE STORM

A FRAGMENT

The following lines were written quite a number of years ago, and as several essays to complete them have been unsuccessful, the author has decided that as the picture drawn by the fragmentary lines seems not without merit, to print them in their present form. The whimsical thought is suggested that the inability of the author to complete the poem was caused by the immensity of the subject overcoming him, like Dooley's poet, Hegan, who could never get beyond the first line of his great poem, "O Moon, O Shtar!"



ABOUT the ruffled bay
Where the fluttering whitecaps play
The circling hills loom blue,
A rampart of indigo hue,
'Gainst a tangled disarray
Of clouds in sombre gray.

The tricksy wind-sprites swarm
In the van of the coming storm.—

* * * * *

THE JOYS OF READING

To the Ladies of the Grange Reading Circle



“THE hand that rocks the cradle rules the world”—

So says the proverb ; we resign the throne
And scepter gladly to our daughters grown,
Here in home ports, where long with sails
close-furled

Our varied craft have lain : now let 's be whirled
Out on the tide of Romance, whence are blown
Strange tales and fateful from the vast unknown,
While round our prows the foam-wreaths are up-
curled.

To storied cities where great queens and kings
Wrought deeds that shine for aye on History's pages ;
Meeting great warriors, poets, prophets, sages,
Who shall expound for us the core of things.
Up anchor then, O sisters ! let 's sail free
Unto strange coasts, mayhap e'en Arcadie.

TO MRS. R. J. W.

On Attaining Her Eighty-Seventh Birthday



HE longed-for fabled fount De Leon sought
Thou must have found, that seven and four-
score years,

With all their burden of desires and fears,
Joy-laden some, others with sorrow fraught,
Have not availed to numb thy soul, nor
taught

Thy spirit yet to dim its youthful fire ;
What greater boon could mortal dare desire,
Passing all words, well-nigh transcending thought.

Crabbed Old Age meseems hath passed thee by,
Deeming thee gifted with eternal youth ;
Children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren vie
In honoring one where Goodness, Honor, Truth,
Wisdom and Lovingkindness, haply met,
On a brave, cheerful soul their seal have set.

MY DEAR WIFE'S EYES



THE color, say you, of my dear wife's eyes,
Those sister stars that lit with love-light
shine,
Kindling an answering radiance in mine :—
Have they the perfect blue of summer skies,
Or their more sombre gray when summer
dies,

The violet dusk of scented pansies fine,
The midnight shade that glows and glooms in thine,
Or beryl hue Italian poets prize ?

Nay, but a brown, rich, deep and true and tender,
Is the one hue that fills my soul with rapture,
The only shade my wife and offspring own ;
The others I admire, but homage render
To the brown eyes that erst my heart did capture,
And hold my fond allegiance sole and lone.

TO W. W. C.

On the 24th Anniversary of his Birth



WELL gifted with talents and health,
Obtained whence or how, who may say?—
Atavism may well have had sway;—
“Poor but honest,” not hampered by wealth;

With a poise and good sense that are rare
In the artist, where sense rarely rules;
With a courtesy born of no schools;
With modesty past all compare;

The world, like a ripe fruit, to-day
Hangs well within reach of your hand;
Reach and pluck—be not lacking in “sand,”—
Taste and sample, but cast not away.

Yours to jot down the melodies fine,
Unheard by the world's coarser ears,
And the harmonies which the great spheres
Evoke in their cycles divine;

To blend, and transcribe, and transmute,
And translate, so that all men may share;
To make Music, fair maid, still more fair,
And to help this old World evolve.

AUNT CINDA'S GRAHAM STICKS

A BALLADE



OURMETS may prate of their dainties rare,
Concocted by chefs of high degree,
Who cater to those that like fine fare,
Roast and salad and rich entree ;
Such dishes for them but not for me ;
From the thrall of the cooks and all their
tricks

I trust that I am forever free ;—
My fare is Aunt 'Cinda's graham sticks.

Of gout and all the attendant ills
That wait on the pampered and overfed,
And the doctor with his powders and pills,—
Of these I have not the slightest dread ;
Never have I to go to bed
With towel on head and at feet hot bricks,
And heart within me as heavy as lead,
While I dine on Aunt 'Cinda's graham sticks.

These sticks are the fare for the simple life,
Whether in country or in town ;
You rise above all petty strife,
Heedless even if fortune frown ;—

Just take your pencil and jot down :
Graham flour, water, some cream, then mix,
Roll, shape, and bake to a golden brown,—
Thus are made Aunt 'Cinda's graham sticks.

ENVOY

Many have laid life's burdens down,
Others remain in deplorable fix,
Who might still be winning wealth or renown,
Had their fare been Aunt 'Cinda's graham sticks.

IRMA'S NEW YEAR'S WISHES

1907



WISH you, dear friends of mine,—
None being poorest or least,—
Whether in West or East,
Or under the palm or the pine,
Success, like a new strong wine,
Repletion, as at a feast,

Of all that the world counts fine,
Till life's loves and labors has ceased.

May you meet with a face serene
And a dauntless, resolute mien,
Reverse, should it come, or sorrow,
And look for a better morrow
And a brighter, vaster scene
In Hope's unspoiled demesne,
Where the weakest one may borrow
Something whereon to lean.

TO THE WEE AND WINSOME ELIZABETH

(E. W.. aged three years)

For postal cards

MAID of the flaxen hair,
Maid of the sweet bird voice,
Winsome and winning and fair,
Thou'rt the maiden of my choice.



DOST remember, O maid fairest ever,
That most perfect day in mid June,
And the long stroll we took by the river,
When you sang me a quaintly sweet tune?

Did your little heart thrill with rapture,
As a maid's heart must thrill late or soon,
At the thought of your momentous capture
Of a man's heart, a maid's greatest boon?

No; you joyed in the pure joy of living,
Like the flowers or the birds in the trees,
With no thought of the joy you were giving
Any more than the least one of these.

TO E. W.

With a box of candy

SWEETS to the sweet, Sweetheart ;
We pour out sweets for thee ;
But doth never the questing bee
Seek her honey where thou art ?



SHOULD all other loves grow cold,
Here's our little heart of gold.



TO C. C.

On her marriage and departure from home

WINGING afield afar at Love's behest,
The one lone nestling leaves the mother-nest.

THE JOY OF BEING AUNTIE

Elizabeth, the larger, (E. G. J.) sings



I 'M an aunt, by God's grace I'm an aunt,
By the grace of another Grace, too ;—
Sure, I'm raising a hallaballoo !
I would like to stop, but I can't ;
Kind hearer, have you been an aunt ?
You would not rail and jeer if you knew
That joy which to aunties is due.

I'm a loving, considerate aunt,
My right there is none to dispute ;—
That man is a dub and galoot
Who would dare to poke fun at my chant ;
He shall not see my niece, so he shan't—
That maiden so cunning and cute—
Yes, she takes after me ; she's a "beaut."

I'm always all right as an aunt,—
"All-wool, and a"—what's that you say ?
Be careful ; for such slips you'll pay !—
Some for joys of maternity pant ;
'T is better by far to be aunt.
If 't is true that each aunt has her day,
I will joy in this joy while I may,
'Gainst the day when all joys may be scant.

THE CLAM

A SYMPATHETIC FANTASY

In the following lines the writer has endeavored to show that the proverbial taciturnity and lack of sociability of the clam may be due to inherited physical disabilities and an unfavorable environment, rather than to any inherent cussedness of disposition. The fact that the writer has been for long, like many another, a prisoner on the shore of the possibilities of life, may have led him to regard the bivalve with sympathy. And then, although we have been accustomed to turn down this humble brother (in the chowder), is he not, like ourselves, but one link in the great chain of creation.



B EING footless, the clam cannot dance ;
Lacking pinions, he never may soar ;
Like a prisoner he's chained to the shore ;
Yet eye not his clamship askance,

For give him the ghost of a chance,
Equip him with fin, sail or oar,
And he'd glide over Ocean's mud floor,
Or roam o'er her billowed expanse,

Join the dolphin or whale in a dance,
The mid-sea's vast caverns explore,
Or joy in the tempest's mad roar,
Defiance, not fear, in his glance ;

Beach-comber would change to free-lance.
If the kind Fates will open a door
He'll move upward a step or two more,—
For his watchword, as ours, is "Advance !"





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